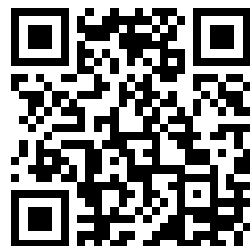

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The Advocate of peace

American Peace Society

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE, NO NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

ESTABLISHED {
JUNE, 1837. }

BOSTON, MARCH, 1875.

{ NEW SERIES.
VOL. VI. NO. 3. }

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By a new postage law which goes into effect the first of January, 1875, we are obliged to prepay the postage on our papers, the *Advocate* and the *Angel*. This imposes upon us a very considerable tax, and one which we cannot well afford to pay at the low rate at which our papers, and especially the *Angel*, are furnished. But we are unwilling now to change our terms, hoping our readers, in view of the fact above stated, will promptly pay their subscriptions, will exert themselves to increase the circulation of the papers, and will be disposed to increase their donations to the Society, thus rendering it unnecessary to change our terms.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

1876, March 30. Gift of Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge.
(N. S. Vol. VI. 3, 18; VII. 1, 2.)

ON EARTH PEACE . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, MARCH 1875.

VOL. VI. No. 3.

THE INTERNATIONAL LAW ASSOCIATION.

The general Secretary, Dr. Miles, has just received a letter from the Hon. N. Bredius, of the States General of Holland, in which he writes: "I have been so happy as to secure the government's sympathy and co-operation for your meeting in this country next August. I hope a great number of your people will afford us the honor of their presence." It is gratifying to learn of the growing interest in Europe in the association and in its objects and aims.

It will be remembered the States General has recently adopted resolutions in favor of the peaceful settlement of the differences of nations, similar to those previously adopted by the British Parliament, the Chamber of Deputies at Rome, the Diet of Sweden, and our own Congress. In the discussion of those resolutions in Holland, the speakers on both sides took occasion to commend the association, and to express confident expectations of its success. M. Van Eecke, who introduced the resolutions, said: "Next year our country, and indeed this city, will be honored by a visit from the conference of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations. I hope that, when giving them a welcome to our country, we may be able to show them that the Dutch nation in its efforts for right and justice, knows how to unite actions with professions."

The speakers who opposed the resolution, did so, as they intimated, for the reason that attempts to secure universal arbitration will be ineffectual except in the way the International Association proposes, by beginning with the codification of international law. Baron Mackay said: "If one wishes to make an end of war in Europe, there is only one means left—it is this: to codify the laws of nations, and institute an international court." Count von Zuyler said: "A general system of arbitration requires, before its adoption, if not an international code, at least determined rules for proceeding to it." Lord Derby has recently said: "Unhappily there is no international tribunal to which cases of dispute can be referred, and there is no international law to meet such cases. If such a tribunal existed it would be a great benefit to the civilized world." It may then be asked, of what use are these resolutions in favor of arbitration in the different legislatures? Henry Richard, M.P., the pioneer in these movements in the legislatures, answers:

"The advantage is obvious and immense. It is acknowledged on all hands, in these days, that no salutary and lasting change can be effected in the national habits and institutions except through the power of public opinion. Seldom does such an initiative arise with governments, and, if it did, its success would probably be doubtful. What is imposed by the mere will of the few is often received with comparatively little favor. But how is it possible that a more legitimate or more emphatic expression can be given of the wishes of the people in this respect than by the deliberate votes of these representative assemblies, which are chosen for the very purpose of giving articulate utterance to the popular voice?"

That is, these votes are an expression by the people of their dissatisfaction with the present war system, and of their wish that some method may be devised for the peaceful settlement of the differences of nations. The International Association, if we mistake not, has undertaken to devise that method by an endeavor to reform and codify the law of nations, and to secure the constitution of an international tribunal. And certainly this association cannot be too prompt and earnest in its work. For a glance at the present condition of the nations prompts the

anxious question, "What of the night?" True, the Queen in her speech refers to the peace of Europe. And yet, have we no reason to fear it is a peace beneath which volcanic fires are temporarily slumbering? Statesmen to-day are perplexed beyond measure by the prodigious growth of the military system, and, as a result, of military indebtedness. Even victorious Germany is crushed by heavy taxes. And her people have become bondmen to the intolerable exactions of universal militarism. Dr. Lowenthal of Berlin, in a recent letter, forcibly describes the condition of his native land. He says:

"All good fathers of families labor to provide, as far as possible, for their offspring. But their endeavors are in a large degree counteracted so long as they see suspended over their heads the sword of Damocles,—that constant apprehension of war, through which the political system of modern Europe has degraded itself to the level of the savage red Indians of North America, inasmuch as it compulsorily retains under armed conscription, or idle barrack life, so great a proportion of the most skilful workers and artisans amongst the people. Let us proclaim throughout Europe that we can but regard these diplomatic oppressions as a hunting down of the populations, and that instead we earnestly desire to see the settlement of international disputes remitted to a tribunal of arbitration, sanctioned by and carrying out the law of nations."

An able English writer, after commenting upon the deplorable evil of the military system, adds: "In my view the remedy lies in taking without delay some tentative steps toward the adoption of an international law that shall deal with the settlement of disputes, and for the establishment of an international tribunal." It would seem that in their efforts to discover a way of escape from the increasing burdens and perils of the present war system, thoughtful men in different countries, with remarkable unanimity are looking in the direction in which the recently-formed International Law Association is laboring. This being so, it is to be hoped that that association will take no backward step. Let it gather to itself increased efficiency, that, if possible, it may fulfil the hopes that it is raising.

HEAR THE QUEEN.

On the fifth ult., before the Parliament, Queen Victoria in her speech, recommended the repeal of exceptional statutes in relation to the peace of Ireland. She also favored the enactment of laws for the reconstruction of the judiciary and the transfer of land. She also favored the consolidation of the sanitary laws and wants that the dwellings of the working classes be improved by the passage of certain acts. The following is her little speech:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: My relations with all foreign powers are friendly. The peace of Europe continues unbroken and I trust will remain so. I shall do my endeavors thereupon. The conference at Brussels on the usages of war have been concluded. My Government has carefully examined the reports of its deliberations, but, considering the importance of the principles involved, and widely divergent opinions thereon expressed, and the improbability of their reconciliation, I have refused proposals for further negotiations.

The Serrano Government in Spain has ceased to exist, and Prince Alphonso has been called to the throne. The question of recognizing him in concert with other powers is now before my Government, and a decision will not long be delayed. I earnestly hope that peace will be speedily restored to that great but unfortunate country.

Exertions for the suppression of the East African slave trade have not been relaxed. I confidently trust they will result in the complete extinction of that traffic, which is equally repugnant to humanity and injurious to legitimate commerce.

The differences between China and Japan, once threatening war, are now happily adjusted. I have learned with pleasure that my Minister at Peking was largely instrumental in effecting this result.

The past year has been one of general prosperity and progress throughout the Colonies. The gold coast shows a steady advance in the establishment of civil government. Peace has been maintained and slavery abolished. Henceforward there will be freedom there as elsewhere. I shall doubtless have your concurrence in any measures which it shall be my duty to adopt, insuring a wise and humane system of native administration in Natal.

An ample harvest has restored property in India. By the blessing of Providence I was able to entirely avert the loss of life which was apprehended from famine.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. The finances are in a satisfactory condition. The trade of the country has somewhat fallen short, but there has been general prosperity supported by an excellent harvest. Reductions of taxation have led to a steady increase in the consumption of the necessities of life, and such articles as contribute to the revenue.

DESTRUCTION BY WAR.

THE WAR OF THE REBELLION. — ITS COST IN LIFE AND TREASURE.

Now that the country is considered in the most imminent danger of drifting into another civil war, a few facts and figures respecting the last one may be of interest.

The whole number of men called into service was 2,668,523; actually engaged in the contest, about 1,500,000; which is about one-tenth of the entire male population from whence they were drawn. Of this 1,500,000, 56,000, or about one in twenty-seven, fell dead in battle; 85,000 died of their wounds, and 184,000 perished by disease in hospitals. To these figures we add the numbers who died at home from wounds and diseases contracted while in the service, and the losses will be swelled to 300,000; or about one-fifth of all engaged in the contest!

But this is only one side: If we suppose the losses of the Rebels to have been equal to ours, then the loss to the country in men — the effective force and flower of the nation — was not less than 600,000, or an average of more than 400 for each day of the four years' struggle! Then we add the crippled and permanently disabled by disease, and the nation's loss will be swelled to the fearful aggregate of 1,000,000! and this is about one-third of all who were actually engaged in the contest. In other words, the soldier who was in the war had but two chances against one that he would come out a sound and a whole man. Do our young men want another war? Out of 180,000 negroes who were enlisted, about one in six perished in the service, and of these eight-ninths died in the hospitals. And now as to dollars and cents. From the year 1860 to the close of the war, our National debt was as follows:

1860 Jan. 30 — total.....	\$64,769,703
1861 " "	90,867,828
1862 " "	514,211,371
1863 " "	1,097,274,300
1864 " "	1,740,036,689
1865 March 31* total.....	2,423,437,000
1866 Jan. 1, (less cash on hand,).....	2,749,461,745

March 31st, 1865, was really the close of the war, but the mustering out of the army and other incidental expenses required nearly four hundred millions more, running up the National debt to nearly \$2,800,000,000! To which, if we add the state and local debts, the aggregate will overreach the enormous sum of four billions of dollars as the actual debt incurred by war! a daily accumulation of nearly three million dollars (\$3,000,000). And this does not include the voluntary contributions made by the people to the National cause—that to the

Sanitary Commission of itself being not less than five hundred millions, equal to \$100 for every family in the loyal States.

If one might venture to estimate the loss, in dollars and cents, to the Rebels, it could not be placed at less than three-fourths of our own. This would swell the aggregate cost of the war to the stupendous sum of seven billions of dollars.

The above figures have been carefully taken, most of them at least, from Greeley's "American Conflict," and are, no doubt, very nearly correct.

One million men and seven billion dollars as a part of our four years' war! The rest is in bereft households, and widowed wives, and homeless orphans, and broken-hearted mothers; and sorrow, and anguish, and wretchedness that can never be told. Do the people of the country want another war?

Shall we talk of other wars? Our Mexican war cost over one hundred million; our Revolutionary war cost England \$680,000,000; and the wars of the French Revolution more than \$5,000,000,000 and she spent some \$10,000,000,000 more in wars having for their object, first, the humiliation of the Bourbons, and then their restoration to the throne. The wars of Christendom, during the twenty-two years preceding the fall of Napoleon, are estimated to have cost about \$15,000,000,000!

But what are dollars and cents when compared to the destruction of life, and the other horrors which inevitably follow! The wars of one man in the dark ages destroyed 18,000,000 of souls. Nearly 3,500,000 of these were butchered in cold blood! One European country lost during the thirty years' war 12,000,000 inhabitants. In seven of the most remarkable sieges, more than 3,500,000 souls perished. In that of Paris alone, in the sixteenth century, 30,000 persons died of hunger. The figures thicken before me, and I will only add that Edmund Burke's estimate of the loss of life by war is *thirty-five billions*; or nearly three times more than the present population of the globe.—*Dayton City Free Press.*

THE CHANGES OF EIGHTY YEARS.

A man who has lived eighty years and kept his eyes open with an intelligent interest in public affairs, has seen great changes in his day. In his brief address to the friends who visited him on his eightieth birthday, Mr. W. C. Bryant remarked:—

I have lived long, as it may seem to most people, however short the term appears to me when I look back upon it. In that period have occurred various, most important changes, both political and social, and on the whole I am rejoiced to say that they have, as I think, improved the condition of mankind. The people of civilized countries have become more enlightened and enjoy a greater degree of freedom. They have become especially more humane and sympathetic, more disposed to alleviate each others' sufferings. This is the age of charity.

I remember the time when Bonaparte filled the post of First Consul in the French Republic—for I began early to read the newspapers. I saw how that Republic grew into an Empire; how that Empire enlarged itself by successive conquests on all sides, and how the mighty mass, collapsing by its own weight, fell into fragments. I have seen from that time to this change after change take place, and the result of them all, as it seems to me, is that the liberties and rights of the humbler classes have been more and more regarded both in framing and executing the laws. For the greater part of my own eighty years it seemed to me, and I think it seemed to all, that the extinction of slavery was an event to be accomplished by a remote posterity. But all this time its end was approaching, and suddenly it sank into a bloody grave. The union of the Italian principalities under one head, and the breaking up of that anomaly in politics, the possession of political power by a priesthood, seemed, during the greater part of the four score years of which I have spoken, an event belonging to a distant and uncertain future, yet was it drawing near by steps not apparent to the common eyes, and it came in our own day. The people of Italy willed it, and the people were obeyed.

There is yet a time which good men earnestly hope and pray for,—the day when the population of the civilized world shall prepare for a universal peace by disbanding the enormous

* Lee surrendered April 9th, 1865.

armies which they keep in camps and garrisons, and sending their soldiery back to the fields and workshops from which, if the people were wise, their sovereigns never should have withdrawn them. Let us hope that this will be one of the next great changes.

GOING TO LAW.

A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary line of his farm that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or his neighbor. The neighbor, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted the man who cut it, for damages. The case was continued from court to court. Time and money were wasted, temper soured and temper lost, but the case was gained by the prosecutor. The last of the transaction was, the man who gained the cause came to a lawyer to execute the deed of his whole farm, which he had been compelled to sell to pay his costs. Then houseless and homeless, he could thrust his hands into his pockets, and triumphantly exclaim, "I've beaten him!"

This reminds us of a little story. Forty-three years ago a young man was teaching a country school. He had not been in the place one quarter before he had acquired a reputation for knowing more than he did know, but he was wise enough to take no pains to disabuse the popular mind of the favorable impression. If there was one study that he was more deficient in than another, it was surveying. But he taught it as well as he could, and his pupils learned. Two farmers had a chronic dispute as to the line between their lands, and for many years they had contended as to the right of possession in a little strip. Both of them were warmly interested in the young school teacher, and in a happy moment it occurred to them to ask him to examine their titles and maps, and to decide as to the true running of their dividing line. He took the papers, gave "his whole mind" to the question, made a map with the line where he believed it should be. Both parties accepted it, set their fence according to it, lived in peace, and to this day, after the lapse of nearly half a century, the schoolmaster's line is undisturbed, though the lands have changed hands frequently. The line will doubtless never be disturbed. How much better is this than to go to law, consume their property in vexatious litigation, alienate families, fret themselves, and bequeath a feud to successive generations. Both the farmers have long since gone to sleep with their fathers, but the young schoolmaster, who judged between them, lives to make this the first record of his decision.—*N. Y. Observer.*

AMERICA'S INTEREST IN THE WORLD'S PEACE

Although a broad ocean separates us from the nations of Europe, we cannot treat with unconcern the question of peace and war among them, or indeed anywhere in the world.

Apart from considerations of humanity and religion, we should show a culpable disregard of our material interests by indifference to such a question; for in this age the nations have been virtually compacted into one community. If one member suffers all the members suffer with it. We would not have it inferred that we think much importance is to be attached to the assertions of the war prophets. The rumors of war that have repeatedly come to us of late have speedily turned out to be idle rumors. It is not strange, however, that there is a widespread anxiety and fear lest war should break out somewhere; for the enormous standing armies are a constant menace to the peace and welfare of the world.

The last number of the *Christian Intelligencer* has some excellent remarks upon our interest in the preservation of peace. Referring to the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, it says:

We had hoped to be able to announce our own government as among the first to countenance and further the objects of this wise and broadly philanthropic association, which are to reform and codify the law of nations, and secure the constitution of an international tribunal, by a reference to which there may be a peaceful settlement of the differences of nations.

If this can be accomplished, many of the existing incitements to war will be done away with; and such a thing as an unjust

war will be made an impossibility. Why cannot our Congress say an earnest word in so good a cause? Certainly no nation is more supremely interested than the United States in the maintenance of the world's peace. It is, in an exceptional sense, a market for a number of all-important products, needful to other nations for food, clothing, convenience and luxury; and quick, constant, and uninterrupted interchange, so essential to prosperity, is ever greatest in times of profound peace, and least in periods of war and perturbation.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR CHOICE—A Quaker, residing in Paris, was waited on by four of his workmen, in order to make their compliments, and ask for their usual New Year's gifts. "Well my friends," said the Quaker, "here are your gifts: choose fifteen francs or the Bible." "I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs." "I can read," said the second, "but have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a young lad of about thirteen or fourteen. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness, "Will you, too, take these three pieces, which you may attain at any time by your labor and industry?" "As you say the book is good I will take it, and read from it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

THE MENNONITES.—The Mennonites derived their name from Mennon Simon, who was born in Germany, in the year 1505, and was a man of eminent piety. They are like the Baptists in denying infant baptism, but unlike them in pouring instead of immersion; like the Friends in being opposed to war and oaths; and, as all good Christians ought to be, they are strict in discipline, and aim to cultivate practical religion. A large community of them, which has had a settlement near the Black Sea for nearly a hundred years, have recently been forced by the Russian government to the alternative of bearing arms or emigrating, has decided upon the latter, and are coming to America. Over 6,000 have already arrived, and are settled in different Western States and Territories—a most valuable acquisition.

Peace is necessary to all the higher intellectual operations. Passion clouds the mental eye; emotion disturbs the organ of discovery. As the astronomer can only rely upon his observations when the air is still, and the telescope isolated from all the tremulous movements of terrestrial surroundings, so the thinker can only see justly and penetrate far when all that could agitate his spirit is buried deep, or laid eternally at rest.—*W. R. Greg.*

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.—The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that kind assistance wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—*Sir W. Scott.*

THE ABOLITION OF WAR.—It was gratifying, even so far as it goes, to see in one of the leading newspapers of the city, the following editorial utterance in relation to the ever to be deprecated issue of the bayonet and the sword, with all the untold horrors of mortal combat. "Perhaps even living statesmen may find themselves forced to the admission that the arbitration of war no longer accord with the requirements of the age, and that international arbitration must take its place."

Says John G. Whittier, "I have given the public the best I had to give, and the measure of favor with which it has been received has been a constant surprise to me. This, at least, I can say truly: that I have been actuated by a higher motive than literary success, and it has been my desire that whatever influence my writings may exert should be found on the side of morality, freedom, and Christian charity."

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1875.



CHRISTIANITY AND THE WAR-SYSTEM OF THE NATIONS.

No. II.

In the last number of the *ADVOCATE* we exposed the conflict of the war-system with Christianity, by showing that war is not in its nature fitted to gain the end, viz, international justice, for which it is ostensibly designed by the law of nations.

We now advance to another point, and assert that the inconsistency of the war-system with Christianity becomes still more manifest when we consider the destruction of property and human life, the manifold miseries, cruelties and atrocities which it necessitates.

The Christian system inculcates frugality and economy in the use of property. It condemns, as crimes, profligacy, prodigality and waste. The injunction of its Author, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," is binding upon national persons, even as upon individuals. They are accountable to God, as his stewards, for the manner in which they use their revenues and their possessions. By destroying and wasting them, they become criminals.

Moreover, the Christian system is pre-eminently a humane system. Christianity is the life and soul of all the purest and noblest charities and humanities, institutions and enterprises that bless the world. It is kind and tender-hearted, pitiful, compassionate, merciful. Its endeavor is rather to alleviate than to create suffering, rather to save life than to destroy it. Now the destruction and waste of property caused by the war-system are enormous, even so enormous that figures fail to enable us to appreciate them. To support it in a time of peace, requires at least eighty-five per cent. of the revenues of the nations, or three thousand millions of dollars annually, besides withdrawing from productive industry the labor of at least eight millions of the most vigorous men to be found in the nations. In times of war, this destruction and waste of property are frightfully increased.

Statesmen are perplexed beyond measure by the prodigious growth of the military system, and, as a consequence, of national indebtedness. They are compelled to abandon, with a feeling almost amounting to despair, important measures relating to the health and education of the people, the development of the national resources, the advancement of the arts and sciences, the promotion of the great works of industry, commerce and civilization. This is an age of unprecedented mental activity. Mind, everywhere, is snapping the fetters and casting off the shackles of ignorance and barbarism. It is an age of great discoveries in astronomy, geology, in all departments of knowledge. To meet the demands of the wonderful mental activity of the age, to furnish the appliances requisite for its exercise, calls for large appropriations of money. But, appropriations cannot be made, for the revenues of the nations are exhausted to sustain the enormous standing armies, and preparations for war. We were deeply moved when one of the noblest statesmen of Italy said to us, "There is no hope for Italy as long as the present war-system prevails."

True, and there is no hope for Austria, or France, or Germany, or Spain, or any of the nations, as long as the war-system prevails.

In a letter we have recently received from John G. Whittier, he writes: "Our Christian civilization is a miserable misnomer, if it is always to carry along with it the brutal barbarism of war—a survivor of the 'Stone Age' and cannibalism."

And, then, when we think of the miseries and cruelties, the atrocities and agonies involved in a maintenance of the war-system, the blood curdles in our veins.

War! What a fearful aggregate of woes and horrors, of outrages and cruelties, of agonies and crimes it represents!

Lord Brougham says, "I deem war a crime that includes all crimes—murder, rapine, fraud, whatever can defame the character, or alter the nature, or debase the name of man." Prof. Seeley, of England, does not exaggerate when he says, "It is the greatest evil of evils that we can conceive to be remedied. It attacks all classes of society, and all ages; it attacks them with no insidious weapons, and under no disguise, but with open massacre, starvation and ruin. It is a mischief from which no one is safe, which threatens every man's life, and every man's children's lives, and which brings in its train not only death, but a host of other evils, some of them, perhaps, worse than death." He does not exaggerate, we have said. But rather we should say his language is absolutely tame and inadequate. All language, all imagery is tame and inadequate as an expression of the agonies and atrocities involved in the war-system. It does, indeed, attack all classes and ages. Among the victims upon whom it inflicts its most brutal and fiendish outrages, cruelties and tortures, are unoffending, delicate women and helpless children, desolating millions of happy homes, filling great nations with sorrow, lamentation and woe. A single battle implies a portentous extent of agony, an amount of misery that touches hundreds of thousands of hearts, and the destruction of property that may require the labor of a generation of men to replace.

Says John Foster: "Imagine the spectacle of a violent death inflicted on one human being with the instruments of war; multiply this to the extent of a great battle, with all the diversity of modes in which the living body may suffer, may be smitten, lacerated, mutilated and destroyed; and what there is in the minds of the mutual inflictors and sufferers, and all the consequences to survivors, to relatives and to the condition of the inhabitants."

The announcement that one little child in Boston, under four years of age, had died of starvation, would bring inexpressible grief to the hearts of all our citizens. In the recent siege of Paris, thousands, we have been told, six or eight thousand little children, under four years of age, died of starvation.

What if we could take a view of the battles and sieges of one war, of all wars, what a vision of destruction, agony, horror, death! The thought of the suffering necessitated by the present war-system of Christian nations, is simply appalling, overwhelming. When once war impended in Israel, no wonder the prophet exclaimed to the people, "Howl ye. Destruction comes. All hands shall faint. Every man's heart shall melt. The people shall be afraid. Pangs and sorrows shall take hold of them. They shall be in pain as a woman that travaileth. They shall be amazed, one at another. Their faces shall be as flames. The day cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate. The stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light; the sun shall be

darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine."

Now, let us concede, for the moment, that war has a tendency to secure the end for which it is ordained by the laws of nations. Let us suppose it does promote rights, and determine international justice (which supposition is contrary to the fact), even in that case should we dare to say, Christianity allows international war? By resorting to it, even in that case, would not the nations be in danger of incurring the condemnation of those who do evil that good may come? Is this a case in which the end would justify the means? Would not the evils, the wrongs and the injustice it would bring upon great multitudes of innocent individuals and families more than counterbalance the good attained by the nations. Christianity does not forbid either individuals or nations, in some instances, to waive their rights. It does not require them, in all cases, to seek redress for wrongs, and to exact justice, at whatever cost. They will not incur the reproach of Christianity and of Christ if they practise forbearance and forgiveness; if instead of avenging themselves by inflicting injuries on those who have injured them they endeavor to overcome evil with good. Christianity contains such remarkable precepts as these: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Love your enemies. Bless them that curse you. Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven." Let it be granted that the end proposed by the war-system is gained. Will that compensate for the enormous amount of property and human suffering and demoralization which it demands? In the eyes of God, or man, would the nations be justified in incurring the awful hazard of producing calamities such as no language can adequately depict? But the war-system does not gain the ends which it proposes. We have already shown it has no tendency to gain that end. Its most strenuous defenders admit that in a multitude of cases it utterly fails to accomplish the purposes for which wars are undertaken. They use such expressions as these: "In the ordeal of battle, justice can be only an ingredient." "It is in comparison with no justice at all that the justice of war is admirable. Compared with any properly organized legal system, it is surely deplorable." "If there is some justice in war, there is not anything like enough of it."

Says Vattel: "It is an error no less absurd than pernicious, to say that war is to decide controversies between those who, as is the case with nations, acknowledge no judge. It is power or prudence rather than right that victory usually declares for."

Says Thomas Jefferson: "War is an instrument entirely inefficient towards redressing wrongs, and multiplies instead of indemnifying losses." These things being so, in tones of thunder, Christianity utters her condemnation of the war-system.

FROM VICTORY UNTO VICTORY.

Dr. Franklin, in a letter dated Passy, France, December 24, 1782, wrote:—

"At length we are in Peace, God be praised; and long, very long may it continue. All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones; when will mankind become convinced of this, and agree to settle their difficulties by arbitration? Were they to do it, even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other."

Surely the sage who stands in enduring bronze in front of our City Hall never uttered truer words than these. From the day Franklin wrote that letter to the present time, what

sensible man has doubted that if nations were to settle their differences "even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other?" And, nevertheless, they have persisted in the old way of fighting and the wholesale destruction of each other. But is the time really approaching which Dr. Franklin, nearly a century ago, seemed to feel would come, when mankind shall be convinced of the folly of war, and shall agree to settle their differences by arbitration? In view of the fact that almost the entire arms-bearing population of some of the nations is to-day in the standing armies, and of the tremendous warlike preparations that are going on, it may seem presumption to suggest an affirmative answer to the above question. Yet some recent events seem to indicate that there is, in civilized nations, a growing conviction of the folly of war and of the practicability of other methods for the peaceable settlement of their differences.

In our last number we expressed our gratification with the action that had just been taken by the States General of Holland in favor of referring the decision of international questions to a tribunal of law and justice, instead of the bloody arbitrament of the sword. And now we are glad to learn that on the twentieth of January last the Chamber of Representatives of Belgium adopted, *nemine contradicente*, similar resolutions. This makes the sixth national legislative body that has concurred in like expressions—Great Britain, Italy, Sweden, the United States, Holland and Belgium. When we think of the intelligent millions of people who have thus given expression to these sentiments, this action is not a little significant. It is an unmistakable indication that the people of different countries are beginning to be alarmed, as well they may be, by the enormous and constantly increasing preparations for war.

A prominent English journal has recently said, even the supporters of the military system are beginning to recognize the frightfully unlimited nature of the costly rivalry in warlike preparation, and to see that under the highly stimulated genius of military inventors and strategists, we are rapidly approaching to the trial of the old ironical problem, as to what will ensue when an irresistible force meets an immovable object.

Perhaps they do not as fully realize as those engaged in the arts of peace and commerce, that in this mighty tournament of invention and science in the military art, the international game of "beggar my neighbor," and *beggar myself*, is being diligently carried on, and that civilization, morality and religion are all condemned to bear the cost.

M. Augusto Couvreur of Brussels, editor of the *Indépendance Belge*, and one of the vice presidents of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, moved the proposition in the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, and advocated it in a very earnest and able speech. We are indebted to him for a copy of the official record of the same, and the debate and action upon it.

By the resolutions the chamber expresses the desire to see the practice of arbitration extended among civilized nations to all differences susceptible of solution by arbitration. It also invites the government to concur in efforts for the establishment of rules of procedure in cases of arbitration, for prescribing a constitution and defining the duties of international arbitrators. It further asks the government to incorporate arbitration in its treaties with other powers. Eighty-three members were present; eighty-one voted for adoption. The two members who abstained from voting expressed their sympathy with the principle of arbitration, but were not satisfied with the

reading of the resolutions, M. Auguste Couvreur, editor of the *Independence Belge*, spoke eloquently in advocacy of the resolutions, depicting in a graphic manner the evils and perils that come from the present rivalry in armaments, and demonstrating the necessity of providing promptly some relief from the terribly increasing strain and burden of the war system. He referred hopefully to the labors of the association for the reform and codification of the law of nations, which, although American in its origin, held its first meeting in Brussels a year and a half since. Thus, within little more than a year, six important nations, among them Great Britain, Italy and our own country, through their legislatures, have given emphatic declaration of their belief that the time has come for a resolute effort to substitute law and justice for brute force as an arbiter between nations. M. Couvreur in opening his address said:

If I were to justify my motion before a popular assembly, I would say I desire to arouse in my auditors a sense of the horrors of war and a love of peace. I would say to them, that Europe has at this moment more than six millions of men, the very elite of the young and able-bodied men,—actually under arms, trained for slaughter; and that to support this armed host, in a time of peace, costs more than seven *milliards* per annum. I would show that in the last quarter of a century, since the *coup d'état*, 1851, the debt of Europe has increased nearly eighteen *milliards*, sixteen *milliards* of which have been absorbed in war or upon armaments. Finally, I would invoke as consequences, fatal and necessary of this state of things, the pauperism and the wicked sentiments which war engenders, consequences so easy to vanquish if the civilized peoples would turn to use the resources rendered unproductive by the armed peace, and would consecrate to schools, to the administration of justice, the construction of highways, to internal security and prosperity, the *milliards* to-day necessary to protect them against the aggression of neighbors with whom they pretend to maintain the most friendly relations.

We trust the parliaments of the other nations will speedily imitate the good example which has been shown to them, and that the works of the international association, which seeks to secure "the fellowship of the nations under the dominion of law in the bonds of peace," will be prosecuted with increased vigor. In our view the remedy for the measureless evils that the nations are to-day suffering, and the still greater evils that threaten them from the insane rivalry in armaments, must come from a provision for replacing brute-force with law as an arbiter of justice between them.

When an international law and tribunal, for which the recently formed association is laboring, shall have been established, what pretext will the nations have for persevering, by a method which is absolutely beggaring them, in an endeavor the inconsistency of which M. Couvreur so finely exposes, when he characterizes it as an endeavor "to protect themselves against the aggression of neighbors with whom they pretend to maintain the most friendly relations."

Nor is the effort to constitute an international tribunal to be stigmatized as utopian, inasmuch as many sagacious statesmen in different countries have pronounced in its favor. Lord Derby, who is not given to extravagant assertions, says: "In my judgment, ninety-nine out of one hundred cases of international disputes could be settled by an amicable reference, and that a foreign minister of any country would find it of incalculable advantage, when any difficulty arose threatening war to be able to refer to a settled international law and a supreme court of appeal;" and he added, with emphasis, "One great advantage of such an arrangement would be that it would give time."

The demand for a settled international law and an international tribunal is daily growing stronger. There ought to be wisdom enough in the world, in this age of light, to supply such a demand. Whittier says truly: "Our Christian civilization is a miserable misnomer, if it must always carry along with it the brutal barbarism of war—a survivor of the stone age and cannibalism."

PEACE MEETING AT NEW BEDFORD.

A conference of the friends of peace, called at the instance of the Committee on Peace of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends, was held at New Bedford on the afternoon and evening of Feb. 18th.

The meetings were well attended, and the exercises of a highly interesting character. We have space for only a brief report.

At the appointed hour Jabez Wood called the meeting to order. Henry T. Wood was chosen Chairman, and Susan Taber and James B. Congdon were elected Secretaries.

Selections of Scripture were read by Jabez Wood, and a short interval was spent in prayer.

The Chairman said that while many all over the land had been preaching peace, meetings of this character are comparatively rare. The first on record occurred only fifty years ago. He called on Rev. Eli Jones, of Maine, to open the meeting.

Mr. Jones said the Society of Friends have always believed that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was not only the Gospel of Salvation, but the Gospel of Peace. This doctrine they have steadfastly taught for two hundred and twenty-five years. It seems to be a time when the various religious bodies of the land should be united and work together on this subject. We can't fail to recognize the fact that in opposing armies have many times been brethren of the same religious belief. If the professors of Christianity in this country would say, "let war cease," it would soon be done.

Dr. James D. Rhoads, of Philadelphia, said that as Christianity was made for man it is perfectly adapted to his condition. The Christian life is little regulated by rules, but interfused by principles. The teachings of Christ give a peculiar sanctity to man, and a tenderness in dealing with him. It is the duty of every Christian to perform all the duties of a good citizen up to the time of his allegiance to Christ—other duties must be left to those who can perform them with a good conscience. Millions die in the cause of war; it were strange if none ever died for the cause of peace.

James B. Congdon said in this cause there is a broad ground on which all can unite. There are two great lights which illuminate our path in this direction. God-given humanity demands that there shall be peace on earth, in order that it may attain the highest good for which it was created. Humanity can never reach its highest development till it is surrounded by peace. The light of revelation which has come into the world through Jesus Christ, assures us of the time when all nations shall learn peace.

Rev. William J. Potter remarked that though the triumph of peace seems so difficult, it is not a hopeless cause by any means. Twenty five years ago the anti-slavery cause seemed a hopeless cause indeed; but it triumphed, though by blood. Yet the state of slavery was a state of chronic war, and its end was not inconsistent. Now that that great stress is passed, now is the time to hold before the people the idea of peace on earth.

Rufus P. King, of Indiana, once a Confederate soldier, though made so by draft, related his experience.

T. R. Dennison spoke of the importance of the peace movement, and hoped the time would soon come when war should cease.

James B. Miles, Secretary of the American Peace Society, referred to the fact that the Society of Friends had been pioneers in the great work for universal peace. The most earnest co-operation, the heartiest sympathy he received in this work, comes from the Society of Friends.

Mrs. Rachel S. Howland was thankful to see so many women present. Woman has a deep interest in this matter. War brings to her much and bitter suffering. But she has a practical

part to bear in this reform. They should endeavor to create a public opinion which shall demand international arbitration as a substitute for war among the nations.

Rev. B. S. Batchelor did not believe there was any difference among Christians, the world over, as to the main question; the difference is on points of detail, and as to the manner in which the final result is to be reached. No one doubts that the Gospel of Christ is the gospel of peace. If Christianity prevailed throughout an entire nation, there could be no war. When we come to apply the principle to the existing state of things, we can only lament our ignorance. He expressed his hearty sympathy with the object of the Peace Society.

Rev. Edwin Leonard, of South Dartmouth, endorsed all that had been said.

Rev. O. A. Roberts believed in peace in every relation of life. Mrs. Miriam Underhill said the root of this whole matter of peace is in the homes. The mothers of this country can rear their children to be lovers of peace.

Charles R. Tucker said that the task of averting future wars in this country may depend largely upon the influences which go out from such meetings as this.

Charles Taber drew a contrast between the Friends Meeting-House at Newport and Fort Adams. He had thought of them as arrayed against each other.

A committee to prepare resolutions was appointed as follows: Rachel S. Howland, Charles Taber, B. S. Batchelor, James D. Rhodes, Sarah F. Tobey, Susan Taber.

The exercises of this session were then closed.

A short time at the opening of the evening session was spent in prayer.

The Chairman stated that Rev. D. P. Leavitt was expected to be present, but was detained at home by sickness. A portion of his letter regretting his inability to be present was read by James B. Congdon.

James B. Miles addressed the meeting. He said the subject is so vast that but one aspect of it could be considered by him. The question which arises in every mind is, Can there be any remedy for this great evil? With reference to providing a substitute for the war system, a movement has been inaugurated, of which he would speak.

At the conclusion of Mr. Miles' address, Rev. Eli Jones, Dr. Rhodes and others spoke in commendation of the work Mr. Miles is doing.

Dr. Rhodes, of the committee on resolutions, reported the following:

At a meeting of the Friends of Peace, called at the instance of the Committee on Peace of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at New Bedford, 2d mo (February) 18, 1875, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That humanity and the religion of Christ demand the cessation of the barbarism of war, and the prevalence of universal peace among men.

Resolved, That the church everywhere should examine this great subject, and sustain it by firm, personal conviction, and the power of combined public sentiment.

Resolved, That women who suffer so deeply from the home desolations caused by war, should use their influence in all their social relations in favor of peace, but most especially as mothers, in training their children in the principles of the Gospel of Christ in this respect.

Resolved, That we observe with thankfulness and pleasure that the determination of national disputes by arbitration has proved successful in fact.

Resolved, That the concurrence of the Parliament of Great Britain, the Chamber of Deputies of Italy, the Diet of Sweden, the Congress of the United States, the States General of Holland, and the Legislature of Belgium in resolutions to refer causes of national difference to arbitration instead of to arms, elicits our profound satisfaction, and inspires hope for the progress of peace among nations.

Resolved, That we have listened with satisfaction to an account by James B. Miles, Secretary of the Peace Association of the recently formed "Association for the Reform and Codification of the Laws of Nations," and regard the work of that Association as eminently important, and deserving of being sustained by all friends of peace.

On motion of Matthew Howland, the resolutions were adopted by a unanimous rising vote.

George Howland, Jr., moved a vote of thanks to James B. Miles for his interesting address.

The motion was supported by James B. Congdon in brief remarks, and unanimously carried.

Mr. Miles thanked the meeting for this mark of their appreciation.

Brief remarks were made by Geo. Richardson and Dr. Rhodes.

About twenty-five persons gave their names to Mr. Miles to be enrolled as members of the International Code Committee.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR SYSTEM.

It is not to be presumed that communities would inflict upon themselves all the evils and burdens of war, to settle some national dispute, did they not deem it a matter of expediency and necessity, as a last resort. Now, this plan having been adopted and practised, from generation to generation, and such being the force of custom, that many people seem indisposed to examine the subject impartially, and many more, from the force of this long-established national custom, are prevented from looking into the subject at all.

Slavery in the United States, with its gross savage oppression, was for many long years sustained on the principle of expediency and necessity; that institution has passed away as unbecoming a civilized people. And now the question is getting before the people, whether the war system, with its enormous evils, shall continue, or whether national differences may not be adjusted by peaceful measures; a question of vast importance, embracing a general interest extending from nation to nation. The policy of settling national differences by battle, induces the practice, in the time of peace, to be preparing for war, which tends to engender jealousy and provoke retaliation, which bring on war; and this provision occupies the time of thousands and thousands of able-bodied men, and millions upon millions of dollars expended, which is time and money much worse than lost (to say nothing of its moral evils). Such being the fruits of a war system in a time of peace, what must its burdens and evils be in a time of war, both moral and physical? Indeed, are they not beyond words fully to express? Could war, with all its preparations, be laid aside, what a stupendous reform it would introduce. I confidently believe it may be done. Now let us see; for if individuals can settle their differences by peaceful measures, why not nations?

In the adjustment of differences is it not universally admitted justice should be the ruling action, in this adjustment of individual differences? Surely, then, it should in the settlement of national differences. But we may well inquire, does war determine what justice requires between two disputing nations? Not at all; it only shows which is the most powerful in the destruction of human life and property. Then does it not follow, of course, that a different plan is imperatively called for to bring into execution the harmonizing principle of justice, a powerful promoter of national peace. This plan has already been proposed, and commenced preparations, that is, for forming a Congress of Nations, to be composed of Representatives from the different National Governments, and to be held in readiness as a tribunal to which such cases (that nations fail to settle between themselves) are to be submitted for a final adjustment, on the principle of justice, reason and equity. What, then, remains but to carry this plan into execution and dispense with all war preparations, and thus commence the triumphant reign of "Peace on earth, and good will to men." Now I am sensible some are liable to conclude that, as yet, the public are not prepared for the introduction of such a glorious day, and that it can only be attained by a greater advance and growth of vital, practical Christianity. I entertain a different view, that is, that civilized nations are now already prepared for the desired change whenever the public can be aroused to look into the subject on its own merits. We see it does not require any great amount of Christianity to induce individuals to settle their differences by peaceful measure, as is the general practice; then why should it require greater purity in nations to do the same thing?

True, the prevalence of Christianity, in its perfection, is a

sure prevention of war, and its attainment, above all things, desirable, and, in a national relation, is not ceasing from the practice of war; an important step on the highway towards Christian perfection, and a step that cannot be too soon taken, unless it is too soon to do right.

In this view of the subject, I think there is no valid reason for delaying and delaying for a better time for nations ceasing from bringing on themselves the burdens and evils inseparable from war. This step taken, probably, would tend to open the way and lead forward in the execution of national reform; in other respects a step demanded by civilization, Christianity and man's greatest good here and hereafter. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." May we individually be awakened to the importance of prosecuting, without further delay, the needed means for the prevention of wars, by the establishment of peace.

Every generation is held responsible for the execution of the work of its own day; the present is ours, and soon to end.

DAVID IRISH.

Quaker Hill, Dutchess Co., N. Y., 2d mo., 1875.

PREPARATION FOR WAR.

In a speech, on New Year's Day, the Emperor of Germany expressed his gratification at the continuance of peace in Europe and pledged Germany to its maintenance. No one doubts the sincerity of the Emperor in his declaration, but the measures of the Imperial Government show how much hope the Emperor himself has that he will be permitted to remain at peace. There is a subdued but distinct sound of preparation for war in every country in Europe, and in these preparations, Germany leads the van. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "If complete readiness for war is the best means of insuring the continuance of peace, the tranquillity of Europe must have been effectually secured this year, in which large additions have been made to the forces of every European power. The proposed legislation in reference to the German landsturm will increase the military strength of Germany to an extent hardly yet realized, though the *Spenner Gazette* estimates the increased force arising from a first call of the landsturm at 300,000 men. The French army will, beginning from this year, be increased within twelve years to 1,800,000, a force supplemented by a landsturm organization not less extensive than that of Germany. Russia will, in the same period, muster a standing army of 750,000 men, and a reserve of 1,740,000. Austria has made so much progress in the development of her resources that she could take the field with from 500,000 to 600,000 men. Italy could follow with 400,000 men, and Turkey with 200,000: while we have 500,000 men to defend our own soil, and could contribute from 70,000 to 80,000 men toward the prosecution of a European war." The shrewd and practical statesmen of Europe are not wasting this enormous expenditure for purposes of ostentatious display. These armaments are not piled up as bulwarks against domestic insurrection. We cannot resist the conviction that the instinct of statesmanship foresees a conflict which will employ in its desperate struggles all the strength of the nations. "Wars and rumors of war" are among the prophetic signs of "the end."—*Christian Statesman*.

In the division of the Indian tribes among the religious denominations for supervision and Christian instruction, the Dakotas fell into the pastoral care of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and under the charge of Bishop Hare. This tribe especially has awakened the interest of the ladies of Massachusetts, who have formed a Dakota League, and raised last year \$3,700. Doubtless while they have accomplished excellent service instrumentally among the Indians, they have blessed themselves a thousand fold more in the reflex action of this interesting work upon their own hearts and lives. A delightful and able discourse was delivered before the Massachusetts League in Emmanuel Church by Bishop Huntington of Central New York, upon "Two Ways of Treating the Indian Problem." One is the way the country has heretofore pursued, the other is the truly Christian plan upon which it has just entered. This excellent address has been published in a pamphlet for general circulation, and is an admirable and instructive tract for the times.

PEACE ON EARTH.

BY RETHEL.

From the beautiful realms above
A throng of angels came,
Singing the song of God's great love,
To the shepherds on the plain.

Peace on Earth, was the song they sung,
'Mid the clouds of heaven's own glory;
And down through the ages has rung
The wonderful, wonderful story

Of one who sat on heaven's throne,
Before whom the angels bow;
Whom the whole universe might own,
Yet he sleeps in a manger now.

He came not with sword of steel,
To conquer the world by might;
But the sorrows of man to heal,
And to give to him peace and light.

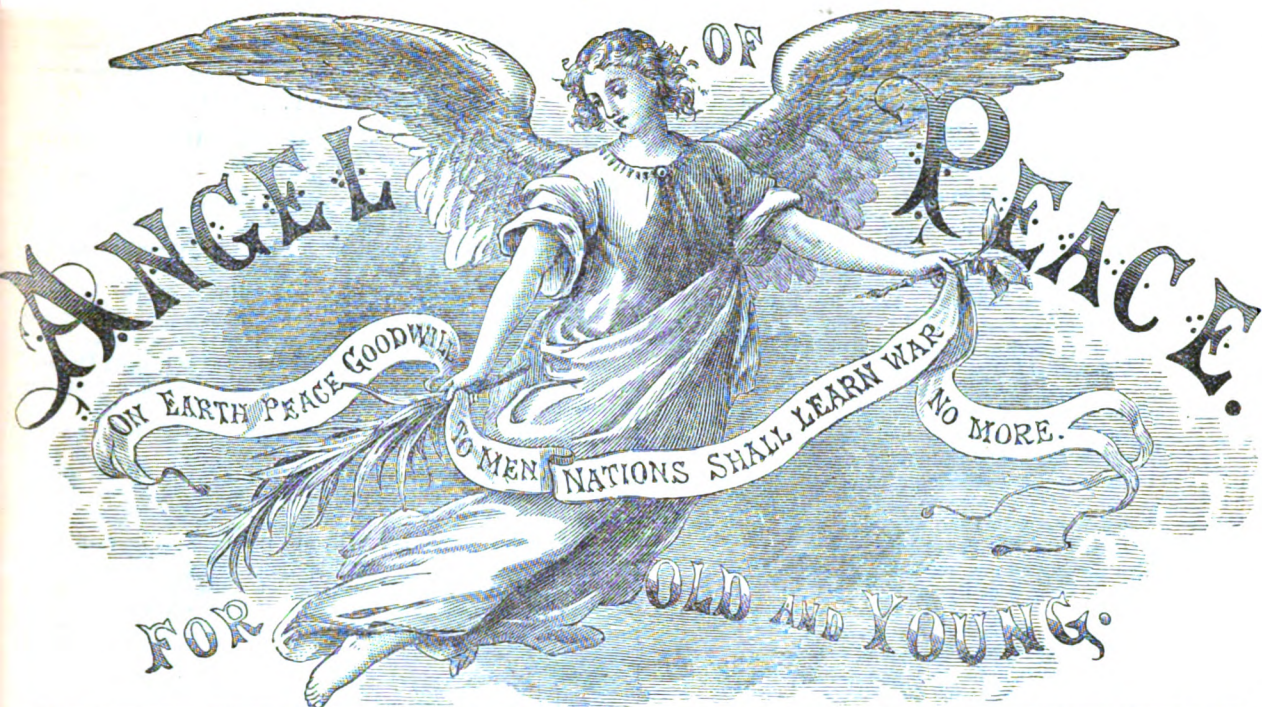
Oh! man, bowed down in thy sorrow,
Crushed by life's woes and strife,
Change thou the cruel sword
For the Book of eternal life.

And God, the bountiful giver,
Shall crown thee with blessings untold,
And peace shall flow like a river.
From the home in the "City of Gold."

WAR STRIPPED OF ITS FALSE GLORY.

One glance at war has sufficed to show us that its first step is to renounce all relations with those two venerable personages, law and virtue; and, as we go on, we shall find it break with so many other worthy principles that we shall end by being unable to discover any moral merit, excepting sometimes truth, with which it remains on speaking terms. And yet it has always been a source of glory. It deludes us by its dangers, its brilliancies, its results: its cruel splendors dazzle us; the sufferings which it causes startle us; its vast consequences impress us; and, in our hot eagerness and emotion, we give no thought to the underlying falseness. We fancy that we know what war is, that we judge it, and appreciate it: we imagine that we understand it and measure it exactly; and that, though sad indeed, it really is grand and noble. It does seem so from the standpoint whence we habitually perceive it; but regarded at other angles, looked at especially from beneath, with a clear view of its foundations, it becomes the most tremendous sham, the most incomparable imposture, which men have hitherto invented. There is no other such example of the successful covering up of the black side of a big subject; nowhere else are all the moral principles on which life habitually rests pitched coolly into a corner to lie there behind a gorgeous curtain until they are once more wanted; vainly should we look elsewhere for a second case of huge iniquity kept out of sight by a radiance of deceptive majesty. Nearly all of us are so blinded by this coruscating brightness that we take it to be good honest light; and under that erroneous conviction we form our notions about war. It would be useless to define the popular impression on the subject; to describe the conflicting sentiments of horror, admiration, tumult, pity, fascination, applause and awe which war usually provokes amongst spectators; we have passed recently through that state of mind; we know it well, and do not require to be reminded of it. But what we rarely think of, what indeed, we scarcely realize at all, is the moral blank which war creates, the suppression of all right and conscience which accompanies this glory. We stare at its material consequences, we mourn over the material price at which the consequences are bought; but somehow we lose sight almost entirely of the inversion of all the rules of morality and duty which it entails.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

"Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake."



VOL. IV.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1875.

No. 2.

WORDS OF LOVE.

Sweeter than music o'er the water,
Brighter than sunshine on the sea,
Softer than dew-drop on the flowers,
Comes a loving word to me.

When my life-cares make me weary,
And my heart is racked with pain,
If a word of kindness greets me,
Then my heart is glad again.

So this life is full of sunshine —
Full of beauty every day;
Only when we watch for shadows,
Do they fall across our way.

Brighter then would be earth's pathway,
Likened to the world above,
Were our words more choice and loving
And our deeds but those of love.

LITTLE MAURICE, THE SOLDIER.

One day when Maurice was very young, he saw in his new picture-book the figure of a fine tall man in a red coat; he had a very fine cap, and he wore a sword by his side. Away ran Maurice to ask his father to tell him all about the tall man with the sword.

His father told him that the tall man was a soldier.

"Yes, I know he is a soldier, and I know that he has a sword by his side, but tell me what he carries it for?"

"He carries a sword that he may kill his enemies."

"Kill his enemies! what does he kill them for?"

"Because they are enemies to his country."

"But where are they, and what have they done that he should kill them with his sharp long sword?"

"I cannot tell you exactly where they are, nor what they have done; he hardly knows himself, but he carries his sword that he may be ready for them. Does he not look like a brave fellow?"

Little Maurice seemed to be somewhat puzzled, but he said no more then about the matter, though it was plain enough to be seen that he was still thinking about it.

The next day after breakfast, little Maurice came strutting into the parlor, with the feather ends of two goose quills stuck in his cap, and a stick sharpened at the end hanging by his side, from a string that he had put round his neck.

"Why have you stuck those feathers in your cap, Maurice?" asked his father.

"Because I am a soldier now."

"And why do you carry that sharp stick at your side?"

"O! I carry that, that I may kill my enemies."

"Your enemies! why you have no enemies. If you have, tell me where they are, and what they have been doing to you!"

"I do not know exactly where they are, nor what they have done, but I carry my sharp stick that I may be ready for them. Do I not look like a brave fellow?"

Maurice's father saw that his little boy was on the lookout for enemies rather than friends. There was a seed sown in his bosom likely enough to spring up and bear bitter fruit.

The next day, little Maurice was thoughtful after his father had read a chapter in the Bible; for in one of the verses were the words, "Love your enemies," and "Do good to them that hate you."

"What are you thinking about, Maurice?" said his father.

"Of what you have been reading, father. Should we always do what God tells us to do?"

"Certainly; we are bound to do so; we commit a sin whenever we disobey God."

"But God tells us to love our enemies, and do them good. Do soldiers love their enemies and do them good?"

"Why not exactly so. You ask me a very odd question, Maurice; when you get older I will tell you more about it."

"I want to know about it now, father, if you please. Do soldiers love their enemies, and kill them too?"

"Soldiers are obliged to do as they are bid: they must obey the officers who are placed over them."

"But will not God be angry with them for not doing as he tells them?"

Maurice's father appeared just then to be troubled with a cough, and took out his pocket-handkerchief: but his little boy, not being satisfied without an answer, went on —

"If any body tells me, father, to do what God tells me not to do, must I do it?"

This inquiry called for a direct answer; so Maurice's father instantly replied,

"No, Maurice, you must always do as God tells you. If you disobey Him, you cannot be happy."

Little Maurice walked quietly away and pulled the two feathers out of his cap; he then untied the string that was fastened to the sharp stick, and flung the stick out at the back-door, saying to himself, "I will not be a soldier and kill my enemies, lest God should be angry with me."

THE ANGEL.

An angel stood before the Lord,
Waiting his blessed will;
God spoke, and in the heavenly place
A thousand harps were still.

"I gave to others tasks of might,
To rule each rolling star,
To guide the tempest-hurrying steed,
The comet's wandering car.

"And others watch the wayside grass,
Or tend the lily flower,—
That those who love me best may see
I love them hour by hour.

"But thou! O tender heart and true,"
The Father said, and smiled,
"Shalt have the mission, mightier far,
To lead a little child!

"I place him wholly in thy hand;
For unto thee is given
To love him with a perfect love,
To bring him home to heaven."

The happy angel spread his wings,
And came to earth adown;
God's smile upon his shining head
Still rested like a crown.

He kissed the sleeping baby's lips,
Which answered by a smile;
Men cried, How fair the darling's grown
In such a little while!

And every day the angel taught
The tiny hands to pray,
And every night he watched, to keep
All evil things away.

Thus walked the angel guide apart
With this, his charge, alone,
Until it grieved him that his love
Was speechless and unknown.

"Great Father!" thus he humbly prayed,
"If such a thing may be,
Open these eyes that they may look
One little hour on thee.

"I love him with a perfect love;
Beside heaven's peaceful stream,
O let him walk one hour with me,
If only in a dream."

The mother bent in grief and tears
Above her darling's bed;
A wondering smile shone on his face,
The still face of the dead!

For God had heard the angel's prayer,
To whom the child was given
To be beloved with perfect love,
And brought safe home to heaven.

He who once walks the golden streets,
And tastes of joy supreme,
Who looks on God with mortal eyes,
Awakes not from his dream.

A LEGEND OF ST. ARNULPH.

Arnulph was the son of a physician. He was preparing himself for the calling of his father, one day he came to his father and said:

"Father, let me go into the cloister, and serve God."

But his father said, "Thou dost well to wish to serve God. As a physician, thou mayest serve Him, and serve thy fellow-men also."

"To serve God is better than men," answered Arnulph.

"Pray this night for God's guidance, oh, son. To-morrow I will do as thou wilt."

So Arnulph went and prayed God to receive him as His servant. And his eyes were opened, and lo! an angel, whose hands were full of roses.

"Behold," said the angel, "the offerings of those who serve God."

"And can I offer Him anything?" asked Arnulph.

"Lo! here in my left hand is thy offering also," said the angel.

Arnulph asked again, "Why are the roses in thy left hand scentless? Those in thy right hand are full of fragrance."

But the angel answered, "In my left hand are their offerings who serve their heavenly Father, but care not to serve His children. In my right hand are their offerings who serve God, and serve man also."

THE PEACE CAUSE.

Peace is the grand Christian charity, the fountain and parent of all other charities. Let Peace be removed, and all other charities sicken and die. Let Peace exert her gladsome sway, and all other charities quicken into life. Peace is a distinctive promise and possession of Christianity; so much so, that where Peace is not, Christianity cannot be. There is nothing elevated which is not exalted by Peace. There is nothing valuable which does not gain from Peace. Of wisdom herself it has been said, that all her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are Peace. Peace has ever been the longing and aspiration of the noblest souls—whether for themselves or for country. In the bitterness of exile, away from the Florence which he has immortalized by his divine poem, and pacing the cloisters of a convent, where a sympathetic monk inquired, "What do you seek?" Dante answered, in accents distilled from the heart, *Peace, peace*. In the memorable English struggles, while king and parliament were rending the land, a gallant supporter of the monarchy, the chivalrous Falkland, touched by the intolerable woes of war, cried, in words which consecrate his memory more than any feat of arms, *Peace, peace, peace*. Not in aspiration only, but in benediction, is this word uttered. As the Apostle went forth on his errand as the son forsook his father's roof, the choicest blessing was, *Peace, be with you*. As the Saviour was born, angels from Heaven, amidst quiring melodies, let fall that supreme benediction, never before vouchsafed to the children of the Human Family, *Peace on earth, and good will towards men*.—CHARLES SUMNER.

POOR RICHARD.

Be just and honest in thy dealings—Honesty is the best policy. Be also generous and charitable on proper occasions, for he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.

Time and opportunity are to be regarded in all business. Be punctual to your word; he that pays his debts at the time promised, is master of his friend's purse.

Be diligent and industrious in your respective occupations. Make hay while the sun shines. Sail while the wind blows fair. Catch time by the forelock, for he is bald behind. Laziness brings a man to poverty; but industry keeps the constable from the door.

In ordering your expenses, see that your comings in be more than your layings out. Keep an exact account of what you lay out and what you receive, for without this you will always be in the dark. Balance your accounts at the end of every quarter. In all matters of moment look after your business yourself, and trust not your servants to lay out your money.



THE FIRST TEMPERANCE STORY.

"I hear you children talk a great deal about temperance," said our old grandma. "Would you like to hear the first temperance story that I ever heard?"

"Oh! yes," we all exclaimed, always ready for one of grandma's stories. So she told us this story:

"When I was a little girl, we lived among the hills of Scotland, where my father had a large sheep-farm. Temperance was never heard of then, and every day we had home-made beer, and all drank as much as they wanted; and no friend ever came in without being asked to have some old whiskey. On market and fair days I have seen the men come home sick, as the little folks were told; and all the remark that would be made about it was, 'Folks must have a little fun sometimes.' I used to think that getting sick was queer fun; but as I grew to understand that it was the whiskey that made them sick, I would wonder how people would take so much trouble to brew anything to make them sick and cross for a long time after they drank it.

"One day — I shall never forget it — we were in the kitchen with mother, who was speaking very kindly to a poor crazy woman who had stopped to rest and beg a cup of milk. Mother felt so sorry for the old woman that she brought a glass of hot whiskey and offered it to her. In an instant glass and whiskey were hurled to the back of the fire. How her eyes sparkled! She screamed out, 'How dare you give me a drink of fire — fire, I say!' We did not know what to think, and clung to mother, who tried to quiet the old woman, but it was of no use. 'I want to warn you and your pretty little ones never to taste the stuff that has burned up my husband and child, and left me to wander without a home. I was married to as fine a lad as ever walked. We had a sweet little baby and cosey home. My husband and I always kept the jug in the corner of the cupboard. After a while I thought it had to be filled a great deal oftener than when we were first married; and not only that, but

Joe (my husband) would stay too long when out with a friend, and I would mix some hot drink to put me to sleep, and sometimes would drink so much I could scarcely remember even to go to bed afterward. So you see I was getting fond of it too.

"One night I left the baby in Joe's care, and set the jug and glass on the table for company while I stayed with a sick neighbor. Before morning we heard a noise, and, going out, found it was my house in flames; but by the time we got there, the roof had fallen in on Joe and the baby. They never would have been burned up if he had not let the candle or his pipe fall into the cradle. I learned to hate it too late; but I want you to hate it as much as I do."

"My dear children," said our grandmother when she finished the story, "that was our first lesson in temperance, and it was a good one. Not one of us who heard the old beggar-woman ever would drink after that. We did not have Bands of Hope in those days; but I am thankful we have now, and I bless God that my dear grandchildren belong to one." — *Exchange.*

GERRIT SMITH'S APPEAL TO A BOY ON TOBACCO.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I could have wept the other day when I saw you smoking a cigar. Only fourteen years old, and already at work to poison your soul with tobacco! Oh, this is sad indeed! My dear boy, you see not what is before you. If you did, you would be appalled; and you would fall on your knees, and entreat your heavenly Father to save you from the wasteful, filthy, wicked practice of using tobacco.

Do not excuse yourself by saying that some great and good men use tobacco. The great and good men who do so are in danger of sinking into very little and very wicked men before they die.

Tobacco and Rum! What twin brothers! What mighty agents of Satan! What a large share of the American people they are destroying! I love my children; and because I love them, I had rather bury them than see them defile themselves with rum or tobacco.

As Paul said to Timothy, so say I to you: "Keep thyself pure." Be clean in your person, and be clean in your heart. But, depend upon it, you can be neither if you use tobacco.

Your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

THE CROWN OF GOLD.

A PARABLE.

A great king said to his people, "Walk in the way I have marked out for you, and I will give you a crown of gold."

Frederick was a poor youth, and had no equipments for so long a journey. But he resolved to try and win the crown. So he began his journey. Under his arm he carried a book containing the king's promises and in his hand a simple staff. There were enemies on his path, who shot at him with arrows; and wild beasts, that seemed ready to devour him. But he pressed boldly forward, over steep and rugged mountains, through winds and storms and deep waters. But at last his toilsome journey was ended, and the king, true to his promise, gave him the crown of gold. Then his heart was glad. This Great King is Jesus. The path is the Christian's path. Jesus says to all his followers, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." It will be a glad day to those who are faithful, when they shall receive that crown of life.

A NEW FAIRY STORY. — A lazy girl, who liked to live in comfort and do nothing, asked her fairy god-mother to give her a good genius to do everything for her. On the instant the fairy called ten dwarfs who dressed and washed the little girl, and combed her hair, and fed her, and so on. All was done so nicely that she was happy, except for the thought that they would go away. "To prevent that," said the god-mother, "I will place them permanently in your ten pretty little fingers." And they are there yet — *Laboulaye.*

A SERMON ON PUSH.

When Cousin Will was at home for vacation the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel-nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up-hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute;" and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' it is just the word for a grand, clear morning."

"If anybody is in trouble and you see it, don't stand back—push!"

"If there's anything good doing in any place where you happen to be—push!"

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might—push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

THE PROUD CHILDREN.

A little boy and girl were once seated on a flowery bank, and talked proudly about their dresses. "See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got; and what a fine blue jacket and trousers; and what a nice new pair of shoes. It is not every one who is dressed as finely as I am."

"Indeed, sir," said the little girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you; for I have on a silk hat and pelisse, and a fine feather in my hat. I know that my dress cost a great deal of money."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy. "I know."

"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling near the hedge. "You have neither of you any reason to be proud of your clothes; for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think but meanly, before they were put upon you. Why, that silk hat first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, miss! what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And the feather," exclaimed a bird perched upon a tree, "was stolen from or cast off by one of my race."

"What do you say to that, miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."

"True," said a sheep grazing close by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were yours; and as for the hat, I know that the beavers have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends the calves and oxen in that field were killed, not merely to get their flesh to eat, but also to get their skin to make your shoes."

See the folly of being proud of your clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them; and even then we could not use them if God did not give us wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit to wear, and the means of procuring them for our comfort.

A SENSIBLE MAN.—This laconic but sensible German ought to be sent out to lecture among the people:

"I sall tell you how it vas I drink mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head, and dere vosh von pain. Den I put mine hand on mine body, and dere vas anoder pain. Den I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere vas nothing. So I jine mid de demperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere vas dwenty dollars. So I stay mit de demperance."

SAVED BY A NUT.

Some years ago there was an old German count, who was an honest and respectable man, and who was saved from death by the kindness of God in a very marked manner. You know we read in the Bible how Daniel, who was such a good man, had a great many enemies, who hated him just because he was so good. This has often been the case since Daniel's time. And this was the case with the good German count of whom I am now speaking. There were a number of people in the place where he lived who hated him for his religion; and they carried their hatred so far that they resolved to kill him. And in order to do this without being found out, they hired a wicked man to go into his castle one night and kill him while asleep in his bed. The arrangements were all made, and the night was fixed on which the dreadful deed was to be done. The good count had no idea of the danger hanging over him. It so happened that on the evening of the very night on which his enemies had agreed to murder him, he had a company of young people at his castle. He was very fond of children, but having none of his own, he had invited his nephews and nieces to spend the evening with him. They had a merry time together, and the evening passed off very pleasantly. The count told them interesting stories, and got up amusing games, and had a good supply of apples, and pears, and grapes, and nuts; and they enjoyed themselves very much. After they were gone, the count went quietly to bed as usual.

About midnight the murderer, who had managed to creep into the castle during the day, and hidden himself away, came silently into the chamber of the count. The old man was fast asleep, and a night lamp was burning on the table. The murderer was armed with a sharp dagger, which glittered in his right hand as he gradually drew near the bed with a soft and careful step. But suddenly, when he was only a few feet from the bed, a loud crackling noise was heard sounding through the still chamber. It awoke the count, he sat up in bed and saw the murderer approaching him. He seized a pistol which he always kept on his pillow, and pointing to the man he said, "If you move another step, I'll shoot you!" Then with the other hand he rang the bell violently. Pretty soon his servants rushed into the room. The murderer was taken prisoner, and the wicked men who had hired him to do that dreadful deed were found out and punished.

But what made the noise which woke the count? It was a nut, lying on the floor. It happened that one of the boys of the company the count had had there the evening before had dropped a nut on the floor in going through his uncle's room, and that nut had fallen just where the murderer's foot trod upon it and awoke the count in time to save his life.

ADVICE TO YOUNG TRADESMEN.—Buy the best goods, cut the work out yourselves; let the eye of the master be everywhere. Employ the soberest men. Avoid all low deceits of trade. Never lower the credit of another to raise your own. Make short payments; keep exact accounts; avoid idle company; and be very strict to your word.

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We are much hindered in our noble work of diffusing the sentiments of peace and good will for lack of adequate funds. Millions go for war, but little is devoted to peace. Let our friends think on these things and inquire of the great "Prince of Peace." *what wilt thou have me to do?*

H. C. DUNHAM.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS,

INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY, ON BEHALF OF THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

It is well known to our Christian brethren that the Religious Society of Friends has ever believed that all war is entirely forbidden by the Gospel, and that, in accordance with that belief, its members have as a rule, refrained from taking any part in carnal warfare; and for refusing to comply with military requisitions, or to pay fines for thus refusing, many, in years past, have suffered restraint of goods to large amounts, and not a few have been imprisoned. Beside a passive testimony thus borne by members individually, the Society has, from time to time issued its public protest against this heathen and wicked custom.

But while we have cause to feel thankful for the amelioration of military laws, whereby our members are now generally exempt from suffering, we are pained in knowing that war, with all its horrors, is yet allowed and practiced by all the Christian nations, and sanctioned by the larger portions of the Christian Church. As Christians, we all believe in the fulfillment of prophecy. Dr. Chalmers, more than fifty years ago, testified that "the mere existence of this prophecy of peace is a sentence of condemnation upon war, and stamps a criminality on its very forehead. So soon as Christianity shall gain a full ascendancy in the world, from that moment war is to disappear."

Believing that it is only by a full and proper application of the Gospel in the affairs of nations, as well as individuals, that the prophecies in regard to war will be fulfilled; and believing, as a branch of the church which has so long seen the true character of this heathen abomination, that we were not doing all that we should do toward enlightening our brethren on this important subject, most of the Yearly Meetings of Friends

have united in the organization of "The Peace Association of Friends in America," to which is delegated this important work, with instructions to labor expressly on their behalf in the more general promotion of the cause of peace.

The Association, in the fulfillment of its trust, has thus far mostly confined its labors to the printing and circulation of books and tracts, and the publication of a monthly paper called the *Messenger of Peace*. During the few years of its existence, millions of pages have been distributed far and wide, and many acknowledgments have been received of the convincing effects of the truth therein inculcated.

The attitude of millions in the prime of manhood, now kept constantly armed and equipped for mutual slaughter by the nations of Europe, and the sudden uprising of the war spirit in our midst, convince us of the necessity of further and more direct efforts to arouse and awaken the public to a clearer appreciation of the true character of this monstrous evil. If it is only by the full application of the Gospel that war can be abolished, surely it is the duty of the church to labor for its proper application.

But; in view of the apathy that so generally prevails, we feel constrained to appeal directly to our Christian brethren, individually and collectively, earnestly entreating them to take this subject into prayerful consideration in all its bearings. Can we believe that if the members of the Christian church everywhere were entirely to refrain from taking part in carnal warfare, that professedly Christian nations could any longer continue the custom? If we believe this, we must also believe that the responsibility for the continuance of war rests upon the church. Dear fellow professors, can you rest satisfied in continuing to bear the weight of this awful responsibility?

While statesmen and publicists are laboring to relieve suffering humanity from the blight of this dreadful curse, the church of Christ remains silent. Surely it is time for it to arise from its slumber and to proclaim its supremacy! Is not eighteen hundred years long enough for its white robes, which should be pure and spotless, to have been stained in blood? Must the skirts of the visible church be longer polluted with the gore of the battlefield, and stained with the tears of the orphan and the widow? While war, as has been said, seems to aim at setting up the kingdom of Satan in the earth, alas! the church remains to be its very bulwark.

Surely it is time to wipe out this reproach against Him, at whose coming into the world, peace on earth and good will to men was proclaimed, and engage in this holy warfare against the supremacy of Satan's kingdom.

Therefore, in behalf of suffering humanity, and in behalf of the cause of the blessed Prince of Peace, whose mission on earth is not fulfilled while wars continue—in true Christian love, we again entreat you to give this subject the consideration it justly merits.

On behalf and by direction of the Peace Association of Friends in America.

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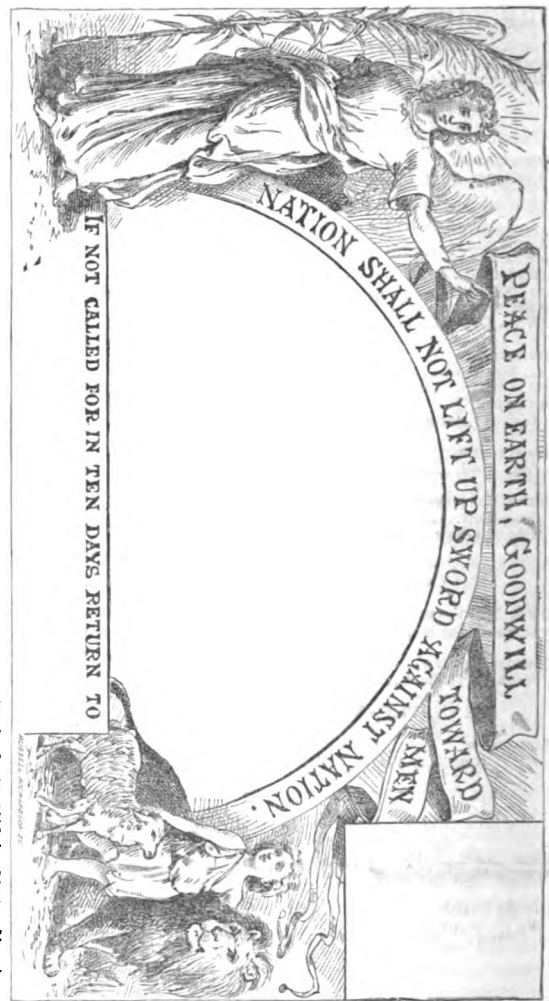
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BOSTON, APRIL, 1875.

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By a new postage law which goes into effect the first of
January, 1875, we are obliged to prepay the postage on our
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very considerable tax, and one which we cannot well afford to
pay at the low rate at which our papers, and especially the
Angel, are furnished. But we are unwilling now to change
our terms, hoping our readers, in view of the fact above stated,
will promptly pay their subscriptions, will exert themselves to
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NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1875.

VOL. VI. No. 4.

TWO WAYS OF TREATING THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

[Extracts of a discourse by F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D., Bishop of Central New York.]

We are told a thousand times over, that Christianity deals in general principles; and so it does. But each of its great principles come to its proof on some rugged, barbarous outpost. The Red man's barbarity is a particular outpost where American Christianity is tried once more.

In short, the worse you make the Red man out to be, the stronger you make our argument that an Apostolic army ought to be pursuing him, not to destroy, but to save.

And now, having tried to make it plain that in the genius and economy of our religion our duty stands clear even with the darkest showing of the Indian's character and capacity, I am going on to look a little while at the showing as it ought to be, and to see what foothold of fact we have, over and above all that is requisite, to justify a Christian policy.

We have on hand, all told, very nearly three hundred thousand Indians. A census of nomads who during most of the year sleep no two nights in the same place, who hunt buffalo, fish in mountain brooks, and fight in ambush, is not an easy matter; but this estimate must be nearly correct. A few of these Red men roam along the Pacific coast, a few linger in New York and Wisconsin and other settled States; but most of them are between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains.

The practical elements in the Indian question at the outset were three. 1. The people of the United States wanted the Indian lands and mines in the Territories, and pleaded that law of history which claims the earth for the purposes not of barbarism but of civilization, even at the cost of the barbarian's life. 2. Unprincipled adventurers were determined, in the process, to enrich and fatten themselves by every sort of petty injustice. But 3. Somehow *retaliation* and *vengeance* from the savages, on the border inhabitants, must be controlled.

There were two ways. The Government might make stipulations with the several tribes, and then, without seeing to it that they were carried out, attempt to put down disorder, and stay bloodshed, by military force, leaving the entire social condition of the Indian unchanged. First and last this has been abundantly tried. The other way, discovered later, and really put partially on trial only since the end of our Civil War, was to fulfil all treaty obligations scrupulously, to protect the barbarian from all white or half-breed pillage or pollution, and then to promote his virtues and real welfare, in a friendly spirit, by constantly educating him, just as far as he would consent to be educated, in the knowledge and practices of civilized life. This spectacle was to be seen in the world—a new age of diplomacy, not dreamed of by Machiavelli or esteemed much in the old dynasties. Some of the best men in the Nation took hold of it. The terms of contracts were to be enforced by a justice which is just in giving as well as in taking. To that end commissions and conferences between white and Red have followed in constant succession. The main plan proposed is to open extensive and attractive reservations in the Territories; to carry in, under upright and guarded superintendence, tuition in agriculture, housekeeping, mechanical facilities, and all the arts of civilization, with tools, seeds and examples; to see that the Indians are paid their dues and annuities not in money, which they can squander, but in farming implements and substantial goods; to win them from idleness and the chase by the prospect of a better path; to keep up an armed police to

maintain peace and order between one tribe and another; to promote the division and occupancy of land by families; to establish and equip schools; and, inasmuch as for eighteen hundred years civilization has followed Christianity and taken root nowhere without it, to send forward everywhere the instructions and ordinances of the Gospel of CHRIST. Thus by public probity and veracity, by personal integrity and purity in the territorial officers, by marriage, by the sanctity and unity of the household, by industry in farming, trades and simple manufactures, by "blotting out the barbarous Babel dialects,"—to some extent at least, and for the next generation—exchanging them for the English tongue as a common language, and by the worship of the one God in that one tongue, it is proposed that the horrid blunders and sufferings of two hundred years be finished, and Christian brotherhood reign at last instead of despotism, vice, ignorance and war.

You will not expect me to go very far into the sickening story of wrong, corruption and treachery by the stronger party. It began far back, and is not yet ended. Annuities stolen, by white men appointed to hand them over, payments put off or never made, promises of every sort disowned and broken, overcharges and under-credits, false weights and measures, adulterated merchandise and adulterated morality, papers forged, lands seized by false pretences, school-moneys snatched, horses, hides and furs pilfered, men and women stupefied and drugged by whiskey and narcotics, soul and body polluted and mutilated—as I recite them here, these are *names* of things, and nothing but names; but it is in unimpeached testimony that the terrible realities have been the Red man's agony and tragedy, year in and year out. The governmental policy that can be suborned to patronize them is not statesmanship, it is a quack's malpractice on the body politic; a charlatan's vivisection, and the charlatan a thief. It protects felony, and of the victim makes a vengeful manslayer. Red Cloud, at the Academy of Music, certainly did not state the case very rhetorically when he said: "There have been some bad things going on in my country—some bad white people; and I thought I would come and tell the Great Father about it. I have come on business, and I want to know all about these things. I want to say to all of you big men that I heard you say you were my friends, and I want to be your friend. I want my children to live in peace and be happy, as you are. I want the Great Father to let me keep the little piece of country that is left me. And as you are my friends, I want you to help him do it." An old warrior is not easily alarmed; but Little Thunder, a Red Lake Chief, informed a council in Minnesota, that when he saw the whites moving on, "he lay awake as one who is frightened in the night."

I have pronounced the Red man capable of civilization; not perhaps of civilization in its highest forms, not of building cities or ships, writing a literature or stocking a patent office with inventions, but still of a style of life which in a modest sense deserves that name. Take the white earth reservation alone. The new policy has been at work there three years. There are about a thousand natives; unsettled rovers from prairies and ranches are constantly gathering in, throwing aside their blankets, cutting off their scalp locks, and learning to plough, build, weave and cook. More than a hundred houses have gone up, chiefly by Red men's carpentry. They run a saw-mill, turning out fifteen thousand feet of lumber every day, raise a hundred and forty acres of wheat, feed two hundred and fifty head of cattle, and fill an Episcopal Chapel where a full-blooded Chippewa ministers to a reverent congregation. It is

certified by a careful comparison of tabular reports that, though the smallest in area of all the Territories, the Indian Territory has a larger population than any that is organized except New Mexico and Utah, harvests six times as many farm-products as Colorado, and equals any one of them in expenditure for education.

I can carry the demonstration only one step farther on. I should be willing to rest our entire case, were every other argument wanting, on the proof and victory of Faith in a single convert. Among the sad-faced Dakotas, an unsmiling people, our Missionary, Mr. Hinman, found one face, youthful, innocent, and only more spiritually sad than the rest. When the SAVIOUR was shown to him, it was as St. Paul preached Him at Mars' Hill—the unveiling of the actual CHRIST to a soul that had felt after Him and ignorantly worshipped Him—and immediately he arose and was baptized. They gave him the name of that Apostle. The Christian life of Paul Mazakute was the sweet consummate flower of Indian piety—poetry might call it the human Passion-flower of the Plains, the sign of the Cross inwrought in its fibre. While his mind matured, and his character brightened, health gave way and his body wore out. As long as there was any strength, he preached and worked. When it was almost gone, he wrote out a brief paper in his native tongue, to be translated after his death by Mr. Hinman. This wonderful document, a kind of wailing monotone of narrative and prophecy blending together, is unlike any writing in literature that I can remember. In part it is a plaintive petition for the nurture of his children after he has gone, in part a quiet story of his Christian course, and in part a hopeful farewell to his fellow-believers, West and East. Let all that I have tried to say for his poor people end in one passage, word for word, from this last testament of his devotion :

“Esteeming myself of no account, I write these my last words. I write to the Holy Fellowship, and as a member of it, and a minister of the church. To my friends in CHRIST Jesus in the country called the United States, to the men and women who have faith in CHRIST and walk in His way, I give thanks. I look with confidence to white people who have the charity of Jesus. My life upon earth is very weak, my mind is very short, and my voice and my body both are faint. Therefore, for my children's sake, I put my trust in strangers. If any one will pity me and take one of them, and make it wise, and so cause me to see it in heaven, my soul will have great joy. As I was the first minister from the Dakota people, so if God my FATHER shall so bless me, from mine may grow up another minister who, though I be not here, shall bear my name, and finish the work which I now lay down. I ask it without shame, because we are one body in CHRIST.

“In times past I walked over a dark way having no light. But, all at once, the GOOD SHEPHERD, He Who never tires, He Who walks bravely in difficult places and in desert lands, ever seeking the lost, He came upon me, and He delivered me. This One is truly merciful, and no man can equal Him; alone all good, alone all strong, alone all holy. This One only is clear of sight; this One only is strong of wing; this One only everywhere strong in battle, and with a great victory He has won all the peoples of the earth. He is a SAVIOUR of both body and soul, CHRIST the SON of GOD. This is He Who caused me to live, and it is He Who even now adds, night and day, to my fading life. This One alone I trust. God bless His servant also who led me to Jesus, so like Him in His work, fearing nothing, hindered by nothing, leaving his own people to save the Indian. God knows the number of souls that have been blessed through him, and they will be his everlasting recompense and crown of glory. I think it is a shame that I should die without giving my testimony to the Love of CHRIST. And I have thought that for the work that I did for Him while I lived, for my weariness for Him, for my heavy burdens borne for Him, for the hunger suffered for Him, for the thirst endured for Him, for my tears for Him, for my walk with Him, waiting not and resting not day or night,—that now soon, in Him and with Him, He for these things will give me comfort. And now this is my mind, that I am going home to my FATHER's house, where my good Elder BROTHER dwells.—Paul Mazakute has written in this book his last words to his friends.”

LET THERE BE PEACE.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

“LET THERE BE PEACE!” is the cry of the millions
Who fought for the starry-gemmed flag of the free;
’Tis the prayer of the hero, the song of civilians,
That rolls from the mountains far down to the sea.
The nation that rocked in the tempest and gloom,
And drifted in doubt to be wrecked on the shore,
The storm has outlived, and the thunders that boom
Are voices that prophesy tempest no more.

“Let there be Peace!” is the sigh of the lowly,
That walk in the vale where the cypress is seen,
Who mourn their departed with tenderness holy,
And kneel where the graves are perennially green;
And where the “Unknown,” in their silence, are sleeping
The feet of the angels are pressing the sod,
And vespers of harmony round them are keeping,
While martyrs of freedom have gone to their God.

“Let there be Peace!” the evangel of Labor,
Where toilers imploringly lift up their hands;
Go! wipe off the stains from the death-dealing sabre,
And build the bright altar of hope for all lands;
Lo! radiant from darkness the temple in glory
Throws wide to the world the broad aisles of the fane:
And freemen shall toil as they utter the story,
And children repeat to the ages again.

“Let there be Peace!” is the chorus ascending
From hamlets that lie ’mid the pine-covered hills,
And like a glad anthem in unison blending,
Floats on till the strain with its melody thrills;
And rivers that roll to the land of the West,
And prairies that wake to the hymn of the free,
With millions of freemen imploring for rest,
Swell psalms of rejoicing while bending the knee.

“Let there be Peace!” from the war's wild commotion,
The trumpet's alarms and the crash of the field,
And let the new bliss like the billows of ocean,
Roll over the land where the hero has kneeled;
The smoke of the battle has swept from the sky,
The thunders have ceased, and the bugle's wild blast;
The chains have been riven! and loud from on high
The reveille calls to the love of the past.

“Let there be Peace!” in a holy thanksgiving,
The hero voice cries, in the name of the Lord.
For the sake of the dead! for the sake of the living!
Turn spears into pruning-hooks, to ploughshares the sword!
And out of the darkness shall come forth the beaming
Of glory's bright sun where the foemen have trod,
And freedom shall teach, with a truth all-redeeming,
THAT PEACE WITH OUR BROTHER IS PEACE WITH OUR GOD.

WOMEN'S WORK FOR PEACE.

In this work however, as in every other, example must accompany teaching. The moral influence of women will do little for the cause of peace, if their practical influence does not coincide with it.

Mr. Ruskin tells us that women, if they wished, could easily put a stop to war—that all war is waged for their sakes and because they desire it. Although this view may exaggerate their power, it is certain that they could do much to prevent war if they would only be in earnest about it. Most women profess to dislike war; but, when a conflict is imminent, they will not move a finger to prevent it. Is it not true that they “draw the curtains of their boxes and muffle the openings, so that from the pit of the circus of slaughter there may reach them only at intervals the half-heard cry and a murmur as of the wind's sighing when myriads of souls expire? They shut out the death-cries, and are happy, and talk wittily among themselves.” Or if their hearts are moved with pity, and they meet together to prepare lint and clothing for the sufferers,

it is a nice occupation, and they are rather sorry when it is over. They rarely take the trouble to inquire into the effects of war upon their fellow-countrywomen and the women of other lands.

As to the military system, with all its surroundings, they have a positive admiration for it. Every officer is to them a hero, and a prospective Leonidas; every soldier is a devoted patriot. They will go out of their road any day to see a regiment or to hear a military band; not simply for the sake of the bright colors and tuneful strains, but for the warlike element in the show. As long as women's practice differs so widely from their professions, it will be in vain to expect any good results from their influence upon society.

Again, women must use their practical influence at home in the cause of peace. An irritable, unjust mother will probably make an irritable, unjust son, who will grow up into a narrow-minded man, incapable of comprehending the laws of right and justice. Public opinion in each country must greatly depend upon the conduct of the mothers of the nation. Once more, let all women who have time to spare, devote a portion of their leisure hours to earnest work for the cause of peace in union with the men and women who are already laboring for this end.

It is no destructive and revolutionary work which the Peace Societies advocate. It is the gradual reduction of the armaments which are filling the world with dismay; the establishment of law in the place of anarchy; the avoidance of quarrels whenever possible, and the peaceful settlement of such disputes as must arise. It is no unfeminine and degrading work, unfit to be touched by a woman's hand; neither is it effeminate and undignified, beneath the efforts of a brave man. It is the work of ennobling the human race, and spreading order, peace and love throughout the earth.

When women use their influence, intellectually, morally and practically—when they earnestly study the great truths connected with national and international prosperity, and seek to impress these truths upon society—when they train the young in the laws of peace and justice—and when they give a practical example of peacefulness in their own lives—then we may hope to see the day dawn when the often quoted lines will be fulfilled:—

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flag is furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world;
When the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

Then shall all men's good —

"Be each man's role, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year."

But let no one say that it is vain to hope or labor till that happy time arrives. Although perfection may be far distant, each step in the onward direction brings us nearer to our goal, and it will still be true —

"That unto him who works and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors."

LAW VERSUS WAR.

The Secretary of the International Association, Dr. Miles, is in receipt of recent communications from the Hague, informing him that active preparations are going forward there for the reception of the association next August. Letters have also been received from a large number of distinguished gentlemen who have been elected officers, gratefully acknowledging the honor which the association has conferred upon them, declaring their willingness to accept and use their best endeavors to promote its objects. Among the vice-presidents from whom letters of acceptance have been received are the eminent Americans, the Hon. Charles Francis Adams and Hon. Reverdy Johnson. Count Sclopis, of Italy, the president of the Geneva arbitration tribunal, in his letter accepting the position of honorary president, wrote:

"I regret very much my inability adequately to express my sincere feelings of gratitude for the honor conferred upon me. I am much sensible of such benevolent testimonies granted to me by all the learned members of the association; but at the same time I must confess that I am far from deserving such a

flattering and gratifying demonstration. I beg you, dear sir, to accept my warmest thanks, and to make them accepted by your colleagues, to whom I offer my respectful compliments."

In view of the prominence which this movement is assuming, the following extract from one of the last letters of Mr. Sumner, which has never been printed, will be read with especial interest. Writing from Washington, 13th July, 1873, he says:

"There is no pending reform that is so vast in its sweep, with such promise of prodigious good. I wish I had been born twenty years later, that I might have witnessed the great triumph and enjoyed the wonderful improvements which must spring from the great means diverted from war preparations to the agencies of a true civilization. There is nothing by which man is advanced which will not start up, and spread in immeasurable good."

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—A SUMMARY OF THE LOSSES TO BOTH BELLIGERENTS.—M. Chenu, Medical Inspector-General of the French army, reports the losses sustained by the French in the war with Germany to have been as follows:

Killed, disappeared or died of wounds and diseases, 138,871; wounded by the enemy's fire, 143,000; men disabled by marching, 11,421; 11,914 missing are treated as dead. These figures include 2,281 officers killed or who died of wounds and disease and 96 missing, with 17,240 prisoners who died in Germany, 1,701 in Switzerland, and 124 in Belgium. While 17,240 deaths, then, occurred in captivity, only 1,220 soldiers were killed at Gravelotte, the bloodiest battle of the war. The German losses were:—Killed or died of wounds and disease, 40,741; missing and treated as dead, 4,000; wounded, 127,867. To these have to be added 1,795 killed, 6,690 wounded, and 1,539 missing in skirmishes, patrols and slight engagements. The Germans had 44,000 deaths; the French, 138,871; the Germans 127,000 wounded, the French 143,000. The French had 11,421 men disabled by *plaies de marche*—that is, through defective socks, boots and gaiters, while the Germans suffered but little from this cause. M. Chenu shows that in the Crimea and Italy, as well as in the last war, disease was more fatal than the sword, this being partly attributable to commissariat, outfit, and hospital shortcomings.

The home of Gerrit Smith has for years been the synonym for all that is beautiful in domestic life, and delightful in genial hospitality, and praiseworthy in open-handed charity. Its pillars are both gone. Mrs. Smith died at Peterboro, on Saturday, March 6, aged seventy. She was the daughter of William Fitzhugh, a wealthy citizen of Maryland, who in 1812 removed to Western New York. In 1822 she married Gerrit Smith and went to his home in Peterboro, where they have always lived, making together the home that will live in history. The philanthropic nature of the husband was fully mated in the wife, and for years she has been the Lady Bountiful for all the country round. Gifted in music and in attractive social qualities, she charmed all who were so happy as to enjoy their hospitality, while she herself enjoyed the society and friendship of their humbler neighbors. She shared in the intellectual life of her husband, and it is said that his lectures and manuscripts were always submitted for her criticism and approval.

The Peterboro home is bequeathed to the son, Col. Green Smith, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the young shoulders are worthy to bear the consecrated mantle that falls to them.

INTERNATIONAL CODE PRIZE ESSAYS.—The Council of the Social Science Association have awarded the prizes offered by Don Arturo de Marcoartu, through the association to the following gentlemen, for the best essays on the question, "In what way ought an international assembly to be constituted for the formation of a code of public international law, and what ought to be the leading principles on which such a code should be framed?"—viz., to Mr. A. P. Sprague, of Troy, State of New York, the sum of £200 for the best Essay, and to M. Paul Lacombe, Advocate of Lauzerte, France, £100 for the next best. The Essays, which are very ably written, will shortly be printed and published. Any further inquiries to be addressed to Dr. Ryalls, Social Science Association, 1, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W. C.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1875.



CHRISTIANITY AND THE WAR-SYSTEM OF THE NATIONS.

No. III.

The conflict of the war-system with Christianity becomes especially conspicuous when we consider what an obstacle it is to the progress of Christianity in the world.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Christian system is *aggressiveness*. Its nature is illustrated by the leaven, which works and extends until the whole lump is leavened; by the grain of mustard seed, which grows into a great tree; by the shining light, which shines more and more unto the perfect day. Its legitimate operation in the individual soul, and in society, is to purify, exalt, ennoble, bless, and to continue this benign work until the whole world acknowledges its sway. This is its conscious endeavor. We may say, this is the heart's desire of its Divine Founder.

Now, a volume would not suffice for a statement of all the ways in which the war-system opposes the progress of Christ's kingdom, and tends to prevent the accomplishment of the supreme desire of His heart.

The animating spirit and controlling principle of the two systems are diametrically opposed to each other. The one seeks its ends by brute force. It appeals to man's lowest animal nature and to his most violent passions. Says Shakespeare,

"When the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger."

"Give them hell," was the language written on a slate by a speechless dying American officer. "Ours is a damnable profession," said a British general. "War is the trade of barbarians," exclaimed Napoleon in a moment of remorse prompted by his bloodiest field.

Christianity, on the other hand, appeals to all that is highest and noblest in man, not to his animal, but to his spiritual nature, to his reason, his conscience and his heart. The power by which it conquers is not brute force, but the mightiest of all forces, truth and love. "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight. But now is my kingdom not from hence," says Jesus. That remarkable man, Pere Hyacinthe, in a recent address, said with truth and force, "It is one of the noblest triumphs of the Christian spirit, one of the most salutary and best established benefits of modern civilization to exclude the sword from the domain of religion,—not only the sword of the magistrate, who has no right to punish in that domain, but the sword of the soldier, who has no mission to conquer there." "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

This word of the Saviour is fulfilled most of all in the sphere of religion. The sword is impotent against that faith, true or false, which it seeks to destroy. Commonly it succeeds only in reviving, elevating, extending it. But it is only too potent against the infatuated church, which carries it. It turns

against that church, and kills or wounds in its bosom the moral principle which constitutes its real power.

Let us not be understood to deny, that wars, even as other gigantic evils, have not in some instances, been overruled for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. What would have become of our world had not Infinite Wisdom in many cases, been able to bring good out of evil? But, we cannot too strongly reprobate that pestilent delusion, which even in our time possesses the minds of some good people, that war is the means for promoting Christian civilization. As well say, darkness promotes light, hatred promotes love, barbarism promotes refinement. Because in some instances, wars have been followed by eras of increased light and progress, persons jump to the conclusion that war is the cause of the increased light and progress.

This pernicious mistake is well exposed by Dr. Harris, the able professor of theology at New Haven. In his recent work upon Christ's Kingdom, he says, "The progress of Christ's kingdom is not to be promoted by force. Institutions founded on force shall be overthrown by force. Christ's kingdom is founded on truth and love. Force moves in a different sphere from these. An epoch is not necessarily by violence. When an apple tree bursts into blossom and covers itself with sweetness and beauty, that is an epoch in its growth. When this beauty passes away and the fruit sets, that is an epoch. But these epochs are peaceful, because all the organic forces in the tree are subject to its life and in harmony with each other, and the crises of its growth come peacefully as the natural expression of the life. So in the kingdom of God, if the spiritual life is full and unobstructed, its epochs come quietly as the blooming and fruiting of a tree. The old falls away because its work is done, and peacefully gives place to the new. The change is not less, the epoch not less glorious, because it is peaceful. Revolutions are not essential nor desirable in the great epochs of human progress. . . . The violence incident to an epoch in the growth of Christ's kingdom is an evil. Because our own government was founded in a revolution, we are in danger of associating a revolution with glory, of thinking that the overturn of what has been established is in itself progress to something better. But the American Revolution scarcely was a revolution in the proper sense of the term. It perpetuated the principles and, with little change, the form of government to which the colonies had been accustomed. It only separated them from a distant nation. It only accelerated an epoch which was coming as the inevitable result of growth, only shaking the tree to hasten the fall of the ripened fruit. The benefits accruing are not the result of the revolution, but come in spite of the evils of revolutionary violence, because the change effected was the natural result of healthy growth. The immense majority of revolutions attempted by violence have been failures, and have hindered rather than helped the progress of society."

Pages would be required for a full statement of the ways in which the war-system impedes the progress of Christianity. It is not denied that some warriors, both officers and soldiers, are devoted disciples of the Prince of Peace, but they are such in spite of the natural tendency of their employment, and of the war-system. Its natural tendency is to demoralize, to harden and to brutalize, to make savages rather than Christians of the millions who are devoted to it as a profession. And then its effects upon society at large! It consumes the wealth needed for the development of the resources of the nations; for

establishing, endowing and sustaining institutions of education and religion; for supplying the apparatus and appliances to promote the arts and sciences; for sustaining great philanthropic and Christian enterprises. 'It withdraws a mighty host of men in the very prime and vigor of their powers from the pursuits of useful industry, and from those callings and professions that have for their end to enlighten the ignorant, to reclaim the vicious, to save the lost, to elevate man, and ennoble the State.

Says John Foster, "The stream of sentiment, of strong interest, of ardent feeling, in other words, the passion, the affection, which during the last half century has flowed into *that river of blood*, think if it had instead flowed through all the channels and streams of peaceful benevolence!"

Nor is the influence of the war-system against Christianity of a merely negative character. It was Edmund Burke who said, "War reverses all the rules of morality." Much more, then, it reverses all the rules and precepts of Christianity. The Sabbath and the sanctuary and all Christian institutions—upon these foundations of Christianity, the war-system looks with utter contempt, and it sweeps them away as if worthless dust.

Says Seeley, "Political feelings and religious feelings are equally outraged by war. It tramples on the sense of right and wrong and on the precepts of Christianity as mercilessly as it crushes the physical happiness of individuals."

We add, this is not all. It sows broadcast the seeds of a thick crop of vices and crimes. Profanity, intemperance, licentiousness are among its uniform results. It deranges, confuses, disorders all the legitimate occupations of the people; it piles up taxes; it converts business into gambling and speculation; it destroys the sacredness of human life. Dishonesty, corruption, fraud in the community and legislative halls, bloated wealth and wide-spread poverty are the harvest which it yields.

In a word, it breaks up the foundations of society, overturns and destroys what it has required the thought, the money and the labor of a multitude of Christians for long generations, it may be, to build and produce. Such have been the consequences of every great war that history records, even of those wars, the reason or end of which has been the most worthy.

To these impediments which the war-system places in the way of Christianity must be added the prejudice which it excites everywhere, and especially in pagan nations, against the Gospel. The great obstacle to the introduction of Christianity to pagan lands and its propagation among them is the war-system of so-called Christian nations. When it is proposed to introduce the Gospel to them, they say, as the Emperor of China did, "No, Christians whiten the lands in which they dwell with the bones of their fellowmen. We want no such bloody religion." They say, as Rev. Mr. Long, an English missionary to India, told me the people of that country said to him when he advised them to send their children to England to be educated, they replied, "No, England is a Christian fighting country. We do not wish our children to imbibe such principles."

The diary of the Shah of Persia has recently been published

One portion of it is exceedingly suggestive. It is where he gives an account of the means for saving human life which he saw in England, by means of fire escapes. He expressed his admiration of them, and then he expresses his wonder, as well

he might, that a people will take the trouble to originate such appliances for the salvation of a few men from death, while on every hand the workshops of Woolwich and Krupp are tested for new means for the wholesale destruction of human life. It is not astonishing that the heathen are utterly baffled in their endeavors to understand how Christian nations can support the war-system.

That veteran missionary, Titus Coan, writes to me, "It is my firm belief that if all ministers of the Gospel and all professed followers of Jesus would 'come into line,' and with calm courage and united firmness oppose the fiery whirlwind of war, its flaming torches would soon be quenched and its destroying ranks roll backward and retire from the face of Christendom. If I mistake not, the Christian church holds the key to the temple of Janus, and our Great Head will hold her responsible for opening or shutting those infernal gates. Oh, that every man of us, every professed soldier of the cross would take to himself the 'whole armor of God' and 'stand' in his place, opposing the fiery line of Apollyon. Would not Zion then 'arise and shine and the nations see her light, and the gentiles and kings come to the brightness of her rising?' I am amazed at the self-satisfied indifference which many appear to manifest on the awful subject of war. It would seem that the war god had fascinated or stultified multitudes of professing Christians. Has not sin painted war in such glittering colors as to dazzle the eyes and excite the admiration of millions?" And he goes on expressing many more such thoughts that breathe in such words that burn.

Not to extend observations upon this head, it must suffice to say the war-system is a huge, well-nigh impregnable wall, obstructing the onward march of Christianity. Let that be taken out of the way and the Prince of Peace would ride forth prosperously, from conquering to conquer.

Had we not already too much extended this article we might adduce many other considerations that emphasize the condemnation of the war-system by Christianity.

The well-known fact that Christians in the first and purest age of the church utterly refused to engage in war is not a little significant. They accepted death rather than enter the military service and engage in war upon whatsoever pretext.

In view of what has been said it is evident that God, as if speaking in an audible voice, calls upon the nations to abolish this huge and hideous relic of barbarism. With the lapse of every year His call becomes more imperative, and with the lapse of every year the guilt of the nations in upholding the system becomes more crimson; for this evil is one that is ever growing worse. To quote that distinguished writer, Prof. Seeley, of England, again, "This evil calls the more urgently to be remedied because it seems to be growing worse. Wars seem growing more frightful and more gigantic; the more victories the nationality principle wins, the nearer we seem to approach a period of energetic popular States waging war upon each other with the unrelieved fierceness of national antipathy."

Not only this but already the possibility of the removal of this dreadful evil, in the providence of God, has been made manifest to the nations. No longer can they plead necessity in extenuation of their course. In the judgment of the wisest publicists and statesmen of the leading nations, the enthronement of law in the place of brute force, as an arbiter of justice between nations, is practicable and imperatively demanded. Already earnest and able scholars and statesmen of different countries are associated for the purpose of providing

an International Code and Tribunal as a substitute for the gigantic barbarism of the present war-system. Christianity bids the nations called by the name of its Author to do what in them lies for the accomplishment of this purpose.

PHYSICAL DEGENERATION CAUSED BY THE WAR—STANDING ARMIES.

Six million men are under arms in Europe. These six million include the very flower of the population, those least liable to death under the natural and normal conditions of life; and it is proved, beyond doubt by army physicians, that in our military hospitals, as, for instance, in that of the Val de Grace at Paris, that the mortality of soldiers is double and treble that of the remainder of the population in civil life. How much of valuable labor does this system take away from the workshop, the hearth and the family? And during this time what becomes of the 6,000,000 women who ought to be companions of these men; and of the families which should be the fruit of their marriages?

When throughout the surface of the civilized world, we see every year the return of spring, and renovated life everywhere, then, also, at the sound of the drum, and at the summons of the trumpet, the young men, our laboring youth, are called to present themselves, in each district, before the representatives of the central authority of the country. They come in parties with ribbons in their hats. These young men are but food for cannon, and those representatives of authority are only ordered to judge of the quality of the supply.

On the one side are the robust, the handsome, the agile, those whose hands are clever in the use of tools, and whose vigorous blood is fitted to multiply upon earth a healthy and strong race; and on the other side are the weak, the lame, the maimed, the deaf, the one-eyed, all those who may be considered as the ones to be eliminated (if it were permitted to use the term in speaking of the sacred subject of human nature.)

And all this accomplished, then the public authorities assume a grave countenance, and pronounce those youth, whom they have so carefully selected, as the best to be found "good for slaughter." ("Bon pour Boucherie.") Yes, good for the slaughter of the battle-field, and for the deadly demoralization of the barracks.

And then they say to the others, to those whom they do not deem fit for the bullet or for the bayonet thrust, "You are good enough for marriage and for labor!" Alas! that such things should be done in this nineteenth century, and amongst the greatest nations of the world, amongst Europeans calling themselves civilized and Christian! These things show the reason why the population of France is not increasing, or, at least, why it increases so slowly. And yet we wonder at the misery and degradation of our populace, at their sufferings and their vices — *Speech of M. Passy, of Paris.*

THE EUROPEAN WAR CLOUD.

THE LONDON TIMES ON THE SITUATION.

The London Times, in a recent leading editorial article, says: In the gloom surrounding us one thing is perceptible. All men are arming. Germany is arming *en masse*, and the surrounding nations, including the best part of the world, cannot do otherwise. The momentary dreams of peace have fled away. Germany recognizes the stern necessity. What she won by arms she can hold only by arms, and while arms are in her hands. The Times confesses that Germany cannot raise a third army. Her hopes are in her navy.

The Witness, commenting on this subject, says:

In European diplomacy it is very frequently the improbable that happens. On the eve of the outbreak of the Franco-German war, one of the most competent observers of the political barometer, said that the prospects for a long continued peace were never brighter than at that moment. The London Times, which is probably able to get at the opinions entertained by the British Foreign Office on this subject, took, yesterday, a very gloomy view of the outlook in Europe. It believes that "the

momentary dreams of peace have fled," and it appears to apprehend in the immediate future the outbreak of a war which will involve all Europe. On the very surface of things, there are strong reasons for agreeing with this view. One of these reasons is, that the present armed peace is nearly as burdensome to the nations who are parties to it as actual war would be. For example, Germany is paying for the maintenance on a peace footing of half a million of men, and has to keep up the organization, the arms and the military stores generally, necessary to swell her effective army in case of war to a million and a quarter. Last year the Empire raised about seventy millions of dollars for the army, and twelve millions more for the navy. In addition to this, it has already expended out of the proceeds of the French indemnity eighty millions of dollars on fortresses and military equipments, besides twenty-three millions spent on strengthening the fleet, and twenty-eight millions held as ready money for the military strong box. The Austro-Hungarian monarchy keeps up its effective army in time of peace to the standard of a quarter of a million of men, and its military organization is based on the necessity of raising its entire force, in time of war, to eight hundred thousand. This involves a burden of about forty-six millions a year, not to mention the addition to the debt involved in the contraction of works of a defensive character. Russia has at her disposal, in time of peace, three-quarters of a million of fighting men, and in time of war she claims to be able to place in her fortresses and in the field, a million and a half of soldiers. This costs her an annual expenditure of one hundred and thirty millions of dollars, and she has been a borrower for years past of large sums to be expended in the construction of railroads chiefly dictated by military necessity. In France, the operation of the new military laws is every year making enormous additions to the effective army. Its numbers on a peace footing have already reached half a million of men, and those available in time of war, are now reckoned at over a million. Should France be allowed time to complete her new military organization, her "active army" and its reserves will include a million and a quarter of trained soldiers, while her territorial militia and its reserves will number about a million and a quarter more. The achievements of these results involve an expenditure of over one hundred millions a year. The immediate cost of these huge armaments is but one element in their expense. The compulsory abstinence from productive labor of such masses of men is a much heavier drag upon the resources of the leading nations of Europe than the taxes actually paid for their maintenance.

The above statement indeed forebodes a mighty struggle between the nations of Europe. What a vast army they have raised for that purpose. They have spent millions of dollars to fortify their respective nations, and to arm their soldiers for the fight.

FRANCE AND PEACE.

M. Frederick Passy, the excellent secretary of the French Peace Society, has resigned that position, but has been elected one of its Vice-Presidents, and will, doubtless, continue to afford the Society the benefit of his long experience and wise counsels. He is succeeded, as Secretary, by M. Farjasse, a gentleman who is well known in France as an earnest and devoted advocate of peace principles.

M. Lemonnier, of Paris, has been delivering a series of useful addresses on Armaments and International Peace, in various parts of Belgium, as Ghent, Verviers, etc.

M. Charles Lucas has addressed two able letters to the *Moniteur Universelle*, on the Military Conference at St. Petersburg.

M. F. LeDoyen, of St. Omer, has issued, in the English language, a pamphlet entitled "War and its Consequences." In it he remarks:—"There is one way and only one way of saving Europe. Abolish war and establish a Court of Arbitration. Not now, as in times past, does Europe dread the invasion of barbarous hordes. Her people are mostly civilized. They only await the initiative of their Rulers, in suppressing war, to enter upon a glorious career of peace and civilization. Would to heaven that the Rulers of the earth would recognize the fact that war ruins nations by blasting the fair fruits of industry, and spreading moral corruption and death!" — *Herald of Peace.*

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS AND PEACE.

One of the characteristic features of the last quarter of a century is the inauguration of a system of periodical International Exhibitions of works of art and industry in the chief capitals of Europe. Since the first grand Exposition of this description opened in the "Palace of Glass," in Hyde Park, London, in May, 1851, many million visitors of all nations have availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by these interesting gatherings, to interchange practical lessons of artistic and industrial skill. And of one thing there can be no doubt. These occasions have certainly led to a wide diffusion of technical information and mechanical improvement throughout the world. The large attendance of influential exhibitors and manufacturers at each of these Expositions, and the great value and increasing excellence of the objects contributed for display, prove that the classes of persons most immediately interested in the progress of arts and industry are fully convinced of the practical utility of such means of intercommunication and mutual benefit. Nation after nation seeks to secure for itself the special advantages afforded by becoming, for the time, a centre of visitation to the manufacturers and artists of all countries. Hence Austria, that Empire of many important provinces, determined, in turn, to secure for her capital city, Vienna, in May, 1873, this attraction of another International Exhibition; and the Austrian Government, which has of late years manifested an increasing desire to promote all the interests of the people, gave its cordial and powerful aid to encourage this great object.

These periodical exhibitions may be turned to indirect advantage (in addition to their more obvious uses) by taking occasion to invite renewed consideration of the best means of international union and progress in ways additional to those of technical advance and commercial alliance.

For it is but too painfully manifest that the great exhibitions of the past twenty-five years, eminently successful as they have been in material advantages, have failed to a large extent in the higher results of moral and permanently pacific union amongst the nations. A certain amount of pacific influence they have undoubtedly exercised. They have removed some ignorant prejudices; they have humbled some overweening conceits; and by bringing the people of various countries into repeated friendly communication, they have diffused a more general sense, than previously, of the respect due to one another, and of the value of unrestricted commerce and of uninterrupted friendly intercourse. These by no means unimportant advantages have been gained by the various International Exhibitions. Nevertheless they did not succeed in producing, as indeed they had no adaptation to produce, that conviction of the sacredness of human life,—that recognition of the value of the immortal souls of men, and that impression of responsibility to the same Almighty Father for every good or evil action towards His children, which can alone lead to a resolve never to imbue their hands in the blood of their brethren.

That huge standing armies are not necessary—that the arbitrament of the sword is not the only, or by any means the best, way of settling international disputes, has been clearly demonstrated by repeated instances of successful INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION, and especially by the solution, through this means, of the once threatening and very complicated difficulties between Great Britain and the United States, which were brought to a pacific termination by the decision of the august Tribunal of Arbitrators gathered at Geneva in 1872.

Permanent arrangements for the universal adoption of such a wise method of avoiding war, aided by preliminary or concurrent representative Conferences to establish a clear basis of International Law, should henceforth be a prominent object of effort to all Christian peoples and statesmen. But the necessity of this vast means of progress towards the peace of the world will not and cannot be generally felt, so long as the infinite value of the soul's of men, both individually and in the aggregate, is so widely overlooked and so little vindicated by the peoples themselves, and by their religious and political leaders.

It is therefore an imperative duty, and an indispensable condition of the highest welfare of all nations, that Christians everywhere should, much more earnestly than hitherto, promulgate, and act upon, this great fundamental principle of

"honor to all men,"—Christian individualism—on the basis of God's love and spiritual visitation to each—peace and goodwill to every inhabitant of the earth, because the universal Father and Saviour requires from each of his children, high or low, rich or poor, a respectful kindly regard to every other human brother, both on grounds of common interest, and of both inevitable responsibility and bounden gratitude to Himself.

THE FIRST MURDER BY COMMAND.

The following affecting statement is from a letter written by an English sailor to his wife, and describes his sensations upon killing a man for the first time:

"We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired at my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time a broadside from the ship went in among the trees and the enemy disappeared, we could scarcely tell how. I felt that I must go up to him to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him lying so than when he stood facing me a few moments before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once, that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest, where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound and also from his mouth every breath he took. His face was as white as death, and his eyes looked so big, and very bright, as he turned them and stared at me. *I shall never forget it.* He was a fine young fellow, not more than five-and-twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full, as though my own heart would break. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I never can tell: but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knees, and he tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he tried to speak the blood poured out so, I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I couldn't help it. I was wondering how I could leave him to die and no one near him, when he had something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over and with a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked upon him for the last time. I somehow thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and Russians, and the rest of them; but all that seemed so far off and the dead man so near."

THE LATE REV. GEORGE TRASK.

Our old and ever-respected friend, Rev. George Trask, is no more with us upon earth. How long and intimately we have known him—as far back as when the late Amos Lawrence used to fill the seat of his coach, so well-known to Boston boys and girls, with copies of his "Uncle Toby," and distribute them in the public schools. He was a good man, perfectly gentlemanly, although he would speak upon almost every possible occasion, and bring in with remarkable wit and wisdom, but especially with pertinacity, his one-manned institution—"the Anti-Tobacco Society."

No human mind can fully estimate the good he has accomplished. He has literally saved thousands of youth from smoking habits and all the serious consequences connected with them. With all his persistency he was at heart a modest, gentle and humble man, of a very sweet Christian spirit. He was an excellent preacher, even outside of his chosen theme, although he was, in a peculiar sense, a man of one business; and he could truly say, as did St. Paul in reference to another work, "this one thing I do."

He was a pure and devout man, leaving a blessing behind his words and prayers when he visited a family, as he did ours in Lancaster, where he married his excellent wife, the daughter of old Doctor Packard. Peace to his slumbering ashes! His life was somewhat a weary one, fighting, as he said, the devil, and trusting to Providence, like the birds, for his bread. He has, however, ended the strife, and entered upon his rest. Who will be willing to take up his self-denying but important mission? He was a graduate of Bowdoin, and was seventy-eight years of age.

DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING RECRUITS IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—It has latterly been found so difficult to recruit for the British Army that on a recent occasion the commander in chief (the duke of Cambridge) declared that if such a condition of affairs continued it would be necessary to maintain the necessary complement of soldiers either by conscription, as in France, or by compulsory general military servitude, as in Germany, Russia and Austria. Sir Henry Havelock, son of the hero and martyr of Lucknow, has addressed a long letter to the *Times* on this subject, in which he declares that some plan of modified universal—which means compulsory—service must be adopted if England desires to maintain its position in the world. He says, "If the nation, individually and collectively, is not prepared to make some small sacrifice for the general welfare, the sooner we acknowledge ourselves a third-rate power, and call for tenders for some more warlike people to undertake our defence by contract, the better." The minister who would introduce compulsory general military service into England must be prepared to encounter an immense amount of unpopularity. In the early part of the present century, during the war with France, the militia regiments garrisoned the British Islands. Their force was kept up by a sort of conscription called "balloting or drawing for the militia," and this was submitted to with the greatest reluctance. To revert to it in a still more compulsory manner may awaken a tremendous spirit of resistance against the Government, particularly as, if substitutes be accepted, the rich may get themselves off, but the needy must take up the musket.

DESTROY YOUR ENEMIES.—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him . . . for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."—*Rom. xii. 20.*

It is recorded of a Chinese emperor that on being told that his enemies had revolted in one of the distant provinces, he said to his officers, "Come, follow me and we will quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted on his approach.

All now thought that he would take revenge, and were surprised to see the captives treated with kindness and humanity.

"How!" said the chief officer, "is that the manner in which your majesty fulfils your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold, you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them!"

"I promised," replied the emperor, "to destroy my enemies; I have fulfilled my word, for see, they are enemies no longer; I have made friends of them."

THE BRITISH ARMY.—From the new volume of British Army Medical Reports for 1872, just issued, the *Lancet* learns that the average strength of the troops serving in the United Kingdom during that year, as calculated from the weekly returns furnished to the Army Medical Department, was 92,218; their admissions into hospital were 72,336; the deaths among the men amounted to 714, and the average number constantly sick was 3,628. The ratios per 1000 of the strength represented by these numbers are—for admissions, 784.3; for deaths, 7.74, and for constantly sick, 39.34. There were 76 deaths, moreover among the men, averaging 7,089 in number, detached from their regiments, and not included in the weekly returns. As compared with the average of the previous ten years, the ratios of sickness and mortality per 1000 show a considerable reduction. The ratios of sickness and mortality among the men employed in the autumn manœuvres were much below those for any of the other groups of stations; but the statement of this fact is accompanied by another, to the effect that picked and healthy men only took part in such manœuvres, which were undertaken at the healthiest season and occupied a limited time, and that soldiers seldom seek admission to hospitals under such circumstances for slight ailments, while a considerable portion of the more serious ailments do not manifest themselves until the return of the force to quarters.

Arbitration is the remedy suggested as a remedy for the misunderstandings between employers and those in their employ.

DRUM BEAT FOR PRAYER.—So far forth as the people learn war no more, so far will ploughshares be made of swords, and pruning hooks of spears, and the drum will be used for other purposes than to give the signal for slaughter. Old Christendom might learn a little from their Fiji brethren. At the Wesleyan Conference, Cambrone, Eng., Rev. W. Dare, who some time since visited the Fiji Islands, said, "I was taking tea with the Wesleyan missionary and his wife in the lone island of Kandavu, in the midst of 10,000 of these Fijians. As we were at tea the bell rang. The missionary said: 'that is the signal for the family worship. Now, listen; you will hear the drums beat,' and immediately they began to echo to each other round the shores of that southern sea. 'There are 10,000 people on this island,' said he, 'and I do not know of a single house in which there will not now be family prayer.' Forty years ago the Fiji Islanders were cannibals; now the Wesleyans have 25,000 members meeting in class, 2,000 day schools, 900 catechumens, 2,000 Sunday-schools, with 53,000 scholars, 63 native assistant missionaries, 1,000 local preachers, while upward of 100,000 persons sit under their ministry."

A PREGNANT GIFT.—Sometimes a gift is so wisely conditioned that its value is incalculably enhanced. Alfred Cope's munificent offer of \$25,000 to the Zoological Society, of Philadelphia, is an illustration. In accepting it, as they have just done by an almost unanimous vote, the Society are pledged to exclude forever from the premises all malt, vinous or spirituous liquors, and to prohibit any questionable or illegitimate exhibition or performance by persons or animals. These provisions are to be embodied in the constitution, together with a clause forbidding their repeal unless with the consent of the trustees of the fund. The Zoological Garden has already become a favorite resort, being at once a means of amusement and of education; and the guarantee now afforded that it will continue to be a place which none need shrink from visiting, is gratifying to the feelings of a very large class.—*Nat. Baptist.*

There are circumstances under which our praying is offensive to God. One such occasion is when *instant action* is demanded. It is a beautiful thing to pray. God loves to be "inquired of." It is just as sensible to pray as it is for a child to ask anything of its father. Our hearts should always be in the spirit of this holy exercise. But then, there are other duties just as sacred as prayer. When the house is on fire, we don't resort to prayer, but water. There are times when we can't stop for worded prayer. Do you want your child to wait and ask you for this and that and the other thing, when you have set him about some urgent duty? Shall a physician stop to pray when a man is bleeding to death? Shall a Christian pray, "may they be warmed—may they be clothed," when the one plain, crying duty is, to take hold and help to it himself? Prayer is honorable and blessed—the very thought savors of heavenly childhood and home—but it isn't *all* of a Christian life, any more than whetting a scythe all the time is mowing, or forever turning an instrument is playing! Paul told us to "pray always"—we must not forget that—but in the verses before he first told us to put on the whole armor of God and go to work!—*Congregationalist.*

FORTHCOMING PARLIAMENTARY MOTION.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., will move, on going into Committee of Supply on Army Estimates, "That, in the opinion of this House, the assurances of friendship from all Foreign Powers, mentioned in Her Majesty's Speech from the Throne, warrant a reduction in the land forces of the British Army."—*Herald of Peace.*

God's severest chastisements flow from his tenderest mercy: he pities while he smites—he makes you weep now, that you may rejoice by and by.

Satan is always wakeful and watchful, and his study is the Christian's heart; his design to lead us from Christ, and the means he employs are often of a religious character.



THE TWO ANGELS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

God called the nearest angels who dwell with him above :
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," he said, "my angels! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world
swells,
The smoke of torrent clouds the light and blights the
asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the Throne veiled in their golden
hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels
came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red wrapped in rayless
flame.

The Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too strong
for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of him who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flakes,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to
heaven!
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

They that would be happy must be holy; and they that
would be holy must live upon Christ.

THE OLD MAN'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

An old man, with white hair and pleasant but care-seamed face, sat on a rude bench in the village graveyard. He had been standing for a long time by a new-made grave, and many a tear had been wiped unseen from his face, before he slowly turned away and walked to the wooden bench to rest awhile. The sexton, busy here and there, came up to say a few words to the old man, and listened, leaning on his spade, not untouched by his simple story. He had come from a distant town to see his only daughter. He had not done much for her nor seen her for a long time, because she persisted in throwing her life away upon a man who worshipped whiskey, and forgot the wants of wife and children. But he had been thinking much of his Mary lately, and at last decided to make her one more visit before he died.

"And I found her *here*," was the sad end to the story. "I've no doubt it's well for her. In my judgment it's pretty much the first rest she's had for a score of years. But I *wanted* to see her once more. I've been to the house, but I can't go again. It's Mary here and Mary there. The old green rocking-chair I gave her when she got married. The roses worn off where her weary head had oft leaned. The little rush cradle—no more use for that, and none of her children lived to need it long. How could they! Her little workbox—she had it ever since she was a child—but I'm foolish to talk of this to you. Excuse me. I'm pretty much alone in the world now. Sometimes when you're trimming up a bit, if you will lay a rose or a bunch of violets on that grave down by the strangers' corner, just by the old walnut-tree, an old man will bless you."

Whether a sexton is apt to lose all feeling or not, this man brushed away something very like a tear as he gave the old man the simple promise.

"And who's left?" he asked. "Only the man who wore her life out, and he lies there now senseless, stupid, did not know me when I tried to talk with him. Poor Jim Riswell! God forgive him, and pity him for the dark days before him!"

"And is this woman the wife of Riswell the mason? Then you might well grieve for her. Many a time I've been in their house, in one way and another, and for all the misery there was always a cheerful smile and a cheerful corner somewhere, even a window of plants, to brighten the carpetless sitting-room."

"I know you're right there. That was Mary always. She couldn't live without something bright and cheerful about her. She took it mostly in the place of human kindness. The last time I saw her—poor thing!—six years ago and more it was, I saw how she clung to the little bright jonquils, and the sweet pease, and pinks, and roses—flower-pots here, and flower-pots there—and a bird singing in a cage, because there must be music somewhere. I thought about it. I ought to have taken her away to my own home. But I couldn't. Her heart was there. Doing all she could for a man who trod on her life. But she saw things in him nobody else could. 'Good traits Jim has, after all,' she would say. It took her to find them. Remember the roses, or some little flowers or other, down there by the walnut-tree," said the old man, rising, and handing a dollar to the sexton.

"No, no! keep it. I'll mind your wish without that. What I mightn't do for money I'll remember for one who lived in great darkness, but always found some light for others. There'll be many take a lesson from your Mary, yet."

BATTLE-FIELDS OR VULTURES' SHAMBLES.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

As I was sitting within a hollow rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures crying to each other on the summit of a cliff. Both voices were earnest and deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over my care of the flock. I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs till I found a cavity where I might sit and listen without suffering or giving disturbance.

I soon perceived that my labor would be well repaid; for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by her last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and the skies.

"My children," said the old vulture, "you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes. You have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl; you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food: I have often regaled you with the flesh of man."

"Tell us," said the young vultures, "where man may be found, and how he may be known. His flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture! Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?"

"He is too bulky," said the mother. "When we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground."

"Since man is so big," said the young ones, "how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear. By what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenceless than a sheep?"

"We have not the strength of man," returned the mother, "and the vulture would seldom feed upon his flesh had not nature, that devoted him to our nourishment, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth."

"Two herds of men," continued she, "will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another: you will then find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are mangled for the convenience of the vulture."

"But when men have killed their prey," said a young vulture, "why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it, till he is satisfied himself. Is not man a kind of wolf?"

"Man," said the mother, "is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him the greatest benefactor to our species."

"If men kill our prey and lay it in our way," said the young one, "what need shall we have of laboring for ourselves?"

"Because man will, sometimes," replied the mother, "remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will

tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers, moving close together, like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood."

"But still," said the young one, "I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat."

"My child," said the mother, "this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle bird of the mountains."

"When I was young I used frequently to visit the eyry of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks. He had made many observations: he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly, between the rising and the setting of the summer sun; and he had fed year after year on the vitals of men."

"His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables, with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten on the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against another till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed."

"Others think that they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these caterers of ours; and those that hover more closely around them, pretend that there is in every herd one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not. He is seldom the biggest or the swiftest; but such are his eagerness and diligence in providing and preparing food for us, that we think the leader of such human herds is entitled to our warmest gratitude, and should be styled, THE FRIEND OF THE VULTURES!"

A QUAKER'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

A few years ago several persons were crossing the Alleghany mountains in a stage coach. Among them was an honest, earnest, sturdy Quaker. A considerable time was on their hands, they naturally entered into conversation, which took the direction of temperance, and soon became quite animated. One of the company did not join with the rest. He was a large, portly man, well-dressed, and of gentlemanly bearing. There were sharp thrusts at the liquor business and those engaged in it. Indeed, the whole subject was thoroughly canvassed and handled without gloves. Meanwhile this gentleman stowed himself away in one corner, and maintained a stoical silence. After enduring it as long as he could, with a pompous and magisterial manner he broke the silence, and said: "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor-seller. I keep a public house at M——; but I would have you know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough, he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business." When he had delivered himself, he seemed to feel that he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so—thought our friend, the Quaker, so he went for him. Said he, "Friend, that is the most damning part of thy business. If thee would only sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent, and the unsuspecting, and makes drunkards and loafers of them; and when their character and money are gone, thee kicks them out and turns them over to other shops to be finished off; and then thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin." Surely the good Quaker had the best of the argument, for he had facts on his side.

HONESTY.—At a slave-market in one of the Southern States, at which the writer was present, a smart, active colored boy was put up for sale. A kind master, who pitied his condition, not wishing him to have a cruel owner, went up to him and said:

"If I buy you, will you be honest?"

The boy, with a look that baffled description, replied:

"I will be honest whether you buy me or not."



THE SHEPHERD KING.

BY M. A. L.

When David came into the camp of Israel just before they were to go out to meet the hosts of the Philistines, he ran to the trenches where stood his elder brother, Eliab, warlike and kingly in form and face, (but the Lord had looked upon his heart, and had refused him,) and he said haughtily and impatiently:

"Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle." And David said, "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?" And he turned from him.

Poor David! to be thus taunted and treated as a child in the presence of men of valor, and by his brother! But he showed himself stronger than his brother in the meekness of his reply. He could afford to wait, for he felt that God had made him an overcomer for the deliverance of his people, and he had learned, though so young, what these words mean: "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

But what about "those few sheep in the wilderness?" Ah, David came to the camp from one of the finest training schools in the world! God had been preparing him to lead his wayward people, just as he prepared Moses by giving him Jethro's flocks to keep in Midian.

There were days of delight when the sheep, gentle and restful, gathered around their keeper while he tried to solve the problem of Israel's harassed state, and her possible deliverance; or improvised songs of degrees, singing to the touch of the rude "stringed instrument" he had himself made; or, beside his sleeping flock at night, he marked the stars in their courses, and called them by name. Later, forgetting his kingly state, he was again in thought leading his flock into the shade of the noonday rest, and wrote: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

But there were days of trial, when one mutinous sheep would inspire all the others with a longing for the wilderness, and then the shepherd's voice could no longer charm, but hours and days, perhaps, must be spent in weary search through dangerous and lonely places. What lessons of patience and gentleness the young shepherd learned in these years! No wonder, then, that he met his brother's cruel words with a gentle spirit. David's shepherd life had made him strong and fearless. A bear entered his fold and he slew him, and a lion, but the young hero caught him by the beard and slew him also. No wonder that his heart burned within him to meet this giant Philistine who would spoil God's people.

Yet there was none of the conscious pride, the elation, so natural to a youth. He knew where his strength lay, and claimed nothing for himself. Did a young man ever make a speech (and it was David's maiden speech) more grandly beautiful in its strength and its simplicity than the one with which he met the swaggering Goliath before the armies of Israel and Philistia? (I Sam. xvii, 45-48.) It gives the key to the whole of David's life; he followed the Lord fully, and so he had entire confidence toward God for strength and deliverance.

There is scarcely a psalm of David that does not contain some allusion, some touch of color, having its origin away back in David's shepherd life. Can a life, then, be so commonplace, so monotonous, that it may not be a preparation for a great work, and a life-time inspiration if it only be wrought out in God?

A SERMON FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Don't ever go hunting for pleasures,
They can't be found thus, I know;
Nor yet fall a digging for treasures,
Unless with the spade and the hoe!

The bee has to work for the honey,
The drone has no right to the food,
And he who has not earned his money
Will get out of his money no good.

The ant builds her house with her labor,
The squirrel looks out for his mast,
And he who depends on his neighbor
Will never have friends, first or last.

In short 'tis no better than thieving,
Though thief is a harsh name to call;
Good things to be always receiving,
And never to give back at all.

And do not put off till to-morrow
The thing that you ought to do now,
But first set the share in the furrow,
And then set your hand to the plough.

The time is too short to be waiting,
The day maketh haste to the night,
And it's just as hard work to be hating
Your work as to do it outright.

Know this too before you are older,
And all the fresh morning is gone,
Who puts to the world's wheel a shoulder
Is he that will move the world on.

Don't weary out will with delaying,
And when you are crowded, don't stop;
Believe me there's truth in the saying:
"There always is room at the top."

To conscience be true, and to man true.
Keep faith, hope, and love in your breast,
And when you have done all you can do,
Why, then you may trust for the rest.

APOSTLES OF PEACE.

I speak only of those whose career is ended, and on whose good works is the seal of death,—which more than theirs deserve affectionate regard. I refer to Noah Worcester, William Ellery Channing, and William Ladd. It would be a grateful task to dwell on the services of these our virtuous champions. The occasion will allow only a passing notice.

In Worcester, we behold the single-minded country clergyman, little gifted as a preacher, with narrow means,—and his example teaches what such a character may accomplish,—in his humble retirement, pained by the reports of War, and at last, when the protracted drama of battles closed at Waterloo, publishing that appeal, entitled "A Solemn Review of the Custom of War," which has been so extensively circulated at home and abroad, and has done so much to correct the inveterate prejudices which surround the cause. He was the founder, and for some time the indefatigable agent, of the earliest Peace Society in the country.

The eloquence of Channing, both with tongue and pen, was often directed against War. He was heart-struck by the awful

moral degradation which it caused, rudely blotting out in men the image of God their Father; and his words of flame have lighted in many souls those exterminating fires that shall never die, until this evil is swept from the earth.

William Ladd, after completing his education at Harvard University, entered into commercial pursuits. Early blessed with competency, through his own exertions, he could not be idle. He was childless; and his affections embraced all the children of the human family. Like Worcester and Channing, his attention was arrested by the portentous crime of War, and he was moved to dedicate the remainder of his days to earnest, untiring efforts for its abolition; going about, from place to place, to inculcate the lesson of Peace; with simple, cheerful manner winning the hearts of good men, and dropping in many youthful souls precious seeds, to ripen in more precious fruit. He was the founder of the American Peace Society, in which was finally merged the earlier association, established by Worcester. By a long series of practical labors, and especially by developing, maturing, and publishing to the world, the plan of a Congress of Nations, has William Ladd enrolled himself among the benefactors of mankind.

Such are some of the names which, hereafter, when the warrior no longer usurps the "blessings" promised to the "peace-maker," will be inscribed on immortal tablets.—*Charles Sumner.*

THE MAGIC OF SILENCE.

You have often heard "It takes two to make a quarrel." Do you believe it? I'll tell you how one of my little friends managed. Dolly never came to see Marjorie that there was not a quarrel. Marjorie tried to speak gently, but no matter how hard she tried Dolly finally made her so angry that she would soon speak sharp words too.

"O, what shall I do?" cried poor little Marjorie.

"Suppose you try this plan," said her mamma. "The next time Dolly comes in seat yourself in front of the fire and take the tongs in your hand. Whenever a sharp word comes from Dolly, gently snap the tongs *without speaking a word.*"

Soon afterward in marched Dolly to see her little friend.

It was not a quarter of an hour before Dolly's temper was ruffled, and her voice was raised, and as usual she began to find fault and scold. Marjorie fled to the hearth and seized the tongs, snapping them gently.

More angry words from Dolly.

Snap went the tongs.

More still. *Snap.*

"Why don't you speak!" screamed Dolly in a fury. *Snap* went the tongs.

"Speak!" said she. *Snap* was the only answer.

"I'll never, never come again, never!" cried Dolly.

Away she went. Did she keep her promise? No, indeed. She came the next day, but seeing Marjorie run for the tongs, she solemnly said if she would only let them alone they would quarrel no more for ever and ever.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WANTED PLAY-MATES.

Come, my little friends, let us sit down together, and I will tell you a true story of a very lonely little boy. He was about three years old, and had one dear little sister, who was very good to him, and played until she was tired; but he being a boy, wanted more play, and more little boys and girls than just one little sister to play with him. So one summer's day his grandfather was coming through the back-yard and there was Johnny, up to his elbows in mud, with a wash-dish of water, and plenty of dirt; he was moulding up curious little mud images and standing them around as well as he could make such lumps of dirt stand. Grandpa looked on, interested to know what Johnny could be doing. At last he said:

"What is thee doing, Johnny?"

The little artist looking up, answered,—

"Making little brovers and sisters; bime by, God'll breve the bref of life in 'em, make 'em grow and play with me."

His grandpa was very much amused at the answer and asked

him who told him that. The little fellow thought a moment, then said,—

"Mamma reads it in the Bible, and she says we's made of dust, and God breves in us, and makes us live."

Grandpa could not explain it any plainer to him, so left him at his work, which was a work of faith with him. A few hours after came two wagon-loads of boarders from the city to spend some weeks with Johnny's parents, and they brought several children, some very small, like Johnny, and others older, for the benefit of the fresh mountain air. As they were unloading and getting into the house you may be sure Johnny's blue eyes sparkled, and he fairly danced with joy; his child's faith was complete, his desire had been answered; and running to his grandpa, caught hold of his hand, shouting in his glee, "Oh, grandpa! grandpa! God's sent lots of 'em, all ready growed." And you may be sure the little lonely Johnny had his satisfaction of play all the rest of that summer. Many times when night came, and time for Johnny to be bathed and have his little white night-dress on for his little bed, he would be found fast asleep under a table, or on the piazza, or in some out-of-the-way place, tired out; for he was a good little boy and all the children, big and little, took to him. And now he is quite a big boy, and is just as fond of play as ever, in play hours, but he is a very good boy at school, and gets his lessons well, and makes his teacher no trouble, and as far as I know, has never done a really cruel or wicked thing, nor told a falsehood in his life.

THE DEVIL AND THE SULTAN.

There is an Eastern story of a sultan who overslept himself, so as not to awaken at the hour of prayer. So the devil came and waked him, and told him to get up and pray.

"Who are you?" said the sultan.

"O, no matter," replied the other, "my act is good, is it not? No matter who does the good action, so long as it is good."

"Yes," replied the sultan, "but I think you are Satan. know your face; you have some bad motive."

"But," said the other, "I am not so bad as I am painted. You see I have left off my horns and tail. I am a pretty good fellow, after all. I was an angel once, and I still keep some of my original goodness."

"That's all very well," replied the sagacious and prudent caliph, "but you are the tempter; that's your business, and I wish to know why you want to get me up and pray."

"Well," said the devil, with a flirt of impatience, "if you must know I will tell you. If you had slept and forgotten your prayers, you would have been sorry for it afterward, and penitent; but if you go on as now, and do not neglect a single prayer for ten years, you will be so satisfied with yourself that it will be worse for you than if you had missed one sometimes and repented of it. God loves your fault mixed with penitence, more than your virtue seasoned with pride."

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We are much hindered in our noble work of diffusing the sentiments of peace and good will for lack of adequate funds. Millions go for war, but little is devoted to peace. Let our friends think on these things and inquire of the great "Prince of Peace," *what wilt thou have me to do?*

H. C. DUNHAM.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS,

INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY, ON BEHALF OF THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

It is well known to our Christian brethren that the Religious Society of Friends has ever believed that all war is entirely forbidden by the Gospel, and that, in accordance with that belief, its members have as a rule, refrained from taking any part in carnal warfare; and for refusing to comply with military requisitions, or to pay fines for thus refusing, many, in years past, have suffered restraint of goods to large amounts, and not a few have been imprisoned. Beside a passive testimony thus borne by members individually, the Society has, from time to time issued its public protest against this heathen and wicked custom.

But while we have cause to feel thankful for the amelioration of military laws, whereby our members are now generally exempt from suffering, we are pained in knowing that war, with all its horrors, is yet allowed and practiced by all the Christian nations, and sanctioned by the larger portions of the Christian Church. As Christians, we all believe in the fulfillment of prophecy. Dr. Chalmers, more than fifty years ago, testified that "the mere existence of this prophecy of peace is a sentence of condemnation upon war, and stamps a criminality on its very forehead. So soon as Christianity shall gain a full ascendancy in the world, from that moment war is to disappear."

Believing that it is only by a full and proper application of the Gospel in the affairs of nations, as well as individuals, that the prophecies in regard to war will be fulfilled; and believing, as a branch of the church which has so long seen the true character of this heathen abomination, that we were not doing all that we should do toward enlightening our brethren on this important subject, most of the Yearly Meetings of Friends have united in the organization of "The Peace Association of Friends in America," to which is delegated this important

work, with instructions to labor expressly on their behalf in the more general promotion of the cause of peace.

The Association, in the fulfillment of its trust, has thus far mostly confined its labors to the printing and circulation of books and tracts, and the publication of a monthly paper called the *Messenger of Peace*. During the few years of its existence, millions of pages have been distributed far and wide, and many acknowledgments have been received of the convincing effects of the truth therein inculcated.

The attitude of millions in the prime of manhood, now kept constantly armed and equipped for mutual slaughter by the nations of Europe, and the sudden uprising of the war spirit in our midst, convince us of the necessity of further and more direct efforts to arouse and awaken the public to a clearer appreciation of the true character of this monstrous evil. If it is only by the full application of the Gospel that war can be abolished, surely it is the duty of the church to labor for its proper application.

But, in view of the apathy that so generally prevails, we feel constrained to appeal directly to our Christian brethren, individually and collectively, earnestly entreating them to take this subject into prayerful consideration in all its bearings. Can we believe that if the members of the Christian church everywhere were entirely to refrain from taking part in carnal warfare, that professedly Christian nations could any longer continue the custom? If we believe this, we must also believe that the responsibility for the continuance of war rests upon the church. Dear fellow professors, can you rest satisfied in continuing to bear the weight of this awful responsibility?

While statesmen and publicists are laboring to relieve suffering humanity from the blight of this dreadful curse, the church of Christ remains silent. Surely it is time for it to arise from its slumber and to proclaim its supremacy! Is not eighteen hundred years long enough for its white robes, which should be pure and spotless, to have been stained in blood? Must the skirts of the visible church be longer polluted with the gore of the battlefield, and stained with the tears of the orphan and the widow? While war, as has been said, seems to aim at setting up the kingdom of Satan in the earth, alas! the church remains to be its very bulwark.

Surely it is time to wipe out this reproach against Him, at whose coming into the world, peace on earth and good will to men was proclaimed, and engage in this holy warfare against the supremacy of Satan's kingdom.

Therefore, in behalf of suffering humanity, and in behalf of the cause of the blessed Prince of Peace, whose mission on earth is not fulfilled while wars continue—in true Christian love, we again entreat you to give this subject the consideration it justly merits.

On behalf and by direction of the Peace Association of Friends in America.

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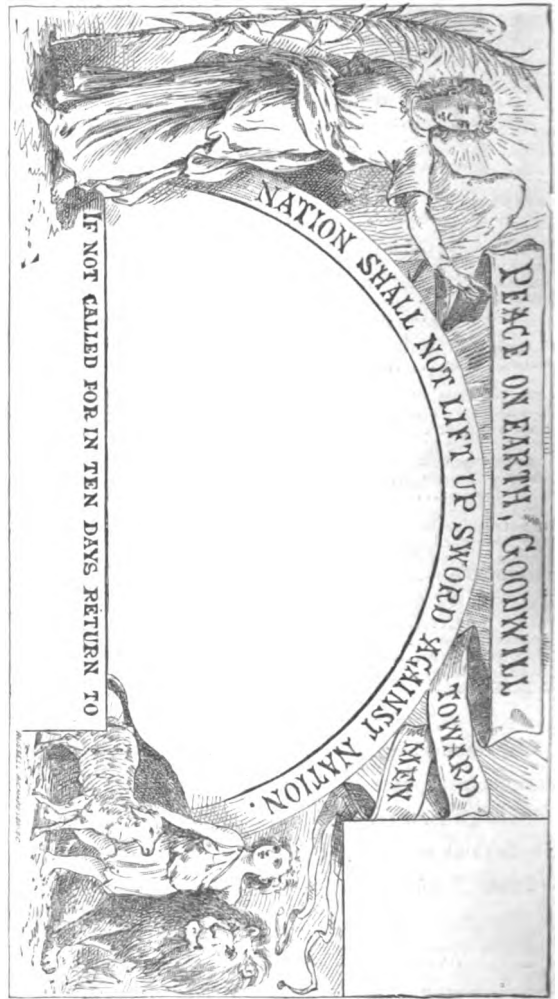
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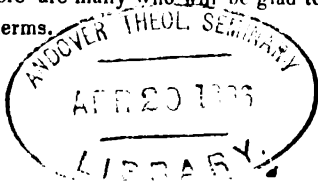
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ON EARTH PEACE . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, MAY, 1875.

VOL. VI. No. 5.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, APRIL 19.

We are happy to re-echo some of the noble words and sentiments uttered recently at Lexington and Concord, believing, to the friends of peace, they will be a prophecy of the good time coming when nations shall learn war no more.

HYMN.

One hundred years the world hath seen,
Since bristling on these meadows green,
The British foemen mocked our sires,
New armed beside their household fires.

The troops were hastening from the town
To hold the country for the Crown;
But through the land the ready thrill
Of patriot hearts ran swifter still.

Our Fathers met at break of dawn,
From many a peaceful haunt they come;
From homely task and rustic care,
Marshaled by faith, upheld by prayer.

The winter's wheat was in the ground,
Waiting the April zephyr's sound;
But other growth these fields should bear
When War's wild summons rent the air.

Here flowed the sacrificial blood,
Hence sprang the bond of Brotherhood;
Here rose resolved for good or ill,
The Nation's majesty of will.

Oh Thou who Victor dost remain
Above the slayer and the slain,
Not ill we deem that in Thy might,
That day our fathers hold their right.

They knew not that their ransomed land
To free the vassal'd Earth should stand;
That Thou, through all their toil and pain,
A home of nations didst ordain.

Upon this field of Lexington
We hail the mighty conquest won,
Invoking here Thy mightier name
To keep our heritage from shame.

May peaceful generations turn
To where these ancient glories burn;
And not a lesson of that time
Fade from men's thoughts through wrong and crime.

Beside the hearth let freemen still
Keep their integrity of will,
And meet the treason of the hour
With mind resolved and steadfast power.

But not in arms be our defence;
Give us the strength of innocence,
The will to work, the heart to dare
For Truth's great battle, everywhere.

So may ancestral conquests live
In what we have and what we give:
And the great boons we hold from Thee
Turn to enrich humanity. —*Julia Ward Howe.*

In the address of George W. Curtis we find the following

PLEASING RETROSPECT.

At the end of a century we can see the work of this day as our fathers could not; we can see that then the final movement began of a process long and unconsciously preparing, which was to intrust liberty to new forms and institutions that seemed full of happy promise for mankind. And now for nearly a century what was formerly called the experiment of a representative republic of imperial extent and power has been tried. Has it fulfilled the hopes of its founders and the just expectations of mankind? I have already glanced at its early and fortunate conditions, and we know how vast and splendid were its early growth and development. Our material statistics soon dazzled the world. Europe no longer sneered but gazed in wonder, waiting and watching. Our population doubled every fifteen years, and our wealth every ten years. Every little stream among the hills turned a mill; and the great inland seas, bound by the genius of Clinton to the ocean, became the highway of boundless commerce, the path of unprecedented empire. Our farms were the granary of other lands. Our cotton fields made England rich. Still we chased the whale in the Pacific Ocean and took fish in the tumbling seas of Labrador. We hung our friendly lights along thousands of miles of coast to tempt the trade of every clime; and wherever, on the dim rim of the globe there was a harbor, it was white with American sails. Meanwhile at home, the political foreboding of Federalism had died away, and its very wail seemed a tribute to the pacific glories of the land.

"The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air."

The government was felt to be but a hand of protection and blessing; labor was fully employed; capital was secured; the army was a jest; enterprise was pushing through the Alleghenies, grasping and settling the El Dorado of the prairies, and still braving the wilderness, reached out toward the Rocky Mountains, and reversing the voyages of Columbus, rediscovered the Old World from the New. America was the Benjamin of nations, the best beloved of Heaven, and the starry flag of the United States flashed a line of celestial light around the world, the harbinger of freedom, peace, and prosperity.

The President—I propose the next regular toast, "England and America, now true and loyal friends. The great Anglo-Saxon nations settle their differences with justice and without the sword."

LETTER FROM JOHN BRIGHT.

The following letter was received from John Bright:

ROCHDALE, April 2, 1875.

DEAR SIRS—I have to thank you for the kind invitation you have forwarded to me to join in the ceremonies and rejoicings in which you expect to be engaged on the 19th of this month.

I cannot cross the ocean to join your great company, and I know not how to write you a letter fitting the occasion. I would rather not think of an occasion when Englishmen shed blood, and English blood, on your continent, and I would prefer to celebrate the freedom and grandeur of your country on

some other day. But I can rejoice with you in that freedom and grandeur, and wish, with you, that they may be perpetual.

With many thanks for your kind remembrance of me,

I am sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

LETTER FROM RT. HON. WM. EVART GLADSTONE.

LONDON, March 5, 1875.

GENTLEMEN: I have had the honor to receive the letter in which you convey to me a very warm and courteous invitation to attend the banquet which it is proposed to hold at Lexington in commemoration of the attainment of independence by the United States of America.

The circumstances of the war which yielded that result, the principles it illustrates and the remarkable powers and characters of the principal men who took part, whether as soldiers or civilians, in the struggle, have always invested it with a peculiar interest in my eyes, quite independently of the intimate concern of this country in the events themselves.

On account of these features, that war and its accompaniments seem to me to constitute one of the most instructive chapters of modern history, and I have repeatedly recommended them to younger men as subjects of especial study.

With these views, I need not say how far I am from regarding the approaching celebration with indifference. It is entirely beyond my power to cross the sea, even with the present admirable communications, for the purpose of attendance. The present time happens to be for me, even independently of my attendance in Parliament, one of many urgent occupations which I am not at liberty to put aside. But I earnestly hope, and I cannot doubt, that the celebration will be worthy of the occasion.

In a retrospective view of the eventful period, my countrymen can now contemplate its incidents with impartiality. I do not think they should severely blame their ancestors, whose struggle to maintain the unity of the British empire is one that must, I think, after the late great war of the North and South, be viewed in America with some sympathy and indulgence. We can hardly be expected to rate very highly the motives of those European powers who threw their weight into the other scale, and who so sensibly contributed toward accelerating, if not indeed toward determining the issue of the war; yet, for one, I can most truly say that, whatever the motives and however painful the process, they, while seeking to do an injury, conferred upon us a great benefit, by releasing us from efforts the continuation of which would have been an unmixed evil. As regards the fathers of the American Constitution themselves, I believe we can and do now contemplate their great qualities and achievements with an admiration as pure as that of American citizens themselves; and can rejoice no less heartily that, in the councils of Providence they were made the instruments of a purpose most beneficial to the world.

The circumstances under which the United States began their national existence, and their unexampled rapidity of advance in wealth, population, enterprise and power have imposed on their people an enormous responsibility. They will be tried, as we shall, at the bar of history, but on a greater scale. They will be compared with the men not only of other countries but of other times. They cannot escape from the liabilities and burdens which their greatness imposes.

No one desires more fervently than I do that they may be enabled to realize the highest hopes and anticipations that belong to their great position in the family of man.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

C. Hudson, M. H. Merriam, W. H. Munroe, Esquires.

THE NEXT CENTENNIAL.

But there is a new battle to be fought, a new time coming. The work of the next century is not to be the work of the last. The world is to be better one hundred years hence than it is now. The time was one hundred years ago when you must pour out blood to save the right. We will learn in the next one hundred years to save the blood and the right also; that the world may live in peace. The arts of peace are to be

glorified. Massachusetts does not look backward forever, but only to take inspiration for the future. We shall gather in this great exhibition all that shows our prowess in a hundred battlefields. The soldier is not king always. I take off my hat when I go into the great machine shops, in the presence of my master, the mechanic of the 19th century. Now we want in this exhibition samples of the skill of the workmen in the textile fabrics, in iron and steel, the work of the painter and sculptor, specimens of our soils and minerals; we want collected there everything that will show the wonderful resources of this continent, and to ask all our people to come together during those six months and shake hands, and thank God for what he has done for us and take courage for the future.

I might dwell upon the material benefits of this exposition, but as I have thought of it its moral benefits rise still greater to my sight. You cannot meet here without some necessity for shaking hands over some of the old dissensions. I find Lexington a little jealous of Concord and Concord of Lexington, and Acton of both, and you have these little controversies and disputes. When the great war of independence was over your towns were full of Tories and you had to be reconciled to them. We in this country have been through a struggle, of which we cannot speak without great pride to be sure, and gratitude to Almighty God, but so terrible was it that no man approached the thought of it but with the most serious reflections. We want in this great celebration and exhibition of 1876 all our Southern friends there, that we may shake hands with the men of the South. Reconciliations are not always made by orations and by platforms, by letters and addresses. When you have quarrelled with your brother it is often just as well to say nothing, but let the eye and the hand settle it, and let the past be buried. Our friends of the South will not contribute greatly to the material display of that exhibition, but we of the North must do it largely, mostly; but let from Massachusetts, from New England, from all the North go out such a voice of welcome and entreaty to them to come, that they must be there.—*Gen. Hawley.*

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.—REUNITED FOREVER.

I know that I am commissioned here to-day to say for South Carolina that she joins with equal gratitude and reverence with all her sisters of the early days in honoring the nineteenth of April, 1775; that she claims her share in the glory of the struggle begun at Lexington; that as of old she bade Massachusetts cheer in the struggle, so now she unites with her in these patriotic services.

It is not for me, it is not for any one, on this occasion, to speak of later events in which these two ancient allies stood face to face as enemies. Who that has an American heart does not rejoice that back of all the recent bitter struggle there lies the gracious heritage of those common labors and dangers and sacrifices in founding this common government? Who that looks with a just eye even on that recent struggle does not now see, on either side, the same high elements of character, the courage, the devotion to duty, the moral lineaments of the Adamses and Hancocks, the Gadsdens and Rutledges of a hundred years ago?

Who that has faith in the destinies of America does not see in this early friendship—aye, and even in this later conflict, the potency and promise of that coming Union under whose protection liberty shall forever walk hand in hand with justice, where in the North and the South, reunited in spirit and arms, shall again respond to every call of patriotic duty in the old tones of Samuel Adams and Christopher Gadsden, of James Otis and John Rutledge?

That spirit still lives, fellow-citizens, in South Carolina. It in later days she has erred, forgive her, for even then she dared and suffered with a courage and patience not unworthy in its strength of the days when Gadsden and Rutledge illustrated her civic wisdom, and Sumter and Marion her martial prowess. "Magnanimity," says Mr. Burke, "is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together."

Fellow-citizens, I offer you to-day the fraternal, patriotic greetings of South Carolina—or all her people. She marches again to-day to the music of that Union which a hundred years ago her wisdom helped to devise and her blood to cement. There, in that hallowed Union, endeared and sanctified by so

many blessed memories, and radiant with so many proud hopes and promises, there, there, she "must live or bear no life." Oh, welcome her anew to-day to the old fellowship! The monuments of marble and brass which we raise here to-day will crumble. Let us, therefore, build in the hearts of all the people that imperishable monument, "an indestructible Union of indestructible States."—Gov. D. H. Chamberlain.

SPEECH OF GEN. W. F. BARTLETT.

Mr. President:—When I opened the letter from your Committee asking me to come from five hundred miles away and say a few words here to-day, it seemed impossible, but as I read further your desire that I should speak on the "relations of the North to the South," and your assertion that "as an unprejudiced observer, what I might say would help to restore fraternal relations between the two great sections of our country,"—although knowing how greatly you overrated the value of any poor words of mine, I felt that if they could lend the least aid to the result you described, inclination and the cares of business must yield to the voice of duty and I came. But, sir, I am not an "unprejudiced observer." On the contrary I have a prejudice, which is shared by all soldiers, in favor of peace, and I think I may safely say that, between the soldiers of the two great sections of our country, fraternal relations are established long ago. I have also a strong prejudice against any man or men who would divide or destroy or retard the prosperity and progress of the nation, whose corner-stone was laid in the blood of our fathers one hundred years ago to-day. Moved by this prejudice, fourteen years ago, I opposed the men who preferred disunion to death. True to this prejudice, I to-day despise the men, who would for the sake of self or party, stand in the way of reconciliation and a united country. The distinguished soldier who is your chief guest to-day, never came nearer to the hearts of the people than when he said, "Let us have peace." And, sir, the only really belligerent people in the country to-day, North and South, are those who while the war lasted followed carefully the paths of peace. Do not believe that the light and dirty froth which is blown northward and scattered over the land (oftentimes for malicious purposes) represents the true current of public opinion at the South. Look to their heroes, their leaders—their Gordons, their Lees, their Johnsons, Lamar, Ransom and Ripley; and tell me if you find in their utterances anything but renewed loyalty and devotion to a reunited country. These are the men, as our great and good Governor Andrew told you at the close of the war—these are the men by whom and through whom you must restore the South, instead of the meaner men for whom power is only a synonym for plunder. As I begged you last summer, I entreat you again; do not repel the returning love of these men by suspicion or indifference. If you cannot in forgiveness "kill the fatted calf," do not with coldness kill "the prodigal." When the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment made its gallant attack on Fort Wagner, in July, 1863, it lost, with hundreds of its brave men, its heroic leader and its colors. A few weeks ago that flag was gracefully returned to the Governor of Massachusetts by the officer who took it in action with these noble words:

"Under the existing state of things, I deem it decorous if not a positive duty, to promote the oblivion of animosities which led to, and were engendered by the war. I prefer to look upon such trophies as mementos of the gallant conduct of men, who like Shaw, Putnam and other sons of Massachusetts, sealed with their lives their devotion to the cause which they adopted, rather than as evidences of prowess on the one side or the other. The custodians of such a memento should be the authorities of the State served by these gallant men; and I therefore transmit the flag to your Excellency for such disposition as the authorities of Massachusetts shall determine.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant.

"R. S. RIPLEY."

No one but a soldier can know how he would cling to a trophy that he had taken in honorable battle. No one but a soldier knows what it would cost to give it up, unless compelled by the loftier motives of chivalrous patriotism. And when General Ripley wrote that letter he thought not of self, not of South Carolina nor of Massachusetts, but of a restored and a united country, and his heart embraced a continent. There are tattered flags in that sacred hall in yonder capitol, around

which, in the shock of battle, I have seen dear friends and brave men fall like autumn leaves. There are flags there that I cannot look upon without tears of pride and sorrow. But there is no flag there which has to-day for us a deeper significance, or that bears within its fold a brighter omen of "Peace on earth, good will to men," than that battle-stained emblem so tenderly restored by a son of South Carolina, whom here in the name of the soldiers of Massachusetts, I thank and greet as a brother. And I am proud that he was an American soldier. As an American, I am as proud of the men who charged so bravely with Pickett's division, on our lines at Gettysburg, as I am of the men who so bravely met and repulsed them there. Men cannot always choose the right cause; but when, having chosen that which conscience dictates, they are ready to die for it,—if they justify not their cause, they at least ennoble themselves, and the men who for conscience sake fought against their Government at Gettysburg ought easily to be forgiven by the sons of men who for conscience sake fought against their Government at Lexington and Bunker Hill.

Oh, sir, as Massachusetts was first in war, so let her be first in peace, and she shall forever be first in the hearts of her countrymen. And let us here resolve that, true to her ancient motto, while in war, "*Ense petit placidam*," in peace, she demands, not only for herself, but for every inch of this great country, "*sub liberate quietem*."

The patriotic sentiments of this speech were most vociferously applauded.

REPLY OF GEN. N. P. BANKS.

Mr. President:—I must say one word more. I regret that I have so long trespassed upon your attention, but I want to echo and re echo again the words which my honorable associate and friend and representative in the army has spoken in your presence for peace. He speaks well but he fights better than he speaks. ('Good,' and applause). No man can speak as well as he fought for his country, and no man better than the General Bartlett has the right to stand here in your presence on Lexington Common and speak a word for peace.

What is our hope, then, Mr. President and fellow-citizens, for the coming century whose great responsibilities are upon us? What is our hope? It is for peace. If there is a human being here or elsewhere that hopes anything for our own liberty here, or the liberty of the world elsewhere, except through peace, he will be disappointed. War, perpetual war, destroys liberty, and the engenderer of war is the enemy of peace. We may be obliged to fight once in a while, but we fight for peace. The men who died here in Lexington fought for peace; the men who on the ocean in 1812, fought the battles of the country, fought for peace; aye, and the men of the North that were driven against their will into a contest of blood and of death with their fellowmen in the South, had no enmity and no malice to gratify; they fought, they bled and they died for peace and for nothing else. (Applause.)

Then if we have a work to do with regard to the perpetuation of the great principles which these men who have passed away a century ago this day and this hour, and if we have one work to do that is more important than another, it is to give to this cause of peace here in this country, our hearts, our whole hearts and our determination to make it triumphant. This is a necessary work in order to complete not only the present century, but to commence our work for the new. If the United States remain at enmity between its races, its sections, its people, there is no hope for liberty either here or in any other part of the world. I am then for peace. I will not qualify it by saying an honorable peace, because there can be no peace before God, or with man, that is not honorable. (Applause.)

We want peace, then, in order that we may expand our view and influence the rest of the world to accept them.

Sir, to return to the men that I have too much disregarded in the remarks that I have been thus compelled to make without any preparation whatever, I refer again to what was said by Lord Chatham, in his great speech for conciliation in America, a year or two before the battle of Lexington. He knew what the Americans would do. He often said that the first gun that was fired would deprive England of the brightest jewel of her crown; and when they said that the Americans

Continued on 30th page.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1875.



AN INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNAL.

THE GROUNDS FOR CONFIDENCE IN THE EFFECTIVENESS OF ITS DECISIONS.

(A paper prepared for the International Conference, at the Hague, Sept. 1875.)

BY DR. JAMES B. MILES.

At the last annual conference of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, we had the honor to present for the consideration of the learned body, a paper upon "An International Tribunal." In that paper the points especially considered were:

1. The necessity of an International Tribunal.
2. The nature of the International Tribunal, which is demanded.
3. How the Tribunal is to be created.
4. The consistency of the Tribunal with the doctrine of the sovereignty of the nation.

For the want of time we were unable then to enter upon the discussion of a most important branch of the subject, which is, *The grounds for confidence in the effectiveness of the decisions of the proposed International Tribunal.* Provided such a court shall have been constituted, what reasons will exist for believing its decisions will be accepted by the nations, and what means will it be possible to employ for securing their acceptance?

Upon this division of the subject, which is one of transcendent importance, we beg leave to submit a few thoughts.

We maintain that, upon the supposition that an International Tribunal shall have been constituted, good and sufficient reasons will exist for confidence in the effectiveness of its decisions.

1. The first of these reasons is derived from a consideration of the spirit and purpose which are to give birth to the Tribunal. In our previous paper the position was taken, and we trust maintained, that the Tribunal is possible only as one of the essential powers of a voluntary Commonwealth of nations. It presupposes a voluntary Federation of nations, more or less compact and close, and a recognition by the nations of a common law in their relations and dealings with each other, so that, as the Supreme Court of the United States is the natural and necessary complement of the Federal Constitution, this International Tribunal will be the necessary complement of a Supreme Law enthroned among the nations. Hence the very existence of the Tribunal will presuppose in the countries that shall have voluntarily co-operated in its establishment, a certain large advance in true civilization, intellectual culture and moral excellence. The very fact that such a Court has been constituted will imply in the nations a detestation of war and a desire for the preservation of peace; it will be the essential part of a provision whose grand purpose will be to afford the nations relief from the prodigious evils, strain and burdens of the present war-system, and to enable them to govern their relations with each other and determine their reciprocal rights and duties, and thus to secure international justice without a resort to the bloody arbitrament of the sword.

Such a court as we advocate could not come into existence among barbarous or semi-civilized peoples; but the further the nations are removed from the barbarous state, the more ample their culture, the more varied and exalted their intellectual and moral attainments, the higher and more perfect the type of their civilization, the stronger will be their abhorrence of brute force as an arbiter of justice between them, the stronger will be their inclination to regulate their intercourse with each other by an appeal to Law.

It is a question of profound interest,—Are the foremost nations to-day sufficiently enlightened, are they far enough advanced in the development of reason, conscience and the high moral sentiments, in their sense of the good, the beautiful, the just and the true? Is there among them intelligence, wisdom, virtue, magnanimity, statesmanship enough to capacitate them for the lofty undertaking of the constitution of an International Tribunal? We may be too sanguine, we may think of them more highly than we ought to think, and yet we can but answer, yes. We ask attention to the wonderful progress made by these nations in all that constitutes a true civilization during the last half century. It has been a period of unprecedented mental activity. The nations have been snapping the fetters and casting off the shackles of ignorance and barbarism. By their conquest of the elements and forces of nature, and by making them the servants of man, they have been winning victories more brilliant than those of the battlefield. By marvellous discoveries in astronomy, in geology, in philology, in all departments of science and knowledge, what immense additions they have made to the world's intellectual stores. The genius of man has actually climbed the heavens and weighed the sun and whirling planets in a scale. It has dived down into the depths of earth and ocean and brought to light secrets that have been hidden for ages. It has tunnelled the mountains and bridged the rivers and chasms. It has under-run oceans with submarine cables and over-run continents with electric wires, and sent out its line through all the earth and its words to the end of the world. It has sent strong and swift ships to and fro over all waters, which like shuttles in the loom of time have been weaving the nations into one. It has been sweeping away, one after another, the barriers that have separated peoples and races from each other, increasing their facilities for communication, acquainting them with each other, abolishing prejudice, jealousy, distrust, commingling their interests, compacting them into one community, and thus while the sentiments of patriotism and nationality have been gaining in strength, they have at the same time contributed to the promotion of the fellowship of the nations. Also, what great and beneficent reforms have been undertaken and successfully consummated. What a disposition exists to subject all institutions, systems, customs to the most rigid tests, and to decree that those which have merit shall stand, and those which are unworthy shall fall. Already there are evidences of a wide-spread reprobation of the malignant passions from which wars generally spring. Even now can be observed a wide-spread dissatisfaction with the present war-system. Statesmen are perplexed by its prodigious growth, and as a result of national indebtedness.

Governments are compelled to abandon important measures relating to the health and education of the people, the development of the national resources, the advancement of the arts and sciences, the promotion of the great works of industry, commerce and civilization. To meet the demands of the wonderful mental activity of the age, calls for large appropriations of

money, but appropriations cannot be made, for the revenues of the nations are exhausted to sustain the enormous standing armies and preparations for war. Already an intense desire exists on the part of the most intelligent people of the leading countries to find some honorable and satisfactory method for avoiding the enormous expense and manifold evils of the present war-system. If the nations have not already reached a degree of development that not only qualifies them for, but absolutely demands the establishment of a Court of law and justice for the regulation of their intercourse with each other, not long certainly will it be ere that point will be reached; for the clock of history never stops; the hand upon the dial-plate of time marks a steady advance of a true civilization of liberty and peace. With every year civilization is to take an onward step, and with every onward step the conviction of the evil of the present system, and the appreciation of the worth of an International Code and Court will become more intense. Hence the reasons that shall at any time demand the creation of the Court, will operate with ever-increasing force for its maintenance after it shall have been constituted, and for securing respect for its decisions.

(To be continued)

WHITTIER ON WAR AND THE CHURCH.

We have been permitted to copy the following letter of John G. Whittier, written to his friend, the Rev. J. B. Miles, D. D., General Secretary of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations:

AMESBURY, 14, 4th Month, 1875.

To James B. Miles, Secretary, etc.:

MY DEAR FRIEND: It is eminently fitting to connect the Centennial anniversary of the opening battles of the revolution with the growing sentiment of civilization that there is "a more excellent way" of settling the disputes of nations than the ordeal of war. It is cheering to note the very general favor with which the plan of arbitration has been received by statesmen and civilians in this country and in Europe; but there are other signs of the times well calculated to occasion solicitude on the part of every lover of peace. The menace of danger now seems to come from the professed church of Christ. At this moment, the peace of all Europe is threatened by the secret plots and monstrous public pretensions of ecclesiasticism. If war comes in consequence, if the fairest harvest fields of the world are made an arena of battle, men who claim to be especially the priests and representatives of the Gospel of Peace will be held responsible. Woe to that church which, for the sake of power and dogma, breaks the truce of God among the nations, makes its missionaries assassins, and mingles blood with its wine of sacrament.

It is high time for the Christian Church to awaken to a full sense of its awful responsibility. If, after the dreadful experience of eighteen hundred years, it fails to perceive the necessity of shaking itself clear of the barbarism of war, it has small claim upon the world's respect and confidence. Its leaves are not for the healing of the nations.

I am, very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We agree with Mr. Whittier that it is eminently fitting to connect our Centennial celebrations with the growing sentiment of civilization in favor of arbitration as the leading policy of nations. While we are paying well deserved honor to the noble men who counted liberty dearer than life, we trust none will commit the great error of supposing that our free government and institutions had their origin solely in war and violence. One of our ablest writers has well said on this point:

Because our own government was founded in a revolution, we are in danger of associating a revolution with glory, of thinking that the overturn of what has been established is in itself progress to something better. But the American revolution, scarcely was a revolution in the proper sense of the term.

It perpetuated the principles and, with little change, the form of government to which the colonies had been accustomed. It only separated them from a distant nation. It only accelerated an epoch which was coming as the inevitable result of growth, only shaking the tree to hasten the fall of the ripened fruit. The benefits accruing are not the result of the revolution, but come in spite of the evils of revolutionary violence, because the change effected was the natural result of healthy growth. The immense majority of revolutions attempted by violence have been failures, and have hindered rather than helped the progress of society.

In regard to the danger to the peace of Europe from ultramontaniam, to which Mr. Whittier refers in such pointed language, we have to say it is difficult for us to believe that the Papacy can be so blinded as to precipitate a physical conflict which would inevitably prove most disastrous to itself. That celebrated man, Pere Hyacinthe, still claims to be in good standing in the Roman Church. To what extent he represents the present sentiment of that Church upon war we do not know. But certainly his views are very sensible, as we find them expressed in a recent address. He says:

The time for religious wars is past. It is one of the noblest triumphs of the Christian spirit, one of the most salutary and best established benefits of modern civilization to exclude the sword from the domain of religion—not only the sword of the magistrate, who has no right to punish in that domain, but the sword of the soldier, who has no mission to conquer there. "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

This word of the Saviour is fulfilled most of all in the sphere of religion. The sword is impotent against that faith, true or false, which it seeks to destroy. Commonly it succeeds only in reviving, elevating, extending it. But it is only too potent against the infatuated Church which carries it. It turns against that Church, and kills or wounds in its bosom the moral principle which constitutes its real power.

We commend these views to not only the Roman Church, but all Churches. It is quite time for those who profess to be the disciples of the Prince of Peace to have learned that "the pen is mightier than the sword" and ideas than cannon balls.—*Advertiser*.

THE LIMIT OF PEACE IN EUROPE.

There has been no considerable disturbance of the peace of Europe, since the close of the French-German war in 1871, now a little over four years ago,—a longer period of exemption from war on the part of all the "great powers," than has come to pass at any time in the last thirty years. It is a striking fact that the existing general peace in Europe of *four years and two months* is a peace of longer duration than any since the popular upheavals which had their climax in 1848, when there were insurrections and revolutions from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, and from Paris to the countries bordering on Asia.

Peace in Europe may now be considered as having reached the maximum limit of its average term of duration, since the universal upheaval of 1848. It is, therefore, not without reason, that the European world was startled by the warlike utterances of the Berlin journal, which the Prussian Government seems to have repudiated. The peace since 1871, has been characterized by the most gigantic armaments Europe has ever seen on the "peace establishment." The condition of "unrest" and of continual apprehension, is so marked as almost to be felt. Nations are suspicious and jealous.—most of them fearful that a war is impending,—and this is accompanied by a general belief, that, at least one of them would welcome a plausible pretext for a quarrel.—*The Christian Statesman*.

Lord Derby has recently said: "Unhappily there is no international tribunal to which cases of dispute can be referred, and there is no international law to meet such cases. If such a tribunal existed it would be a great benefit to the civilized world." This is the great want of the world. Commerce, arts, religion, are spreading, but one war puts back civilizing influences for a whole generation. He who succeeds in leading the great powers to agree upon peaceful arbitration as a system, will deserve a statue of gold.

Continued from 27th page.

would run, that they would not stand before English soldiers, he predicted that when the collision came between the British and the Americans the reply of the British to any inquiries as to why they did not capture the Americans, would be that which was made by the Prince of Conde. When the Government asked him why he did not take Turenne prisoner, he was honest enough to say, "I was afraid that he would take me instead of me him."

Thus it was with the British when they came to this country. I must refer to what Burke said two years after the battle of Lexington in regard to a proposition which had been suggested by members of Parliament, that they should withdraw from Parliament unless the Government changed its course. He defended this proposition. But he said that he had been disappointed in the Americans; they had not done all that he had expected. Their grand army consisted of 12,000 men, and even these did not dare to look the British army in the face. He said that it was all very well for those gentlemen who wanted to keep open a contest in order that they might get better terms of settlement without reducing the power in front of the British ranks. But he said that if they expected to gain their liberties by a process of this kind it would not do. Aye, but Mr. Burke, it did do, yes, it did devilish well. (Applause) It drove the English from this continent, and if we give the same power hereafter to the people of the other governments, other parts of the world will drive the representatives of tyranny and despotism from their soil as Harrington and Parker and the glorious men who died 100 years ago in defence of liberty, drove the enemies of this country from their soil.

HOW WAR AFFECTS WOMAN.

BY CATHERINE GURNEY.

War affects many women directly. They do not indeed march forth with the army, with banners floating over their heads, and music cheering their way. They have harder work to do. They have to say farewell to those they love best—a long farewell, knowing that it is not God who has called them to part, but man; knowing often that they sacrifice their best and dearest, not for the good of mankind, not even for the weal of their fatherland, but for the sake of one man's ambition, for the gain of a piece of land, or for a crown to ornament a guilty head. These women have to toil and to strive to fill the place left vacant; they wait and watch for news, with hopes growing ever fainter as they read of victories won by the sacrifice of whole regiments of their countrymen. And when the last victory is announced, and peace at length proclaimed, the empty place, or the crippled form, at their own fireside, forbids them to rejoice with their neighbors. These women do not complain. They try to persuade themselves that the war was just; that the talents, and the strength, and the brave, loving hearts that might have done so much for the world, were all given to a good and righteous cause. But as they watch the results of the war, and hear the dark sayings upon it, a misgiving creeps over them that a little more wisdom, a little more of the spirit of liberty, a little more law-abiding faithfulness, might have saved the world a crime, and themselves a life-long sorrow. Consider the thousands killed at Werth and Gravelotte, and remember that at least two-thirds of this number left wives, mothers or daughters to mourn their loss; and then say whether women have no share in the burdens of war!

Take one actual example of the way in which war affects women. A Prussian, having served his three years in the line, married a young wife and expended all his property in setting up a watchmaker's business in a provincial town. The first hard times over fortune seemed to smile upon him, and his trade began to prosper, when suddenly war was declared and he received orders to join his regiment. Before twenty-four hours had passed his shop was closed, his farewells said, and he was speeding southward. "But what trouble can equal mine?" he said despairingly to his English fellow-traveller. "While I am away, my business will be lost; strangers will steal away my custom; my home will be broken up; my wife will be penniless, and must starve, unless charitable friends take pity upon her. It is ten to one that I may never come back, and our happy

married life will be cut short forever. Or I may return a helpless cripple, a burden on my wife and on my country."

This story of 1870 might be multiplied by thousands throughout Germany. About the same time, in France, peasants were leaving their fields, and tradesmen their shops. The fields remained untilled; the shops were closed, or almost deserted; and the wives and children of the soldiers suffered privation and loss.

As to the women dwelling at the actual seat of war, the tale of their woes has often been recounted. We have heard of women driven from their burning homes; of women ill-treated and plundered; of women living in cellars, starved, and injured by shot and shell; of women maddened by their misfortunes till they deny their womanhood, and play the part of assassins, bringing ruin on themselves and on their homes.

Other women there are whose hearts are nerved and whose courage is roused by sufferings which their help can alleviate. They go bravely among the horrors of the battle-field, nurse the wounded, comfort the dying, and rob the monster War of some of its terrors. But these show not so much the effects of war on women as the effects of women on war.

The effects of military systems are aggravated by war. The cost of war falls partially on women. The Crimean war cost us 100 millions sterling, and the cost to France of the Franco-Prussian war was three hundred and seventy-one millions. For years to come women as well as men will suffer privation on account of these wars.

War shuts the manufactory and the shop where women earn their bread. Think how many women in Lancashire were affected by the American Civil-war.

War increases the disproportion between the sexes. Nature brings into the world about an equal number of both sexes, but by war and other perilous occupations man reduces the number of men until the female population exceeds the male by a proportion varying from two to five per cent.

War effects women by its influence on society. In time of war the thoughts, talents and energies of nations are diverted from the social improvements and internal reforms which should occupy them, and concentrated on the manufacture of engines of destruction, and all possible means of carrying on a struggle of brute forces. War hinders social and intellectual development. As Herbert Spencer writes, "Inevitably the civilizing discipline of social life is antagonized by the uncivilizing discipline of the life war involves;" and "Fellow-feeling habitually trampled down in military conflicts cannot at the same time be active in the relations of civil life." These facts affect women even more harmfully than men.

A DAY WITH JOHN BRIGHT.*

BY NEWMAN HALL.

I have just returned from spending at Birmingham a day I am not likely soon to forget. When I reached the building it was densely thronged. At least 15,000 persons were eagerly awaiting the arrival of the veteran statesman and patriot. Several members of Parliament were on the platform, among whom was Professor Fawcett. The Mayor, Mr. Chamberlaine, presided. He is a young man, apparently not more than thirty years of age. Of the most advanced school of politics, his admirable conduct in receiving the Prince and Princess of Wales, was the theme of universal praise. With no compromise of his political opinions, there was nothing in his words or actions with which the most conservative courtier could find fault. In a few telling words he opened the meeting, which was then addressed by a master manufacturer and by a mechanic, who both in first-rate style submitted the resolution of welcome and continued confidence in their representatives. It was a wonderful sight when the vast multitude held up both hands in assent. Then, amid long-continued plaudits, Mr. Bright rose. He is somewhat under the average height, with broad shoulders, large round head, with hair now silvered with years, and a countenance in which you are in doubt whether firmness or tenderness predominates.

He arranged a few pages of notes on his hat, which stood on the table at his side, and then, with his left hand generally held behind him and his right hand in gentle action, he spoke for upwards of an hour and a quarter, to an audience breathless with

interest, except when bursting forth in manifestations of approval and delight. Mr. Bright speaks with great deliberation. There is no hesitation, but there is no hurry. He never pauses as if in difficulty to find his words; but he brings them out with thoughtful care, as if weighing well the meaning and force of each one before it is uttered. And he may well be deliberate, for at the table below him one hundred and fifty reporters were seated, taking every syllable as it fell from his lips. Before the speech was finished the first part of it was already in type, and read by some of the audience. The telegraphic wires were flashing his sentences all over the world before he resumed his seat. I was told that the speech was telegraphed in less time than he took to deliver it.

Mr. Bright's theme was the question of disestablishment. It was a sustained argument, illumined by his old flashes of humor and keen satire, illustrated by recent events, and combining strength of conviction and boldness of utterance with that courtesy to opponents and charity toward individuals for which he is so distinguished. Great vexation has been expressed by many of the papers at the course thus taken. Why did he not give his opinion of the present state of the Liberal party—tell us who should be the new leader, and indicate what should be the course of immediate legislation? Why speak of a subject which is still in the distance, and why add to the disintegration of the Liberal party by urging a question on which the Liberals are divided? It may be said in reply, that Mr. Bright has always been in advance of the Liberal line. Every position which he has marked out on which he planted his flag, has been marched up to and is now in the line of the army. Instead of employing this great occasion in discussing what has interest only for a few weeks, he did what he did years ago—he went far ahead, he discussed the great question of the future—he indicated that next grand movement of the nation which sooner or later must come. Mr. Bright's speech, instead of being forgotten with the events of the day, will be referred to during the long controversy which is now developing so rapidly. But, while distinctly avowing the policy of disestablishment, he admitted that it was not yet ripe for legislation and deprecated any sudden or violent change. All his old fire was developed in one passage of his speech, in which he exposed the poverty of thousands of the working clergy in comparison with the wealth and dignity of the privileged class, saying that, as a rule, preferment was to be obtained only by money or favor. Some called out "No! No!" Whereupon the orator, lifting up his voice to its fullest compass and raising his arm, exclaimed: "I am not pleading the cause of Non-conformists. I am the advocate of thousands of poor curates who to-morrow morning will echo what I am saying." There was no further interruption. It was worth a long journey only to see that multitude rise up and with waving hats and handkerchiefs testify their regard for the speaker and their approval of his sentiments.

The next morning I had the privilege of breakfasting with Mr. Bright, at the house of Mr. C. Sturge, a name also widely honored; and, with no appearance of fatigue from the effort of the night before, he delighted us during several hours with his conversation on many topics, including the American war and the present condition of the Southern States. I was interested to know that the yield of cotton during the last three years has exceeded that of any three years during slavery. All England rejoices, in spite of differing opinions, that John Bright bids fair to resume his place in Parliament and take his share in the public debates.—*Independent.*

A difficulty has arisen between Turkey and Montenegro which assumes a threatening aspect. All the great Powers, including England, have been exerting their influence to ensure a pacific arrangement of the matter in dispute; but the warlike spirit of the Montenegrins is such that although it is hoped hostilities may be avoided, there is still danger of a collision, and the situation is one of gravity. Let us hope, however, that this difficulty will not raise the ghost of that "Eastern Question" which we can never count on seeing permanently laid.

When the service of our neighbor demands our time, the best prayer is action.

LEXINGTON — 1775.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

No maddening thirst for blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways,
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men:
Its vast results the future hid;
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as the summons came they left
The plow, mid-furrow, standing still.
The half-ground corn-grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the ax in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call;
They scarcely asked the reason why:
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.

Of man for man the sacrifice,
Unstained by blood, save theirs, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well;
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
The nations, listening to its sound,
Wait, from a century's vantage ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come—

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove—

The golden age of brotherhood,
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain crags,
The lion of our Mother-land.

THE CONFERENCE AT HAGUE.

The King of Holland gives his official support to the conference of the association for the reform and codification of the law of nations, which is to be held the first week of September next, at the Hague. From this fact and other circumstances the coming conference is likely to assume an especial importance, and the meeting is anticipated with much interest in Europe, and we trust, also, in this country. It is becoming more and more manifest that this movement is in harmony with the spirit of the age. Its success thus far we should judge has exceeded the expectations of those most actively engaged in it. We think it is but a little more than two years since Dr. Miles first went to Europe, to secure the co-operation of leading minds in an endeavor to elaborate an international code. Within that short period an organization, truly international in its character, comprising among its officers and members well-known names of different countries has been formed. The movement, as we understand

it, was not designed to be of an official character. But its purpose was to awaken the interest of the people and the governments in the matter of codification and arbitration, and to give expression to existing international sentiment, and to strengthen that sentiment; and thus by degrees to prepare the way for the adoption of a code of public international law, and the establishment of an international tribunal.

In this work it seems to find increasing encouragement.

It has from the first received the sympathy of governments, and the legislative bodies of six important countries have declared in its favor. And now the king of the country where it is to meet offers to it his official support.

We may reasonably suppose other powers, one after another, will take a similar step, and that the time will come when the civilized world will enjoy what Lord Derby has recently said will be an inestimable blessing, "a settled international law, and an international tribunal."—*Boston Traveller*.

HON. DAVID JOY.

The electric cable has recently borne across the great waters the melancholy tidings of the death of Hon David Joy. His decease occurred at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, on the 5th inst. He had, for several years, been afflicted with paralysis, and for many months so helplessly disabled that to him, death doubtless came as a friend and deliverer. Yet, through all his trying illness, he was very gentle and amiable, never irritable or complaining. Having expressed a desire to return to America and die there, arrangements had been made to carry out his wish, but death came before it could be accomplished. Mr. Joy was a native of Nantucket, where by industry, good sense and correct habits, he rose from indigence to prosperity and honor. He held places of public trust, and was sent from Nantucket to the State Senate.

Mr. Joy was one of the founders of the Nantucket Athenæum, donating very liberally to the institution, and has always manifested a great interest in its prosperity. A fine portrait of him is among those which now adorn the walls of the Library Room.

In 1844 he came to Northampton, and resided here for about eight years, on Round Hill. While a resident of this town he won many friends and was a useful citizen, serving the town as a member of the Board of Selectmen. On account of his wife's health, he left Northampton for remedial treatment and change of air. Since then he has resided in various places in this country, but, for the greater period, in England and on the continent of Europe. Mr. Joy was one of Nature's noblemen. His manly form and beaming countenance gave to all who looked upon him, "assurance of a man." He sympathized with the temperance, peace, anti-slavery, woman's rights and other philanthropic movements, and gave to them substantial tokens of his interest in their success. Peace to his ashes! The world is better that David Joy has lived in it and brightened its atmosphere with his noble face and benevolent spirit.—*Northampton Journal*.

It is with much regret that we have to announce the death of the Hon. David Joy, which took place at Salopia Villa, on the 5th inst. Mr. Joy was, as many of our readers know, an American gentleman, who held a high position in his own country, and one who has spent his life in seeking to benefit his fellow man. He was an active agent in bringing about the overthrow of slavery in the United States and of establishing schools and other institutions in which the colored population of these States receive the same advantages as their white brethren. These institutions, we hear, still exist, and are in a flourishing condition, and will therefore be the best and most lasting monument that could be raised to the philanthropic labors of our departed friend. About five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Joy, who had previously visited our lovely locality, became residents in Ventnor; and though living in a quiet style, the benefit of their presence amongst us has been felt in many a poor family circle, and in many a sick chamber, and whilst the death of Mr. Joy will be deeply felt, the departure of his excellent lady for her native country will be greatly regretted by all who may have had the honor of knowing her, and especially so by the many to whom the benevolent hands of herself and her lamented husband were so constantly and so freely opened. Mr. and Mrs.

Joy have been for many years past staunch supporters of the temperance movement, and during their stay in Ventnor they have done much by their sympathy and pecuniary support to aid the Committee of the Ventnor and Bonchurch Temperance Society in their enterprising efforts, by which that Society has made its influence felt in our town as a power for good.—*Isle of Wight Express*.

THE HEAVEN-BUILT WALL.

In the campaign of Napoleon in Russia, while the French army was retreating from Moscow, there lay in a poor, low cottage, in a little village, an invalid boy. This village was exactly in the course of the retreating army, and already the reports of its approach had reached and excited the terrified inhabitants. In their turn they began to make preparations for retreat; for they knew there was no hope for them from the hands of soldiers, all seeking their own preservation, and giving no quarter to others. Every one who had the strength to fly, fled; some trying to take with them their worldly goods, some to conceal them. The little village was fast growing deserted. Some burnt their houses or dismantled them. The old were placed in wagons, and the young hurried their families away with them.

But in the little cottage there was none of this bustle. The poor crippled boy could not move from his bed. The widowed mother had no friends intimate enough to spare a thought for her in this time of trouble, when every one thought only of those nearest to him and of himself. What chance in flight was there for her and her young children, among whom one was the poor crippled boy?

It was evening, and the sound of distant voices and of preparation had died away. The poor boy was wakeful with terror, now urging his mother to leave him to his fate, now dreading lest she should take him at his word and leave him behind.

"The neighbors are just going away; I hear them not longer," he said. "I am so selfish I have kept you here. Take the little girls with you! it is not too late. And I am safe; who will hurt a poor helpless boy?"

"We are all safe," answered the mother; "God will not leave us though all else forsake us."

"But what can help us?" persisted the boy. "Who can defend us from their cruelty? Such stories as I have heard of the ravages of these men! They are not men; they are wild beasts. Oh, why was I made so weak—so weak as to be utterly useless! No strength to defend, no strength even to fly."

"There is a sure wall for the defenceless," answered his mother. "God will build us up a sure wall."

"You are my strength now," said the boy; "I thank God that you did not desert me. I am so weak, I cling to you. Do not leave me, indeed! I fancy I can see the cruel soldiers hurrying in. We are too poor to satisfy them, and they would pour their vengeance upon us! And yet you ought to leave me! What right have I to keep you here! And I shall suffer more if I see you suffer."

"God will be our refuge and defence," still said the mother, and at length with low, quieting words, she stilled the anxious boy till he, too, slept like his sisters.

The morning came of the day that was to bring the dreaded enemy. The mother and children opened their eyes to find that a "sure wall" had indeed been built for their defence. The snow had begun to fall the evening before. Through the night it had collected rapidly. A "stormy wind, fulfilling His word," had blown the snow into drifts against the low house, so that it had entirely covered it—a protecting wall, built by Him who holds the very winds in His fists, and who ever pities those who trust in Him. A low shed behind protected the way to the outhouse where the animals were, and for a few days the mother and her children kept themselves alive within their cottage, shut in and concealed by the heavy barricade of snow.

It was during that time that the dreaded scourge passed over the village. Every house was ransacked; all the wealthier ones deprived of their luxuries, and the poorer ones robbed of their necessities. But the low roofed cottage lay sheltered beneath its walls of snow, which in the silent night had gathered about it. God had protected the defenceless with a "sure wall."—*The Christian*.



VOL. IV.

BOSTON, MAY, 1875.

No. 5.

SOWING AND REAPING.

[ADELAIDE PROCTOR has written beautiful lines, but nothing more touchingly true than the following. What a lesson and a comfort they convey to every Christian.]

"Sow with a generous hand ;
Pause not for toil or pain ;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

"Scatter the seed, and fear not
A table will be spread ;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread ?
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

"Sow while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it ;
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

"Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day ;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

"Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears."

Charles Dickens said that "the first external revelation of the dry rot in a man is a tendency to lurk and lounge ; to be at the street corners without intelligent reasons ; to be going anywhere when met : to be about many places rather than any ; to do nothing tangible, but to have intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY REV. J. I. BOSWELL.

"A dreary day for sight-seeing. Pouring down rain steadily."

"Do not be discouraged. There is one place where we can spend a pleasant day and never think of the rain."

"Let us go there. What place is it ?"

"The British Museum."

Out of the London cab we get at Great Russell street, opposite the Museum. We pass through the gate, ascend the broad flight of stone steps and open the door to the main entrance. Here we purchase catalogues, and after five minutes study of the plan of the building we are ready to set out on our tour of sight-seeing. No easy work, for the building covers seven acres and is filled with treasures from the four quarters of the globe. All that can be done on a first visit of only four or five hours is to give a hasty glance at a few of the objects of greatest interest.

Let us stroll through the rooms filled with Egyptian curiosities. What ugly looking black stone is that which is covered with strange-looking marks ! That is called the Rosetta stone, and has inscriptions in Greek and Egyptian, which give a clue to the meaning of the ancient hieroglyphics. It contains a page of ancient history, and tells, among other things, of the coronation of the king at Memphis, two thousand years ago. Here are idol statues cut in red granite, and stone coffins, and the heads of sphynxes and ghastly mummies partly unrolled, which have an unhappy look as they are placed on exhibition. Here we see the household furniture, the tools, the musical instruments of this ancient people, and we begin to think that they knew some things quite as well as we do.

Thence we pass into rooms full of treasures from ancient Nineveh. Here are human-headed lions—in stone, of course—and marble slabs, with rude pictures of wars and lion hunts. Ah ! there is a picture which will be of interest to you if you are a Bible student. There is King Sennacherib on his throne with the Jewish captives before him. Notice how clearly the unknown artist has drawn the Jewish features.

But here is a room in which lovers of the fine art linger, for here are contained the "Elgin Marbles." High on a rocky eminence at Athens stands the Parthenon—a marble temple, which was once the pride of the Greeks. Lord Elgin, by permission, stripped it of its few remaining treasures and sent parts of the building containing the finest sculptures of

antiquity to the British Museum. Here they are, partly injured and broken, yet still worth an artist's study.

Ascend a flight of steps to the second floor. Room after room filled with things rare, curious and strange, until the eye tires. One room is full of shells of all shapes and sizes. Another full of specimens of ore. Another full of stuffed birds and beasts—with a huge stuffed gorilla, that really looks so human that one almost believes, with Darwin, that if he was not exactly the father of the race of men, he certainly was their grandfather! So we go glancing here and there, and wondering at the time, and skill and labor required to bring all these wondrous things together.

Tired out already! O you must not miss the greatest wonder of all, the library and the reading-room. Pass this way through the long hall, open the doors, and here is the great reading room. It is certainly a wonder in its way; circular in form and covered by a huge iron dome which measures in diameter a hundred and forty feet. There are desks and seats to accommodate three hundred readers, while around the walls are rows of book-shelves. You pass through it, and then into several large rooms which are full of book-shelves. You walk in a kind of stupid wonder, realizing, as never before, that "of making books, there is no end." Only think, here are 800,000 volumes, besides pamphlets, manuscripts, and newspapers. If you doubt the statement you can count the books and be convinced! There are three miles of bookcases, eight feet high, and twenty-five miles of shelves; and still the library is growing at the rate of thousands of volumes every year.

Ah! here are some curious things in glass cases. Here is the famous *Magna Charta*, given by King John at Runnymede, and which is the foundation stone on which rests English law and liberty. Here is a document signed by John Milton, by which he sells a poem called "Paradise Lost" to a bookseller for \$75. Here are autographs of kings, poets, historians, and statesmen of the last four centuries whose names are known wherever England's fame has gone. Here are the first editions of the Bible, Shakspeare, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe and a host of other well-known books. A lover of books, may well gaze with open eyes.

All these treasures are the property of the nation. They are free to the public, and all may come and be welcome. Many are the gifts to the people which have been made from time to time, but in all England surely there is none other so great and so noble as this.

RESULT OF KINDNESS.

A servant of the Rev. Rowland Hill suddenly died, and his master preached his funeral sermon to a numerous audience, in the course of which he mentioned the following anecdote: Many persons present were acquainted with the deceased, and have had it in their power to observe his character and conduct. They can bear witness that I speak the truth, when I assert that for a number of years past he has proved himself a perfectly sober, honest, industrious and religious man, faithfully performing, as far as lay in his power, the duties of his station in life, and serving God with constancy and zeal; and yet this very man, this virtuous and pious man, was once a robber on the highway. More than thirty years ago he stopped me on the high-road, and demanded my money. Not at all intimidated, I argued with him. I asked what could induce him to pursue so iniquitous a course of life. "I have been a coachman, sir," said he, "but am now out of a place, and not being able to get a character, can get no employment and am therefore obliged to resort to this means of gaining a subsistence." I desired him to call on me; he promised he would and kept his word. I talked further with him, and offered to take him into my service. He consented, and ever since that period he has served me faithfully, and not me only, but he has faithfully served God. And instead of having finished his life in a public, ignominious manner, with a depraved and hardened mind, as he probably would soon have done, he has died in peace, rejoicing in hope, and prepared, we trust, for the society of just men made perfect.

The holiness of the people is in the crown of the minister.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

Such is the Peace Movement. With the everflowing current of time, it has gained ever-increasing strength; and it has now become like a mighty river. At first, but a slender fountain, sparkling on some lofty summit, it has swollen with every tributary rill, with the friendly rains and dews of heaven, and at last, with the associate waters of various nations, until it washes the feet of populous cities, rejoicing on its peaceful banks. By the voices of poets; by the aspirations and labors of statesmen, philosophers, and good men; by the experience of history; by the peaceful union into nations, or families, tribes, and provinces, divesting themselves of the "liberty" to wage War; by the example of leagues, alliances, confederacies, and congresses; by the kindred movements of our age, all tending to Unity; by an awakened public sentiment, and a growing recognition of the Brotherhood of Man; by the sympathies of large popular assemblies; by the formal action of legislative bodies; by the promises of Christianity,—are we encouraged to persevere. So doing, we shall act not *against* nature, but *with* nature, making ourselves, according to the injunction of Lord Bacon, its ministers and interpreters. From no single man, from no body of men, does our cause proceed. Not from St. Pierre or Leibnitz, from Rousseau or Kant, in other days; not from Jay or Burritt, from Cobden or Lamartine, in our own. It is the irrepressible utterance of longing with which the heart of Humanity labors; it is the universal expression of the spirit of the Age, thirsting after Harmony; it is the heaven-born whisper of Truth, immortal and omnipotent; it is the word of God published in commands as from the burning-bush; it is the voice of Christ, declaring to all mankind that they are brothers, and saying to the turbulent nationalities of the earth, as to the raging sea, "Peace, be still!"—*Charles Sumner*.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

BY THACKERAY.

He captured many thousand guns;
He wrote "The Great" before his name;
And, dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;
And borrowed from his enemies
Six feet of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his,
And somewhere now in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is!

"HOW DARE YOU STRIKE ME?"

A pleasant story of the childhood of the Danish writer, Hans Christian Andersen, is told in a sketch of his life. Little Hans was one day with his mother and some other poor neighbors gleaning in a field of a man who was said to be very harsh and cruel. They saw him coming and all started to run away. But Hans' clumsy wooden shoes came off; the stubble or short stumps of the grain stalks which had been left by the reapers, hurt his tender feet, so that he could not keep up with the others, and he found he must be caught. The rough owner of the field was very near, and could almost reach him with his heavy whip; when Hans, whose hopeless case now suddenly filled him with new courage, stopped and turned, and looking into the man's face said: "How dare you strike me when God sees you?" The anger of his pursuer was subdued at once. Instead of striking the boy, he gently stroked his cheeks, asked his name, and gave him some money. The truth of which little Hans had reminded him when about to do a cruel act, seemed to make him ashamed of it at once, and caused him to speak and act kindly.

Example is the softest and least invidious way of commanding.



THE JUTTING CRAG.

A few years ago a man was passing along a road near Stone Mountain, in South Carolina, at a point where the cliff rises nearly fifteen hundred feet almost perpendicularly. Glancing up, he thought he saw far up the rocky walls a waving hand. His loud halloo was answered by a far-off voice.

"I have but little money," it said, "but I will gladly give it all to any one who will come and help me."

Assuring the man that help should be forthcoming, he hastened into the city and gathered together a company to go to the rescue.

By ascending the mountain at another point, they reached a place just over the man's head. There, three hundred feet down the side of the mountain, was a man clinging for life to a jutting crag. He could not be saved except some one was willing to go down by a rope and give him help. What a blessing that there are people fitted for all sorts of emergencies in life! The man was found who was ready to take upon him the perilous task. The other was rescued from the rock to which he had clung for twenty-four hours, until his strength was well nigh exhausted. He was blistered in the sun and half-famished with thirst, and had almost given up every hope of rescue.

The first natural query was, when he was once more safe, how he came there? An empty whiskey bottle above told the story. He had drained the last drop, and then walked too near the edge of the precipice, where he missed his footing, and began his slide down the steep declivity. There seemed no human chance of his escape from destruction; but God so ordered it that the little rock should for a moment arrest his fall. Clinging to it with the energy of despair, he gained a little foothold, and there he hung, afraid to stir, lest he should be dashed down on the rocks twelve hundred feet below. What a day and night he must have had! What a time for reflection on his past life, and what a fearful looking forward for the future! No doubt he made vows with the Lord in hours of peril, which we trust were not forgotten after deliverance came.

There are many young men of to-day beginning a slide down a mountain quite as fearful. Their first misstep is in taking a first glass. There is no safety in such a step. "Their feet shall slide in due time," and they have no assurance of even so much as a jutting rock to arrest them for a moment.

How idle is all their talk about their strength of resolution and ability to stop or go on as they may choose. Just as reasonably might the man have spoken of his ability to stop when

he had commenced his descent of the mountain. Think of his case when you are tempted to commence this downward career, and remember that only a miracle of grace can save you.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A WORD OF KINDNESS.

How softly on the bruised heart

A word of kindness falls,

And to the dry and parched soul

The moist'ning tear-drop calls!

Oh! if they knew who walked the earth,

'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,

The power a word of kindness hath,

'Twere paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may

The simple pittance give,

And bid delight to withered hearts

Return again and live.

Oh! what is life if love be lost—

If man's unkind to man!

Or what the heaven that waits beyond

This brief and mortal span!

As stars upon the tranquil sea

In minute glory shine,

So words of kindness in the heart

Reflect the source divine.

Oh! then be kind, who'er thou art,

That breathes the mortal breath,

And it shall brighten all thy life,

And sweeten even death.

A BOY'S APPEAL.

Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel, when both were young, had set a trap and captured a woodchuck. It was late in the evening when the boys discovered their game, and as they desired to see the animal alive, they managed to release it from the trap, placing it in a box until morning. The boys consulted, and concluding that the young folks of the neighborhood would like to see the show, postponed the execution of the creature until afternoon. This gave Daniel time for reflection (Daniel never did say anything without reflection). Quite likely he was impressed with the sentiment of the little girls of his acquaintance; but let this be as it may, for reasons best known to ourselves it must not be mentioned.

When the time came to dispatch the criminal, the boys disagreed about the matter—Ezekiel wanting it killed, while Daniel desired its liberation. The case was referred to the father. The old gentleman, becoming interested, said to the boys: "We will hold a court. The woodchuck shall be the prisoner; Ezekiel, State's attorney, shall make the opening speech; Daniel, counsel for the defence, shall make the closing speech; myself the judge." This being agreed to, the box, containing the prisoner, was brought and placed in front of the court, who was seated upon a log of wood. The elder brother made a strong appeal, declaring the prisoner a foe to mankind; that he had depredated upon the property of man; had stolen and carried off vegetables from the garden; that self-preservation was the first and strongest instinct in nature; that not only man, but all beings created were justifiable in slaying their enemies; that this universal law ran through the whole chain of nature; that the prisoner merited his fate and certainly ought to die. Daniel then arose, and pointing his finger towards the prisoner addressed the court:

"My opponent accuses the prisoner of being an enemy to mankind, and of being guilty of the crime of larceny. Both of these accusations are quite impossible, and only show a misunderstanding and misrepresentation of terms. My opponent has failed to prove in what respect the prisoner is an enemy to the race, and it is utterly impossible that he should have been guilty of the crime my opponent alleges, because he knows no human law but obeys a higher law—that of the Maker of the universe. The prisoner only took of the vegetables what was needed to sustain life, and instead of violating obeyed a higher

law than that made by man." He proceeded to argue that the prisoner had a right with man to the products of the earth, being created by the same hand and supplied from the same source; moreover, that it was a wicked, selfish, cowardly act to take the life of a wounded prisoner, and was so considered by all the civilized nations of the earth. Growing pathetic, he continued to urge that the trembling, bleeding, helpless prisoner had already suffered more than death, and that life was a small boon to grant to one of God's creatures under the circumstances—but before Daniel had closed his speech, the judge arose, and with tears trickling down his cheeks and quavering voice, roared out: "Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!"

MURMURS.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

A SUNNY FACE.

How sweet in infancy, how lovely in youth, how saintly in age! There are a few noble natures whose very presence carries sunshine with them wherever they go; a sunshine which means pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for the unfortunate, and benignity toward all. How such a face enlivens every other face it meets, and carries into every company vivacity and joy and gladness. But the scowl and frown begotten in a selfish heart, and manifesting itself in daily, almost hourly fretfulness, complaining, fault-finding, angry criticisms, spiteful comments on the motives and actions of others, how they thin the cheek, shrivel the face, sour and sadden the countenance! No joy in the heart, no nobility in the soul, no generosity in the nature; the whole character as cold as an iceberg, as hard as Alpine rock, as arid as the wastes of Sahara! Reader, which of these countenances are you cultivating? If you find yourself losing all your confidence in human nature, you are nearing an old age of vinegar, of wormwood and of gall; and not a mourner will follow your solitary bier, not one tear-drop shall ever fall on your forgotten grave.—*Dr. Hall.*

If we could only read each other's hearts we should be kinder to each other. If we knew the woes and bitterness and physical annoyances of our neighbors, we should make allowances which we do not now. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our heart's pangs and our headaches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not discover them by intuition. We cover our best feelings from the light; we do not so conceal our resentments and our dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Often two people sit close together with "I love you," in either heart, and neither knows it. Each thinks "I could be fond, but what is the use of wasting fondness on one who does not care for it?" and so they part and go their ways alone. Life is a masquerade at which few unmask even to their very dearest.

A good Quaker, eighty-five years of age, whom no one ever heard speak a cross word, was asked by a young man how he had been able, through the trials and perplexities of a long life, to keep always so pleasant. He replied, "Dayton, if thee never allows thy voice to rise, thee will not be likely ever to get very angry." Let us remember this and try and keep our voices "soft and low."

THE STORY OF A SPARROW.

A writer in the London *Science Gossip* relates a remarkable story of his experience with a founding sparrow. Three years ago a young sparrow fell at his feet upon the pavement from a house-roof. He carried it home, where a servant girl took it in charge and swathed and tenderly nursed and fed it, administering to it sopped bread from her own mouth. The bantling took to its foster-mother and to its diet, and grew to full stature. It was finally, with a desire to give it liberty, placed in the garden, where it remained until another sparrow, apparently of its own age, made love to it, and finally enticed it away to a more natural condition of sparrow life, but not so far away as that it forgot its early friends, whom it frequently visited, and continued to recognize with signs of affection.

If the nurse was in the garden, the grateful little creature would fly to her, perch upon her head or shoulder, and retain its position when she was walking, gathering flowers, or the like; and it was perfectly at home with all the household. A pane of glass in the kitchen window was fitted with a hinge for the admission of the interesting pet, which did not fail, at breakfast, dinner or supper time to make its appearance and tap at the window with its beak until it was opened for its entry, when it would fly to its loved and faithful nurse and partake of its usual feed from her mouth. This happy intercourse has been continued for three or four years, during which the sparrow has raised three or four broods, on which occasions food has been left for it upon the window, so as to be at all times accessible to supplies to the rising generation. On one of these occasions the number of its visits to the food was no less than 237 in one day.

The cannon captured from Germany by France during the late war have been cast into a huge bell, weighing more than twenty tons. This bell is a dome twelve feet in height, and large enough to cover fifteen men. Upon its margin is recorded the fact of the French defeat by the Emperor William, and a bust of Saint Peter adorns the surface. It is to be hung in the south tower of the Cologne cathedral.

DEAR READER:—The *Angel of Peace* is prepared from month to month with great care; not a line is admitted not in accordance with the spirit and teachings of "the Prince of peace." We have made our terms low, very low and must rely on the friends of our noble cause to aid in giving the *Angel* to the millions of the youth of the land to guide them in the "arts of peace" and preserve them in coming years from the barbarism of war. No better little paper can be put into the families and schools of this great land. D.

The best Christians have need to be warned against the worst sins.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

RECEIPTS FOR MARCH, 1875.

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We are much hindered in our noble work of diffusing the sentiments of peace and good will for lack of adequate funds. Millions go for war, but little is devoted to peace. Let our friends think on these things and inquire of the great "Prince of Peace," *what wilt thou have me to do?*

H. C. DUNHAM.

DELEGATES TO THE INTERNATIONAL CODE CONFERENCE.—

The international code committee to arrange a programme for the meeting of the association at the Hague in September next, met here to-night. Professor Woolsey presided. A large number of distinguished gentlemen were present. Among the delegates chosen are Professor Woolsey, David Dudley Field, Dr. J. B. Miles and Chancellor Pruyn.

THE NATIONS ARMING.—The opinion seems to be gaining strength that a great war is impending in Europe. The German army, by a new bill, is raised to 1,750,000 men, and may be increased to 2,800,000. France has in process of formation an army of 1,698,000 men, and Russia one of 3,376,000. Meanwhile the Pope is stirring up ill-feeling and disension by pressing his claims to temporal dominion and to authority over all governments.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS,

INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY, ON BEHALF OF THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

It is well known to our Christian brethren that the Religious Society of Friends has ever believed that all war is entirely forbidden by the Gospel, and that, in accordance with that belief, its members have as a rule, refrained from taking any part in carnal warfare; and for refusing to comply with military requisitions, or to pay fines for thus refusing, many, in years past, have suffered distraint of goods to large amounts, and not a few have been imprisoned. Beside a passive testimony thus borne by members individually, the Society has, from time to time issued its public protest against this heathen and wicked custom.

But while we have cause to feel thankful for the amelioration of military laws, whereby our members are now generally exempt from suffering, we are pained in knowing that war, with all its horrors, is yet allowed and practiced by all the Christian nations, and sanctioned by the larger portions of the Christian Church. As Christians, we all believe in the fulfillment of prophecy. Dr. Chalmers, more than fifty years ago, testified that "the mere existence of this prophecy of peace is a sentence of condemnation upon war, and stamps a criminality on its very forehead. So soon as Christianity shall gain a full ascendancy in the world, from that moment war is to disappear."

Believing that it is only by a full and proper application of the Gospel in the affairs of nations, as well as individuals, that the prophecies in regard to war will be fulfilled; and believing, as a branch of the church which has so long seen the true character of this heathen abomination, that we were not doing all that we should do toward enlightening our brethren on this important subject, most of the Yearly Meetings of Friends have united in the organization of "The Peace Association of Friends in America," to which is delegated this important work, with instructions to labor expressly on their behalf in the more general promotion of the cause of peace.

The Association, in the fulfillment of its trust, has thus far mostly confined its labors to the printing and circulation of books and tracts, and the publication of a monthly paper called the *Messenger of Peace*. During the few years of its existence, millions of pages have been distributed far and wide, and many acknowledgments have been received of the convincing effects of the truth therein inculcated.

The attitude of millions in the prime of manhood, now kept constantly armed and equipped for mutual slaughter by the nations of Europe, and the sudden uprising of the war spirit in our midst, convince us of the necessity of further and more direct efforts to arouse and awaken the public to a clearer appreciation of the true character of this monstrous evil. If it is only by the full application of the Gospel that war can be abolished, surely it is the duty of the church to labor for its proper application.

But, in view of the apathy that so generally prevails, we feel constrained to appeal directly to our Christian brethren, individually and collectively, earnestly entreating them to take this subject into prayerful consideration in all its bearings. Can we believe that if the members of the Christian church everywhere were entirely to refrain from taking part in carnal warfare, that professedly Christian nations could any longer continue the custom? If we believe this, we must also believe that the responsibility for the continuance of war rests upon the church. Dear fellow professors, can you rest satisfied in continuing to bear the weight of this awful responsibility?

While statesmen and publicists are laboring to relieve suffering humanity from the blight of this dreadful curse, the church of Christ remains silent. Surely it is time for it to arise from its slumber and to proclaim its supremacy! Is not eighteen hundred years long enough for its white robes, which should be pure and spotless, to have been stained in blood? Must the skirts of the visible church be longer polluted with the gore of the battlefield, and stained with the tears of the orphan and the widow? While war, as has been said, seems to aim at setting up the kingdom of Satan in the earth, alas! the church remains to be its very bulwark.

Surely it is time to wipe out this reproach against Him, at whose coming into the world, peace on earth and good will to men was proclaimed, and engage in this holy warfare against the supremacy of Satan's kingdom.

Therefore, in behalf of suffering humanity, and in behalf of the cause of the blessed Prince of Peace, whose mission on earth is not fulfilled while wars continue—in true Christian love, we again entreat you to give this subject the consideration it justly merits.

On behalf and by direction of the Peace Association of Friends in America.

ROBERT L. MURRAY, *President*, New York.

DANIEL HILL, *Secretary*, New Vienna, Ohio.

MURRAY SHIPLEY, *Treasurer*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

New Vienna, Ohio, First mo. 1, 1874.

NOTICE.

By a new postage law which goes into effect the first of January, 1875, we are obliged to prepay the postage on our papers, the *Advocate* and the *Angel*. This imposes upon us a very considerable tax, and one which we cannot well afford to pay at the low rate at which our papers, and especially the *Angel*, are furnished. But we are unwilling now to change our terms, hoping our readers, in view of the fact above stated, will promptly pay their subscriptions, will exert themselves to increase the circulation of the papers, and will be disposed to increase their donations to the Society, thus rendering it unnecessary to change our terms.

THE APOSTLE OF PEACE.—*Memoir of William Ladd*.—By John Hemmenway.—A most remarkable book of one of the greatest and best men that ever lived, well spiced with anecdotes, will be read with lively interest by the old and the young, and should be in every family and Sunday school in the land. This contains about 300 pages, with a fine likeness of Mr. Ladd.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

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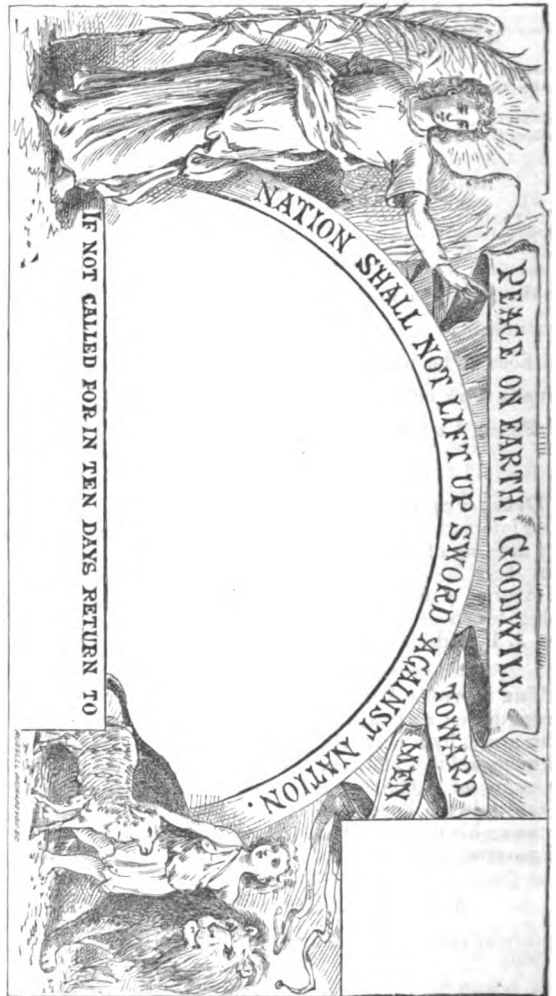
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JUNE, 1837. }

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We are much hindered in our noble work of diffusing the sentiments of peace and good will for lack of adequate funds. Millions go for war, but little is devoted to peace. Let our friends think on these things and inquire of the great "Prince of Peace," *what wilt thou have me to do?*

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NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1875.

VOL. VI. No. 6.

AN INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNAL.

THE GROUNDS FOR CONFIDENCE IN THE EFFECTIVENESS OF ITS DECISIONS.

No. 2.

A second reason for confidence in the effectiveness of the decisions of the International Court, is afforded by the *composition* and the *character* of the Court.

The tribunal for which we contend, and which we believe is demanded, is to be composed of members chosen from each one of the nations associated in the confederacy. And, although, the relative size and power of the nations may differ much, yet we maintain that each nation should have the same number of representatives in the Court, for the interests, the rights and the honor of the weaker nations, as of weaker individuals, are equally sacred, and entitled to protection with those of the stronger individuals and nations. The number of judges to be selected from each nation, we will not pretend to determine; but the analogy of two Senators from each State of the American confederacy, regardless of the size of the States, naturally inclines us to say, let two judges be appointed by each nation.

Such is to be the tribunal in its composition. And, then, as regards its character, it is to be *judicial*, a court of law, whose prerogative it is to determine what the law is in its impartiality and majesty, in its application to all nations at all times. It is to be a court of law in distinction from a court of umpires, or arbitrators appointed by parties in controversy to decide upon an existing dispute and the judges are to be jurists and publicists, the ablest, the wisest, the most fair-minded to be found in each nation. Thus the tribunal will be literally a *High Court*, the most august judicatory upon earth, so lifted above, and shielded from the influence of partisan and selfish considerations, envy and jealousy as to be the best earthly embodiment of exact and even-handed justice, presenting no unworthy resemblance to the tribunal of Infinite Justice.

Verily, might not the decisions of such a court be expected almost to enforce themselves! What reason or pretext could either of the nations, who might have referred a question to such a tribunal have for refusing obedience to its decision! No nation could charge it with partiality for its opponent; for the composition of the court deprives it of all motive for favoritism, while its character is a guarantee that the rights and claims of each party will have been carefully investigated and sacredly regarded.

Hence, it follows, that the sentiment of *honor* in the nations will operate powerfully in securing obedience to the decisions of the tribunal. This sense of honor in the nations, therefore, we adduce, as a third reason for believing the decisions of the court will be regarded. In the breast of every man that is a man, no sentiment is more vigorous, or holds a higher place

than this sentiment of honor. Every true and noble man holds his honor inviolable, and he will sacrifice his life sooner than his honor. His honor is the immediate jewel of his soul in comparison with which money is trash, is nothing.

The duel, the wager of battle between individuals is a barbarous custom indeed; but it bears testimony to the might of the sentiment of honor in the human spirit, showing that it is mightier than the love of life itself; at the same time, that the duel is a false and an atrocious method for vindicating honor. Even so, every true and noble nation esteems its honor as sacred. It guards and cherishes its good name as a jewel above price. It covets and prizes the confidence and respect of all the members of the great Family of nations, as it covets and prizes scarcely anything besides. How quickly will a high spirited nation resent an insult to its flag! How jealous it is of its honor! In a majority of cases, the pretext of nations for declaring war is to avenge an insult to their flag, to vindicate and maintain their honor. The end which they seek or profess to seek, all agree, is praiseworthy; however much we may deplore and reprobate the means they adopt to gain it.

Now, the whole force of this mighty sentiment of honor, in the nations, which has, heretofore, so often impelled them to war, will operate to induce them to abide by the decisions of the tribunal, and to avoid war. By the supposition, each nation has voluntarily entered into the compact or confederacy; each nation has voluntarily participated in the constitution of the court; each nation has voluntarily given a solemn pledge to all the others, to accept of the decisions of the tribunal. Each nation, thenceforward, is in *honor bound* to accept of those decisions. The alternative with it will be, either to abide by the decision of the court, or to sacrifice its honor, to forfeit its good name, to cast away its claim to the confidence and respect of all the members of the great Commonwealth of nations; in a word, to render itself an outcast from the Family of States.

Now, what nation would not consider itself wronged, even insulted by being thought so destitute of self-respect, as to be capable of violating its solemn pledge so publicly given, and of breaking the international treaty.

We have an instructive example: Some four years ago, Great Britain and the United States of America had a complicated and embittered controversy. They had questions to be settled involving facts and principles of a peculiar and delicate nature, and such questions as it has been generally supposed, could not be adjusted without an appeal to the arbitrament of the sword. But these nations chose a better way. They agreed to submit their differences to a tribunal composed of five able and impartial men. They pledged themselves beforehand to abide by the decision of that tribunal, whatever it might be. That decision, in due time, was rendered; and the two

nations do abide by it. Did it ever enter the thought of the British nation to refuse obedience to that decision, because it was, in some sense, adverse to her? To her eternal honor, be it said, No. That noble nation, whatever she may have thought of the merits of the award, unhesitatingly accepted it, and fulfilled her pledge promptly and to the letter. She would sooner have cut off her right hand, and plucked out her right eye, than to have refused obedience to the decision of the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal, when once she had pledged herself to abide by it. By the course which she has taken, she has maintained and vindicated her honor before the world, as she could not have done by the most successful war. She has given an illustrious exhibition of the might of the sentiment of honor in a great and noble nation, and has taught us that we may with confidence rely upon this sentiment to secure the effectiveness of the decisions of an International Tribunal.

Still another powerful sentiment will conspire with the one just named to secure the same end; that sentiment is love of country, a desire to promote the welfare and the interests of one's own nation. This sentiment is one of the constituents of patriotism, the exercise of which in its pure and noble form by any nation, enhances at one and the same time, its own good and that of the whole Family of nations. For to such an extent have the interests of the nations now become intertwined and interblended that when one suffers, all the others suffer with it. When one prospers, all the others partake more or less of its prosperity. Hence, each nationality, not only may, but *must* insist upon its rights, and employ the means that will in the highest degree conserve its own interests. Doing this, each nation, that shall have entered into the compact, and participated in the constitution of the court, can but be inclined to accept of and abide by the judgment of the court. For the alternative will be either to accept of the decision of the august, impartial tribunal, or to have recourse to war.

Between these two alternatives is it in the least doubtful how any nation would choose? The most strenuous defenders of war admit that in the ordeal of battle, justice can be only an ingredient. Compared with any properly organized legal system it is surely deplorable. Says Vattel, the eminent Swiss publicist, "It is power or prudence rather than right that victory usually declares for." Says Thomas Jefferson, "War is an instrument entirely inefficient toward redressing wrongs and multiplies instead of indemnifying losses." Says Charles Sumner, "Justice is obtained solely by the exercise of reason and judgment, but these are silent in the din of arms. Superior force may end in conquest, but it cannot adjudicate any right. We expose the absurdity of its arbitrament when, by a familiar phrase of sarcasm, we speak of the *right of the strongest*."

Now in the case supposed, the nation declaring war would do it with the knowledge, that it would find combined against itself, not only the physical, but the moral power of all the other members of the Commonwealth of nations. Is it possible to suppose any nation, having regard for its own interests, would in such circumstances, appeal from the court to the bloody arbitrament of the sword. Suppose a nation should not be wholly satisfied that justice had been done to it by the court, it could but see that it had fared unspeakably better at the hands of the court than it could expect to do by a resort to war.

Thus we have briefly indicated some of the reasons for believing that the nations will *voluntarily* abide by the decisions

of the High Court whose function it shall be to dispense international law. This faith is strengthened by reference to the operation of *civil law*.

It is admitted that civil law has not abolished the "*regime of the sword*," but it has taken the sword from the hands of the angry disputants, and has put it into the hands of the State. Behind the civil law there is indeed a physical force, even the concentrated power of the State, which in emergencies, in times of riot and rebellion, can be used to secure obedience to law. But how rarely do such emergencies exist.

The constitution of the civil court has effected the disarmament of individuals. With very rare exceptions its decisions are gladly received as final and unhesitatingly obeyed. Nor is it, in a vast majority of cases, any fear of physical force that secures obedience. Now the decisions of the International Court are far more likely to be accepted without any thought of force than are those of the civil court. The recent affair of the *Trent* is evidence of the truth of this assertion. The opinion of the great powers of Europe upon an important point of international law was informally given; and yet, as has been well said, "it was an approach to the solemn decision of judges given one by one from the bench of a great international Court of Appeal, and the prompt submission to this unanimous judgment of civilized nations on the part of America, more resembled a dignified obedience to a recognized judicial authority, than the giving up of the point in dispute to an armed opponent."

A distinguished writer, Lord Amberley, has truly said, "War is not always resorted to by nations out of pure malevolence, but often because, when their disagreements have caused a certain degree of exasperation, there is absolutely no other appeal open to them than that to the sword. Had they constantly before their eyes a tribunal which they could trust, they would be certain to bring their grievances before it, at least, in the first instance, and it would only be in the rare cases in which calm discussion did not suffice to remove them that they would have recourse to the rude ordeal of battle. But while a few such failures must be at first expected, or, at least, must not discourage us if they should happen, it is easy to foresee that they would become more and more infrequent, until at last they would entirely cease."

But suppose, as some may be inclined to contend, that the international tribunal will not in all cases accomplish its end without the use of force, yet what a vast and beneficent change even in that case, it will effect in taking the sword from the hands of the individual nation and putting it into the hands of the Supreme Law of nations! Even in that case, it would substitute for the enormous standing armies, an international police force, the cost of maintaining which and the evils of which would be as nothing in comparison with the expense and evils of the present war-system. As the substitution of the civil court for the duel and wager of battle among individuals, was a glorious step in Christian progress, so this would be the enthronement of law in its beneficence and majesty, in the place of the duel and wager of battle among the great national personalities, and it would be the most auspicious advance in the world's history. If the constitution of the tribunal should not at once abolish all war and bloodshed, it would put an end to *international war*; it would at most require only a limited police force to be maintained by the Fraternity of nations for the quelling of riots or the suppression of rebellions.

Gentlemen of the Association,—We by no means claim to have presented all the reasons for faith in the effectiveness of

the decisions of an international tribunal. But we submit that those adduced are sufficient to stimulate the most energetic endeavor for the constitution of such a court. Nothing is more manifest than that the advancing interests of civilization imperatively demand the creation of such a tribunal. Let the lofty work of its establishment engage the best thought of the best minds in all the world. Thus may the day of its accomplishment and of the deliverance of the nations from the thralldom and the inexpressible evils of the present war-system be ushered in. Then will "the scientific skill which now employs itself in the multiplication and refinement of engines for the rapid destruction of human beings, turn to worthier pursuits. The nations will dwell not only in actual tranquillity, but what is second only in importance, in security, confidence and mutual friendship."

Then shall be realized, in some good degree, the charming vision of the poet, when the

"Common sense of most shall hold a fearful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

THE REFORMER.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

'Spare,' Art implored, 'yon holy pile;
'That grand, old, time-worn turret spare.'
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, 'Forbear!'

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold;
'Why smite,' he asked in sad surprise,
'The fair, the old?'

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked; aside the dust-cloud rolled;
The Waster seemed the Builder, too;
Up-springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
What'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plow.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet-head
And mossy well.

Through prison-walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours;
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Siva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fears,
Are one, the same.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone,—

These wait their doom from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

O backward-looking son of time!
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

Take heart! the Waster builds again,
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night;
Wake thou and watch! the world is gray
With morning light. —J. G. Whittier.

Some apprehension of disturbance to the peace of Europe having grown out of the visit of the Czar to the Emperor of Germany, a dispatch from Berlin denies that there is any ground for inferring that such a contingency is possible. In the British House of Commons, the Under Foreign Secretary stated that the most satisfactory assurances of the maintenance of peace had been received from Berlin. The *North German Gazette*, of Berlin (semi-official), says, "We can give assurance that the relations of Germany and France have at no time since the war been more friendly and satisfactory than they now are;" and our own government has received an official telegram from the Russian Legation, that the Czar leaves Berlin entirely convinced of the conciliatory disposition which prevails there, and which assure the maintenance of peace.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1875.



FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

The directors of the American Peace Society respectfully submit the following as their forty-seventh annual report :

At the outset permit us to say it will be impossible, without extending this report unduly, to give a detailed statement of the operations of the Peace Society during the last year, and indeed we deem such a statement unnecessary as our periodicals, the *Advocate of Peace* and the *Angel of Peace*, month by month, have furnished a somewhat full record of what this organization has been doing to advance the great cause for which it was founded.

First of all, we gratefully recognize the fact that the last year has been among the principal nations a year of peace. During the last twelve months, bloody war has not been permitted as in recent years, to scourge and desolate our own beloved land, and we rejoice that much has been done to heal the wounds inflicted by our late direful civil strife and to restore fraternal relations between the different sections and races and peoples of our one country. May God speed, as he surely will, all earnest endeavors on the part of the people of the North and the South to abolish all sectional alienations and hostilities and to cement a perpetual union of the States, and foster a fellowship that the lapse of time will only strengthen and render more fruitful in blessings to all parts of the land. Let us hail this centennial year as an auspicious occasion for reuniting the hearts of our own countrymen in indissoluble bonds of peace, and for extending the hand of fellowship to all the nations of the earth. Thank God, too, during the last year the truce of God among European peoples has not been broken. As we have looked across the ocean, we have not been appalled by the sight of thrones dashing against thrones, and great nations dashing against great nations, and armed hosts contending in deadly conflict.

And yet our rejoicing is necessarily mingled with trembling. We have reason to fear that beneath the present armed peace of the world volcanic fires are temporarily slumbering, and that they may at almost any hour, burst forth, causing unspeakable devastation and ruin. We cannot banish from our minds these solicitudes and fears so long as brute force shall be recognized by the laws of civilized nations, as it is to-day, as an arbiter of justice between them, and the sword shall bedepended upon, as it is to-day, to maintain national existence and vindicate national honor. This fact, the existence of these laws, which must be branded as a hideous relic of barbarism, is the root of the present war-system of that mighty upas-tree which is ever exhaling poison and death, indeed, transforming the very air into poison. From this fact it has resulted that the standing armies of the world, which, at the birth of the Prince of Peace, numbered less than half a million of men, now exceed

the enormous sum of eight millions of the picked and able-bodied men, more than two millions having been added to them during the last fifteen years.

These vast and increasing preparations for war are draining the resources of the nations, plunging them deeper and deeper into debt, rendering oppressive, to a degree that will not and cannot be much longer endured, the taxes and burdens of the working people, and indeed, of all classes of society, impeding the progress of civilization, and are besides a constant menace of the peace of the world. Hence, the reform of this law of nations, which recognizes war as the means for securing international justice, and the constitution of an International Tribunal so that law may be substituted for brute force as an arbiter between nations, is the great and imperative demand of the age.

In this conviction the American Peace Society had its origin. This conviction it was that, intelligently cherished by the sainted Apostles of Peace into whose labors we have entered, Worcester and Ladd and Blanchard and Beckwith and Upham and Sumner and others, whose names give a lustre to this Society—this conviction, we repeat, it was that nerved these noble Apostles of Peace for their self-sacrificing labors, and inspired their earnest and eloquent words in behalf of a cause which, although it is "as lofty as truth and universal as humanity," has hitherto found too few to espouse, advocate and support it.

This idea of the desirableness and practicability of an international code and court of nations, has now, we rejoice to say, been embraced by numbers of the wisest statesmen and publicists of different nations ; and it has found an embodiment and expression in the recently formed "Association for the reform and codification of the Law of Nations," the organization of which happily provides for uniting in one grand league the friends of peace in all the world.

This Association has started under peculiarly favorable auspices, and its success thus far has been greater than was anticipated. It has held two Conferences, the first at Brussels in October, 1873, and the second at Geneva in September last, both of which have been occasions of marked interest. Our Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Miles, has actively participated in the formation and promotion of this Association, and as he has from time to time given to our society reports of its proceedings and work we need not enlarge upon them here. The prospects of the next annual conference of the Association, which is to be held at the Hague the first week of the coming September, we learn, with great pleasure, are very encouraging. The King and government of Holland have offered their official support to the meeting and the Conference is likely to prove to be one of especial importance and interest.

DR. MILES' THIRD MISSION TO EUROPE.

The Peace Society, at its last annual meeting, voted, that its Corresponding Secretary should represent it at the Conference of the "Association for the reform and codification of the Law of Nations," which was appointed to be held at Geneva in the following September. Dr. Miles proceeded to Europe, sailing the first of August to be in season to assist in organizing the Conference. He was absent from this country two months, and an account of his labors in connection with the Conference and of the proceedings of that body may be found in the report which he gave at a special meeting of the Peace Society held last October, which we adopt as a part of our annual report, but the reading of which we omit as it has been printed in the *Advocate of Peace* for November last.

WORK IN THIS COUNTRY.

Dr. Miles, since his return from Europe, has been engaged without interruption, in the advocacy, by voice and pen, of the great cause. He has addressed large assemblages in the principal towns and cities of New England and New York, and the presentation of the subject from the platform, and the prominent pulpits of different denominations, has been attentively and favorably received. In these meetings he has often been assisted by the clergymen, and some of the leading public speakers of the places where the meetings have been held, and as a general thing the addresses have been quite fully reported by the local papers, and thus facts and arguments illustrative of the evils of war and the blessings of peace have by these means been widely disseminated.

The Rev. H. C. Dunham, our pains-taking and devoted Office Agent, was most deservedly offered by the society last spring a vacation of six weeks. That vacation, by the kindness of a friend, who furnished the pecuniary means, he was enabled to improve by a trip to Europe; thus he had the privilege of knowing personally some of our earnest and able co-laborers in England. The trip was beneficial to his health, and since his return he has been engaged indefatigably in the discharge of his important duties.

THE PRESS.

We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to make especial acknowledgment of the very essential and increasing service, which the journals, secular and religious, of different political parties and religious denominations of our own and other countries are cheerfully rendering to us in our world-wide work. Our Secretary has found an entire readiness on the part of leading periodicals and papers to publish whatever he has been able, in connection with his other duties, to prepare; and almost weekly, during the past year through this medium, he has communicated to the public, articles more or less extended, relating to the cause of peace and designed to influence public opinion in its favor.

Thus a multitude of readers have been reached, to whom our own periodicals never find access, and seed has been widely scattered, which we trust, by the blessing of the God of Peace, will spring up and in due time bear fruit an hundred fold to his glory, and the welfare of man. The publication of the *Advocate of Peace* and the *Angel of Peace* has been continued. The *Angel* is a little paper indeed, but we have reason to believe it is much prized by the thousands of children whom it visits monthly, and we trust that many of them through its influence will have their young feet turned into the paths of wisdom, which are paths of pleasantness and peace.

ACTION OF PARLIAMENTS.

In our last annual report, we expressed the hope, that our Congress would speedily imitate the noble action of the British Parliament and the Chamber of Deputies of Italy in the adoption of resolutions in favor of arbitration. It gives us profound satisfaction to be able to say that hope has been realized. On the seventeenth of June last, our House of Representatives unanimously adopted such resolutions, and on the twenty-fifth of the same month the Senate unanimously concurred. Also our Executive, President Grant, in interviews with our Secretary has expressed his hearty approbation of this action of Congress, and has enlarged upon the blessings that would result to the world by transferring the rank and file of the enormous standing armies to industrial pursuits and peaceful callings.

To the list of national legislatures that have taken a like praiseworthy stand in condemnation of war, and in favor of peace, we have the peculiar satisfaction of adding the Diet of Sweden, the States General of Holland, and the Chamber of Representatives and Senate of Belgium. Thus within a period of less than two years, the Congresses of six important nations have adopted similar propositions. When we think of the intelligent millions of people who have thus through their representatives given expression to their sentiments—this action is not a little significant and encouraging.

CO-OPERATION OF OTHER PEACE SOCIETIES.

We should do violence to our own feelings did we not make grateful reference to the efforts of other organizations in America that, with us, are striving to promote the same glorious cause.

The Peace Association of the Society of Friends, of which Daniel Hill is the efficient Secretary, and William G. Hubbard the able lecturer, has been laboring with increased earnestness the past year, sending out monthly its excellent organ the *Messenger of Peace*, and constantly distributing tracts and other peace literature; thus scattering leaves for the healing of the nations.

The Universal Peace Union, largely under the control of that indefatigable worker in the peace cause, Alfred H. Love, has continued to make its *Voice* heard in behalf of peace and good-will, and several local societies have exerted no unimportant influence.

DECEASE OF FRIENDS.

The cause of peace, and not that alone, but many of our great philanthropic movements, have the last year suffered a severe loss in the death of Hon. Gerrit Smith, Hon. William A. Buckingham and the Hon. David Joy. Mr. Smith was, at the time of his death, the oldest of our vice-presidents, and one of the last letters he wrote was addressed to our Secretary, and was a strong expression of his interest in the work and of his assurance of its ultimate triumph. Referring to the work of the Secretary abroad, he wrote:

"Heaven will not fail to bless your grand movement, for it evidently is from heaven."

The Hon. William A. Buckingham has been for many years a warm friend of the Peace Society and has given it substantial tokens of his friendship. He was one of the original members of the United States International Code Committee, and the first member of that Committee that has died.

The Hon. David Joy, we believe, was never an officer of our Society, but he was in sympathy with it and one of its patrons. Each one of these men, whose decease we lament, was a true nobleman, an honor and a tower of strength to whatever society he was allied.

THE PROSPECT.

As we enter upon the work of another year the enquiry comes to us, "What of the night?" Doubtless the impression conveyed by what we have already said is, that the cause which we have so much at heart has made progress during the last year. We believe in some respects it has made very essential advancement in our own country and in other lands. We believe the friends of peace have reason now to thank God and take courage. And yet it is manifest that the cause at the present time demands the highest wisdom of the wise and the most vigorous exertions of the strong. We have said the last year has been among the nations a year of peace; but, alas, it has been a year of *armed* peace. The armaments

and preparations for war of Christian nations are simply gigantic. Major Brackenbury, in a lecture recently delivered in London, before many of the chief officers of the English army, estimated that ten millions of men could be put under arms at once in Europe. "Everywhere," he says, "arsenals and dockyards resound with the clang of hammers."

The horrible machinery of war was never so vast and complete as in this nineteenth century of the era of the Prince of Peace. Never since the time of the first Napoleon has civilization wasted so much of its energy and of its resources in that destructive toil, which Homer painted and denounced in the very dawn of history. It is a burning shame that this is so. Are we severe when we say such facts are a dreadful reproach to the church of the Prince of Peace?

The rumor that the Emperor of Russia intends soon to propose to the great powers partial disarmament ought not to surprise us. What could be more reasonable? Still we are hearing much said about the "limit of peace." The present peace of four years and two months is a longer period of exemption from war than has been enjoyed by the great powers at any time during the last thirty years. It is said, peace in Europe may now be considered as having reached the maximum limit of its average term of duration since the universal upheaval of 1818. It is no wonder that the unrest and apprehension of great peoples are so marked as to be felt. Nations are suspicious and jealous, fearful that war is impending, exceedingly sensitive to rumors of war. In view of this state of things what does it become peace men and peace societies to do? Shall they fold their hands and sit down? Shall they, too, say the limit of peace has been reached, we must accept war with its inexpressible woes and horrors as inevitable? For what do peace men and peace societies exist, we ask, if not to defer the limit of peace and to place it so far in the future that neither our children nor our children's children will live to see it? Surely this is the time for peace societies to rouse themselves and convince the world that they have a mission, by putting forth wise and heroic endeavors to calm and soothe the passions of nations, and to avert their fatal and terrible encounters. Let them aid, to the extent of their ability in efforts for the abolition of the present war-system and for the enthronement of law and justice in its place.

May God forbid, that the American Peace Society should rest content with the good it has already accomplished. Never, since its organization, have been offered to it such opportunities for usefulness as now present themselves. The toiling millions of all countries are groaning and travelling in pain under the crushing burdens of the war-system. Intelligent people, everywhere, are seeing and acknowledging not only the unspeakable importance of the objects of our society, but also, their practicability. Would that the friends of God and of man, would furnish us with pecuniary means adequate for the improvement of the opportunities now in the providence of God, offered to us. Then it would be difficult to set limits to the beneficent results, that might be attained by this organization.

It makes the heart ache, to be compelled to see opportunities for advancing this world-wide and most beneficent reform, lost, for the want of a few thousand dollars,—opportunities which, if they could be improved, would repay their cost, and a hundred fold more, in money, besides bringing blessings such as no money can represent. May the God of Peace dispose men and women too, who have the means, to allow this society to share in their benevolent contributions, that in the coming year it

may not be crippled and hindered as it has been in the past by the want of funds.

CONCLUSION.

In concluding our report, we must remind you, that these centennial times are to bring upon the American Peace Society increased responsibilities, and to demand of it increased activity. We are to strive to make the numerous ceremonies and celebrations commemorative of the birth of the nation, conspire for the promotion of peace at home, and the fellowship of the nations. We are to keep prominent before the world the great fact that the policy of the United States is *Peace*. We are to insist that the destiny of America, is nobler and mightier far than war. Among the papers of our late lamented Sumner, found after his death, is one, the concluding paragraph of which should be pondered by all.

"Our country needs no such ally as war. Its destiny is mightier than war. Through peace it will have everything. This is our talisman. Give us peace, and population will increase beyond all experience; resources of all kinds will multiply infinitely; arts will embellish the land with immortal beauty; the name of Republic will be exalted, until every neighbor yielding to irresistible attraction seeks new life in becoming part of the great whole; and the national example will become more puissant than army or navy for the conquest of the world."

Our manifest destiny as a nation is to illustrate the blessings and glories of a true civilization of liberty and peace at home, and so to shape our foreign policy as to promote liberty and peace among all nations. Let us hail these centennial times as an occasion to extend the hand of fellowship to all the nations. America, by its geographical position, the highway of the commerce and travel of the world, would seem to be chosen as the mediator among the nations. Let our country with gratitude accept this sublime mission and win the glory of its accomplishment.

MOTHERS' DAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

In accordance with a call issued by Julia Ward Howe for the institution of a Woman's Peace Festival, on the 2d of June annually, all over the world, meetings were held in the afternoon and evening in Institute Hall, corner Broad and Spring Garden Streets.

In the afternoon, Prof. Mary Dixon, M. D., presided, Lydia N. Schofield and Sarah M. Carver, acted as Secretaries.

An opening address was delivered by the President, giving a history of the origin and progress of these meetings.

The following document was then read by the Secretary, and adopted as the sense of the meeting:

When in the light and experience of our lives we become impressed with the monstrous crime of war, and the evils of the military system, it is our right, as it is our duty, to present the faith that is in us, in opposition to such iniquity and usurpation, and appeal for peace through higher and holier means. We, therefore, offer the following convictions.

First. We are convinced that it was a wise thought and plan of Julia Ward Howe to inaugurate "Mothers' Day" on the 2d of June of each year, to be kept throughout the world as "Woman's Festival of Peace."

Second. We are convinced, that the mother, having no hand in making war, should raise her voice and influence against a system that consigns her offspring to crime, suffering and death, and brings upon herself loss and sorrow.

Third. We are convinced, that in the education of children, the greatest care should be exercised that they imbibe no love of the so called glory of war through war-like playthings; war stories, military training, or the foolish and gaudy dress of the soldier. And as the military drill in our Girard College and other benevolent homes is calculated to nurture a war spirit, we beg our good matrons and those having controlling influence to discountenance it.

Fourth. We are convinced that life, dear to us all, and costing what it does, should be held sacred and inviolate from scaffold or battle-field.

Fifth. We are convinced that the love in woman's nature should be more thoroughly incorporated with our institutions, in which she should possess equal rights and opportunities, and thus be better able to contribute her influence to the establishment of Peace.

Sixth. We are convinced that whenever working men who are called upon to fill the armies, and who suffer the tortures of war, shall refuse to engage in deadly combat, homes will not be made desolate, and no general can find an army.

Seventh. We are convinced that the efforts making for a permanent basis of international arbitration are most opportune, and should be accompanied with disarmament, and a supplement to all present treaties, that no resort shall be had to deadly force under any circumstances whatever.

Dr. H. T. Child then addressed the meeting on the general subject of peace. He was followed by the venerable Lucretia Mott, who spoke for nearly an hour in an eloquent address, showing the progress of peace doctrines during her recollection; the great good done in the world by Peace Societies; pictured the horrors of war, and appealed strongly for international arbitration.

Miss Ella Evans then recited Longfellow's poem, "The Arsenal."

Miss Esther Jane Trimble then read a passage from Coriolanus, commencing "Mothers of Rome."

Frederick Heath, a Shaker from Cleveland, Ohio, then delivered an address, and Alfred H. Love made a few remarks.

The proceedings throughout were interspersed with music by a choir of eight voices.

In the evening the exercises were opened by singing, after which Alfred H. Love delivered an address on the importance of woman's position and work in the cause of peace.

Mrs. Virginia Barnhurst then recited a poem entitled "God's Blessed Kingdom's Come."

After music by the choir, addresses were made by Eleazer Hale, Deborah Butler and others. After which the following resolution was offered by Alfred H. Love:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be encouraged to secure an amicable adjustment of any difficulties that may exist with the Indians represented by Red Cloud, Spotted Tail and others, now in Washington, before they shall leave for their reservation.

The resolution was agreed to, and the meeting adjourned.

"ON EARTH, PEACE."

Rev. Dr. Miles, Secretary of the International Peace Congress, occupied Rev. Dr. Patterson's pulpit last Sunday, and gave a discourse of powerful and thrilling interest, from the words, "On earth, peace." Since the close of the war of the rebellion, he has devoted his life, energies and eminent talent to the great Christian principle of Peace, visiting all the civilized nations of Europe, and receiving the most gratifying encouragement from the leading statesmen and publicists of the world, who have given their personal influence to the holy cause by connecting themselves with the International Peace Congress.

Dr. Miles feels sanguine that the dawn of the era that shall see national differences settled by peaceful arbitration is upon us. He related many interesting interviews which he has had with the leading minds of Europe, and also showed the stupendous importance of the result of the Geneva Arbitration on the Alabama case. Notwithstanding England was beaten in that case, her people were as much rejoiced at the peaceful solution of the question as were our citizens.

Dr. Miles was in the House of Parliament when that decision was announced there, and says it was received with the warmest expressions of satisfaction.

The next meeting of the Peace Congress is to be held in Belgium next fall, and the Doctor has received word that the King will give it, not only his countenance, but his official support.

Dr. Miles held his large audience for an hour in the closest attention, and we heard many remark that they would have been glad to sit another hour and listen to him. He is a noble,

devoted man, and speaks with true heart-enthusiasm, though in a quiet way; and this latter is why he does not weary his audience. We wish he might address every congregation in our land.

Drs. Miles and Patterson met for the first time just eleven years ago last Sunday morning, in the army hospital at Fort-tress Munroe, where were thousands of our brave soldiers lying wounded and maimed in all conceivable terrible ways; and there together they prayed with, and worked for the comfort of these brave, suffering men; and there they formed a mutual love and respect that has never waned.

Dr. Patterson, in introducing Dr. Miles to his congregation, and the latter in commencing his address, made tender allusion to this interesting circumstance, which deeply touched the hearers. May God continue to bless this Apostle of Peace in his great Christian work.—*Suffolk Journal*.

THE NEXT STEP FORWARD.

(Translated for the Arbitrator, from *Les Etats Unis D'Europe*)

The first step towards the practical organization of the politics of peace would be made, if the arbitration clause which is in use to-day, only in an intermittent and casual fashion, should become obligatory, certain and permanent between two or more peoples.

Well! that step will be taken, that new policy will be inaugurated the day when two nations, to begin with, shall have signed between them a treaty of arbitration, i. e., simply a convention by which they mutually engage to refer to a tribunal of arbitration, (of which the said treaty would determine the composition and regulate the mode of proceeding) all difficulties of whatever nature they may be, that may arise between them during the duration of the treaty.

It may be well to remark that such a treaty is not a treaty of alliance either offensive or defensive. Such a convention would not affect the solidarity of the signatories. Each would preserve every liberty of movement of alliance of politics. Such a treaty would produce only one, but that a most important effect, it will give to each of those who shall have adopted it, the certainty that there will be peace with the consignatory of the treaty during the duration of the convention, whether for fifty, forty or thirty years, if too long an engagement is dreaded.

There is much more than this certainty, for mark that this security can extend itself indefinitely, even as the people which shall have passed a first treaty of arbitration will sign it in other cases, and so the happy contagion passing from one to another, there will be no longer only two peoples, but five, six, seven or eight who will mutually give themselves this guarantee of peace. A series of such treaties which should be successively and separately agreed upon, between England, Holland, France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Portugal, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, would form, little by little, a Europe of peace. The equilibrium of Europe would be re-established, and re-established on a pacific basis without any constraining or compromising alliance. The ten nations which we have just named would give themselves, by that act alone, the certainty that if the scourge of war struck them, it would be from beyond, that is to say, from a point determined in advance. War would not indeed be utterly suppressed, but it would be circumscribed, which is a great point gained. If the peoples adopting such a policy would not find themselves absolutely assured against all war, at least their power of resistance would be greatly increased by knowing the points from whence alone could come peril.

Is the measure which we advocate practicable? We should be glad if any one can show us the obstacle. A treaty of arbitration is as easy to draw up as a treaty of commerce, and these are framed every day. Three clauses, or four at the most, would compose a treaty of arbitration.

1. The engagement to employ exclusively arbitration during the term of the treaty.

2. The nomination of arbitrators, or rather the fixing of the mode of their nomination in case of a dispute.

3. The procedure to be followed.

4. If one is prudent the indication of the general principles which should guide the arbitrators.

That is all. There is not a jurisconsult who could not draw up such a treaty in an hour.

FRANCE AND HER RESOURCES.

Mr. McCulloch's letters concerning France and her wealth, and the manner in which she has borne the stupendous burdens consequent on her folly in entering upon the war with Germany, in 1870—have attracted much attention; and French financiering is contrasted with ours, *not* to the advantage of the latter. France has risen from her depressed state more rapidly than we have risen from ours, though she fell lower than it was our lot to fall, and her descent into the depths of debt was made with a rapidity that was not known in our case. She had to suspend specie payments, it is true, but her paper never depreciated like ours,—and she has resumed specie payments, without any injury to special interests, and with the best effect in general. She is enormously rich, and her wealth is the consequence of many causes, prominent among which are the richness of her soil, the variety of her productions, and the ingenuity, the industry, and the thrift of her people. The French are the most economical, the most saving people in the world, and a Frenchman will make a dime go farther than an American will make a dollar go. Of anything like extravagance and profusion and waste, which are so common in this country, the French know little from personal experience. There are spend-thrifts in France, as elsewhere, but they are not numerous, and they are striking exceptions among their countrymen. It is no exaggeration to say, that the French people could live, and live well to, on the waste of the American people. No wonder, then, that France is very rich.

We find in Mr. G. L. M. Strauss's work on "Men who have made the New German Empire," a passage that shows what was thought of the wealth of France by no less a person than Prince von Bismarck, four years ago, when most persons supposed that that country was ruined by the imposition of the great German fine. "In the negotiations at Versailles," says Mr. Strauss, "Bismarck had been advised on financial matters by M. Bleichroder, one of the leading Berlin bankers. About this a little anecdote is told. . . . When Bismarck first mentioned the sum of five milliards as the war indemnity exacted from France, poor Jules Favre protested that this was an 'impossible' sum, which indeed did not exist in the whole world, and could not be counted even. 'Why,' the learned French advocate exclaimed, 'if a man had begun counting at the birth of Christ, he could not up to this time have reached such an incredibly enormous total.' Of course M. Favre is no arithmetician, else he could not have committed such an egregious blunder. However, upon this point Bismarck did not enter, but, following up Favre's remark, replied quietly, pointing to Bleichroder, 'That is the very reason why I have brought a gentleman with me who counts from the creation.' (Bleichroder is a Hebrew.) Bismarck knew the enormous wealth and the immense resources of France, which at that time actually held one-fourth part of all the coin and bullion in the world!" But Bismarck has since said that he underrated French means at that time, and that, had he known them better, he would have made the indemnity much larger!

Those who are acquainted with her history are aware that there is nothing new in the rapid recovery France has made from the pecuniary losses she experienced in 1870-71. Again and again, in course of her strange history, has she been depressed to an extent that seemed to forbid recovery,—and yet has she always recovered, and become stronger than ever. Yet again has she risen, and apparently she will, though possibly not for some years, take another long and high flight. It is a pity that a people who so speedily and cleverly extricate themselves from great difficulties should not be wise enough to avoid them.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

PEACE, THE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

In a recent despatch from Washington to the associated press, special reference was made to an interview of President Grant with Dr. Miles, in which the President expressed himself strongly in favor of the effort which is being made to codify International Law, and establish arbitration as the permanent policy of nations. One of our citizens who was present, speaks of the interview as one of much interest, and says General Grant spoke quite fully and earnestly upon the evils that the

world suffers from the enormous standing armies, and upon the desirableness of providing means for the peaceable settlement of questions arising between nations.

While we are not surprised at this emphatic expression, we are glad of it as a declaration by our nation's head, a general of great military renown, the commander-in-chief of our army and navy, that whatever may be the policy of other powers, that of our own country is still what Mr. Webster in his prime affirmed it to be, "A peace policy;" and that our Congress was right in resolving as they did last summer unanimously, both House and Senate, that "the people of the United States are devoted to the policy of peace."

While we pay honor to the heroes who sealed their devotion to liberty with their lives, we must not be understood as glorifying war. To do our duty in war when it is forced upon us is one thing; to seek war, or delight in it is another thing. And we must not make the mistake of supposing our government originated in war and violence. One of our ablest thinkers has some observations upon this point which are especially worthy of attention during these centennial times. He says:

"Because our own government was founded in a revolution, we are in danger of associating a revolution with glory, of thinking that the overturn of what has been established is in itself progress to something better. But the American Revolution scarcely was a revolution in the proper sense of the term. It perpetuated the principles, and, with little change, the form of government to which the colonies had been accustomed. It only separated them from a distant nation. It only accelerated an epoch which was coming as the inevitable result of growth, only shaking the tree to hasten the fall of the ripened fruit. The benefits accruing are not the result of the revolution, but come in spite of the evils of revolutionary violence, because the change effected was the natural result of healthy growth. The immense majority of revolutions attempted by violence have been failures, and have hindered rather than helped the progress of society."

Let this fact have its deserved prominence in our thoughts and speeches and writings. Let it not be said truly of us that because the old feudal nations followed war, and have war written all over their history, we take a notion that we, though we are not a feudal nation, must repeat that history. Let us remember our destiny is nobler and mightier far than war. Peace is to be our talisman. "Give us peace," and population will increase beyond all experience; resources of all kinds will multiply infinitely; arts will embellish the land with immortal beauty; the name of Republic will be exalted, until every neighbor yielding to irresistible attraction seeks new life in becoming part of the great whole; and the national example will become more puissant than army or navy for the conquest of the world.

Our manifest destiny, as a nation, is to illustrate the blessings and glories of a true civilization of liberty and peace at home, and so to shape our foreign policy as to promote liberty and peace among all nations.

During this centennial year we gladly reach out the hand of fellowship to all nations. We lift high in the sight of all the world our banner inscribed with the motto, "On Earth, Peace." America, which on a true projection is the central continent, the highway of the world's commerce and travel, would seem to be chosen as the mediator of the nations. In endeavors to fulfil this sublime mission, let our national ambition find its stimulus and its exercise.—*Traveller*.

Though war is no longer a theatre of glory, and the heart of mankind turns from it with hate, the labors of Peace Societies are far from being complete. Even now a gloomy and portentous cloud is gathering. The treaty which closed the late war between Germany and France, gives no assurance of lasting peace, much less friendly feeling. The grasp of Alsace and Lorraine proves a cause of disturbance to Germany. France is not content. Every State in Europe is vigorously augmenting its military budget. Spain is a chaos. The alleged oppression of the Pope, and his whining complaint, is producing indications of violence. Prince Bismarck utters ferocious feelings against Rome. Russia is uneasy and disposed to aggression. Surely it is a time when every man, woman and child, who knows the way to a throne of Grace, should pray for "Peace on Earth."



WORK.

Sweet wind, fair wind, where have you been ?
 " I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky ;
 I've been grinding a grist in the mill hard by ;
 I've been laughing at work while others sigh ;
 Let those laugh who win ! "

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing ?
 " I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells ;
 I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells ;
 I'm swelling the torrents and brimming the wells ;
 Is that worth pursuing ? "

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done !
 " I've been watching the nest where my fledglings lie ;
 I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby ;
 By and by I shall teach them to fly,
 Up and away, every one ! "

Honey bee, honey bee, where are you going ?
 " To fill my basket with precious self ;
 To toil for my neighbor as well as myself ;
 To find out the sweetest flower that grows ;
 Be it a thistle or be it a rose—
 A secret worth the knowing ! "

Each content with the work to be done,
 Ever the same from sun to sun ;
 Shall you and I be taught to work
 By the bee and bird, that scorn to shirk ?

Wind and rain fulfilling His word !
 Tell me, was ever a legend heard
 Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred ;
 Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, demurred !

MILITARY GLORY.

Tell me not of the homage yet offered to the military chief-
 tain. Tell me not of the " glory " of War. Tell me not of
 " honor " or " fame " on its murderous fields. All is vanity.
 It is a blood-red phantom. They who strive after it, Ixion-
 like, embrace a cloud. Though seeming to fill the heavens,
 cloaking the stars, it must, like the vapors of earth, pass

away. Milton likens the contests of the Heptarchy to the skirmishes of crows and kites ; but God, and the exalted judgment of the Future, must regard all the bloody feuds of men in the same likeness ; looking upon Napoleon and Alexander, so far as they were engaged in war, only as monster crows and kites. Thus must it be, as mankind ascend from the thrall of brutish passions. Nobler aims, by nobler means, will fill the soul. A new standard of excellence will prevail ; and honor, divorced from deeds of blood, will become the inseparable attendant of good works alone. Far better, then, even in the judgment of this world, to have been a doorkeeper in the house of Peace, than the proudest dweller in the tents of War.

There is a legend of the early Church, that the Saviour left his image miraculously impressed upon a napkin which had been placed on his countenance. The napkin was lost, and men attempted to portray that countenance from the Heathen models of Jupiter and Apollo. But the image of Christ is not lost. Clearer than the venerated napkin, clearer than in the colors or the marble of choicest art, it appears in every virtuous deed, in every act of self-sacrifice, in all magnanimous toil, in any recognition of Human Brotherhood. It will yet be supremely manifest, in unimagined loveliness and serenity, when the Commonwealth of Nations, confessing the True Grandeur of Peace, renounces the War-system, and dedicates to Beneficence the comprehensive energies so fatally absorbed in its support. Then, at last, will it be seen, that *there can be no peace that is not honorable, and there can be no War that is not dishonorable*.—CHARLES SUMNER.

OUR DUMB RELATIONS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It was said of St. Francis of Assisi, that he had attained, through the fervor of his love, the secret of that deep amity with God and his creation, which, in the language of inspiration, makes man to be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field to be at peace with him. The world has never been without tender souls with whom the golden rule has a broader application than its letter might seem to warrant. The ancient Eastern seers recognized the rights of the brute creation, and regarded the unnecessary taking of the life of the humblest and meanest as a sin ; and in almost all the old religions of the world, there are legends of saints, in the depth of whose peace with God and nature, all life was

sacredly regarded as the priceless gift of heaven, and who were thus enabled to dwell safely amidst lions and serpents.

It is creditable to human nature, and its unperverted instincts, that stories and anecdotes of reciprocal kindness and affection between men and animals, are always listened to with interest and approval. How pleasant to think of the Arab and his horse, whose friendship has been celebrated in song and romance! Of Vogelwied, the Minnesinger, and his bequest to the birds. Of the English Quaker, visited, wherever he went, by flocks of birds, who with cries of joy alighted on his broad-brimmed hat, and his drab coat sleeves! Of old Samuel Johnson, when half-blind and infirm, groping abroad of an evening for oysters for his cat! Of Walter Scott, and John Brown of Edinburgh, and their dogs! Of our own Thoreau, instinctively recognized by bird and beast as a friend! Emerson says of him: "His intimacy with animals, suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler, the apologist, that either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him. Snakes coiled round his legs; the fishes swam into his hand; he pulled the woodchuck out of his hole by his tail, and took foxes under his protection from the hunters."

HOW JOHN BUNYAN GOT OUT OF PRISON.

Bunyan was in his day quite a controversial writer, and was very severe upon the Quakers, until he learned that through the intercession of the Quakers he obtained his release from prison. It is a somewhat noteworthy fact, now well authenticated, that Charles II. liberated Quakers and Puritans from confinement through the personal intercession of the Quakers, among whom was Richard Carver, who was mate of the fishing vessel which conveyed the king to France after the famous battle of Worcester, 1651. This honest Quaker sailor, after twenty years had rolled away, appealed to the king in person in behalf of those who were in prison.

When the fugitive king fled for his life, this sailor conveyed him on shore. The vessel was bound for Poole, coal-laden, with two passengers, who passed for merchants running away from their creditors: the fugitive king and Lord Wilmot were landed at Fecamp, in Normandy, upon the back of a Quaker, and the vessel recrossed the Channel to Poole.

When the honest sailor appeared before his Majesty, the king expressed astonishment that he had not previously sought some reward. The sailor replied that he merely had done his duty, and God had rewarded him with peace of mind.

"And now, sire, I ask nothing for myself, but that your Majesty will do the same for my friends that I did for you; set the poor, pious sufferers at liberty, that you may have that peace and satisfaction that always follows good actions." King Charles thereupon pardoned four hundred and seventy-one Quakers, and many Independents and Baptists—among them John Bunyan.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

Friend Jonathan Langston of Indiana, writes: I see some fruit of my work in the cause of peace. I was in a town getting subscribers for the *Angel of Peace*, and was directed to a house where I was told it was much needed. The man was bad, abusive to his family, and might treat me harshly. His wife was a pleasant woman and found money enough to subscribe for the good little *Angel*. While I was writing the daughter's name the husband and father came in, I spoke kindly to him and left. In about a year I was at a public house, a stranger looked at me so earnestly as to cause me to wonder. Said he, "I know you, you have been at my house, and you sent my little girl a paper—*The Angel*. There was never anything that has done us so much good." I was afterwards told that there was an entire reformation wrought in the man and that now they were a happy and prosperous family.

A beautiful thing is an *Angel of Peace*, alike in the mansions of the rich and the cottages of the poor and lowly. We hope every reader of our peace paper will become a friend of the cause and a worker, sowing the seeds of truth and peace in the hearts and homes of the people—"Blessed are they that sow besides all waters." "Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God." D.

SEEKING MOTHER.

A lady was riding in her carriage among the mountains, when they came upon an old woman, with a funny little hood on her head and a staff in her hand, walking on all alone. She was neat and clean, and her skin was soft and delicate, but her back was bent and she was barefoot.

The lady saw she was shoeless and stopped the carriage.

"Here is some money," said the lady, in a tender tone.

"What for?" said the woman, looking up pleasantly.

"To buy shoes for your poor feet. Do you not want a pair of shoes?"

The woman laughed a little low laugh, which seemed to come from a heart filled with simple, happy thoughts.

"Don't you want a pair of shoes?" asked the lady, a little hurt.

"I s'pose I do," said the woman, "but I didn't think of anybody's giving 'em to me."

"Take this bill, please, and buy you a pair," said the lady.

"God bless and reward you!" answered the woman, heartily.

The carriage drove on, the lady sank back on the seat with tears in her eyes.

"Oh," said she, "I thought I saw my own mother in that dear old lady. She had just such a sweet face and pleasant voice. You don't know how I felt when I thought of my mother, old and feeble, walking with bare feet over the rough rocky road."

If we all saw fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, in the poor, the cold, and the hungry, what a world this would soon be.—*Child's World*.

LITTLE TANGLES.

"Once there was a king, who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and patterns were all given by the king. He told the workers, that, when any difficulty arose, they should send to him, and he would help them and never to fear troubling him.

"Among many men and women busy at the looms, there was one little child who worked cheerfully, though often alone. One day, when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures,—their silks were tangled, and their weaving unlike the pattern,—they gathered round the child, and said,—

"Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver. "He told us that we might do so."

"So we do night and morning."

"Ah!" said the child; "but I send *directly* when I find I have a little tangle."

"So let us take all our wants and troubles directly to the Lord in prayer. He invites us so to do, and promises to help us."—*Well Spring*.

"I WANT IT."

"I want it."

"You shan't have it."

"I want it, and I will have it."

"I want it myself, and I'm going to keep it."

That's the way the trouble generally begins. It is in a mild way at first, and even tolerably pleasant; no scratching nor hitting, nor pounding, nor tearing, nor saying very ugly words, nor doubling up of little fists.

"I want it" has caused more quarrels than almost anything else in the world. Often a quarrel has begun with a very little want, almost as small as a child's doll. One side wanted it as much as the other side did. The question got to be, who was the strongest? It generally turned out that the strongest wanted it the most, and got it if it was worth having. If what was wanted turned out not to be worth having, the strong one would generally let the little one have it.

To quarrel and snatch and try to get every good thing that we see that belongs to other people is not lovely.

If you want people to love you and treat you kindly, begin early to treat everybody else kindly.—*Good Cheer*.



A FIRESIDE STORY ABOUT A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Highland widow left her home early one morning in order to reach, before evening, the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her to pay her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long one. I was following the same wild and lonely path when I first heard the story I am going to tell you. The mountain-track, after leaving the small village by the sea shore where the widow lived, passes through a green valley, watered by a peaceful stream which flows from a neighboring lake; it then winds along the margin of the solitary lake, until near its further end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse-wood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half-way up a rugged mountain-side; and, entering a dark glen, through which a torrent rushes amidst great masses of granite, it at last conducts the traveller, by a zigzag ascent, to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in upon every side by giant precipices; overhead is a strip of blue sky, while all below is dark and gloomy. From this mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey indeed! But the rent was due some weeks before, and the sub-factor threatened to dispossess her, as the village in which she lived, and in which her family had lived for two generations, was about to be swept away, in order to enlarge a sheep farm. Indeed, even then might be traced the ruins of many a hamlet, where happy and contented people once lived but where no sound is now heard except the bleat of a solitary sheep, or the scream of the eagle.

The morning when the widow left her home, gave promise of a lovely day. But before noon, a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle with black squalls, the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May, for the storm is yet remembered as the "great May storm." The wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier or faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain-pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock! Weary, and wet and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child.

She knew that a mile beyond it, there was a mountain sheiling which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. To turn home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wildcat's or fox's den would be welcome. After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a more sheltered nook. She crouched beneath a projecting ledge of rock and pressed her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold.

The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapt him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend herself from the piercing cold of such a night as this. But whatever was to become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess, which afforded them at best but miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother stripped off almost all her own clothing and wrapped it round her child, whom, at last, in despair, she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some dried heather and fern. And now she resolved, at all hazards, to brave the storm and return home, in order to get assistance for her babe, or to perish in the attempt! Claspings her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift. That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain-tops, while a thousand waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen with long poles, examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is heard from one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead; her arms stretched forth as if imploring for assistance! Before noon they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Her almost naked body revealed her love.

Many a tear was shed, many an exclamation expressive of admiration and affection was uttered, from enthusiastic sorrowing Highland hearts when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers in the deserted house of mourning, and, by prayer, and fatherly exhortation, sought to improve for their souls' good an event so sorrowful.

ATTENTION TO STRANGERS.

When new-comers enter a community, inquiry should immediately be made as to whether they have friends or associates, to render sympathy and kind attentions; and, when there is any need for it, neighborly kindness should immediately be offered. It should be remembered that the first days of a stranger's life in any place are most dreary, and that civility and kindness are doubled in value by being offered early.

In social gatherings the claims of the stranger are too apt to be forgotten; especially in cases where there are no peculiar attractions of personal appearance, or talents, or high standing.

Such a one should be treated with attention *because* he is a stranger, and when communities learn to act more from principle, and less from selfish impulse on this subject, the sacred claims of the stranger will be less frequently forgotten.—*H. B. Stowe.*

The best philosophy—a contented mind.

The best statesmanship—self government.

The best theology—a pure and beneficent life.

The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance.

The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

The best science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy way.

"INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-WHITE FLOWER."

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Innocent child and snow-white flower!
Well are ye paired in your opening hour.
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own young heart,
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one! though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossom with earnest brow,
Soon will it tire thy childish eye;
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower;
Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.

A PHILOSOPHICAL COLORED MAN.

An elderly colored man, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatting upon his bundle on the hurricane deck of one of the western river steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. His dress and appearance indicated familiarity with camp life, and it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned farther. His philosophy was so peculiar, that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory will serve me:

"Were you in the fight?"
"I had a little taste of it, sa."
"Stood your ground, did you?"
"No, sa, I runs."
"Run at the first fire, did you?"
"Yes, sa, an' would have run soona, had I know'd it was comin'."
"Why that wasn't very creditable to your courage."
"Dat isn't in my line, sa; cookin's my professhun."
"Well! but have you no regard for your reputation?"
"Reputation's nuffin to me by the side of life."
"Do you consider your life more than other people's?"
"It's worth more to me, sa."
"Then you must value it very highly?"
"Yes, sa, I does; more dan all dis world, more dan a million dollars, sa; for what would that be wuth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preserbashun is the first law wid me."
"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"
"'Cause, sa, diff'rent men sets diff'rent value upon der-selves; my life is not in de market."
"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."
"What satisfaction would dat be to me, when der power of feelin' was gone?"
"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"
"Nuffin' whatever, sa."
"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance."
"Yes, sa; der would have been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scales 'gainst any gubermant dat ever existed, for no gubermant could replace de loss to me. 'Spect dough dat de gubermant safe, if da all like me."
"Do you think any of your company would have missed you, if you had been killed?"
"Maybe not, sa. A dead white man ain't much wid dese sojers, let alone a dead nigga; but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

LIVINGSTONE AND HONESTY.—The one incident of which Livingstone thought he had reason to be proud is thoroughly characteristic, and we give it in his own words:

"Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations of the family before him; and the only point of the tradition I feel proud of is this: One of these poor, hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence, and it is related that when he was on his death-bed, he called all his children around him, and said, 'Now, in my lifetime, I have searched most carefully through all the traditions of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you, or any of your children should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you, Be honest.'"
—*British Quarterly Review*.

PROFANITY —We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the topmost current. One cannot go on the streets anywhere without having his ears offended with the vilest of words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old or the middle-aged alone, for it is a fact, as alarming as true, that the younger portion of the community are most proficient in the degrading language. Boys have an idea it is smart to swear; that it makes them manly; but there never was a greater mistake in the world.—Men, even those who swear themselves, are disgusted with profanity in a young man, because they know how, of all bad habits, this clings the most closely, and increases with years. It is the most insidious of habits, growing on so invisibly that almost before one is aware he becomes an accomplished curser.

FENEBERG'S LOAN TO THE LORD.—A poor man with an empty purse came one day to Michael Feneberg, the godly pastor of Seeg, in Bavaria, and begged three crowns, that he might finish his journey. It was all the money Feneberg had, but as he besought him so earnestly in the name of Jesus he gave it. Immediately after, he found himself in great outward need, and seeing no way of relief, he prayed, saying, "Lord, I lent Thee three crowns; Thou hast not yet returned them, and Thou knowest how I need them, Lord, I pray Thee, give them back." The same day a messenger brought a money-letter, which Gossner, his assistant, reached over to Feneberg, saying, "Here, father, is what you expended." The letter contained two hundred thalers, or about one hundred and fifty dollars, which the poor traveller had begged from a rich man for the vicar; and the childlike old man, in joyful amazement, cried out, "Ah, dear Lord, one dare ask nothing of Thee, for straightway Thou makest one feel so much ashamed!"

President Porter, of Yale College, recently gave the following laconic advice to the students in the course of an extended address: "Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil."

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AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS,

INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY, ON BEHALF OF THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

It is well known to our Christian brethren that the Religious Society of Friends has ever believed that all war is entirely forbidden by the Gospel, and that, in accordance with that belief, its members have as a rule, refrained from taking any part in carnal warfare; and for refusing to comply with military requisitions, or to pay fines for thus refusing, many, in years past, have suffered distraint of goods to large amounts, and not a few have been imprisoned. Beside a passive testimony thus borne by members individually, the Society has, from time to time, issued its public protest against this heathen and wicked custom.

But while we have cause to feel thankful for the amelioration of military laws, whereby our members are now generally exempt from suffering, we are pained in knowing that war, with all its horrors, is yet allowed and practiced by all the Christian nations, and sanctioned by the larger portions of the Christian Church. As Christians, we all believe in the fulfillment of prophecy. Dr. Chalmers, more than fifty years ago, testified that "the mere existence of this prophecy of peace is a sentence of condemnation upon war, and stamps a criminality on its very forehead. So soon as Christianity shall gain a full ascendancy in the world, from that moment war is to disappear."

Believing that it is only by a full and proper application of the Gospel in the affairs of nations, as well as individuals, that the prophecies in regard to war will be fulfilled; and believing, as a branch of the church which has so long seen the true character of this heathen abomination, that we were not doing all that we should do toward enlightening our brethren on this important subject, most of the Yearly Meetings of Friends have united in the organization of "The Peace Association of Friends in America," to which is delegated this important work, with instructions to labor expressly on their behalf in the more general promotion of the cause of peace.

The Association, in the fulfillment of its trust, has thus far mostly confined its labors to the printing and circulation of books and tracts, and the publication of a monthly paper called

the *Messenger of Peace*. During the few years of its existence, millions of pages have been distributed far and wide, and many acknowledgments have been received of the convincing effects of the truth therein inculcated.

The attitude of millions in the prime of manhood, now kept constantly armed and equipped for mutual slaughter by the nations of Europe, and the sudden uprising of the war spirit in our midst, convince us of the necessity of further and more direct efforts to arouse and awaken the public to a clearer appreciation of the true character of this monstrous evil. If it is only by the full application of the Gospel that war can be abolished, surely it is the duty of the church to labor for its proper application.

But, in view of the apathy that so generally prevails, we feel constrained to appeal directly to our Christian brethren, individually and collectively, earnestly entreating them to take this subject into prayerful consideration in all its bearings. Can we believe that if the members of the Christian church everywhere were entirely to refrain from taking part in carnal warfare, that professedly Christian nations could any longer continue the custom? If we believe this, we must also believe that the responsibility for the continuance of war rests upon the church. Dear fellow professors, can you rest satisfied in continuing to bear the weight of this awful responsibility?

While statesmen and publicists are laboring to relieve suffering humanity from the blight of this dreadful curse, the church of Christ remains silent. Surely it is time for it to arise from its slumber and to proclaim its supremacy! Is not eighteen hundred years long enough for its white robes, which should be pure and spotless, to have been stained in blood! Must the skirts of the visible church be longer polluted with the gore of the battlefield, and stained with the tears of the orphan and the widow? While war, as has been said, seems to aim at setting up the kingdom of Satan in the earth, alas! the church remains to be its very bulwark.

Surely it is time to wipe out this reproach against Him, at whose coming into the world, peace on earth and good will to men was proclaimed, and engage in this holy warfare against the supremacy of Satan's kingdom.

Therefore, in behalf of suffering humanity, and in behalf of the cause of the blessed Prince of Peace, whose mission on earth is not fulfilled while wars continue—in true Christian love, we again entreat you to give this subject the consideration it justly merits.

On behalf and by direction of the Peace Association of Friends in America.

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New Vienna, Ohio, First mo. 1, 1874.

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By a new postage law which goes into effect the first of January, 1875, we are obliged to prepay the postage on our papers, the *Advocate* and the *Angel*. This imposes upon us a very considerable tax, and one which we cannot well afford to pay at the low rate at which our papers, and especially the *Angel*, are furnished. But we are unwilling now to change our terms, hoping our readers, in view of the fact above stated, will promptly pay their subscriptions, will exert themselves to increase the circulation of the papers, and will be disposed to increase their donations to the Society, thus rendering it unnecessary to change our terms.

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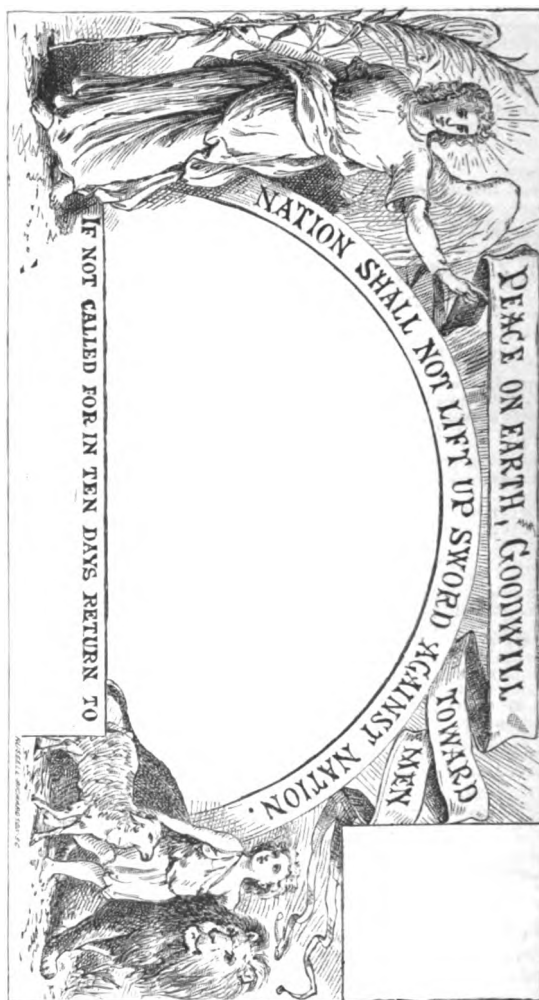
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JUNE, 1837. }

BOSTON, JULY, 1875.

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NOTE.

We are much hindered in our noble work of diffusing the sentiments of peace and good will for lack of adequate funds. Millions go for war, but little is devoted to peace. Let our friends think on these things and inquire of the great "Prince of Peace," *what wilt thou have me to do?*

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The Advocate is sent gratuitously to the reading rooms of Colleges and Theological Seminaries—to Young Men's Christian Associations—to every pastor who preaches on the Cause of Peace and takes a collection for it. Also, to prominent individuals, both ministers and laymen, with the hope that they will become subscribers or donors, and induce others to become such. To subscribers it is sent until a request to discontinue is received with the payment of all arrearages.

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BOSTON, JULY, 1875.

VOL. VI. No. 7.



Dan Webster

DANIEL WEBSTER, THE GREAT STATESMAN OF PEACE.

I have from the pen of Mr. Webster a testimony to the influence of Christianity and of the peace of nations. I had obtained, in my Book of Peace, near one hundred of the most distinguished names in America to the value of the Christian peace of nations. Last of all I handed the book to Mr. Webster. He wrote thus:—

“I concur in sentiment with all those who think that improvement in arts, the diffusion of knowledge, and above all the influence of the Christian religion, tend strongly to render war more and more an object of dread and dislike. The peace of the world must be the wish of every good man in it.—DANIEL WEBSTER.”

Certainly, Mr. Webster has been the advocate of peace—never of war, no, never. He has had but one opportunity in Congress to cast his vote for peace or war, and he cast that one vote for peace with Mexico. Yes, there is one other war. Was he not always in opposition to the war with the Florida Indians? He first came into Congress after the war of 1812 had commenced, and his first and one of his most earnest Congressional speeches was made in opposition to that war.

The act of all his acts, the very ablest, the one in which I felt and feel now more gladness of heart than any other, was the Ashburton treaty. It was, and is a treaty of peace, without war, before war, and saving war. Such treaties have been

the rich and rare acts of nations. I believed at the time, and still believe in common with a great many others, that no other man in our nation could have surmounted the difficulties and secured that treaty, and the peace and friendship between these nations which have followed, and are likely to continue. I gave God thanks that he retained the office of Secretary of State till that treaty was made. I wondered that every friend of the country did not encourage him to continue Secretary of State so long as Tyler was President. If he could have continued to the end of the term, would it not have been a rich blessing to our nation, that the extension of the slavery policy, and the war with Mexico should have been prevented? Mr Webster never held the office, or received the rewards or the honors of war. No, never in any case. Of all the honors now being bestowed on him, not one of them is in any way giving glory to war. Every one of his acts that has made him great, is a deed of peace. Every word, or vote, or thought of his, which has advanced the interest or glory of the nation, has given it progress on the highway of peace, at home and abroad. His renown is not at all, like that of Wellington, in deeds of war, the good results of which have already disappeared from Europe. Nor has his eloquence any of the element of Demosthenes, awakening his countrymen to unequal and unavailing war. But his were the acts, the feelings, the pursuits, the eloquence of peace.

The honors conferred on Webster are not given to acts that are lost and dead to the nation, for deeds that have loaded the nation with debts which they have nothing to show, for deeds that have trodden down millions of able men, sons, brothers, husbands, into the soil of Europe enriched with their blood, and whitened with their bones; and there is no good thing to show for all these slain. Such fearful and vanishing glories are now being bestowed on the grave of Wellington.

But surely the institutions of our country are the fresher and more prosperous for the hand and the voice and the heart of Daniel Webster, our great citizen, in them, for the last forty years.

Let the inscription on his monument be,—

He was a man of peace;
His counsels and his treaty
Saved his country from wars.

—Rev. Aaron Foster in 1853.

HOW QUEEN VICTORIA PREVENTED WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Thurlow Weed, in a recent letter to the *New York Tribune*, says, "on trustworthy information":—That on three occasions during the first year of the rebellion, Queen Victoria contributed essentially to the preservation of peace between this country and England. On two occasions her majesty discountenanced suggestions from the French government, which meant war. The first was a proposition for joint intervention of France and England, the object being a recognition of the Confederate government. The second was the introduction into parliament, after an interview by the mover with the French emperor, of a resolution repudiating our blockade. The popular feeling in England was so strongly in favor of the Confederate states, that our friends in parliament and in the cabinet, but for the conviction that their course was totally approved by their sovereign, would have found themselves unable to successfully resist those hostile measures. When the despatch demanding the surrender of Mason and Slidell was read by Lord Palmerston to the queen, and the consequences of a refusal were explained, her majesty was startled and distressed at the idea of a war with America. Taking the despatch to the prince consort, then in his last illness, the queen asked him to read it, saying she thought the language and spirit harsh and peremptory. The prince, concurring in her opinion, subjected the despatch to erasures and interlineations, in which amended form it was returned to the premier. In relating this to Sir Henry Holland the queen added: "That was the last time the prince used his pen."

It is but one step from companionship to slavery when one associates with vice.—*Hosea Ballou.*

PEACE ON EARTH.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

(Written for Mothers' Day, 1875, and read at the Peace Festival, in Jersey City, New Jersey.)

There is peace within the summer woods,
When all the air is still,
Save I heard at times the song of birds,
Or ripple of the rill
There's peace upon the ocean, when
The waves have sunk to rest,
And midnight stars are beaming,
Reflected from its breast.

There's peace within the quiet home,
Where love its shelter finds,
And Christ's great golden precept,
Each inmate sweetly binds.
There's peace within the student-halls,
Where wisdom hath her seat,
And every pupil sits with love,
And wonder at her feet.

Sweet peace enthroned reigns in each heart
Which hears the Master's voice,
And of the upward pathway makes
Its free and glad some choice.
And evermore to such a soul,
Across life's stormy sea,
Is borne the cadence that was heard
In far-off Galilee.

The promise waits, the moments haste,
God's purpose cannot fail;
And soon the voice of Christ must sound,
O'er every hill and dale.
The angel anthem echo find
On every sea and shore—
'Til peace on earth, good will to men,
Is law forevermore.

THE WOMAN'S PEACE FESTIVAL—MRS. HOWE'S ADDRESS.

It has seemed to me, in the brilliant days of which we have lately counted so many, that the beautiful weather must soon be interrupted, and that this interruption would be very likely to come on the day of this, our Peace Festival. Yet my heart has borne up even under this discouraging anticipation. God's designs, I thought, are not fair weather plans. Their success is sure, though all the elements should waste and fail. And we, who have put our hand to this work of peace, have joined the army which has in view the slowest and surest of the divine victories, the reconciliation of human interests and the unification of human affections in one great love reaching up to God, our Father, and reaching out to all mankind.

You will remember that the apostle Paul, in one of his sublime statements, avers that he and his fellows war not against individuals, but against institutions and tendencies.

Oh! this slow, hard warfare! Eighteen hundred years have passed and have seen it advancing indeed, but very far from completion. It is a fight which every generation renews, since all the selfish human tendencies are born anew into the world with every set of children who are born into it. But it is a warfare in which we inherit not only the victories, but also the weapons of those who have gone before us. Nay, the crystal armor of our chief is bequeathed to us. He who first breathed this brave battle-cry of peace and good will against the raging passions of the multitude has left us every secret of his plan and of his power. The victory of which we shall speak to-day dates back to the birth star of Bethlehem, and forward into the blessed eternity.

It was by a sudden act of perception, five years ago, that I saw the great part which women are to play in the pacification of the world. The element of struggle and of contest is planted most strongly in the man, to whom the roughest tasks of society are entrusted. It is through a beneficent provision of the

Great Creator that he whose office it is to subdue the savage earth should delight in his hard work. The leap of the horseman, the pursuit of the huntsman, the swinging axe of the woodman, all these exercise with pleasurable sensation the muscles of the masculine body, overflowing with strength, and clamoring for use. But self goes further than this, and suggests to the man first an emulation, a contest with other men, and then, the wrestling from them advantages which the weaker arm cannot keep against the stronger. The sense of justice now comes in, to show that might does not make right, and that all which really belongs to the weak man is as truly and inalienably his as what belongs to the strong man.

Nations have never adopted this rule in their relations with each other. Neither have races adopted it, but the failure to do so is a blot upon Civilization. Even among individuals, law has still much of a military character. It is a bloodless warfare, in which as in war, all is counted fair which can be made to succeed.

Now where do we find provided in Nature a counter-influence, a passion and power which shall be as conservative of human life as masculine influence is destructive of it?

In an organization which gives this life through months of weariness, through hours of anguish, and through years of labor—an organization in which suffering is the parent of love, and all that is endured receives its final crown in the life and well being of something other than self. Christ says that a woman cries out when her hour is come, but when she is delivered she remembereth her pains no more, for joy that a man is born into the world. So a woman is led by nature itself, nature the source of all selfishness, into a disinterested and unselfish affection, on whose integrity rests the very foundation of human society. So much for nature, in its blind instinctive aspect. But nature too, intellectual and moral, generates ideals, types of character compounded out of what is best in man and woman, which grow to be accepted of men and of women, and so come in time to govern the race. So the savage individual, the collective type gives way before the father-ideal, just and noble. To this is added the mother-ideal, tender and merciful. The office of the stronger is seen to be the protection and nurture of the weaker. The war-ideal, with its rules of loyalty and honor, is better than the savagery of primitive man. But it is partial and masculine, and father and mother together bring in the blessed peace-ideal, whose glory is rising more and more to fill the horizon of our day.

Ideals do not die, but one gives place to its superior, and so they continue in ever ascending series. Christ was the first, I truly believe, to see the beautiful peace ideal to which this day is consecrated. We to-day can analyze his thought, and see what separate elements made up his view of human kind. The divine omnipotence of love—the inexhaustible love of the divine Father for his human children—the eternal and absolute character of spiritual good, and man's power of attaining it. These make up the peace possibility which Christ saw in the world. Those who doubt any one of these points, have not the faith of Christ. They do not believe as he believed.

As a necessary condition of what it was bound to accomplish, Christianity insisted upon a recognition of equality where men before had delighted to insist upon inequality—"neither Greek nor Jew, neither male nor female, neither bond nor free." Christianity could only work upon this basis and all that founds itself upon the inherent superiority of one class of human beings to another, is not Christianity.

Let us return to what I was saying about ideals. We crown and celebrate them, and, in this centenary year, men are doing honor to the ideals of one hundred years ago.

I have been puzzled, in looking back to those times of a bloody and momentous struggle, to determine exactly how we should recognize and revere them. It is a great good thing for all the world that our ancestors were immovable in their determination to possess representative government in its purity and entrenchment. I am glad on the one hand to bow to the simple majesty of their faith and will. On the other hand, I do not wish to see the military ideal recognized as the highest, and so perpetuated and handed down. I think, too, that the

peace ideal will never be established and perpetuated without the direct intervention of Woman in the administration of the human estate. Hers is that opposite organization which is constrained to hold life sacred, knowing its bitter cost, which is impelled and trained to long suffering, to patience, to disinterested endurance and affection, by every instinct, whose opposite renders man violent and self-asserting. Under the twofold pressure of these necessities, I think that I at last discern a way in which we women may plant upon the centennial graves a tree whose growth may shelter all the nations of the earth in perpetuity. We may bind the New Testament of Peace beside the Old Testament of War, but so that the authority of the one shall forever transcend that of the other. Peace is the outcome of all the promises, of all the prophecies. Peace will never be had until the peaceable class shall bear its legitimate rule and sway. And we women, even on the Fourth of July, 1876, when the drums shall roll, and the trumpets sound, and the fiery troops march forth as if to battle, we can marshal our forces under the white banner of peace. We can say with word and song and sacred emblem, "Peace is to reign on earth—and under its sway all nations, all classes and both sexes are to be free and equal."

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

In the midst of the absorbing excitement which attends naturally enough the numerous centennial celebrations commemorative of the Revolutionary era, there is some danger that the quiet and unobtrusive efforts which are being made to render unnecessary destructive warfare will be pretty much lost sight of. Peace bath her victories as well as War, and even greater than War. It is one of the certain tokens of an advancing civilization, that the policy of peaceful arbitration for the settlement of international difficulties is commanding at the present time the attention of nearly all nations, and that it has received the formal approval of the Congress of the United States, and of the Governments of Great Britain, Holland and Belgium.

It may not be generally known to our readers that an International Peace Conference, to which representatives of all nations are invited, has been summoned to be held in September next, at the Hague in Holland, to consider the subject of establishing an International Court of Arbitration for the equitable settlement of all difficulties which may hereafter arise between nations, without a resort to arms. The American Secretary of the International Association, under the auspices of which the Conference has been called, is the Rev. J. B. Miles, D. D., of Boston. The United States, we understand, will be well represented, and it is expected that most of the European nations, through delegated representatives, will participate in its deliberations. We hail this international gathering as one of profound importance.

As the duel has ceased to be generally recognized as a rational method of adjusting personal differences, so, in the light of an advancing civilization, the impolicy of resorting to arms, and of relying upon mere brute force for the settlement of international troubles must ere long become fully apparent.

Many years ago Franklin raised the pertinent inquiry: "When will mankind be convinced that all wars are follies, very expensive, and very mischievous, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration?" Nor is it actual warfare which constitutes the only, or even the chief objectionable feature of the war system. Wars are acute, but are of temporary duration; the great and exhaustive incubus of standing armies which the war system necessitates, is perpetual, a continual obstacle in the pathway of progress and of a higher civilization. Of this great burden we know comparatively little in this country.

It will be remembered that to this beneficent reform, which the September Conference is called to promote, the late Senator SUMNER gave largely his valuable co-operation, and his warmest sympathy. It merits a like recognition from all good citizens. We trust the Conference at the Hague may do much for the extension of the humane principle and method of arbitration among the nations.—*Northampton Journal*.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, JULY, 1875.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF
THE LONDON PEACE SOCIETY, 1875.

GENERAL OPERATIONS.

The Society during the past year has pursued its usual course of operations at home, endeavoring to engage the attention and to enlist the sympathies of the public in favor of its principles and objects, by means of meetings and lectures and a diligent use of the press.

THE LADIES' PEACE AUXILIARY.

During the year the Committee have received useful aid from the Ladies' Peace Auxiliary Society, under the active Honorary Secretaryship of Mrs. Southey. This organization (whose annual report is about to be issued) has held a regular series of meetings of its members and others. It has also carried on a correspondence with ladies interested in the question, in various parts of the kingdom and on the Continent. Considering the great influence which women have in their power to exert in forming or modifying public opinion, it is of the utmost importance that their co-operation on behalf of peace should be, as far as possible, enlisted and increased.

WORKMEN'S PEACE ASSOCIATION.

The Workmen's Peace Association, entirely under the direction of a body of intelligent working men, has also been carrying on its operations during the year with constancy and zeal. The Committee desire to renew the expression of their sense of the extreme value of the co-operation of this Society. They can gain access to a class (and of all others, perhaps on this subject, the most important class, both from their numbers and from their being the greatest victims of, and sufferers by war) which can in no other way be so effectually reached and influenced.

GENERAL SURVEY.

In taking a general survey of the question of Peace and War at the present moment, it is impossible not to be struck with two classes of facts of a different and, indeed, of a totally opposite character, which meet the eye. One class of facts indicate the rapid growth of a sentiment in favor of peace among the nations of the civilized world. In proof of this the Committee think they are fairly entitled to point to the increasing favor with which the principle of arbitration, as a substitute for war, is regarded in so many quarters. Three years ago the Committee of the Peace Society, in an appeal they issued to their friends, indicated two modes of operation, which they thought might be undertaken with great advantage at that time.

1. The first was, to bring the public opinion of our own country to bear upon the government, with a view that it should take the initiative in a movement for the establishment of a permanent system of international arbitration.

2. The other was to endeavor, to a larger extent than had hitherto been done, to promulgate peace principles on the con-

tinents of Europe, in the hope that a similar opinion might be created there, which could in like manner be brought to bear through the Legislatures on their respective governments.

The Committee cherish a confident hope that in the new National Assembly which must, ere long, be elected in France, there will be some men who will see that the question is at least fairly brought for consideration before that body, and they have reason to believe that even in the German Parliament there are gentlemen of eminence and influence ready to associate themselves with this movement, if happily the ill-feeling which the military class is perpetually fomenting between their own country and France, were allowed to subside.

CUI BONO?

It may be asked, and has been asked by that sceptical and cynical generation which waits upon this enterprise, as Shimei waited upon David, What advantage is there of this movement in favor of arbitration? The answer is, "*Much every way.*" It is surely an advantage that the conscience of Christian nations should be so far educated as to pronounce distinctly on the side of reason and justice against the reign of terror and brute force. It is surely an advantage that, in countries, the aggregate population of which amounts to 112 MILLIONS of souls, the peoples, through their respective representative assemblies, have already expressed their conviction that there is a more excellent way of adjusting international differences than by the wholesale and mutual murder of war. It is surely an advantage that the governments who hold the destinies of the millions in their hands, should be thus significantly reminded that those suffering millions are not satisfied with the present system of regulating the relations and intercourse of States. And it is an immense advantage that, when the time comes, as come it will before long, when this question must be pressed upon the attention of those governments in a direct and practical form, those doing so will be able to back and fortify their case by pointing to the fact that the nations themselves have emphatically declared in favor of law against violence, and that the responsibility therefore of perpetuating the present state of anarchy and barbarism must rest distinctly on the rulers and not on the people.

WIDE APPLICABILITY OF THE PRINCIPLE.

But we are frequently told that arbitration is only fitted to deal with one class of questions of a comparatively unimportant nature, which touch the material interests of nations, but that it is not applicable to those in which points of honor and national susceptibility are involved. The answer is that this is a perfectly gratuitous assumption, which is contradicted by the notorious fact that questions in which national susceptibilities were involved in a high degree, have been settled by arbitration, of which the Alabama difficulty itself is a pregnant illustration. Everybody knows, who is acquainted with the state of feeling that existed between England and the United States, especially on the part of the latter, that the question was infinitely more one of national susceptibility than of pecuniary compensation. Precisely the same objection was for generations raised against submitting matters in dispute between individuals to the authority of law rather than to the strong arm. It was said that questions of honor could not be brought before courts, and hence the foolish and wicked usage of duelling was perpetuated almost to our own day. But happily we have lived to see the time in our own country at least, when all men regard with equal horror and scorn the idea that

it is more *honorable* to imbrue your hands in your neighbor's blood than to bring your case against him to the arbitration of reason and justice before the established tribunals of your country.

THE DARK SIDE.

But we must now turn to look at the other, the less favorable side of the question. While the nations are thus everywhere, in their collective capacity, proclaiming their hatred of war and their intense longing for peace, and demanding of their governments that they should adopt practical means to avert the one and to establish the other, we find those in authority, led by the sinister example of two or three great powers, plunging deeper and deeper into that insane rivalry in armaments which is converting all Europe into one huge camp. Undoubtedly the reason for this is, that the people have suffered the supreme control of their affairs to fall into the hands of the military class, who, instead of being the servants have become the masters of the nations. Everywhere—in courts, in councils, in parliaments—their influence is predominant. Their fixed idea seems to be that the great end of human life is to fight; that God's rational creatures have been called into existence that they may be delivered into their hands to be drilled and manipulated for purposes of war; that all the interests of human society, all its industry and commerce, all its science and art, nay, all its education and religion, are important mainly as they can be made to serve the objects and feed the requirements of war. The consequence is that they bid fair to convert the whole population of Europe into two classes which may be described as beasts of prey and beasts of burden. They lay their hands on all the young men, just as they are rising into life, and, dragging them away from their homes, their callings and their opening prospects, compel them to enter the military service and to learn the art of homicide. The burden is becoming so intolerable that tens of thousands of the rising youth of various European countries, especially of Germany, are escaping from it by expatriation, while thoughtful men are anxiously asking what may be ultimately the result on the internal peace and order of these nations, when they find all the men of all classes in society, including the needy, the vicious, the discontented, trained to the use of arms. It is, however, satisfactory to find that there is now a universal recognition of the fact, that the existence of these enormous armaments is a standing menace to the peace of the world. The old preposterous fallacy—that if you wish for peace you must prepare for war—has to be abandoned in presence of the flagrant fact, that Europe is kept in a state of perpetual disquietude and alarm just because it is filled with the inflammable materials supplied by the presence of these armed hosts and all the warlike appliances which are being multiplied on all hands.

THE REMEDY.

For the general evil which afflicts Europe there seems no remedy except that the people in all countries should insist upon wresting the control of their destinies out of the hands of the military class, who are becoming more and more the tyrants of the nations. The cry must be raised from one end of Europe to another, and that in a voice so universal and emphatic that the governments shall not dare to disregard it—the cry of “Disarm, disarm, disarm!” as the only thing that can save the nations from bankruptcy and barbarism.

The Committee are perfectly aware that there are many self-styled practical men who look upon the peace movement with

undisguised or ill-disguised contempt. They affirm that all our efforts are impotent and abortive. They point to the very magnitude of the evil as the reason why it is useless to make any effort to arrest or alleviate it. We are not insensible to the difficulty of the work in which we are engaged, or the formidable obstacles which beset our path; but, in answer to those who object to or deride our efforts, we venture to ask, “If what we are doing is impracticable or insufficient, what do you propose to do?” But, unhappily, the objectors have no answer at hand. One of our poets has graphically described a character which is the type of a large number of characters whom those who are trying to serve their generation have to encounter in their course:

“He is rich
In nothing else but difficulties and doubts.
You shall be told the evil of your scheme,
But not the scheme that's better. He is wise
In negatives—is skilful at erasures—
Expert in stepping backwards—an adept
At auguring eclipses. But admit
His apprehensions, and demand, ‘What then?’
And you shall find you've turned the blank leaf over.”

And thus it is with those who find fault with our object or our mode of seeking to attain it. We say to them, “You cannot deny that the world is groaning beneath the curse of war—that it is a custom which outrages justice, which dishonors religion, which blights human virtue and happiness. You cannot deny that the system of armed rivalry which exists in Europe is a system pregnant with innumerable evils—wasting the resources of nations, embarrassing the finances of States, jeopardizing the continuance of peace, oppressing the peoples with burdens of taxation and military service which are becoming more and more intolerable, and deluging all countries with a black flood of immorality and vice; and what do you do, or intend to do?” And the answer is, “Nothing.” Yes, they attempt to do nothing but to stand by—to flout and mock and make mouths at those who are trying to do something. Well, we prefer being classed with the workers rather than the mockers! The workers may accomplish something, the mockers can accomplish nothing. And we believe we are accomplishing something, and shall accomplish something; for though we have opposed to us the forces of tradition, custom, interest, prejudice and passion, yet we believe we have on our side the eternal principles of righteousness, the yearning hopes of humanity, the obvious tendencies of civilization and the declared purpose of Heaven; for it has been proclaimed of old, through the mouth of Him who cannot lie, that the time shall come when “wars shall cease to the ends of the earth,” and “when there shall be abundance of peace so long as the sun and moon endure.”

PROGRESS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

ABSTRACT OF PAPER BY PRESIDENT ANGELL OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

The object of this paper is to state succinctly the gains which have been made in international law since the time of Grotius, to glance at the main obstacles which oppose its further progress, to call to mind the encouraging facts in its present state, and to inquire what is indicated by the present apparent drift of thought among statesmen and publicists concerning change in the law.

I. In reviewing the two centuries subsequent to the publication of Grotius' great work on Peace and War, I at once avail myself of the aid furnished to me by the summary which that high authority, Henry Wheaton, gives in his history of

the progress of the law of nations, of the changes wrought in international law between the Peace of Westphalia and the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The most important of the changes he names are as follows:

First. The general adoption of permanent missions and the recognition of diplomatic privileges.

Second. The exclusive dominion over particular seas was abandoned, and the right of search limited to periods of war.

Third. The universal right to use the Scheldt, the Rhine and other great European rivers was established as a principle of law.

Fourth. The colonial monopoly was nearly ended, and so the question was settled as to the right of neutrals to enjoy in war a commerce prohibited in peace.

Fifth. The slave trade generally reprobated, though not universally abolished in fact or in law.

Sixth. The laws and usages of war improved and an advance made in securing privileges for neutral commerce.

Seventh. The unqualified accession of States of Western Europe to the law of nations, and the tendency of Mohammedan powers to adopt it.

Eighth. In general, international morality and international law both advanced.

These are all unquestionable gains. The right of intervention to preserve the balance of power Wheaton reported as undetermined.

II. We come now to ask what gains have been made since the Congress of Vienna? I answer:

First. The right of search has been practically settled by treaties so as to be removed from the arena of debate.

Second. All the great rivers of the civilized world have been opened—the La Plata in 1853, the Danube in 1856, the Amazon in 1866; the dues on the Elbe and the Scheldt abolished; and the principle is fully established that the inhabitants on the upper waters have a right to the use of the lower waters of a river.

Third. The system of international law has been extended not only to Turkey but also in some degree to Japan and China. Christianity no longer marks the boundary of its domain. Its territory is as broad as the territory occupied by civilized man.

Fourth. The entrance to the Baltic is free (since the payment of the Sound dues to Denmark), and the Black Sea is open to merchant vessels.

Fifth. There have been some important ameliorations in the laws pertaining to war.

III. The obstacles which have been and still are in the way of improvement of international law are grave.

First. There is difference of opinion as to what are the sources of the law. The Continental publicists, for instance, are inclined to attach much less weight to the decisions of Admiralty Courts in making law than the English and Americans. The language of treaties, which have not always been kept, or which are at variance with other treaties, the wavering usage of nations, the conflicting views of publicists, furnish much uncertain and debatable ground for those who are determining law.

Second. Again, a grave difficulty is sometimes found in the disposition of nations to lower the standard of action towards weaker nations.—*Friends' Review.*

IOWA PEACE CONVENTION.

The Iowa Peace Society convened at Salem, June 19th, at two o'clock, P. M. At the opening of the meeting Friend Joseph A. Dugdale, of the city of Mount Pleasant, took the chair. He said:—

"Friends of the Iowa Peace Convention, I have just returned from a tour through several of the counties of our fertile and beautiful Iowa. I have seen many of the friends of peace, and been cheered by the hopeful spirit which is abroad in the land. We are met in the season of buds and blossoms, and the sap circulates in these, distributing life and coloring matter from the laboratory of the great Chemist of the universe. So we meet under auspicious circumstances, our hearts pulsing with delight in the cheering prospect that the bloody scourge of war will, at no distant day, cease to curse mankind. We have the assur-

ance that it was never so near its everlasting overthrow as at the present hour. We are in league with Friends of Christian civilization in both hemispheres. Men are beginning to learn the lessons taught by the Prince of Peace, who agonized in Gethsemane, and in the presence of scoffers and malefactors, sealed with his precious blood the principles which we have grasped, and which we believe will yet (by the grace of God) banish the bloody scourge of war from the society of nations, and in its stead give a parliament, where, with confidence, the nations of the earth may appeal for the redress of their real or imagined wrongs, in which code the sacredness of universal peace is acknowledged as the highest duty and interest of the human race. Let us, then, gird on our armor and toil valiantly, trusting that at the end of the race we may be enabled to say, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Let us as has been our custom before entering upon the business of the society, engage in silent prayer.

After a reverential pause the Rev. F. Ward of Oxford offered a fervent prayer.

The proceedings of the convention were exceedingly interesting throughout. We have only room for a few extracts from letters received and read:—

FROM GOVERNOR C. C. CARPENTER.

DES MOINES, May 29, 1875.

Joseph A. Dugdale, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa:

My Dear Sir:—I have your letter informing me that you had taken the liberty to attach my name to your call for a Peace Convention and urging me to be present.

There is another cheering evidence of a coming era when nations shall refer questions of controversy to courts of arbitration, in which the pleadings and modes of procedure will be established by precedent and practice as the forms now followed in the courts of law, and that is the fact, that in proportion as mankind have improved in general education and liberal learning, and especially as the principles of our holy religion have advanced among men, the barbarities of war have been mitigated and its cruelties eradicated. The treatment of prisoners by modern combatants, as compared with the practices under the older codes of warfare, when they were reduced to slavery, or thrown to savage animals, to give jest and relish to the enjoyment of spectators at bull-fights, illustrates the higher intelligence and nobler humanity of this age. And every step of our improving humanity tending to modify or ameliorate these cruelties of the codes of war, is progress toward the period when men will determine that there need be no prisoners of war—a surer immunity from all its inhumanities is to dispense with war itself.

Wishing you a happy and profitable communing with those of common sympathies and aspirations in each of your coming meetings, I am very truly your friend,

C. C. CARPENTER.

LETTER FROM L. MARIA CHILD.

WATLAND, MASS., June 10, 1875.

Most heartily do I wish you God speed in your efforts to promote the peaceful settlement of international difficulties. Next to slavery I consider war the greatest barbarism remaining among Christian nations, the most fruitful source of misery and demoralization, and the foulest blot on the records of civilization. Its monstrous wickedness is only equalled by the utter senselessness of trying to settle questions of right by blowing out each other's brains with gunpowder. Like all crime, it carries within itself its own punishment. The terrible desolation it brings upon innumerable homes, by wholesale slaughter of beloved inmates, is one of the least of its disastrous effects. It always leaves behind it an awful wake of drunkenness and crime. A very large portion of the robberies and murders which produce a disquieting sense of danger all over our country, at the present time, may be fairly traced to habits of lawlessness and violence formed during the war of the Rebellion.

From all wrong-doing there constantly proceeds a train of subtle influences very powerful for evil, but less recognized than more conspicuous perils, because they flow on silently beneath the surface of things. Among these I reckon the inevitable bad effect on the character of individuals and nations, of

professing one thing and *practising* the opposite. The constant boasting of our Declaration of Independence, while we held our fellow-men in slavery, demoralizing our national character to an incalculable degree. Better would it have been for our own souls if we had really *believed* in despotism instead of living such a conscious *lie*, and exerting our mental energies to conceal it.

In some way the Christian song of "Peace and good will to men," always on our lips, while we continue to hack and hew our fellow-beings produces the demoralizing influences necessarily engrained in all hypocrisy.

May the blessing of the Heavenly Father rest on all efforts to abolish the barbarism of war.

Most respectfully your friend, L. MARIA CHILD.

LETTER FROM WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Joseph A. Dugdale, President of the Iowa Peace Society:

You inform me, my dear friend, of another meeting soon to be held in your region, in the object of which I take deep interest. That object is the substitution of peaceful arbitration in all cases of international variances liable to end in an appeal to the sword, and the discountenancing of warlike principles and measures. I have seen no occasion to change my most radical views on this subject by anything that has occurred since I espoused them, either on this or the other side of the Atlantic. I still believe in the superiority of spiritual over carnal weapons; in beating swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, and learning war no more; in the peace that Jesus taught and exemplified, and the necessary equipments of every soul in times of severest trials, as described by the Apostle in the sixth chapter of Ephesians.

It is manifest that this belief is not cherished by any nation, and that Christendom has never presented a more warlike prospect than it does at the present time, judging from the number of soldiers it has on its muster rolls. If there were anything like as many real as there are professed friends of peace, a much more encouraging aspect would be presented. It is astonishing how few in the abstract are in favor of war and equally astonishing how many even on very slight provocations, are ready to plunge into all its horrors and crimes. This shows how strongly mankind are controlled by their passions, by which their reason is overborne and the spiritual subordinate to the animal nature. Nevertheless, "blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Do not understand me as taking a desponding view of this question. I believe in the steady progress of civilization; in the growing recognition of human brotherhood; in the lessening of despotic power and the consequent enlargement of human freedom, whereby peace is more readily assumed; and finally in the arrival of that blissful period, however distant it may seem when

"No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more,
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
Then peace shall rise; the joyful son
Shall quish what his short-life sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And that same hand that sowed shall reap the field."

With this end in view let us constantly "study the things that make for peace," and bear such faithful testimonies as cannot fail to promote it in the earth. Yours in the patience of hope and spirit of love, WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

FROM HON. G. W. MCCRARY.

Joseph Dugdale, Mount Pleasant:

My Dear Friend:—Your favor inviting me to attend the anniversary of your Peace Society at Salem to-morrow and next day, found me very much occupied with professional engagements from which I am not yet so far freed as to be able to accept the invitation as I hoped to do. As it is, I can only thank you for the invitation, and bid you God speed in your efforts to advance the good cause of *peace*. Duelling has been put under the ban of the law and condemned by a just public sentiment, so that it is odious in the sight of all true men. War is duelling among nations, and it too must come under the ban of a just law of nations, and a just public sentiment of civilization sooner or later. I am, in haste, most sincerely yours,

GEORGE W. MCCRARY.

THE EMIGRANT MENNONITES.

We extract the following from the *British Friend*:—"The Russian Mennonites are Germans by origin, and a dialect of German is still their mother tongue. They have dwelt on the steppes of South Russia, wide areas of which they have reclaimed from a desert to fruitfulness, in villages of their own, free from the presence of Russian police, and maintaining a high standard of morality. They were first invited into the country by the Empress Catherine II., with a promise, repeatedly confirmed in writing by her successors, that they should enjoy liberty of conscience and worship, and exemption from military service.

"In 1871 the Russian Government, after the example of Germany, determined to adopt the principle of enforcing a period of military service on every male as he reached manhood, and gave notice to the Mennonites that their exemption must cease in ten years—viz., in 1881. This caused great alarm, and several deputations were sent to the Russian Court, but without any success such as would relieve tender consciences. The Mennonite congregations then seriously turned their thoughts to emigration, and sent trustworthy men to visit Canada and the United States, and report upon the prospects of a removal thither. A few families actually emigrated in 1873, and many others applied for passports. In the spring of 1874 the Emperor, unwilling to lose subjects so valuable, despatched the celebrated General Todleben to the Mennonite 'colonies' to calm the apprehensions of the people, and induce them to remain. His mission was incorrectly described in the newspapers as having been completely successful. From authentic private sources we learn the terms offered were in substance, that 'service in the fire brigades, in military workshops, in the dockyards, and in the forests, would be accepted in lieu of the ordinary military service.' General Todleben was 'extraordinarily condescending and sympathizing' (we have no doubt sincerely so), but he declined to put his offers into writing, and the Mennonite elders, having little confidence in verbal promises, there is no reason to think that his persuasions had any permanent effect.

"Pressing through all obstacles, a number, which we cannot accurately state, but not less than 5,000 Mennonites, emigrated in 1874 to Manitoba, in the dominion of Canada, and to Kansas, Dakota, Nebraska, and other of the United States in the far west. They have had to sell their agricultural property at a great sacrifice, and by order of the Government, to Mennonites only—a regulation which, while greatly decreasing its salable value, operates as a bribe to some to remain in Russia. Their passports have also been delayed, and have been only obtained at last by heavy pecuniary payments, in excess of the proper fee. This forced sale of property and grievous delay of passports, have not only exhausted the means of many, but have driven them into the late autumn for their journey and settlement, thus preventing their providing food for the winter, and even in many cases getting properly housed. The more affluent Mennonites have aided their poorer brethren, and the American and Canadian Mennonites have also raised as much as \$80,000, which sum has been almost wholly absorbed in expenses of transport by sea and land.

"The emigration this year (1875) is expected to reach the same amount as last year, viz., about 1,000 families, or 5,000 persons, if no fresh obstruction is put in the way by the Russian Government."

The remainder of the article is from the *Liverpool Daily Post*.

THE MENNONITE EXODUS FROM RUSSIA—THE SECT AND ITS PECULIARITIES.

"The last of the Mennonites—the last of that unfortunate party of 328 Russian emigrants who, with the germs of small-pox among them, were sent down so ruthlessly from the metropolis to spread danger and dismay among the inhabitants of Liverpool—have now all left the workhouse, and we may congratulate ourselves that, through the prompt action of the workhouse authorities, we have been spared the outbreak of a malignant disease.

"The Russians all belonged to that peculiar sect of religionists called 'Mennonites,' undoubtedly entertained some of the

distinctive principles propounded by Menno Simon, and were most rigid in their adherence thereto. They expressed, for instance, the utmost abhorrence of war and bloodshed, and the reason assigned for their leaving Russia was that they were anxious to escape from the laws under which they might have been called upon to serve as soldiers. One characteristic of the party was their remarkable docility, which has been thus spoken of in a report of the Clerk to the Vestry:—'It is impossible to speak too highly of the conduct and behavior of the Russian emigrants, and of the fortitude and patience with which what must have been to them very grievous trials and disappointments have been borne; there have been among them neither murmurings nor discontent, and every direction given to them was most readily obeyed.' In their moral discipline they appeared to exercise great rigor and severity, and both women and men avoided anything approaching ornament or elegance, maintaining a gravity and simplicity in gesture and clothing which were striking.

"An insight to their real character was given immediately after their arrival at the workhouse. Having been separated from the females and deprived of their luggage—to which they submitted without the slightest complaint—the men were passed on to an apartment where tea and substantial food were in readiness for them; and it was supposed that they would very soon attack the good things provided. Had a party of Englishmen arrived at the workhouse under similar circumstances—after a long and tiresome journey of about 200 miles, on one of the very coldest days of the year—very little ceremony would probably have been observed, but on this occasion, when the governor entered shortly afterwards to see that they were all doing well he was astonished to find the whole party standing patiently by their seats, not one of them (as was explained afterwards) venturing to touch food until a blessing had been asked. This incident immediately marked them as a religious people. On retiring to rest they again all united in prayer and in singing a hymn.

"It may be imagined by some that the docility which these men displayed was the evidence of a dull and listless nature. It was not so, however. Besides being men and women of fine *physique*, taken as a body, they showed themselves to be a spirited, devout and very cleanly people: and while devotion to their religion seemed to afford them comfort and to give them confidence under all circumstances, they were thoroughly united amongst themselves, and exhibited not the slightest secrecy or want of trust in each other.

"During their stay here great kindness was shown them, not only by the governor and officials, but by several ladies and gentlemen of the town and neighborhood, and each emigrant was presented with a copy of the German Bible, as well as religious tracts in the same language. This kindness they all seemed to appreciate, and after the departure of the 228 on the 18th December, their temporary leader sent a very kind letter to the governor, in which he warmly acknowledged his and their kindness, adding:—'I wish for you the gracious Heavenly Father and the precious Saviour may always spread the hand of grace over you and yours, and cause peace to rest on the Christian house of England in time and eternity. Also I ask you to remember us in your prayers: that the Almighty Heavenly Father may grant us favorable weather for our voyage, or prove us in storm and tempest to make us conscious of His omnipotence.' A large number of these zealous Mennonites have already left Russia 'for conscience sake.'"

THE SHAH OF PERSIA ON WAR.—To-day, before seeing the ministers and others, the English Fire Brigade came and in the gardens at the back of our palace, went through their exercise. * * They have invented a beautiful means of saving men. But the wonder is in this, that on one hand they take such trouble, and originate such appliances for the salvation of men from death, when, on the other hand, in the armories, arsenals and workshops at Woolwich, and of Krupp, in Germany, they contrive fresh engines, such as cannon, muskets, projectiles and similar things, for the quicker and more multitudinous slaughter of the human race. He whose invention destroys man more surely and expeditiously, prides himself thereon, and obtains decorations of honor.—*Shah's English Diary.*

INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

The Providence Conference of the M. E. Church, at its late session, adopted the following report on Peace:—

War is a destroyer of the world's peace, of its treasure, of its homes, and of the souls of men. While it exists, that kingdom, which is "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," cannot be fully set up in the earth. We deplore the fact, that, after the gospel of peace has been so long in the world, the nations of Christendom are still so often found in deadly conflict with each other. In this painful fact we see great reason why we should constantly testify against the fearful evil of war, and steadfastly labor and pray for its extinction.

Your Committee submit the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That humanity and religion, including all the best interests and institutions of society, imperatively demand the substitution of a settled international law, and an international tribunal, in the place of the sword and the horrors of war, as a means of regulating the intercourse of nations, and adjusting their differences.

Resolved, That we recognize with profound satisfaction the deep and growing interest recently awakened in the cause of peace, especially as is evinced by the organization of "The Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations," whose purpose is to organize the peace and well being of the nations upon the solid basis of international law.

Resolved, That the concurrence of the Parliament of Great Britain, the Chamber of Deputies of Italy, the Diet of Sweden, the Congress of the United States, the States General of Holland and the Legislature of Belgium, in resolutions to refer national differences to arbitration, instead of arms, elicits our most hearty satisfaction, and inspires hope for the progress of peace among nations.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the success that is more and more attending the labors of the American Peace Society, and we cordially commend that organization to the patronage of our people, and to all benevolent and philanthropic citizens.

ARBITRATION INSTEAD OF WAR.

The annexed was cut from a city newspaper:—

"President Grant is strongly in favor of the settlement of all disputes between nations by arbitration."

The following is from "Lectures on the History of Elisha," by Henry Blunt, A. M.: "Elisha, while witnessing the wonderful ascent of his friend Elijah, cried, 'My father, my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.' And he saw him no more, and he took hold of his own clothes," and, in the extremity of his sorrow, "rent them in two pieces." "The chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof" Elisha, therefore, knew what, alas! few Christians ever dream of knowing, that the devout and holy followers of God, are the support and safeguard of their country; *the strongest armaments of Israel* were the prevailing prayers of her prophets; and while Elisha mourned, as a child, that his father was taken from him, he sorrowed as a patriot, that the chariot and horseman of Israel were gone. Here, brethren, is a truth, *pre-eminently worth your learning*, that the real strength of our beloved country exists not in her fleets, her armies, her wealth, or even in her free and invaluable institutions, and the high intellectual endowments of her senators, but simply and entirely in *the blessing of her God!* and this will rest upon her in proportion as her governors are holy and God-fearing men, and her inhabitants a religiously instructed and a praying people. These are the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."—*The Friend.*

The barbarous and degrading penalty of flogging, which has been abolished in the British and American navies, is sought to be revived in the courts of the former, and to be extended to other classes of offenders, such as garroters and wife and child-beaters. In favor of this are the Chief-justices Cockburn and Coleridge, the former of whom is a rough, hard-headed man, well shown up by Caleb Cushing. On the other hand, as we should expect, stands John Bright, the large-hearted, clear-headed statesman, who thinks that, if drinking could be prevented, wife-beating, for instance, would cease. He does not believe in methods of punishment which debase men rather than prevent crime.—*Zion's Herald.*



VOL. IV.

BOSTON, JULY, 1875.

No. 7.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower!
Is the day breaking! comes the wished-for-hour!
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

"The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see on the horizon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."

"We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again; and tell us hour by hour,
All thou beholdest; many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!"

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

"What doth he say—O watcher on the tower!
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music! Is his chant sublime,
Filled with the glories of the future time?"

"He prophesies;—his heart is full;—his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day—
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,
And Right shall rule supreme, and vanquish Wrong?"

"He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

MARTIN'S FOURTH OF JULY.

"Pshaw! take it home, and don't be a baby."

Martin Tiernan hesitated still, though he felt as keenly as most boys of eleven the taunt of babyishness.

"I know father won't like it," he said.

"Don't tell him anything about it," said Louis Graham. "I don't mean to go home and tell all the family that I have a paper of gunpowder. I'll put it in some safe place until morning, and we will go off early with our cannons and have splendid fun!"

"But suppose any accident should happen?"

"You goose! What can happen between now and to-morrow morning! It is nearly eight o'clock. You won't find it easy to get any more. Mr. Morrison says he won't sell a grain of powder to a boy, and Tom Haines smuggled this for me."

"Stole it!" said horrified Martin.

"O, no! it is paid for, only Mr. Morrison thought Tom was putting up pepper, and he was too busy to cross the store to examine it. It was such fun, Mart! and Tom kept sneezing while he weighed it, as if the pepper was up his nose."

Martin laughed, though his conscience was warning him that his companion was a bad adviser. The precious package of gunpowder for their little brass cannons was a strong temptation for a boy who thought noise the great object to be desired on the Fourth of July, but the price he was paying for it was a very heavy one for a boy like Martin.

Very slowly the little boy walked home, his parcel of gunpowder carefully hidden under his linen coat. It was easy to get into the house and up stairs, but the difficulty was in secreting the forbidden prize until morning.

Finally, after long thought, Martin put the parcel in the lower drawer of a bureau in the spare room. "There is nothing there but medicine and such things," he thought, "and one parcel more or less won't be noticed among so many. I'll be up bright and early in the morning, and nobody will ever know the gunpowder has been in the house."

But a secret of disobedience is not a good companion to sleep with and Martin found it so. It was a long time before he could sleep at all, and when at last he dropped into uneasy sleep, he was troubled with bad dreams. One of these was very vivid. He dreamed he was with Louis, enjoying the Fourth in true boy fashion, loading and firing the cannon, cheering and shouting, when suddenly the earth opened with an

explosion so loud that Martin sprang from bed with the terror of the shock.

What had happened? It was something very, very terrible. Martin could hear his father's voice above all the confusion, saying :

"O, Mary! Mary, darling! Are you dead?"

Dead! His mother dead! Martin rushed across the hall to see a scene he will never forget. The spare room had evidently been deluged with water, the bureau being charred and broken to atoms. But what drove the blood from Martin's face and made him shrink and shiver, was the sight of his mother, lying white and still upon the bed, and his father rubbing her hands and calling upon her by fond names while he tried to revive her.

The Fourth of July that was to have been passed so merrily, was spent in watching, tears and prayers for the mother who lay between life and death—blinded, disfigured, almost murdered by her own boy, whose happiness and comfort she had never neglected nor forgotten. The younger children crouched down in corners of the nursery, cried and moaned, and Mr. Tiernan watched anxiously beside his wife.

It was many long weeks before Martin was allowed to see his mother again. The shock had been so great that her life depended upon perfect quiet. All the children were sent away except the unhappy boy, and alone he wandered about the house paying the penalty of his fault.

He confessed all to his father, and was forgiven; but no forgiveness, no sorrow could restore his mother's eyesight. Slowly she regained her health, and was able to move about the room, and hear the voices of her children; but she can never again see their sweet faces, she can never see the sunshine, the flowers, or the bright earth.

A year has nearly passed away, and Martin tries by all gentleness, care and devotion to make some atonement to his parents; but there are few nights when he kneels to pray that he does not sob and weep at the thought of the scarred, disfigured face and sightless eyes that his hands have given to the mother he loves.—*Methodist*.

THE RABBIT IN THE MOON.

The heathen think that the figure we see in the moon is a rabbit pounding rice, and this story tells how he came there. A fox, a monkey and a rabbit once lived together in a forest very happily in one dwelling. One day an old man, toil-worn, weary and hungry, came to their home where they gladly welcomed him. After a little while he said to them :

"My children, in my home, a great way from here, I heard that you, although from different families, lived very happily together; so I have come to see if this was true. I am tired and hungry. Have you nothing that you can get to refresh me?"

They all exclaimed, "We will try."

They went in different directions to see what they could find for the old man's supper. The fox went to the river and caught a fish; the monkey climbed a tree and brought some of the cocoanuts, but the little rabbit returned without anything. The old man said to the rabbit :

"My child, I am very sorry that while your friends can each do something for the old and weary, you do not care to do anything."

The little rabbit looked very sad, and returning to his companions, asked them to help him gather some sticks and dried leaves to make a fire. When this was done, he turned to the old man, and said :

"Kind sir, I am a poor, feeble animal, who cannot fish like the fox, nor climb trees like the monkey. After looking everywhere I could find nothing worthy your acceptance; but to show you that I am willing to do something for you, I will give myself."

With that he threw himself into the fire, and was roasted for the old man's supper. The old man was one of the gods in disguise, and to commemorate the self-devotion of the rabbit, he placed him in the moon, where he should never be forgotten. The next time you see the full moon I want you to look at it, and see if you can fancy that the dark figure in it looks like a rabbit standing upon its hind legs with a stick in its fore paw, pounding rice in a wooden bowl.

THE LEAVEN AT WORK AMONG THE YOUNG.

The following spontaneous effusion of a lad about twelve years old, having accidentally fallen into our hands, we publish as an index to the working of our principles among the rising generation. It does credit alike to the head and the heart of our young friend.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN PEACE AND WAR.

THE MAN OF PEACE IS THE TRUE HERO; FOR HE FOLLOWS CHRIST.

Peace What kingdom do you establish? Is it Christian?

War. I am favored by Christians, and by ministers of the gospel.

Peace. But is your kingdom in accordance with the spirit of Christ?

War. No one admits it, but still I do not want you to destroy my kingdom.

Peace. It is not in the spirit of Christ, and I am seeking to establish one that is.

War. Where can you get a better kingdom than mine? Do I not protect the world? Are not my subjects the most numerous of all? Have not my favored advocates made the world ring with their mighty deeds?

Peace. Who are those favored advocates?

War. Alexander, of Macedon, Julius Cæsar, of ancient times, and Napoleon Bonaparte, of modern times.

Peace. How did they die?

War. Honorably and gloriously.

Peace. Alexander, of Macedon, died a drundard; Cæsar was killed in his own palace; and Bonaparte was shut up on the island of St. Helena, there to die. Is this honor?

War. No; but who are *your* favored advocates?

Peace. Three of the best emperors of ancient Rome gave their testimony in my favor; and William Ladd has been my modern champion. Moreover, all my subjects have the promise of the Almighty, that war will one day be done away forever, and your kingdom be overthrown, while mine will exist to eternity.

"Waft not to me the blast of fame,
That swells the trump of victory;
For to my ear it brings the name
Of slaughter and of misery.

For, Ah! through glory's fading blaze,
I see the cottage taper pale,
Which sheds its taint and feeble rays,
Where unprotected orphans wail."

A PARABLE.

It was a summer morn, dawning brightly after a dewy night. The sun rose joyously and shone over the fields; and nestling on a leaf, as yet shadowed from the light, lay a little drop of dew, child of the night. Then spoke the sun and said :

"Open thy heart, thou little dewdrop, and let my beams enter and shine within thy bosom."

"And what, O, great sun!" said the tiny thing, "wilt thou give me, or do for me, if I open my bosom to receive thee?"

"I will light thee up," said the sun, "with my rays till thou shalt sparkle like a jewel or a star; and at length I will draw thee safely up to the heaven I dwell in."

So the little dew-drop gave consent, and the sun shone into its bosom; when, lo, it became like a gem, and the passers-by wondered to behold its diamond beauty; but as they looked the light waned, the glittering drop lessened, till it disappeared; yet they mourned it not, for they knew that it had gone away up, on unseen wings, into the warm skies. Even so open your hearts, young friends, to Jesus, and he will come into them, and although he finds them very unlike the dew-drop for its purity, he will make them like it, shining in his light; and if by the hand of death he should gently draw you away out of sight, we will not grieve for you, knowing you have gone away to a brighter world, where he himself is to shine there "as the stars for ever and ever."



THE LITTLE DRUNKARD.

A TRUE MISSION-SCHOOL STORY.

"It's no use speaking to him, teacher, he's drunk," said one of my class of wild Arabs, street boys, pointing to Johnnie Reeves, who sat snoring in one corner of the seat, paying no sort of attention to the repeated questions addressed to him.

"He's often that way," said my informant; "I seed him and his folks all drunk together last week. Why, there's lots of fellows that drink rum—real little ones. Yer see, it's cheap," said he, with the precocious wisdom of the *pave*, "and the mothers give it the babies to stop their bawling."

I would not believe it, and yet I must, for it was true. His curly hair matted around his dirty face, his small head drooped forward, his almost baby person in that brutalized state of insensibility which we are accustomed to view with disgust in those far gone in years and degradation, and he not yet nine years old!

"Yes, teacher, I was drunk," said Johnnie, when, a few days later, I called at the cellar where his parents slept, and where he some-times spent his nights when, as was more frequently the case, he did not prefer a door-mat in the sheltered recess of some area door. "I didn't mean to let yer see me, 'cause I kind o' love yer, but I couldn't help it; I've got used to it and I can't stop; I've tried lots of times."

In vain, as it seemed, I reasoned with my boy—showed him the dangerous path he was traveling so early, and the consequences which must surely follow: he knew it and them better than I did, had been brought up in their atmosphere, and while reasoning with an acuteness which was painful in the extreme, as marking one so young, ended every statement with the remark:

"Yer see, I've got so used to it, I can't stop now. I got fond of drink," continued Johnnie, confidentially, "when I used to run errands for Mike Dooley that keeps the liquor store down in Willard Street. He never giv' me no pennies, but he let me lick out the bottom of the glasses where the sugar was. Golly, wasn't it nice, though; and now I feels so gone here," putting an expressive action to the words, "that I must have liquor to make me feel good."

At length, seeing the tears in my eyes and the unaffected sorrow in my whole countenance, he said:

"Do you really care so much? Ef I thought it would make yer feel better, I b'lieve I'd most make up my mind ter stop, ef I could. Les see, musn't I drink no beer?"

"No."

"Nor ginger pop? Where's the harm of ginger pop?"

"If you drink that you'll want something else."

"That's so, I always does. Nor bacey? I s'pose not; that always makes me feel awful thirsty. Well," with a long sigh, "I'll promise never to touch any of them, for your sake."

"It ought to be for Jesus' sake, Johnnie. Don't you remember how often I have told you what He did and suffered because of his great love to you?"

Johnnie looked sheepish and did not answer, and I feared I had ventured too far, when he suddenly said:

"Don't yer think He—He that yer told me about—will help me to keep that promise? I don't believe, after all, I *can*. Can't yer just ask Him now?"

Such a request could not be made in vain, and we knelt together, this little street boy and I, while I earnestly implored that mighty Saviour, in whom alone lay my strength, to shield and strengthen this little waif in his new resolution.

"I guess I'll ask Him now myself," said Johnnie; and, still kneeling, he said, slowly and reverently, but in his own vernacular:

"Lord Jesus, up in heaven, look down and help a fellar that wants to be good, and don't let him never drink rum no more, 'cause Yer know Yer died on the cross to save him. Amen."

Did ever the angels who gather up as incense the prayers of the saints, bring a more acceptable offering from the most finished liturgical service than they presented that day to God in the quaint words of that mission school boy?

After this I had no more trouble with Johnnie Reeves. He was punctual and attentive. I heard a good account of him in the streets, though he still persisted in his habits of running away and sleeping in the open air, saying, in answer to my expostulations: "I didn't promise yer that, teacher; now yer e asking too much." And when I saw the home from which he so often ran away, I came to the conclusion that, in his circumstances, I should do likewise.

After about ten months, through the Children's Aid Society, I procured a place for Johnnie in the country, fitting him out nicely, and giving him, at his own request, a jack knife, in remembrance, as he said, of his promise. The other day I received a letter written in a clear, school-boy hand—for my street waif is a happy school-boy now—describing his home and occupation, and in closing he said:

"Teacher, I have kept my promise, and never touched a drop of any kind of liquor since that day; but I could not have done it myself, and I want you to thank the dear Lord Jesus for me, and ask him to make and keep me a temperance boy and a Christian forever."—*Pittsburg Advance*.

LITTLE THINGS.

Suppose the little flowers should think

That they are much too small

To be of any use to us,

And so not bloom at all;

How much that's pleasant we should lose;

For as we passed them by,

Every little flower that blooms

Is pleasing to the eye.

Suppose the little rain-drops thought

That they were much too small

To be of any use on earth,

And so not rain at all;

Then the fruits would never grow,

Nor roses in the bowers,

For all the little rain-drops help

To make refreshing showers.

He who removes a stone or block out of the path of a poor staggering pilgrim, does more for the human family than the most eloquent preacher who takes his part out in talking, but doing nothing more.

In all wise commerce, payment, large or small, should be over the counter. If you can't pay for a thing don't buy it. If you can't get paid for it, don't sell it. So you will have calm days, drowsy nights, all the good business you have now, and none of the bad.

LAST HOURS OF J. Q. ADAMS.

The distinguished characteristics of his life were beneficent labor and personal contentment. He never sought wealth, but devoted himself to the service of mankind; yet, by the practice of frugality and method, he secured the enjoyment of dealing forth continually no stinted charities and died in affluence.

He never solicited place or preferment, and had no partisan combinations or even connections; yet he received honors which eluded the covetous grasp of those who formed parties, rewarded friends, and proscribed enemies; and he filled a longer period of varied and distinguished service than ever fell to the lot of any other citizen. In every state of this progress he was content. He was content to be president, minister, representative or citizen.

Stricken in the midst of this service, in the very act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of the conscript fathers of the republic. A long lethargy supervened, and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a very brief period. But it was long enough for him. The rekindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm and vigorous.

His weeping family and his sorrowing compeers were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse.

He could not shake off the dews of death that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him. He knew that eternity lay close by the shores of time. He knew that his Redeemer lived.

Elquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "This," said the dying man, "this is the last of earth." He paused for a moment, and then added, "I am content."

Angels might well have drawn aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene—a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when, in mortal agony, One who spake as never man spake, said, "It is finished."—*Wm. H. Seward.*

WON'T AND WILL.

Shan't and Won't were two little brothers,
Angry and sullen and gruff;
Try and Will are dear little sisters,
One scarcely can love them enough.

Shan't and Won't locked down on their noses,
Their faces were dismal to see;
Try and Will are brighter than roses
In June, and as blithe as the bee.

Shan't and Won't were backward and stupid,
Little indeed, did they know;
Try and Will learn something new daily,
And seldom are heedless or slow.

Shan't and Won't loved nothing, no, nothing,
So much as to have their own way;
Try and Will give up to their elders,
And try to please others at play.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible trouble;
Their story is awful to tell;
Try and Will are now in the school-room,
Learning to read and to spell.

WAR ON THE OCEAN.

Far away on the distant pathway of the ocean, two ships approach each other, with white canvas broadly spread to receive the flying gales. They are proudly built. All of human art has been lavished in their graceful proportions and compact sides, while in dimensions they look like floating happy islands of the sea. A numerous crew, with costly appliances

of comfort, hives in their secure shelter. Surely these two travellers must meet in joy and friendship; the flag at the mast-head will give the signal of fellowship; the delighted sailors will cluster in the rigging and on the yard-arms, to look each other in the face, while exhilarating voices mingle in accents of gladness uncontrollable.

Alas! alas! it is not so. Not as brothers, not as friends, not as wayfarers of the common ocean, do they come together; but as enemies. The gentle vessels now bristle fiercely with death-dealing instruments. On their spacious decks, aloft on all their masts, flashes the deadly musketry. From their sides spout cataracts of flame, amidst the pealing thunders of a fatal artillery. They who had escaped the "dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks;" who, on their long and solitary way, had sped unharmed by wind or wave; whom the hurricane had spared; in whose favor storms and seas had intermitted their inimitable war,—now at last fall by the hand of each other. The same spectacle of horror greets us from both ships. On decks, reddened with blood, the murders of the Sicilian Vespers and of St. Bartholomew, with the fires of Smithfield, break forth anew, and concentrate their rage. Each has become a swimming Golgotha. At length these vessels—such pageants of the sea—such marvels of art—once so stately—but now rudely shattered by cannon-balls—with shivered masts and ragged sails—exist only as unmanageable wrecks, weltering on the uncertain waves, whose transient lull of peace is their sole safety. In amazement at this strange, unnatural contest, away from country and home, where there is no country or home to defend, we ask again, wherefore this dismal duel? Again, the melancholy, but truthful answer promptly comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations.—*Charles Sumner.*

LONDON.—The metropolis of the British empire, the largest city the world ever saw, covers, within fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross, nearly seven hundred square miles, and numbers within these boundaries four millions of inhabitants. It comprises a hundred thousand foreigners from every region of the globe. It contains more Jews than the whole of Palestine; more Roman Catholics than Rome itself; more Irish than Dublin; more Scotchmen than Edinburgh. The port of London has every day on its waters a thousand ships and nine thousand sailors. Upwards of a hundred and twenty persons are added to the population daily, or forty thousand yearly, a birth taking place every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes. On an average, twenty-eight miles of streets are opened, and nine thousand new houses built every year.

A young man had the following conversation with an old negro slave:

"You are an old man; will you not die soon?"

"Yes, massa."

"Well, where are you going?"

"To the good land."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well massa, I can't 'zactly splain; but somehow, as I comes nearer to death, Jesus and I get nearer together."

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A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.—Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D., of New York, in the course of sermons “On Christianity and Social Morals,” speaks of war thus:

“Such destruction of life and property, such waste of the best blood of the nation; such corruption of private and public morals; such bloated wealth and such widespread destitution; such frauds in private business and such corruption in public affairs; such demoralization of trade and such utter repudiation of the first principles of honesty; such premature admission of ignorance and furnishing of ammunition to the purchasers of electors; such inauguration of military methods in government; such perversion of the courts of justice, and such unsettling of morals and religion as we have seen during the past fifteen years—who that studies these facts wisely will be the eulogist of war, however loathfully he may have accepted the fatal necessity! But no enumeration of particulars can duly present the enormity of the evil. As already hinted, the state of war is to a large extent, the repeal of law, the abolition of justice, the resort to violence and the rule of force. The practice is essentially inhuman and ungodly. It sets man against man in mutual hatred, and offends the justice and mercy of God.”

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS,

INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY, ON BEHALF OF THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

It is well known to our Christian brethren that the Religious Society of Friends has ever believed that all war is entirely forbidden by the Gospel, and that, in accordance with that belief, its members have as a rule, refrained from taking any part in carnal warfare; and for refusing to comply with military requisitions, or to pay fines for thus refusing, many, in years past, have suffered restraint of goods to large amounts, and not a few have been imprisoned. Beside a passive testimony thus borne by members individually, the Society has, from time to time, issued its public protest against this heathen and wicked custom.

But while we have cause to feel thankful for the amelioration of military laws, whereby our members are now generally exempt from suffering, we are pained in knowing that war, with all its horrors, is yet allowed and practiced by all the Christian nations, and sanctioned by the larger portions of the Christian Church. As Christians, we all believe in the fulfillment of prophecy. Dr. Chalmers, more than fifty years ago, testified that “the mere existence of this prophecy of peace is a sentence of condemnation upon war, and stamps a criminality on its very forehead. So soon as Christianity shall gain a full ascendancy in the world, from that moment war is to disappear.”

Believing that it is only by a full and proper application of the Gospel in the affairs of nations, as well as individuals, that the prophecies in regard to war will be fulfilled; and believing, as a branch of the church which has so long seen the true character of this heathen abomination, that we were not doing all that we should do toward enlightening our brethren on this important subject, most of the Yearly Meetings of Friends have united in the organization of “The Peace Association of Friends in America,” to which is delegated this important work, with instructions to labor expressly on their behalf in the more general promotion of the cause of peace.

The Association, in the fulfilment of its trust, has thus far mostly confined its labors to the printing and circulation of books and tracts, and the publication of a monthly paper called the *Messenger of Peace*. During the few years of its existence, millions of pages have been distributed far and wide, and many acknowledgments have been received of the convincing effects of the truth therein inculcated.

The attitude of millions in the prime of manhood, now kept constantly armed and equipped for mutual slaughter by the nations of Europe, and the sudden uprising of the war spirit in our midst, convince us of the necessity of further and more direct efforts to arouse and awaken the public to a clearer appreciation of the true character of this monstrous evil. If it is only by the full application of the Gospel that war can be abolished, surely it is the duty of the church to labor for its proper application.

But, in view of the apathy that so generally prevails, we feel constrained to appeal directly to our Christian brethren, individually and collectively, earnestly entreating them to take this subject into prayerful consideration in all its bearings. Can we believe that if the members of the Christian church everywhere were entirely to refrain from taking part in carnal warfare, that professedly Christian nations could any longer continue the custom? If we believe this, we must also believe that the responsibility for the continuance of war rests upon the church. Dear fellow professors, can you rest satisfied in continuing to bear the weight of this awful responsibility?

While statesmen and publicists are laboring to relieve suffering humanity from the blight of this dreadful curse, the church of Christ remains silent. Surely it is time for it to arise from its slumber and to proclaim its supremacy! Is not eighteen hundred years long enough for its white robes, which should be pure and spotless, to have been stained in blood? Must the skirts of the visible church be longer polluted with the gore of the battlefield, and stained with the tears of the orphan and the widow? While war, as has been said, seems to aim at setting up the kingdom of Satan in the earth, alas! the church remains to be its very bulwark.

Surely it is time to wipe out this reproach against Him, at whose coming into the world, peace on earth and good will to men was proclaimed, and engage in this holy warfare against the supremacy of Satan's kingdom.

Therefore, in behalf of suffering humanity, and in behalf of the cause of the blessed Prince of Peace, whose mission on earth is not fulfilled while wars continue—in true Christian love, we again entreat you to give this subject the consideration it justly merits.

On behalf and by direction of the Peace Association of Friends in America.

ROBERT L. MURRAY, *President*, New York.

DANIEL HILL, *Secretary*, New Vienna, Ohio.

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New Vienna, Ohio, First mo. 1, 1874.

NOTICE.

By a new postage law which goes into effect the first of January, 1875, we are obliged to prepay the postage on our papers, the *Advocate* and the *Angel*. This imposes upon us a very considerable tax, and one which we cannot well afford to pay at the low rate at which our papers, and especially the *Angel*, are furnished. But we are unwilling now to change our terms, hoping our readers, in view of the fact above stated, will promptly pay their subscriptions, will exert themselves to increase the circulation of the papers, and will be disposed to increase their donations to the Society, thus rendering it unnecessary to change our terms.

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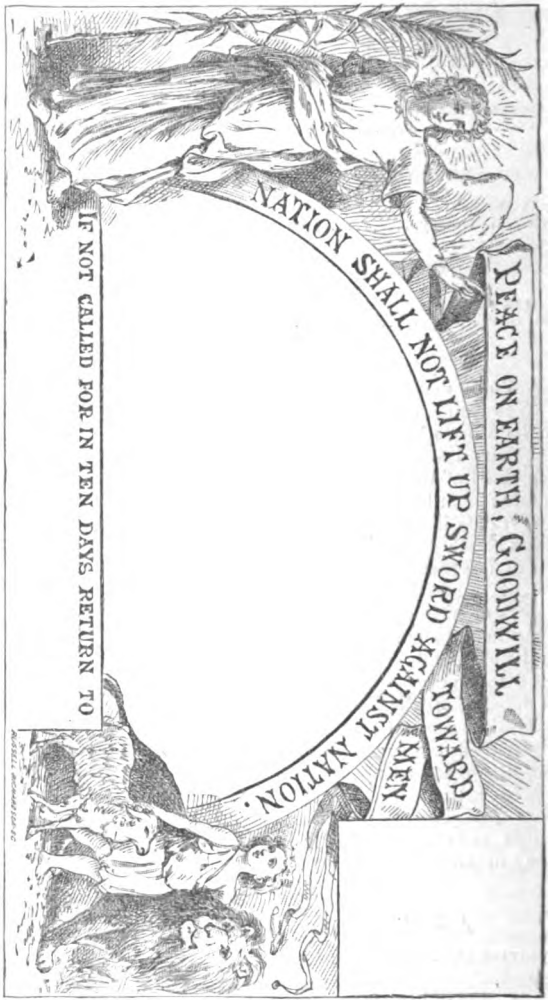
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JUNE, 1837. }

BOSTON, AUG. & SEPT., 1875.

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{ VOL. VI. NOS. 8 & 9.

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NOTE TO OUR PATRONS.

We have been compelled, from lack of funds, to combine *The Advocate* for August and September, in one number, giving in *quality* what, we trust, will be quite satisfactory to our peace friends. We are much hindered in our noble work of diffusing the sentiments of peace and good will, for lack of adequate funds. Millions go for war, but little is devoted to peace. Let our friends think on these things and enquire of the great 'Prince of Peace,' what wilt thou have me to do! Come, friends, respond at once and send donations greater or smaller, to enable us to do the work of righteousness which is *peace*, and pay promptly our bills as they become due. A word to the wise is sufficient.

H. C. DUNHAM,

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, AUGUST & SEPTEMBER, 1875.

VOL. VI. Nos. 8 & 9.



William Penn.

THE CITY OF PENN.

"Let me build on the Delaware a green country town," said William Penn, in laying out his first designs for the city of Brotherly Love. The country and the site, no less than his own taste, determined that it should be so. The country was a forest; hence the name he had chosen of Sylvania, to which his jesting Sovereign added the name of Penn, not so much, perhaps, out of compliment to his creditor, as because the British word Penn (meaning high) made a sort of small joke in connection with the Latin word Sylvania. It was in keeping that the capital of High Sylvania should be a green country town. The bluff on which the city was to stand was wooded to the water's edge, so that the Lenni Lenapi, who hunted through the woods and fished in the rivers, called the place "grove of big pines." The founder's taste and travels led him to the same conclusion. Born on Tower-hill, at a time when Tower-hill was on the edge of grassy slopes and meadows, broken by groups of oak and poplar, thorn and sycamore, he had learned from childhood to delight in the sparkle and shade of trees. Across the river rose the downs of Kent,

with here and there a village almost hidden in a cloud of apple-blossom. Close behind his window lay the Convent of St. Catharine, with its avenue of elms. His youth was spent in the Navy Gardens, where his father lived, and in the grassy quadrangles and shady walks of Christ Church. A little later on he studied in France, passed through the Alps, travelled in Italy and on the Rhine. Smitten by the scenic beauty of Heidelberg, he was no less taken by the square and regular plan of Mannheim; but more than all he gazed with rapture on the vistas of Rotterdam, in which port he saw a forest of masts stand in and out among the bright red houses and the tall green trees. Next to his native land, the republic of the United Provinces was the country of his heart. It was a land of scholars and divines, a home of gospel truths, a refuge for the seekers after light. Rotterdam, the birthplace of Erasmus, was the scene of Penn's early triumphs as a messenger of peace; and when he took counsel with Sidney as to the frame of government for his new colony, he was thinking of a new Rotterdam on the Schuylkill and the Delaware.—*W. Hepworth Dixon.*

STANZAS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."—*Isaiah*, chap. lii., ver. 7.

Grass shall spring where'er he treadeth,
And shall blossom on his way
Ev'ry flower that odor sheddeth,
Or is decked in colors gay.

O'er his path shall sweet birds flutter,
Chanting madrigals of peace.
Lightnings' flash, and thunders' mutter,
There forevermore shall cease.

Sparkling rills, and bubbling fountains,
Round shall crystal waters pour ;
Cease to frown shall all the mountains,
And the cataracts to roar.

Plants, from out the deep clefts springing,
Shall adorn the dim defiles ;
Mosses gay, and creepers clinging,
Deck the precipice in smiles.

From the dark recesses bounding,
Forth shall come the wild gazelle,
Scar'd not by the bugle's sounding,
Nor the rifle's pealing knell.

Overhead the boughs entwining,
Shall invite his tarriance there ;
All soft dulcet sounds combining,
All sights beautiful and rare.

But the bringer of " good tidings,"
Tarries not upon the hills ;
He shall go 'mid man's abidings,
So his gracious Master wills.

Then what joy awaits his coming,
As adown the slope he springs,
Calling those in sorrow roaming
To repose beneath his wings.

Then the dwellers of the valley
Shall into the open field
From their habitations sally,
Meet thanksgivings there to yield.

Each to each will be a brother,
Strife will then be banished far ;
Not a man will smite another,
Not a man will go to war.

Savage natures will be tamed
And reclaim'd from ways of guilt ;
Injuries will not be named,
Blood will nevermore be spilt.

Not a heart will hatred nourish,
Peace will walk abroad on earth,
Piety will grow and flourish,
Holy love and heavenly mirth.

THE MEN NEEDED NOW.

BY DR. A. P. PEABODY.

This season of commemoration has its voices, not only of gratitude and gladness, but equally of admonition—it may be of reproach. Our nation owes its existence, its constitution, its early union, stability, progress and prosperity, under the Divine Providence, to the great, wise and good men who built our ship of State, and stood at its helm in the straits and among the shoals and quicksands through which it sailed into the open sea. Where are now our Washingtons, Adamses, Hamiltons, Jays, Pickerings—the men whom a sovereign's ransom

could not bribe, or a people's adulation beguile, or the lure of ambition dazzle and pervert? Nature cannot have grown niggardly of her noble births, God of his best gifts. But where are they? Unset jewels, for the most part, and incapable of finding a setting under our present political regime. Of what avail is it that we heap honors on the illustrious fathers of our republic, if we are at no pains to seek for their succession heirs of their talents and their virtues? Yet, were Washington now living—the very man of whose praise we are never weary—does any one suppose it possible for him to be chosen to the Chief Magistracy? Would he answer the questions, make the compromises, give the pledges, without which no national convention would nominate him? Could he creep through tortuous mole paths, through which men now crawl into place and grovel into power? Would he mortgage, expressly or tacitly, the vast patronage of the government for the price of his election?

We sometimes hear the cry, "Not men, but measures." But if there be any one lesson taught us by our early history, it is that men, not measures, created, saved, exalted our nation. Corrupt men vitiate, mean men debase, dishonest men pervert, incompetent men neutralize the best measures, if such measures be even possible, except as originated, directed, actualized by the best men. Our rowers have now brought us into waters where there are no soundings. It is impossible to know, in the absence of a definite standard of value, whether our national wealth is increasing or declining, whether we are on the ninth wave of towering prosperity, or on the eve of general bankruptcy. It is an ominous fact that an immense proportion of individual wealth is public debt. Never was there so much need as now of the profoundest wisdom and integrity beyond bribe, to crystallize our chaos, to disentangle the complexities of our situation, to disenthral our industries from legislation which protects by cramping and crippling, to retrench the spoils of office—enormous when not exceeding legal limits, unmeasured beyond them—and through the entire hierarchy of place and trust to establish honesty and competency, not partisan zeal and efficiency, as the essential qualifications.

There is a sad and disheartening element in the pomp and splendor, the lofty panegyric and fervent eulogy of these centennial celebrations. It was once said in keen reproach by Him who spake as never man spake, "Ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous." It is, in general, not the age which makes history that writes it—not the age which builds monuments that merits them. It is in looking back to a past better than the present that men say, "There were giants in those days." Reverence and gratitude for a worthy ancestry characterize, indeed, not unworthy descendants; praise and adulation of ancestors beyond reason or measure denote a degenerate posterity. Our fathers have done little for us, if their equals do not now fill their places. Unless their lineage be undebased, their heritage is of little value.

Fellow-citizens, let us praise our fathers by becoming more worthy of them. Let this season of commemoration be a revival season of public and civic virtue. Let the blessed memories which we rejoice to keep ever green be enwreathed afresh with high resolve and earnest endeavor to transmit the liberty so dearly purchased to centuries yet to come. When another centennial rolls round let there be names identified with this, our country's second birthtime, that shall find fit place in the chaplet of honor which our children will weave. Some such names will be there—Lincoln, Andrew, the heroes of our civil conflict, the men whose prudent counsels and diplomatic skill in that crisis warded off worse perils than those of armed rebellion. Let these be reinforced by yet other names that shall be written indelibly on the pillars of our reconstructed Union. Fellow-citizens, heirs of renowned fathers, look to it that in your hands their trusts be fulfilled, that the travail of their souls will have the only recompense they sought.

Germany has already sent us more than two and a half millions of people, and will, no doubt, continue to be our largest source of supply. The laws of the Empire relating to military service and conscription, together with the prevailing fear of further continental wars, stimulate emigration more than all other considerations combined.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

Since the Alabama arbitration other exciting differences between nations have been settled in a like peaceful, inexpensive and bloodless manner. For instance, there had been an irritating dispute for some years between Switzerland and Italy, on a question of a boundary—than which there has been no more fruitful cause of war. But, instead of resorting to that dread alternative, these two nations referred their differences to Mr. Marsh, the United States Ambassador to Italy, who, after a careful investigation of the rival claims, declared his award in favor of Italy, and concerning which we learn as we are writing that a convention has been issued by both governments establishing the boundary line in accordance with the award of Mr. Marsh. Again: a question having arisen between Great Britain and Portugal as to their sovereignty over Delagoa Bay, on the East Coast of Africa, it has been submitted by both governments to the arbitration of the President of France, Marshal MacMahon, and his decision will doubtless be announced at an early day, and will be cordially acquiesced in when announced. Still more recently, when the peace of Europe was threatened with a renewal of strife between Germany and France—and when apprehension amounting almost to consternation prevailed, in consequence of the possibility of a war, of which no one could prophesy the dimensions or the duration—at the critical juncture, the Czar of Russia interposed as a pacificator, and for the moment the threatening war-cloud rolled harmlessly away.

Finally, the noble contagion of peace has spread in a most remarkable manner to nations outside the pale of Christendom, and with the most beneficent effects. The first instance of this kind was on the occasion of the dispute between China and Formosa. Certain Japanese had been murdered on the Island of Formosa, which belonged to the Chinese. The Japanese government demanded redress, which was at first refused by the Chinese. This led to an angry correspondence, which at length became so embittered that hostilities on a large scale were preparing on both sides. But at this juncture, Mr. Wade, the British Minister at Peking, stepped in and offered his mediation as an arbitrator. This was accepted, and ultimately he induced the Chinese government and the Japanese commissioner at Peking to make an arrangement by which China should pay to Japan 500,000 taels, and the Japanese troops be withdrawn from Formosa. The other instance to which we have alluded arose again from a question of boundary, of a very dangerous character, between the Shah of Persia and the Emir of Cabul, but which has been settled by the mediation of two British officers, General Goldsmid and General Pollock, to whom the difficulty was referred. So far then, from their being Utopian or impossible, the efforts for Universal Peace would appear to be making rapid and substantial progress, and may no longer be pooh-poohed as the dream of visionaries and idealists.

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIZE ESSAY ON INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

BY MR. G. STRAWERIDGE, OF ENGLAND.

No question is of such vital importance to all classes as the question of International Arbitration. It is essentially necessary for the good will and welfare of all nations that treaties should be entered into having for their object the development of the resources of the various countries of the world, and the advancement of civilization for the common benefit of the whole human race, and that these treaties should be of continued effect, unstained by the bloody hand of either conqueror or vanquisher. It is necessary that any point arising in dispute should be settled by Arbitration or by what may be termed a High Court of Nations. All share the burden entailed by war. When monarchs fight, the people groan under the heavy expenditure entailed: (the writer then reviews the great cotton famine of 1861, during the American war, which caused such distress in Lancashire), and the most recent and gigantic war that ever occurred between two mighty nations, and asks whether any great object has been obtained by such an unprecedented waste of blood and treasure, except a legacy of hatred

and revenge on the part of France, which feeling of revenge if indulged in, its own liberties, its wealth, the lives and prospects of its children will probably be delivered over to a despotic military regime. Several questions have been referred to Arbitration which involved points affecting national honor, the safety of the persons, and the security of property under the national flags, and even the administration of law in some of the nations which were parties to the dispute. The claims have been adjusted, war has been prevented, and the nations are richer, happier, and wiser, than though battles had added to what is called national glory, and wounds had been left to rankle and fester by national defeat. The range of questions to be referred to Arbitration may be enlarged, the moral authority of Arbitrators may be extended, the civilized world will grow increasingly familiar with the idea, and learn more and more to admire, respect, and imitate, such precedents. It is not enthusiasm to believe that the example of England as to the Alabama claims will be followed, or that the verdict of the British Parliament in favor of Mr. H. Richard's motion, cannot fail to bear fruit full of blessings to all mankind. The wisest and best of nations being first convinced, the rest will follow in due time. Of all means of protecting honor, the fighting of international duels, by means of armies, is most brutal and stupid. When the King of Prussia partially countenanced the candidature of a prince for the throne of Spain, France tortured the matter into "a question of honor." The armed maintenance of her "honor" has cost her the fall of the Bonapartes, the siege of Paris, the loss of two provinces, the disgrace of her soldiers, and millions and millions added to her debt, besides the sacrifice of thousands of human beings who have been destroyed by the direct action of war. It certainly cannot be questioned that the honor of nations is far more likely to be guarded in the peace-seeking debates of a tribunal of Arbitration, than preserved on battle-fields, where only one of the combatants can triumph. If questions in which the honor of nations is involved may properly be referred to a tribunal of Arbitration, how much more reasonably may those questions be referred which involve only property. To this extent, at least, the practice of nations has begun to conform to reason. No nation would now go to war on such paltry grounds as a money claim, or a claim which money would satisfy. The reference of the Alabama claims must come to be regarded as the only feasible precedent in cases for the future. International progress has thus worked along the same lines as national progress; men consent to refer to legal tribunals disputes as to property before they learn to refer disputes as to honor. The writer then points out how a High Court of nations can be constituted, and concludes by assenting that to a people, convinced of the righteousness of a principle and discerning the available means of carrying it into operation, there is no such thing as impossible. The arts of peace must supersede the arts of war; the blessings of peace supplant its horrors, and the fruits of peace reward the sacred toil of mankind. That man who has conquered nature, destroyed time and space, weighed the globe on which he exists—that this highly gifted being who has done these things shall not long present the irregularity of not being able to live on terms of peace and equality with his fellow-man.

WAR'S RECORD.—According to the philosopher Dick, war has destroyed fourteen billions of human beings since man was first placed upon the earth.

Some authors put the number much higher, but taking Dick's estimate as a basis, the loss of life will be as follows: 2,333,333 annually; 14,444 monthly; 6,302 daily; 266 every hour; 4 1-2 every minute.

Shall the sword devour forever! Not if God's Word is true. Christians, come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," who for ten years made efforts in England for the establishment of a universal ocean penny post, has just received an ocean postal card stamped "one penny" from an old friend in London, mailed July 1st, 1875, the day when the ocean penny postal card system went into operation.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, AUG. & SEPT., 1875.



WHAT HINDERS IT?

BY EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, D. D.

What hinders it? Hinders what? The Peace Cause. The lack of faith in its friends. And this comes largely from lack of knowledge. It is fair to presume that all Christians are its friends, especially Christian ministers. Their master is the Prince of Peace, and they are his ambassadors. Yet how few of these ambassadors belong to the Peace Society, or ever preach on the wars of nations, except in time of war, and then only to stimulate the war spirit in their own soldiers. How many may never have preached a single sermon on the wickedness and woes of war, its demoralizations and its physical and financial wastes!

What is the reason that these friends of peace take so little interest in what is, technically, the Peace Cause? What can it be, except that they do not quite believe in it,—have not thought enough about it,—thought themselves enough *into* it, to know just what it means! The ministers preach often on the need every man has of peace with God, peace with his conscience, in his family, and with his neighbors, and that strife and broils here are a sin and an evil; because they believe it, and feel that preaching it does good. All other Christians feel the same, and pay their money liberally to sustain such preaching, and they are right. But the peace of nations—wars and fightings amongst *them*—that seems a different thing. Nations always have fought out their quarrels, and they always will, so long as human nature is what it is. This is what Count Bismarck also thinks, and that there is no other way of settling them. But is killing our fellow-men by thousands on the battle-field for some breach of international comity or law, or to gain a bit of contested or coveted territory, or any reason that has not been adjudged in equity a needful self-defence, any more reasonable or just, than for Christian families and neighbors, or neighboring churches, for a similar cause to

“Cry, havoc, and let slip the dogs of war”

upon each other? Does our common Christianity interdict the one as a horrible sin and barbarity, and smile on, or give to the other the sanction of its silence as a necessary evil, against which it is of no use to contend?

And when such friends of peace say, “The Peace Societies have done no good and never will; there is as much war and fighting now as ever;” is it not from want of knowledge too as well as of faith? There is not as much war as ever, as a little study would show.

England, for example, had only one hundred years of peace during the eight centuries that preceded the present. *Seven-eighths* were given to the wastes of war, and only one-eighth to the industries of peace. She had twenty-four wars with France, and one that lasted a hundred years. During the last fifty years *three-fourths* have been hallowed by peace, and only one-fourth instead of seven-eighths disturbed by war. A similar

gain for international harmony has been secured in some other countries of Europe. And what occasioned the change? We do not know, except the gospel brought to bear *directly* upon the subject, by some of its ministers, and the prayers of Christians. From 1790 to 1815 Europe was submerged in bloody revolutions and strifes. The red horse of war, whose rider “took peace from the earth,” tramped from nation to nation, in blood that came up to his bridle. Men were tired of war, and many, from mere humanity and horror of such wholesale slaughter, had come to a detestation of it. But they would have soon been at it again, if nothing purer and more powerful than natural pity or disgust had come into the arena. Every thing had been stirred up and changed.—rulers, empires and dynasties. But in the revulsion and reconstructions that followed, nothing was fixed, except a network of tyranny that could not last. What could be done?

In 1815, on the 28th of Dec., the first technical Peace Society of modern history was organized in Boston. Its motto was, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.” The import of this to the founders was—wars are cruel and wicked, and ought to cease; what ought to be, can be, and we will do what we are able to make them cease.

A few months later, without any knowledge of what had been done in Boston, a similar society was instituted in London, on the same principles, and in the same spirit. Still later the same movement was commenced in Edinburgh, Paris, Geneva, Brussels and other cities of Europe. These municipal organizations grew into national ones, and from these came first occasional International conferences and congresses, and next permanent leagues and institutes, some for restricting and humanizing the horrors of war, and others for the study and improvement of the law of nations, to avoid, as far as possible, the occasions of war, and to secure in all cases of international difficulty an appeal from the hasty arbitrament of the sword to the calm conclusions of impartial judges. The methods of operation have been by examinations, conferences, discussions, by diffusing information, combining the influence of jurists, statesmen, Christian philanthropists and preachers for enlightening and educating the people; by acting on rulers and governments, through memorials and petitions, and especially to get all who will to sign petitions to the “King of Kings,” that he would send help, and more brave, patient fighters in this holy war for peace.

Now, is it strange that wars have been fewer and shorter since this movement commenced than before? What marvels of history have occurred in these last sixty years! Revolutions and counter-revolutions,—the dissolving of imperial bands and papal concordats,—the passing of government from one man’s hands to the many,—the abolition of the Papacy as a civil sovereignty, one of the greatest war-powers the world has known; all this, and with so little bloodshed, by illumination and education, silently, and by conciliations that are slowly, but surely, elevating and unifying the nations in one great peaceful, Christian brotherhood. What has done all this? God, by the preaching of the gospel. How is it explained? Just as the remarkable success which has attended the missionary efforts of the churches, during the same period, is explained; by a purer, deeper Christian missionary spirit in the churches and the ministry, and a *specific application* of the principles of Christianity to the state of the heathen world, and the duty of carrying it the gospel. The gospel of missions

and the gospel of peace, are not two but *one*. The same commission that sends us to the Hindoos and Hottentots to instruct them to cease from idols and worship God, bids us help the Germans, and the French, and the English, and all other nations, to leave off wars and fightings, and be subject, in love, to the Prince of Peace.

And yet some clergymen look on the Peace Cause as an intruder, when it asks for a portion of the Sabbath day in which to plead with the churches for their prayers and their aid. They feel that it might be better left to the press and the rostrum, than take the time of Sunday, altogether too little—yet all that ministers have to reach the minds and hearts of men, and make them subjects of the Prince of Peace. But is teaching men not to fight but to live in peace, a hinderance to their being made subjects of the Prince of Peace? Is there anything in more direct hostility to the gospel than the war spirit? Would it be wise to shut up the pulpits and the Sabbath against the gospel of missions? Eighty years ago, by a vast majority of the clergy of England and America, they were closed to it. When the proposition to convert the heathen was made in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland at the close of the last century, one of the oldest members said, "I have sat in this Assembly for fifty years, and a more absurd proposal than sending the gospel to the heathen has never in that period fallen upon my ears." At that time the idea of a society for promulgating the gospel of Peace among the Christian nations would have been deemed just about as absurd. It was war! war! and scarcely a lip of peace. What has made this great change in respect to these two fields? The gospel of missions and of peace. Would it be wise and safe to remand either of these Christian objects to the sole custody of the platform and the press?

Christian ministers, nothing to do with the Peace Cause but to shut it out of the Sabbath and the pulpit! Christian laymen nothing to do *for it*, because there are so many other objects of benevolence, more directly spiritual, and of more importance, to which they feel under obligations to contribute! Can Christian men afford to set this cause aside just so? Is there anything the world more needs to hush its strifes and calm its perturbations than peace—God's righteous peace? May there not be some loss in having no stake in this issue of the Prince of Peace with the war-powers, when he is so signally beating their "swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks," and teaching them to "learn war no more?" It is a hard lesson, and they are slow to learn, "and slow of heart to believe," glory is so tempting, and revenge so sweet.

Five years ago, France, beautiful but fickle, started, with her army and her Emperor, for Berlin, hounded on by the Archbishop of Paris, the Pope, and the College of Cardinals, to avenge Waterloo and St. Helena, and cripple Protestant Prussia. But she soon found an unwelcome visitor at Paris, and one she could not easily get rid of. She lost her Emperor and her army, the Pope his sword and crown,—all but his keys,—and the Archbishop his head, in the affray.

"To wilful men,
The injuries they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters."

Yet in such a school France, with many other nations, is a dull scholar. The voice that comes from her press and her pulpits is "still for war." "France knows how to relieve those who suffer, and she knows how to oppose those who oppress. Today, it is pity—to-morrow, it will be *la revanche*. Let us never

lose sight of these two grand aspects of duty." Another voice cries, "Revenge first and peace after." Another still, from the gospel preacher, "I will give all my sons to fight for Alsace and Lorraine." Revenge a duty! Christian ministers fighting for the "price of the land!" But another and better French word comes to the world, "Revenge by peace." Love is the divine *lex talionis*—the power that will finally conquer—love, even to our enemies

LETTER FROM DR. MILES.

10 OLD SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN,
LONDON, JULY 22, 1875.

It gives me pleasure to communicate to *The Advocate* a few notes respecting our preparations for the approaching conference of the "Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations." I sailed from Boston in the "*Parthia*," July 3d, and arrived in London on the 13th, having had fine weather all the way, and for the first time I had a comfortable passage across the ocean. I must say, in passing, although we were in Her Majesty's dominions we did not suffer the glorious fifth to pass without due commemoration. Upon the deck of the noble steamer, with the flag of Great Britain and the Stars and Stripes waving above us in most friendly conjunction, we organized for appropriate observances.

Judge Putnam of Boston was called to the chair, and he opened the exercises with a most pertinent and patriotic address, after which he called upon Mr. Richard H. Dana, 3d, to read the Declaration of Independence. Toasts were offered and responses made by H. D. Hyde, esq., Hon. E. A. Rollins, Mr. Stevenson and your humble servant. Dr. S. F. Smith, author of our hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee," etc., read a poem prepared for the occasion. Singing was interspersed with the speaking, and while the sentiments expressed by the speakers were truly patriotic, they were also magnanimous and quite in harmony with the spirit becoming, we are glad to say, constantly more manifest in favor of the fellowship of the nations. So that to all on board, the representatives of different nationalities, the occasion was evidently one of much pleasure, a harbinger, we trust, of the time when nations shall have learned to rejoice together in each other's prosperity and sympathize with each other in adversity.

Soon after my arrival in London a meeting of the English members of the executive council of our association was held, at which reports were given of progress made during the last year. These reports showed most gratifying results. I was glad to be able to state that some two hundred of the most influential names in America had been added to our roll of members. A large number of powerful names have been added, also, in Great Britain, France and other countries, among them Lords Penzance and Coleridge, Sir Robert Collier, Sir Robert Lush, Sir John Lubbock, Ed. Laboulaye, M. G. Massé, etc., etc. Dr. Bredius, member of the States-General of Holland, was present, and informed us that the conference at the Hague is anticipated with much interest. The government of Holland has made a generous appropriation for the welcome of the delegates, and a most influential local committee has made arrangements for their cordial reception.

The inaugural meeting is to take place in a *salon* of the "Hotel des Arts et Sciences," at the Hague, on Wednesday, the 1st day of September, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The conference will hold its sittings in the assembly room of the First Chamber of the States-General. Papers are to be

read and discussions are to take place upon subjects having distinct reference to the objects embraced by the association, and there is a determination on the part of all who are concerned in the direction of the association to make it pre-eminently practical, and efficient in promoting the peace and welfare of the nations.

DANIEL O'CONNELL A PEACE MAN.

BY C. STEARNS.

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels, thou crownedst him with glory and honor."

Few men, of ancient or modern times, have better deserved the panegyric of the sacred writer, than the one whose centennial birthday has just been celebrated. There have been men of more notoriety, from the fact, that they espoused more popular causes; but the nineteenth century can boast of no greater moral hero than the defender of down-trodden Ireland, and the champion of the American slave. But the one great trait, that stood out in bold proportions from his otherwise magnificent character, was his *love of peace*. Himself a moral warrior by nature, and capable of hurling the most terrific moral weapons at the enemies of truth, the star of his glory will forever illumine the moral heavens, on account of the utterance of that sublimest of sayings ever spoken by mortal man, namely, "No revolution the world has ever seen, is worth the shedding of one drop of human blood." While all Ireland chafed beneath the maddened utterances of his fiery tongue, and all England quailed before the power of his majestic eloquence, and infuriated slaveholders cried out for his blood; gathering to himself the spotless robes of peace, with the dove of peace perched upon his shoulder, and with the spirit of the "Prince of Peace" in his heart, he waved his fraternal hand in the presence of as fiery spirits as the world had ever seen, and exclaimed like his great progenitor Jesus, "Peace, be still! History furnishes no parallel to this sublime act.

Consider for a moment his situation. A race cowed down by centuries of oppression stood before him, not yet strong enough to stand alone, but needing a further infusion of his fiery spirit into their souls, in order to enable them to contend manfully for their rights. Every day this power increasing, until the new light flashes from their eyes, and the hand grasps a weapon and is ready to fight for freedom. But suddenly the manner of the orator changes, and with a subdued voice he exclaims, "Be still my friends, avenge not yourselves!"

Few men have possessed this power of controlling those aroused to intense feeling—by their own efforts, and inducing them to oppose their enemies with moral power only. In fact, history hardly furnishes another instance of such an entire change being effected in the life of a people by moral means alone. Whoever wishes to understand fully this mighty moral victory can do so by reading its masterly description in Mr. Phillips' recent oration. Never was better verified the truth of the declaration, "It is not by might, nor by power, but my *spirit*, saith the Lord." O'Connell, although unsurpassed in this, or any other age as an orator, yet possessed a mighty moral force, that added to the intellectual lightning of his eloquence, the thunders of moral truth, that clothed him with oratorical powers superior to those of the iron-willed Webster; the classical but icicle-hearted Everett; the impassioned but untruthful Choate; the graceful but sycophantic Clay. As Emerson has said, the secret of his power was, that "behind his eloquence there stood a man." Carlyle said of O'Connell, "He is God's own anointed king, whose single word melts all wills into his;" and John Randolph said, "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day." The enquiry will naturally be made, "Was O'Connell successful in accomplishing what he sought by moral means only?" Hear Mr. Phillips on this point: "Out of the darkness he called forth light, out of the most abject, weak and pitiable of kingdoms he made a *power*, and dying he left in Parliament a spectre which, unless appeased, pushes Whig and Tory ministers alike from their stools. He *did* what the ablest and bravest of his forerunners

had tried to do and failed. He created a public opinion and a unity of purpose, which makes Ireland a *Nation*; he gave her a British citizenship and a place in the imperial Parliament; he gave her a *Press* and a *Public*. He transformed the whole social system of Ireland, remodelled by his influence the representative, ecclesiastical and educational institutions, and created a public opinion that surpassed the wildest dreams of his predecessors," and all this "without the effusion of a drop of blood." Verily, the gospel of peace is "mighty through God, to the pulling down the strongholds of Satan."

CAN THE WEARY EARTH HAVE PEACE?

BY REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

Men have died, civilizations have decayed, nations have vanished; the earth of to-day, with all its swarming life, is only the sepulchre of the earth that has been, but amid all changes truth, justice, mercy and love have remained unchanged. These to human affairs have been and are what the sky and the stars are to clouds; these come and go; they form, they disperse, but their coming and their going move not the foundations of the one or dim the everlasting shining of the other. Before man was is God, and God is goodness, supreme and eternal. The word by which we designate deity is only a symbol which stands as equivalent of all we know or conceive of truth, justice, mercy and affection.

You will note also, that goodness in all its elements is harmonious with itself. Love and law are ever accordant. Justice and mercy are never at war. The holiness—or wholeness—of God is composed of concordant parts. There is no antagonism between kindred rays. There is no repulsion amid the virtues of God. Evil is full of distractions. Out of it come warrings and tumult. But goodness is coherent with the unity of affection, and between the posts of its gates issue only the processions of peace. The history of the human race is for the most part the record of battles or of what led to battles. The sounds of conflict swell up from its every page. From the day when brother smote brother, men have contended with men. They have wounded and killed each other like beasts baited by hunger for the death grapple. They have fought for, they knew not what. They have murdered each other in hatred. But underneath every war, as the cause is underneath the result has run the principle of evil. Some devilish spark has started each conflagration. There has never been a necessary war. Into the hearts of the one party or the other or both evil has entered as the inciting cause. Goodness personalized would have prevented and will prevent all strife.

Now, men by nature are constructed at right angles one to another. They touch only at the junction of opposition. Thus nations grow up. Thus tribes exist. Out of such a temper and attitude wars spring. The motive impulse in each is pure selfishness, the result of wrong education. All within a certain imaginary geographical line are brethren. All outside this line are aliens and enemies. These have no rights before the bar of their conscience. From these they can steal without guilt. These they can murder without remorse. To tell a Frenchman that he should love a German, or a Turk love a Greek, or a Mexican love a Texan, would in the judgment of unregenerate men be preposterous. But, friends, in the judgment of Christ it would not be preposterous, and I know that in the judgment of this great audience, who accept Christ as their teacher in moral and humane duties, it is not so. And the reason is that, theoretically at least, you admit and feel that all men of all nations and of all climes are born brothers one of another, and that the great object and aim of Christianity is to make men acknowledge and realize this brotherhood, and this I claim, can only be accomplished when every tribe, every nation, every man is converted, not technically, but actually in his heart and feelings converted, to this sublime faith.

By as much as you Christianize the nations of the world you bring them into personal harmony. In Christ you have the type of the universal man as he will be when Christianity has become universal. As He felt so will all feel. The Christ of profane history, rightly so called, has been a warlike Christ. In his name murders have been committed and wars waged. The warrior has charmed his blade for bloodshed with the

text of peace, and under the banners blazoned with His sainted name men have strangled those whom they should have kissed. But the Christ of Bethlehem, the Christ of the Mount of Olives, the Christ of Calvary, the Christ of the Ascension; the Christ at God's right hand to-day is the Christ of peace, salvation and good will unto men. Liberty, fraternity, the unity of the race by the oneness of regenerated natures by faith in Him, these are the words that symbolize, so far as words may, the great cardinal principles and the logical results of His religion.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

Among all the speeches of Southern and Northern men brought out by the Centennials, we have read no one that has the true ring more clear than the brief and eloquent address, the day before "Bunker Hill," by Col. Thomas Y. Simons, of the Light Infantry of South Carolina.

Mr. Chairman, Fellow-Soldiers, and Fellow-Citizens of Boston:—Dead, indeed, must be that heart which cannot draw inspiration of patriotism from such scenes as this. We are strangers and aliens no longer, but brothers and fellow-citizens of one common country. Our fathers met together, where they for the first time gave to the world permanent hope of true liberty; and in that day when the brave sons of Massachusetts, with sturdy independence and noble spirit, determined to be free, they found an answering echo from the shores of our native State of Carolina, which said we will stand by you. There was no section of the country which gave a more cordial sympathy or firmer support to the cause of Massachusetts and of independence. To-morrow we will stand on that sacred spot where our fathers shed their blood for the holy cause of independence. We will not forget that they regarded as essential to that cause, so dear to the hearts of the oppressed of every nation, as the first element of success the union of the colonies, not only in name, but in heart and in hope. Sir, the late sad war is over; the conflict has ceased. The command which you see before you left one hundred and thirteen of its heroes upon the battle-field for that State, in whose cause they thought it their duty to fight. That war over, reconciliation, peace and fraternity are the words which we bear next our hearts. There is no higher duty which patriotism invokes us to perform than to act toward each other as friends and brethren in the advancement of the cause for which our fathers shed their blood. I say to you, that it may go from the mountains to the seashore, from the great lakes to the gulf, that South Carolina and Massachusetts, to-day, henceforth and forever, will be one and inseparable, for the perpetuity of the cause of liberty. [Enthusiastic cheers.] You have well said, Mr. Adams, springing as you do from those who have made the name of this country illustrious, that the present is not a mere hollow truce. We want to be one in heart, in name, and in hope, and regard him as an enemy of his country who shall ever attempt to disturb that peace, reconciliation and fraternity, which is the bulwark, and the sole bulwark, of the country. And now, Mr. Chairman, permit me, in concluding, to say, that our hearts have been deeply touched by the manifestations of courtesy and kindness which have been shown us from the time we first left our shores until the present time. We accept this treatment in the spirit in which it is tendered, in the hope that it may be a precursor of a restored unity and a happy land.

PEACE FROM PRINCIPLE.

We do not need an army to maintain domestic order, or to support law. The people themselves take care of that. Fifty years ago Dr. Leiber, traveling in this country, was struck by the universal respect for law; and saw an evidence of it even in signboards on our bridges: "Keep to the right as the law directs." A government by the people makes it the personal interest of every man in the community to maintain order. The laws which the people make themselves, the people will themselves maintain. Few things in this country have more surprised European travelers than to see the universal security and quiet when no soldiers are to be noticed, and where it is extremely difficult ever to find a policeman. The explanation is

always at hand. In the States of Europe it is the business of the government to execute laws; here it is the business of every citizen to see that they are enforced.

A nation without a large standing army is weak for offensive war; and it is an advantage that it should be so. But it is strong for defence; in its prosperity, in the comfort and intelligence of the people, and in the might which slumbers in a freeman's arm. It may be said that we do not need standing armies here, as Europe does, because we are not surrounded by hostile States; but that is also owing to our being a Federal Republic. Massachusetts does not need a standing army to defend itself from an attack of New York, because New York and Massachusetts have a common interest, and belong to the same great Union. Let the States of Europe become Republics, and form a union among themselves, and they could also disband their armies or reduce them to a mere police force like ours. But wars will never cease so long as each of the great nations has its immense army and fleet, which a few men sitting around a green table can, at any time, hurl upon their neighbors.—*James Freeman Clarke's Fourth of July Oration.*

THE WAR PRINCIPLE ILLUSTRATED.

"A Mr. Beane, a school teacher in Tennessee, attempted to punish a boy named Hutchinson, who resisted and left school. A day or two after, young Hutchinson, accompanied by his brother and a man named Smith, visited Beane's house for the avowed purpose of chastising him. Beane saw them coming, and anticipating their errand, armed himself, as also did Mr. Moore, who happened to be at the house. On their arrival Hutchinson said they intended giving Beane a thrashing. Moore remonstrated, when Smith drew a pistol, and shot him dead. This was a signal for all to produce pistols. Beane shot and instantly killed Cyrus Hutchinson, brother of the school boy. He had scarcely fired when Smith, who had instantly killed Moore, fired another barrel of his repeater at Beane; the ball struck, but failed immediately to disable him. Beane then turned on Smith, and lodged three balls in his body, inflicting wounds which resulted mortally in a few minutes. In twenty minutes four out of the five engaged in the affray, lay dead within a few feet of each other."

Here is a fair specimen of the war principle. The parties, having got mad at each other, resolved without any form of law, or any security for a right decision, to avenge their alleged wrong. They pretended to no rule of right except their own will roused into rage; and without law, or judge, they took what they called justice into their own hands. The result, as in most wars, was suicidal to both parties. Is it not a burning shame, that the so called Christian civilization of this nineteenth century has no better system of international justice than such indiscriminate, tiger-like butchery?

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN ASIA.

Notwithstanding the frequent statements in regard to the friendly relations between Great Britain and Russia, it is useless to disguise the fact that they are rivals in regard to the possession of power in Central Asia. Russia for a long period has been pursuing an aggressive policy in extending her dominion. The Crimean war and its results put a check for a time upon her designs in the direction of Turkey, but she has since been gradually lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes further East. The war in Khiva was but an illustration of her ambitious designs on Asiatic territory, and although the English people are trying to persuade themselves that Russia will never touch India, the persuasion, if it exists, is begotten by the wish that it may be so. To those who look on from a distance, remembering the past course of the government of the Czar, and considering the steady progress toward India, which Russian arms have been making, it appears altogether probable that Russia is preparing for contingencies, and that should she become involved on other grounds with England, one of her first blows will be struck at the Oriental British Empire.

We earnestly hope and pray that no such contingency may arise. The interference of any power with British rule in India is an event to be deprecated in the interests of humanity.

THE CURSE OF FRANCE.—Ex-Secretary McCulloch, formerly of the Treasury Department, and now a banker in London, has written several letters to the *New York Tribune* on the French financial affairs. They have, and worthily, attracted much attention. The present debt of the French nation is, he says, twice that of the United States; and what is remarkable is that this debt has grown most rapidly; not when the country was engaged in war, but when it was preparing for war. 'The standing army has been at the bottom of all the financial troubles in France. And he adds, it is her standing army and the standing armies of other countries that menace the peace of Europe. These armies, he rightly asserts, are not created for the preservation of peace; they are the preparation of war. They mean war and nothing else. It would be a measureless blessing to France "if she would forget her triumphs under the great Corsican, and get over the delusion which she indulges, that she must become again the great war power of Europe." What a blessing it would be to France and to civilization everywhere, if she would now say, "The Republic is peace," and verify the saying by following the example set by the United States at the close of the late civil war, by disbanding her army. If she should do so she would shame every European nation into doing the same.—*Advance*.

NEW ENGLAND YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS AT NEWPORT.—A number of men and women Friends were appointed to obtain the signatures of the members of the Yearly Meeting to the following petition, to be presented to the next national Congress:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:—We, the undersigned, members of the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends for New England, solemnly impressed with a sense of the cruel and unchristian character of all wars, respectfully and earnestly petition the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled, to enact such a law as shall make it the duty of the government of the United States to negotiate with the governments of other nations for the establishment of an International Court of Arbitration, whereby all claims, differences and grievances, arising between nations entering into the compact, shall be adjusted without appeal to the sword."

WILLIAM WILLIAMS AND THE COLORED MAN.—At an appointed meeting held by William Williams in Delaware, the Governor of that State and other persons of eminence being present, the subject that opened upon his mind for communication, was, the unlawfulness of war. Fearful of the offence it might occasion, he long bore his exercise in silence, but at last giving up to his duty, he obtained peace of mind. After meeting, whilst sitting in the porch of a Friend's house, a colored man came to the porch, and was invited by the owner of the house to walk in; but he declined, saying he wished to speak to William. "Thy Master," said he, addressing William, "commanded thee to speak, but thou wert afraid, but when thou submitted to it, thou came off victorious." William declared he never was so brought to his feelings before. Thus the poor and weak of the flock are sometimes made use of to strengthen and encourage the Lord's laborers in their work.

Our Centennial festivities ought to be productive of great good to us as a nation. It is to be borne in mind that our Revolutionary War was in behalf of correct political principles and good government. It was not a revolt against the mother country, so much as a general uprising against corrupt and incapable officials, against oppressive exactions and an administration which sneered at the protests of the people. The experience of bad government—(not a bad form of government, *i. e.*, a monarchy, as is often assumed) through a long period of years, taught our fathers how to found and administer a good government. And this fact is one which our people may more profitably contemplate to-day than almost any other. As a nation we sadly need instruction in sound political morality, and the principles of good government.—*Christian Mirror, Portland*.

A conference of governments is to be held in 1876 on the war question.

David Dudley Field, J. V. L. Pruyn and A. P. Sprague were among the passengers for Liverpool in the steamship *Bothnia*, which sailed from Jersey City last week. Other members of the delegation from the country to the Association for the Codification of the Laws of Nations, which meets at The Hague on the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 6th of September, had sailed previously. Mr. Field will also attend the Institute of International Law, which meets at the same place on Aug. 24th. He will read before the Association an essay recently prepared by him on "The Relations of International Law to Oriental Countries." Mr. Sprague is a young lawyer of Albany, and is the successful competitor for the prize offered last year by the Spanish Government for the best essay on International Law. The prize was open to all the world. Mr. Sprague now goes to Europe to receive the medal, and as a delegate to the Association.—*Boston Post*.

Garibaldi has recently given utterance to sentiments on the subject of war and peace which do honor to him as a soldier and a citizen. He was lately entertained at a public banquet at Civita Vecchia, given to him by the Syndic of the Chamber of Commerce and the leading citizens. The General was in high spirits, and his improved health was visible in his glowing cheek and lustrous eye. In the course of his speech he said that for Italy war had ceased, but if it returned it would find her ready. Let her continue to show steadiness and devote herself to peace. A new principle has dawned on civilization which would put an end to war and bring in the brotherhood of the nations, the principle of International Arbitration. "I give it as a toast," added the General, "and invite you to associate with it its apostles in England and Italy, Richard, Mancini and Sclopis."

The Rhode Legislature, at its last session, made some needed reforms in militia matters. Many years ago a bill being introduced "for the organization of the militia," a hard-headed member from Pettyquamscott, who had been instructed by his constituency not to let them city chaps have everything their own way, arose in his seat and said: "Mr. Speaker, I goes in agin that bill. I goes in agin organs: they'll be dreadful unhandy things in battle now, let me tell you." So Aunt Rhody's army remained unorganized.

It is better to yield a little than to quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing, as people call it, for their (little) rights, is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickerings which attend such a disposition; and unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not wiser, happier and more prudent to yield somewhat of precious rights than squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable and gentle.

It is reported that 40,000 Mennonites have determined to leave Russia, and emigrate to the United States, for fear of the military conscription in the land of their birth. It is impossible to estimate the loss which Russia will thus sustain.

The results of the late International Conference at Brussels form the subject of fresh negotiations between some of the Governments represented thereat. Russia asks that the conclusions of the Conference be embodied in a regular treaty between the nations whose representatives signed the agreement.

Were we to strip our sufferings of all the aggravations which our over busy imaginations heap upon them, of all that our impatience and wilfulness embitters in them, of all that a morbid craving for sympathy induces us to display to others, they would shrink to less than half their bulk; and what remained would be easy to support.

THE INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE.—It is not great battles alone that build the world's history, nor great poems alone that make the generations grow. There is a still small rain from Heaven that has more to do with the blessedness of nature, and of human nature, than the mightiest earthquake or the loveliest rainbow.



COTTAGE MUSIC.

BY MARY FRANCES ADAMS.

When the cottage door is open, and the air is bright and clear,
Then the sound of children's laughter echoes on the listening ear,
And the fall of little footsteps, pattering on the rustic floor,
Gently lures the tired woodman to his peaceful home once more

Oh, the music of young voices, oh, the tuneful little feet,
How they rise and fall together, keeping time in cadence sweet;
Like the ever moving planets, making harmony above,
So the happy notes of childhood vibrate on the chords of love.

On the settle sits the grandsire, with his eyes so old and dim,
That the little sunny faces seem like fading dreams to him;
But he hears their merry voices, and it almost makes him young,
As he tries to catch the meaning of each little prattling tongue.

Oh, the merry laughing voices, how melodiously they flow,
Bringing to the old man's memory happy days of long ago,
When he, too, could shout with gladness, when he, too, was bright and bold,
Long before his children's children told him how the world grew old.

And the music of young voices, long as this fair earth shall last,
Will relink the joyous present with the half forgotten past;
And the ring of little footsteps, pattering on the cottage floor,
Will be heard the wide world over, till there shall be time no more.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

CHILDREN UNDERSTAND PEACE.

DEAR SIR:—While visiting one of our infant schools a few days since, I enquired of the teacher if he had any idea of what the children think about war. He significantly replied that I might question his school and learn the views of his scholars for myself. I commenced:

"As I was coming here this morning, I saw, on the street below, a large brick building, of somewhat singular appearance; everything about it appeared neat and in order; the blinds were all closed and a high fence surrounded it. Can any of you tell me what building that was?"

"That's the Quaker Meeting House," said a half dozen little fellows in the same breath.

"But is there not a prettier name for them than that?"

"Yes," said one, "they are called friends."

"But why are they called friends?"

"Because they won't fight."

"Why not?"

"Because they know better."

"But how came they to know better?"

"They learned it in the Bible."

"Yes, but many people read the Bible and yet fight. Do you know that when armies and fleets meet to butcher each other, they have ministers on each side to pray for success in their work?"

"I know it, but 'tis because they don't know any better."

"It is not," said another, "because they don't know any better, but because they won't do better."

"But does the Bible say that it is wrong to fight?"

"It says what means the same, 'Love your enemies'."

Said another, "It says in the fifth chapter of Matthew, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'"

"But who are the peacemakers?"

"All who try to make everybody love each other."

"But why are they called the children of God?"

"Because God loves them as a father does his children!"

Said another, "Because they love what he loves."

One little flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked fellow said, "My father is a captain, and he says I shall be a soldier; but if I am, I never will kill anybody; I should rather be killed."

"But how fine a thing to have a red coat, and cap and sword, and be honored as captains are!"

The boy listened for a moment, and then said, "I can't help

that; I would rather be shot than kill anybody; for God says, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and if we break his commandments, he will punish us."

Reader, are you a teacher or a parent, beware how you train up your children. Teach them while young that they are to love everybody as they do themselves. If parents and teachers would do their duty, and show their children what war really is, their children would hate it, and give up their childish weapons and disband their little companies. It is high time for Christians to look at this subject, and cease from training their sons to be lovers of war — *Helt.*

MAGGIE AND HER MOTHER.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming into the kitchen with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and said:

"Then this is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake nearly all night with the baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden; but a new idea went with her. Thinking of her aunt's words, she said to herself: "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Now's the time for me to try and be useful. I remember when I was sick last year, I was so nervous, that if any one spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; but mother never got angry or out of patience. She was as gentle as could be with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

She sprang from the grass where she had thrown herself down, and went into the house. Her mother was minding the baby, who was teething and very fretful. Maggie brought the pretty ivory bells and began to jingle them for the little one. He stopped fretting and began to smile.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother, it is such a nice morning?" she asked.

"I should be very glad if you would," said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and baby was soon ready for the ride.

"I will keep him out as long as I can," said Maggie, "and you please lie down on the sofa, mother dear, and take a nap while I am gone. You look very tired."

These kind, thoughtful words of Maggie, and the kiss that went with them, were almost too much for her mother. Tears filled her eyes and her voice trembled, as she said:

"Thank you, my darling. It will do me a world of good if you will keep him out an hour; for my head aches badly this morning, and the air will do him good too."

How happy Maggie felt as she was trundling the little carriage up and down the walk. She was denying herself, and it always makes us happy to do this. And then she made the baby happy, and made her mother happy. And this is the way to bless people. Suppose we were all trying to deny ourselves and do good as little Maggie was, what blessings we should be wherever we went, and how happy our lives would be!

CHINESE PROVERBS.

1. Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.
2. Better be upright with poverty than wicked with plenty.
3. A word once spoken a dozen horses cannot overtake it and bring it back.
4. They who respect themselves will be honored; but they who do not care about their character will be despised.
5. It is foolish to borrow trouble from to-morrow.
6. When doing what is right the heart is easy, and becomes better every day; but when practising deceit the mind labors, and every day gets worse.
7. Those who touch vermilion become red, and those who touch ink become black; so people take their character from their bad or good companions.

Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will, in response to the promptings of his lower nature, which springs into activity when the higher slumbers, engage in mean and low pursuits rather than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the judgment than in preserving the purity of the affections.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

My little boy wakes early and delights to creep sly into bed and wake me with kisses. One morning, coaxing him to lie still awhile, I fell asleep again. When I awoke he was looking very sadly at me; perhaps my closed eyelids had made him think of a neighbor's child he had seen sleeping the sleep of death. Sighing, he said softly:

"Mamma, what do little boys do when their mammas go to heaven and leave them behind?"

My own mother left me so when I was nine years old. While now my boy's anxious face lay close to mine on the pillow, there came over me smothering memories of the lonely days that came after, when she was not there to help me off to school nor to welcome me home at night,—those motherless nights, when first a servant put me to bed.

"I wish, Harry, neither you nor any little boy or girl need ever know how hard it is to live without a mother."

So I said to the little fellow; but to you older boys and girls I can't help giving an older wish: That you who have a mother love her carefully. Be as good as ever you can be, and you cannot equal her goodness to you.

Boys, you will always be in debt to your mother. Money cannot hire such faithful services as hers have been; it can barely be paid in pure heart coin *Lore.*

NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes:
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladden all our youth,
When dreams had less of self, and more of truth;
The childlike faith so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet:
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woful way of sin:
These are not lost.

Not lost, O, Lord, for in thy city bright,
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

THE KING AND THE ANT.

According to Jewish and Mohammedan tradition, King Solomon, who was wise beyond all other men, knew the language of animals, and could talk with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. A rabbinical story is told of him which is in this wise:

"One day the king rode out of Jerusalem with a great retinue. An ant-hill lay directly in his path, and Solomon heard its little people talking.

"'Here comes the great king,' he heard one of them say. 'His flatterers call him wise and just and merciful, but he is about to ride over us, and crush us without heeding our sufferings.'

"And Solomon told the queen of Sheba, who rode with him, what the ant said.

"And the queen made answer: 'He is an insolent creature, O king! It is a better fate than he deserves, to be trodden under our feet.'

"But Solomon said: 'It is the part of wisdom to learn of the lowest and weakest.' And he commanded his train to turn aside and spare the ant-hill.

"Then all the courtiers marvelled greatly, and the queen of Sheba bowed her head and made obeisance to Solomon.

"Now know I the secret of thy wisdom. Thou listenest as patiently to the reproaches of the humble as to the flatteries of the great."—*John G. Whittier.*



FIGURES WON'T LIE.

"To-morrow is the twenty-fourth, isn't it, Mary?"

"The twenty-fourth," answered the young wife, sadly. James Carroll knocked the ashes from his cigar, held it carefully between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and looked thoughtfully into the fire. Mary's tired fingers showed no signs of weariness, but turned the hem of the sheet mechanically, then proceeded to haste it for sewing.

"Belle will be three years old!" he said, interrogatively.

"Three, James," replied Mary, without the trace of a bright smile lighting up her pretty young face. James gave a few more whiffs at his nearly consumed cigar, but did not seem to enjoy it. A listener would have pronounced Mary a cold, unloving wife, whom the genial presence of her handsome husband, or the return of her baby's birthday failed to please.

Lookers on and listeners do not always look into the depths of the heart to see what trials and struggles are there. So in this instance. Another woman whose life is all sunshine would have pronounced Mary Carroll heartless. Poor thing! She had too much heart for this world's trials. Her wedding day was a blissful one; her husband the ideal of manly perfection. His love, unaccompanied by wealth, was more to her than all the treasures of the earth. But a cloud arose to dim the brightness of her sky. She soon made the discovery that the love of wine, and possibly something stronger, filled his heart, as well as the love of his wife. He was not what the world called an intemperate man—one glass a day does not constitute a drunkard, why should she fear?

At the end of three years he took at least two glasses a day. What had she to hope for in the years to come?

"I wish, Mary, I was able to make Belle a present every birthday in her life, but you know it is all I can do to get along as it is."

"I know it, James," meekly replied his wife.

James was ill at ease. Something in Mary's manner disturbed him.

"What makes you so solemn and quiet, Mary? Why not

sympathize with me, and say you know I have a hard time to get along, and that Belle can do without presents better than we can afford to make them? Fox gave me the wood bill this morning, and James wants to know when the grocery bill is to be paid. I don't like to bother you with these things, only I want you to understand that as much as I love our little girl, I cannot afford to make her presents."

Mary's color came and went. Tears stole into her violet eyes, and her heart beat quick and fast. Her trembling fingers guided her needle unsteadily, and her stitches were long and irregular. Three long years she had brooded alone over her husband's weakness without a reproof, and much as she dreaded to speak she knew her time had come.

"I wish, dear James, I could economize in something, and save money to buy our darling a present. It seems cruel to neglect her birthday so soon."

"I know nothing you could be more prudent in, Mary, and you know I am as economical as possible, don't you?"

It was very hard for the lips that had uttered only words of praise, to say no; but a strength not her own came to her aid, and with a smile, the wife uttered her first rebuke:

"No, James, I am grieved to say that I feel that in some things you are too extravagant. It must be a sin of ignorance, for I know if you realized it, you would never wrong your wife and child."

James started from his seat. His eyes flashed and his cheek paled.

"Mary, are you crazy?"

"Not crazy, James, but too clear headed for our happiness."

After the shock had passed and he was prepared to listen, she went on, and in a clear, concise manner, laid before him the cause of her last bitter words.

"During the last year you have drunk, at least, two glasses of liquor a day, haven't you?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. What of that? Only ten cents a glass—that cannot ruin a man."

"Three hundred and sixty-five days, which, multiplied by twenty cents, amounts to seventy-three dollars. Three cigars a day, which you know is below your average of smoking, will amount to as much more, which makes one hundred and forty-six dollars. Fifty dollars would pay our coal and grocer's bills now due, and leave a balance of ninety-six dollars for baby, you and me. You know, too, the time spent in drinking and smoking is worse than wasted, for tobacco and liquor poison the system, destroy the health, soften the brain, weaken the nerves, and bring ruin to thousands of happy homes. There is a lack of tenderness for Belle and me when your nerves are excited by drink. I forgive you freely, but the sting is left in my heart."

Mary's efforts overcame her, and she fell into a passionate fit of weeping.

The strong man wept. They mingled their tears, and talked till a late hour, laying out plans for the future, and James begged forgiveness of her he had wronged.

"It is not too late to prove my health and strength," said the penitent man, and so it proved.

In one year from that day two beautiful silver cups were brought home by the happy father, one for Belle's fourth birthday, the other for the wife who saved him. Mary's bore the inscription, "An angel saw me falling, and lifted me up." Belle's was also neatly engraved: "A little child shall lead them."

Years have passed since then, and the happy couple, in the vigor of life, on each returning birthday of Belle, who is now a young lady of eighteen, relate to her the little trial of their married life, and the great happiness that has grown from self-denial and justice.

The good wife and mother has kept the silver bright, and not a meal has been eaten at home but these cups were on the table, where James could be reminded of promises he had made and so faithfully kept.

Men's lives should be like the day,—more beautiful in the evening; or like summer,—aglow with promise; and like the autumn,—rich with the golden sheaves, where good deeds have ripened on the field.

THE LOVE OF A BIG BOY FOR HIS MOTHER.

Of all love affairs none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant to his mother, saying plainly to everybody that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of her son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the big boy who is a lover of his mother at middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in the sere-leaf autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy for his mother.—*Beriah Green.*

GUARD THINE ACTION.

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard thine every look and action—
Speak no words of heartless blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
May yet soil thy goodly name.

When you meet a brow that's awing,
With its wrinkled lines of gloom,
And a haughty step that's drawing
To a solitary tomb,
Guard thine action, some great sorrow
Makes the man a spectre grim,
And the sunset of to-morrow
May have left thee joined to him.

When you meet with one pursuing
Ways the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing,
With his recklessness and sin,
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers,
Not because the soil is bad,
But the summer's genial showers
Never make their bosoms glad.
Better have an act that's kindly,
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than by judging other's blindly
Doom the innocent to pain.

VIRTUE IN WHISTLING.

An old farmer once said he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers. Said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and would bring in his hat full of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars and seeing that the nuts on his plough were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, or drive her on a run into a stable. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard and shed gathered around him as he whistled without fear. He never had employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical.

It is easy to look down on others, but to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

WAR-SYSTEM.

Look now at the Commonwealth of nations. I do not intend to speak of war debts, under whose accumulated weight these nations are now pressed to the earth. These are the terrible legacy of the past. I refer directly to the existing war-system, the establishment of the present. According to recent calculations, its annual cost is not less than a *thousand millions* of dollars. Endeavor for a moment, by a comparison with other interests, to grapple with this sum.

It is larger than the entire profit of all the commerce and manufactures of the world.

It is larger than all the expenditure for agricultural labor, producing the food of man, upon the whole face of the globe.

It is larger, by a hundred millions, than the value of all the exports of all the nations of the earth.

It is larger, by more than five hundred millions, than the value of all the shipping of the civilized world.

It is larger, by nine hundred and ninety-seven millions, than the annual combined charities of Europe and America for preaching the Gospel to the Heathen.

Yes! the Commonwealth of Christian Nations, including our own country, appropriates, without hesitation, as a matter of course, upwards of a thousand millions of dollars annually, to the maintenance of the war-system, and vaunts its two millions of dollars, laboriously collected, for diffusing the light of the Gospel in foreign lands! With untold prodigality of cost, it perpetuates the worst heathenism of war; while, by charities insignificant in comparison, it doles to the heathen a message of peace. At home, it breeds and fattens a cloud of eagles and vultures, trained to swoop upon the land. To all the Gentiles across the sea, it dismisses a solitary dove.—*Charles Sumner.*

MACAULAY'S MOTHER.

Macaulay, the great essayist and historian, wrote these words: "Children, look in these eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends, but never will you again have the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory."

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

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BOOKS AND PAPERS.

The Daily Remembrancer on Peace and War. By John Hemmenway New Vienna, Ohio : Peace Association of Friends in America. 1875. Price by mail 75 cents.

This is a gem of a book. John Hemmenway has rendered a valuable service to the cause of Peace in arranging under every day of the year a choice selection on Peace and War, from the writings of authors living and deceased. It is surprising to note the harmony in all the varied expressions of the many authors quoted. It is a good book, and will do good to the head and heart of any person who will read it. As a holiday or birthday present it is quite appropriate. We wish that every boy or girl in the land had a copy of this manual.

The book is neatly printed on tinted paper, and bound in cloth. Price by mail, 75 cents. Address DANIEL HILL, New Vienna, Clinton Co., Ohio.

The Progress of Peace Principles, a paper read before the Peace Congress at Geneva, Sept., 1874. By Edward A. Lawrence, D. D., Marblehead, Mass. This pamphlet of twenty-three pages should be read and digested by every man who aspires to statesmanship. It will be read by the philanthropist with pleasure and hope.

D. Lothrop & Co's *Wide Awake*, No 3, is out promptly, and fully sustains its claims upon young readers. Miss Eliza Farman, the editor, shows excellent editorial tact in the selection of writers and the arrangement of her columns. The youngest children are not overlooked in the table of contents.

Received of Mr. Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill, two Sunday-School books. *Froggy's Little Brother* is a pathetic story of child life in London, a pathetic story calculated to bring tears to the eyes of the reader. It is one of the best received. *The Viking Herd* has a good deal of merit, a sound temperance moral.

Divine Providence Illustrated in the Life of William H. Rankin, by Mary J. Goddard, is a very readable little book, showing a Father's watch-care and love, and the cheerful submission of a suffering disciple, appealing to the sensibilities and gratitude of the reader. Go forth little messenger of sympathy to the suffering children of earth.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS,

INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY, ON BEHALF OF THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

It is well known to our Christian brethren that the Religious Society of Friends has ever believed that all war is entirely forbidden by the Gospel, and that, in accordance with that belief, its members have as a rule, refrained from taking any part in carnal warfare; and for refusing to comply with military requisitions, or to pay fines for thus refusing, many, in years past, have suffered distraint of goods to large amounts, and not a few have been imprisoned. Beside a passive testimony thus borne by members individually, the Society has, from time to time, issued its public protest against this heathen and wicked custom.

But while we have cause to feel thankful for the amelioration of military laws, whereby our members are now generally exempt from suffering, we are pained in knowing that war, with all its horrors, is yet allowed and practiced by all the Christian nations, and sanctioned by the larger portions of the Christian Church. As Christians, we all believe in the fulfillment of prophecy. Dr. Chalmers, more than fifty years ago, testified that "the mere existence of this prophecy of peace is a sentence of condemnation upon war, and stamps a criminality on its very forehead. So soon as Christianity shall gain a full ascendancy in the world, from that moment war is to disappear."

Believing that it is only by a full and proper application of the Gospel in the affairs of nations, as well as individuals, that the prophecies in regard to war will be fulfilled; and believing, as a branch of the church which has so long seen the true character of this heathen abomination, that we were not doing all that we should do toward enlightening our brethren on this important subject, most of the Yearly Meetings of Friends have united in the organization of "The Peace Association of Friends in America," to which is delegated this important work, with instructions to labor expressly on their behalf in the more general promotion of the cause of peace.

The Association, in the fulfilment of its trust, has thus far mostly confined its labors to the printing and circulation of books and tracts, and the publication of a monthly paper called the *Messenger of Peace*. During the few years of its existence, millions of pages have been distributed far and wide, and many acknowledgments have been received of the convincing effects of the truth therein inculcated.

The attitude of millions in the prime of manhood, now kept constantly armed and equipped for mutual slaughter by the nations of Europe, and the sudden uprising of the war spirit in our midst, convince us of the necessity of further and more direct efforts to arouse and awaken the public to a clearer appreciation of the true character of this monstrous evil. If it is only by the full application of the Gospel that war can be abolished, surely it is the duty of the church to labor for its proper application.

But, in view of the apathy that so generally prevails, we feel constrained to appeal directly to our Christian brethren, individually and collectively, earnestly entreating them to take this subject into prayerful consideration in all its bearings. Can we believe that if the members of the Christian church everywhere were entirely to refrain from taking part in carnal warfare, that professedly Christian nations could any longer continue the custom? If we believe this, we must also believe that the responsibility for the continuance of war rests upon the church. Dear fellow professors, can you rest satisfied in continuing to bear the weight of this awful responsibility?

While statesmen and publicists are laboring to relieve suffering humanity from the blight of this dreadful curse, the church of Christ remains silent. Surely it is time for it to arise from its slumber and to proclaim its supremacy! Is not eighteen hundred years long enough for its white robes, which should be pure and spotless, to have been stained in blood? Must the skirts of the visible church be longer polluted with the gore of the battlefield, and stained with the tears of the orphan and the widow? While war, as has been said, seems to aim at setting up the kingdom of Satan in the earth, alas! the church remains to be its very bulwark.

Surely it is time to wipe out this reproach against Him, at whose coming into the world, peace on earth and good will to men was proclaimed, and engage in this holy warfare against the supremacy of Satan's kingdom.

Therefore, in behalf of suffering humanity, and in behalf of the cause of the blessed Prince of Peace, whose mission on earth is not fulfilled while wars continue—in true Christian love, we again entreat you to give this subject the consideration it justly merits.

On behalf and by direction of the Peace Association of Friends in America.

ROBERT L. MURRAY, *President*, New York.

DANIEL HILL, *Secretary*, New Vienna, Ohio.

MURRAY SHIPLEY, *Treasurer*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

New Vienna, Ohio, First mo. 1, 1874.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

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During the year 1875, a series of articles by Dr. J. T. Payne on "CHRISTIAN AND BENEVOLENT WORK IN BOSTON," will be contributed. Other features and new writers have been engaged, and every effort will be made to make this Monthly what it has been, one of the best of the low-priced magazines. It will hereafter have illustrations each month. The January number is sent out in a new cover, new type has been selected, and every department has been improved. AGENTS ARE WANTED in every town and county in the States. Subscription price \$1.25 per annum. Address (enclosing stamp).

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is published monthly by the Secretary of the "Peace Association of Friends in America." It is filled with facts and arguments to prove that war is unchristian, inhuman and unnecessary. That if men and women of intelligence were as anxious to find a remedy as they are to find an apology for war, this self-imposed scourge of our race would soon be banished from the civilized world. It advocates the brotherhood of mankind, and that we cannot injure another without injuring ourselves. Terms, 50 cents per annum, in advance, or 5 copies sent to one address for \$2. Free to ministers of the Gospel of all denominations who will read it and recommend it to their congregations. Also, a well-selected stock of peace publications, both for adults and children.

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ESTABLISHED }
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BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1875.

{ NEW SERIES.
{ VOL. VI. NO. 10.

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NOTE TO OUR PATRONS.

We are much hindered in our noble work of diffusing the sentiments of peace and good will, for lack of adequate funds. Millions go for war, but little is devoted to peace. Let our friends think on these things and enquire of the great "Prince of Peace," what wilt thou have me to do! Come, friends, respond at once and send donations greater or smaller, to enable us to do the work of righteousness which is peace, and pay promptly our bills as they become due. A word to the wise is sufficient.

H. C. DUNHAM,
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The payment of any sum between \$2.00 and \$20.00 constitutes a person a member of the American Peace Society for one year, \$20.00 a life member, \$50.00 a life director, and \$100.00 an honorary member.

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The Advocate is sent gratuitously to the reading rooms of Colleges and Theological Seminaries—to Young Men's Christian Associations—to every pastor who preaches on the Cause of Peace and takes a collection for it. Also, to prominent individuals, both ministers and laymen, with the hope that they will become subscribers or donors, and induce others to become such. To subscribers it is sent until a request to discontinue is received with the payment of all arrearages.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

1876, March 30.

ON EARTH PEACE . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1875.

VOL. VI. No. 10.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S OFFICIAL HONESTY.

Honesty is the best policy, and it is likewise the only true principle. A poor man is not debarred from rising in life by his poverty, if his character is untainted and his ambition wise. If he has been faithful in a limited career, the probability is that he has prepared himself for higher responsibility. The eyes of a community are fixed upon those who do well the duties entrusted to them; and when the time comes, as it always will come, for advancement, the testimony borne to a good reputation is supported by willing hearts and helping hands.

Abraham Lincoln, before he moved to Springfield, was postmaster in a small western town. The office was poor, and Lincoln was poorer than the office. It was known that he was very hard up, and it was also known that the Wash-

ington agent was in town to collect the little sum due the General Post-office. A friend, thinking Lincoln might be embarrassed, came down to the office to lend him the sum necessary to meet the demand. Mr. Lincoln thanked him, and said he did not need any loan. While the two were talking, the gentleman came in. The sum due was less than \$100. Lincoln went to his desk and took out a little bag, and turned the coin on the table. It was counted out, and met the demand exactly. Well it might, for it was not only the exact amount due, but the identical money itself that Lincoln had taken in; old fashioned rix dollars, pistareens, sixpences, old fashioned cents, and all were there. "I never use money that belongs to other people," said Lincoln, and that resolution did much toward making him President of the United States.

VIRGINIA TO MASSACHUSETTS.

BY COL. C. G. BAYLOR.

Across the chasm dark and bloody
Where armed Hate once cruel stood,
Let us build anew our union
Of the human brotherhood.

Unfurl for us the nation's banner,—
Flag of a land forever free ;
We, too, would claim and share its glory,
As it floats o'er land and sea.

In the days long past, our fathers
Stood beneath that flag's broad fold ;
In the days to come, our children
Will with yours its fame uphold.

"Judge not that ye be not judged,"
Comes the warning from above ;
"Forgive, as thou would'st be forgiven,"
Plead the heavenly words of love.

The raven's cry of WAR is ended,
The land redeemed has ceased to mourn ;
Then let our hymns in praise be blended,
Oh, let the dove of peace return,

Northern graves by Southern kindred
Decked by Southern flowers shall be ;
Emblem of the power that conquers,
Blessed power of charity !

Christian reconciliation
On the altar of God's will ;
Who shall stay its consummation ?
Who shall seek to part us still ?

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

O God ! our way through darkness leads,
But thine is living light ;
Teach us to feel that day succeeds
To each slow-wearing night :
Make us to know, though pain and woe
Beset our mortal lives,
That ill at last in death lies low,
And only Good survives.

Too long th' oppressor's iron heel
The saintly brow has pressed ;
Too oft the tyrant's murderous steel
Has pierced the guiltless breast ;
Yet in our souls the seed shall lie,
Till Thou shalt bid it thrive,
Of steadfast faith that Wrong shall die,
And only Right survive.

We walk in shadow ; thickest walls
Do man from man divide ;
Our brothers spurn our tenderest calls,
Our holiest aims deride :
Yet though fell Craft, with fiendish thought,
Its subtle web contrives,
Still Falsehood's texture shrinks to naught,
And only Truth survives.

Wrath clouds our sky ; War lifts on high
His flag of crimson stain ;
Each monstrous birth o'erspreads the earth
In Battle's gory train :
Yet still we trust in God the Just,
Still keep our faith alive,
That 'neath Thine eye, all Hate shall die,
And only Love survive.

A PROPHET OF PEACE.

We copy from the London *Christian World* an eloquent letter from Salvatore Morelli, the distinguished advocate of an International Congress for superseding War by Arbitration. It lacks the religious, Christian element to give it still greater force, but it is an eloquent plea for giving up the barbarism of an appeal to arms as the only means of deciding the questions that arise between nations. The letter is introduced by one from William Howett, from which we make some extracts, explaining the occasion for it being written :

The Italians are taking measures for the removal of the remains of Alberigo Gentili from the church of St. Helen's, London, to the church of Santa Croce, Florence. Alberigo Gentili was the founder of the system of International Law, being the precursor of Grotius. So long ago he proposed that the much abused power of making war should be taken out of the hands of monarchs, and the power of keeping peace by international arbitration should be consigned to the hands of a Congress, or international tribunal, composed of some of the wisest and best men of each nation. This is what it must come to finally.

Signor Salvatore Morelli, one of the most distinguished members of the Italian Parliament and the more distinguished author of 'Woman and Science,' a work whose object is to advocate a higher and more practical education of women, as not only the mothers but the first instructors of the race, being invited to join the committee for Gentili's monument, has addressed to it the following letter, which should first be prefaced by the motion which he made in the Italian Chamber or Deputies in 1870 :

"The Chamber, recognizing in the Italian Government the mission of initiating at Rome the era of peace and liberty, invites the Ministry to adopt the most efficacious means of putting itself into accord with the other States of Europe for the civil process of a general disarmament, creating an international tribunal which shall decide with justice those questions which hitherto have resulted in the disasters of inhuman and most expensive wars."

And now for this splendid letter in reply to the invitation of the Committee of the Gentili Monument :—

ROME, July 28, 1875.

Gentlemen—From the moment that I saw arise a committee for a monument for Alberigo Gentili, the founder of the school of international reform in the interests of peace, I have been at the post where your letter found me, watching for the maintenance of a thesis which responds to all the aspirations of my habitual studies, and following with all my heart the most diligent apostleship of my illustrious friend and colleague, P. Stanislas Mancini, and other distinguished persons, which seeks to call together the most eminent spirits of Europe, whatever otherwise may be the diversity of their opinions.

Yes, the epoch of peace is mature ! Humanity awaits it as the reconstitution of its new destinies ; as the limit of its great miseries ; as the victory of reason over brute force, which disorders everything, tramples on everything, exhausts everything, and restores nothing which is just and durable.

What I differ from you in is the much too restricted view, which you take of the event. To erect a sepulchre, a mausoleum, a *Son Ginesio*, is like making a solemn funeral for a dead man. But Alberigo Gentili is not dead. He symbolizes a principle which ferments in the universal conscience, and will finish by becoming the policy of every civil government. He, indeed, who, amidst all the conflicts of mediæval Cainism, divined this crisis, anticipating by three centuries the era of peace, is more than a prophet ; he is a saint, and as such the solemnity which you prepare for him should be a true consecration, placing his bones in the Pantheon of Rome, and his statue in the Campidoglio. In the Pantheon, because his name, the symbol of peace, has a cosmopolitan and superconfessional signification which imposes itself on all the beliefs in the world. In the Campidoglio, by the side of the *Cæsar of War*, because assuming Italy at Rome to have a real mission of international fraternity, nothing can express this more loftily or more nobly than elevating upon the rock of its traditional glories the statue of Alberigo Gentili !

Nor ought the meritorious committee to think of stopping there. It ought besides so to act that on the day in which shall be inaugurated the monument of Alberigo Gentili, there shall be called together at Rome an areopagus of the world, composed of members of Parliaments, of academies, all the highest intelligences of every country, thither invited, who, in one solemn proclamation, shall determine without reticence, or the hypocrisy of custom, the means of combating radically the system of war.

If the spirit of the times imposes even on the Czar of Russia so far as to stimulate him to congregate the sovereigns in order to discover how to mitigate and cover over the iniquity of this premeditated murder called war, which immolates at the caprice and the ambition of a few the life and the substance of the nations, how much more then ought the wise to feel this, to whom the light of intellect shows all the irrationality of this monster horror!

Be, therefore, the first to excommunicate this barbarous institution, which was condemned from the very day in which the penal code admitted the most serious pleas against homicide and premeditated assassination, which ceased equally to be a necessity the day in which arbitration was proved possible as the determiner of the gravest international questions, and in which, finally, the world was convinced that education, rendering less frequent the little social wars of *meum et tuum*, it is possible to eliminate the causes which nourish the criminal prejudice of false heroism.

Let us seek, therefore, to determine, with the authority of a scientific body, running counter to that of war, to make those blush who seek massacres for interested purposes. Let us recall diplomacy to gentler councils; let us dissipate that militarism which destroys the spirit of the citizens in barracks, and their bodies on the field of battle. Let us cease to bestow foolishly premiums on the inventors of murderous arms, and let us cry to all the winds of heaven, "*The school! the school! the school!*" so organizing our statutes that they may become the efficient means of completing the school, the most useful of all revolutions, the revolution of the individual, which, changing the conscience of men and of the generations, shall change also the false principle of government with which men are universally disgusted.—*N. Y. Observer.*

BETWEEN TWO FACTS.

BY REV. SIDI H. BROWNE.

One of these facts is, that, at the shortest, for the first two hundred years of the Christian era, the disciples of Christ did not and would not fight in carnal war, because they believed that war was utterly opposed to the spirit and practice of Christianity. The examples and teachings of Christ and his apostles formed a clear divine basis for this faith and practice of the primitive Christians. With all informed, fair-minded men, there can be no doubt that the Peace doctrine as now, and for years past, advocated by the Quakers and some others, including the members of the South Carolina Peace Society and the *Christian Neighbor*, is the "faith once delivered to the saints," so far as fighting in carnal war is concerned. This fact—the anti-war faith and practice of the earlier disciples—stands in bold relief as the distinguishing feature of the religion of Christ and as a peculiarity of his faithful followers in those days. Who that loves the truth will deny this fact? Who that has eyes can fail to see its correspondence with the divinely indited ensign, "On earth, peace; good will toward men;" and, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal."

The other fact is, that, for the last two hundred years (not to go farther back) of the Christian era, the great body of the professed disciples of Christ, with few exceptions, have been defenders and advocates of war, the same as other peoples and nations that profess no regard for Christ or his religion. And according to these views, modern disciples of the Prince of Peace have gone to war with each other and with "heathen" nations, and have slaughtered and have been slaughtered by thousands upon thousands. Every land of Christendom has been drenched with the blood of Christians shed by Christians! And now, A. D. 1875, the members of the churches in Christendom are ready, with their religion and religious teachers, to go

out with Bible and prayers, with guns and swords, and butcher each other in the latest and most approved style of rapid wholesale destruction! That which gives amazement to this fact is, that men, who profess to be sent by Christ to "preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things" to all the world, to "every creature," are to be found teaching their people and the outside world that this fact is in accord with the religion of Jesus Christ! He that hath eyes and ears to see and hear, let him see and hear!

The two facts have been briefly stated. Now let them be removed sufficiently distant from each other to admit observers to stand between, and look on *this* fact and then on *that*. That the observers may have light, let a third fact stand between the two. The intermediate fact is this: The modern Christians have the same Prince and Saviour, the same law and gospel, and the same Holy Spirit that the primitive Christians had. Besides possessing in fulness this three-fold divine power, the modern disciples have the example of the primitive disciples as "admonition," whereby they should profit above their earlier brethren. Can the observers believe that both of these facts, as they stand in awful contrast, were wrought with the approval of Christ, according to his gospel and in agreement with the Holy Spirit? Let the observers take time, compare fairly and fully, and when they are quite prepared and ready, let them (be it reverently written), without partiality for Christ or Peace men—without any undue leaning toward heaven—let them announce the result of their observations and reflections on the agreement or disagreement of these two facts—the greatest question of practical morality that has ever engaged the human mind, or that lies between the antagonistic forces of heaven and hell as they touch this world on the one side and on the other side contending for dominion. In the light of the word and Spirit of Christ, corroborated by the experience of the peace and love of Christ in the soul, look once once more on these two facts. If they are both in agreement with Christianity, then is it not clear that Christ and Belial are in firm concord? If but one of the facts accords with Christ, then the other is of Satan; for Christ is not more diverse from Satan than one of these facts is at variance with the other. That which astonishes out of measure is, that preachers and professors of the religion of Christ can stand between these facts, and with avowed loyalty to the Prince of Peace, and in the light of his word and Spirit, teach and practise war!

What else can be said than "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not?" And if the "light" of the church on this central truth in Christian morality "be darkness how great is that darkness." Though feeble, we rest our pen more in astonishment than from weariness.

Dr. Woolsey wisely remarks:—"One of the most hopeful things to be said of these United States is that we are what we are, not chiefly by any forecast of our own, still less by any intention to form a great English speaking nation on this side of the water, but because historical causes which could not be foreseen, shaped and moulded us into a tolerably homogeneous and compact people. This is the only nation of civilized men of which it can be said that we passed through all the stages of our life, from birth onward, through revolution to self-government and political greatness, in a natural progress, so that what some call historical accident stand out, in our case most especially, to a man who sees a God in the world, as His guidance and purpose to make something good out of us: which purpose we can thwart, but one is filled with hope by believing that it is real."

According to Ex-Secretary McCulloch, who is one of the most reliable authorities in the world in the matter of finances, the present debt of France is twice that of the United States, and its growth has been, not during war but during peace, through the cost of the standing army. These standing armies eat up the products of honest industry, and are the constant provocatives of those European wars which they are supposed to guard against at such tremendous expenditure. What an economical world this will be when the sword is beaten into ploughshares!

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1875.

THE GRADUAL TRIUMPH OF LAW OVER
BRUTE FORCE.

BY HENRY RICHARD, M. P., ENGLAND.

"War," said the greatest of modern warriors, "is the trade of barbarians." But can no remedy be found for the evil? Cannot civilized and Christian nations be brought to adopt some other means of settling their differences, than this system of hideous waste and wholesale massacre? Is there anything inherently absurd in the belief, and in the practical efforts to which such belief, if it be in earnest, must give rise, that the great organized communities which now inhabit Europe may be brought to recognize the jurisdiction of a common law, and to seek adjustment for their disputes by a system of judicial reference, in lieu of their present appeal to the arbitration of brute force? We have a very strong conviction that this hope and aim, so far from being absurd, are in perfect harmony with the progressive and predominant tendencies of civilization. We believe that the history of the past points to this consummation as not only possible, but certain; and, if it be so, then those who labor for its attainment, so far from deserving to be branded as impracticable Utopists, are only moving in a line with the inevitable laws of Providence.

Our position is this,—that through all the conflict and confusion of the past, there may be traced a powerful and prevailing tendency on the part of mankind to unite and mass themselves in larger social aggregates, under protection of a common policy, based on submission to the authority of a common law. Under the influence of this tendency, customs and practices once generally in vogue have disappeared from civilized society.

But is there any reason why the larger feuds also should not be "brought under the cognizance of an impartial judge?" We believe that the obstacles in the way of this consummation are far less formidable than those which have been already surmounted by the processes just described. The enmities now prevailing between any of the two great nations of Europe, are mild in comparison with those that once raged between the Saxons and Celts in this island, between the Franks and Goths in France, between the Slaves and Tartars in Russia. On the other hand, the points of contact, the means of communication, the identities of interest, which exist between England and France, or even between England and Russia at this day, are beyond all comparison more numerous and more intimate than those which existed between England and Wales, or between England and Scotland, only three or four centuries ago. Why should we, then, brand as dupes of an impracticable chimera those who believe in the possibility, and labor for the attainment of a consummation which seems so entirely in harmony with a great Providential law, whose operation we have seen has been steadily advancing and enlarging through the ages?

We cannot forbear citing here a passage from the speech

delivered by Victor Hugo, at the opening of the Paris Peace Congress in 1849:—

"If four centuries ago, at the period when war was made by one district against the other, between cities and between provinces, some one had dared to predict to Lorraine, to Picardy, to Normandy, to Brittany, to Auvergne, to Provence, to Dauphiny, to Burgundy,—'A day shall come when you will no longer make wars—when it will no longer be said that the Normans are attacking the Picards, or the people of Lorraine are repulsing the Burgundians. . . . In that day you will have one common thought, common interest, a common destiny; you will embrace each other, and recognize each other as children of the same blood and of the same race; that day you will no longer be hostile tribes—you will be a people; you will no longer be Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, or Provence—you will be France! you will no longer make appeals to war—you will do so to civilization.' If, at the period I speak of, some one had uttered these words, all men of a serious and positive character, all prudent and cautious men, all the great politicians of the period, would have cried out, 'What a dreamer! What a fantastic dream! How little this pretended prophet is acquainted with the human heart! What ridiculous folly! What an absurd chimera!' Yet, gentlemen, time has gone on and on, and we find that this dream, this folly, this absurdity has been realized! And I insist upon this, that the man who would have dared to utter so sublime a prophecy, would have been pronounced a madman for having dared to pry into the designs of the Deity. Well, then, you at this moment say—and I say it with you—we who are assembled here, say to France, to England, to Prussia, to Austria, to Spain, to Italy, to Russia—we say to them, 'A day will come when war will appear as absurd and be as impossible between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, between Vienna and Turin, as it would be now between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia. A day will come when you, France—you, Russia—you, Italy—you, England—you, Germany—all of you, nations of the Continent, will, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and constitute an European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, have been blended into France. A day will come when the only battle-field will be the market open to commerce, and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bomb shells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great Sovereign Senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France.'"

But if this tendency to bring larger and still larger communities of men under the authority and protection of general law, is thus clearly traceable in all history, is there any harm, is it not, indeed, a clear duty to employ all practicable means to facilitate and hasten this consummation as respects the great nations of Europe and the world? Some attempts in this direction have been already made, though in a very timid, hesitating and tentative manner. Nations have agreed to appeal to certain usages that have been established by common consent, as constituting what is called international law. But a nearer approach has been made of late years to something like the recognition of a common law in regulating the relations of nations. The Declaration of Paris, for instance, on Maritime Law, signed by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey, to which about forty other powers have since given their adhesion, is more like an act of international legislation than anything that has taken place before. But if so many nations can agree in giving, as Lord Russell says, "permanence and fixity of principles to this part of the Law of Nations," why should it be thought impossible that they should in like manner agree on many other points which remain unsettled, and so by degrees form something like a Code of international law!

Of great significance and importance also was the resolution unanimously adopted by the representatives of the Great Powers on the same occasion, to which subsequently nearly all the other civilized Governments adhered, expressing the wish that in case of any misunderstanding arising between States recourse should be had, before appealing to arms, to the good offices of a friendly Power. There was here a distinct recognition of the principle that it is both desirable and practicable to employ another umpire than that of force in deciding the differences of States. Many instances also happily exist in which this principle has been applied with perfect success.

And what was the tribunal which has recently met at Geneva, to adjudicate on the matters in dispute between Great Britain and the United States, but a Court of Nations in miniature? It had all the essential attributes of a Court. It was presided over by judges of high character, and so chosen as to place their independence and impartiality above suspicion. The two parties who agreed to submit their differences to its judgment, appeared in Court, represented by their respective counsels, who produced their evidence and pleaded for their clients as in other courts. And President Grant in his message soon after said most truly that an example has thus been set, which may be followed by other civilized nations, and be finally the means of returning to productive industry millions of men now maintained to settle the disputes of nations by the bayonet and the broadsword.

FINANCE AND MORALS.

Referring to a proposal for our national government to withhold or abandon indefinitely all measures for the conversion of its paper currency into coin, or for any actual liquidation of its indebtedness, the *Christian Weekly* remarks that such a proposition involves a want of "common honesty." This is, in our view, undoubtedly true. However urgent the excuse afforded by the late war for paper promises of payment being made "legal tenders" instead of gold or silver, this was admitted to be unconstitutional. Its continuance long after the excuse has passed by, is *unjust*. The only question now should be, very clearly, how soon the government can pay its debts in full. As Daniel Webster said many years ago in the United States Senate, *nothing that is not right is ever really expedient*. An enormous expenditure of money and destruction of property occurred during the war. This must be made up, by the natural productiveness of the country and the industry and economy of our people. All devices for escaping from this necessity, or for hiding it out of sight, are delusive, and must lead to greater trouble in the end. Our occasion for alluding to the subject is the fact that several leading politicians in different parts of the country are now endeavoring to propagate ideas of this delusive kind; which, if carried out, would, in a word, amount to *repudiation* of the honest indebtedness of the nation. The repugnance of such views to common sense as well as to common morality, is set forth in an article upon another page, entitled "What is Money?" It would not seem worth while to occupy space with dwelling upon things so obvious, but that complex financial speculations have been made to cloud this subject, to a great disadvantage; so that *what is honest* has come to be a question about which many persons have serious doubts.

It is a maxim belonging essentially to barbarism, that "whatever is one man's gain, must be some other man's loss." In savage life it is often true that every man's hand is against every other man. Civilization, without Christianity, lessens the rudeness and violence of this struggle for existence; but never disarms it. Nominal Christianity does little more. But, as the root of all Christian morality is *love*, such examples of this as the world has been favored to see have gradually produced an effect upon the public opinion of the most enlightened nations; so that the old maxim is by degrees, coming to be

reversed. It is seen already by some, and will in time be understood by all, that what is gain to one individual, or one nation, is, or should be, *to the advantage of all*. Under such convictions, war is growing more and more unpopular, even although Christian churches still fail to condemn it as always wrong. Other changes must follow; bringing on the final removal of restrictions affecting the intercourse and commerce of nations. At last, we trust, may come to pass that dream of poesy, foreshadowed also in prophecy: — The parliament of man, the federation of the world. — *Friends' Review*.

NATIONAL HONESTY.

That honesty is the best policy is a maxim which we firmly believe to be generally correct, even with respect to the temporal interest of individuals; but with respect to societies, the rule is subject to still fewer exceptions, and that for this reason, that the life of societies is longer than the life of individuals. It is possible to mention men who have owed great worldly prosperity to breaches of private faith, but we doubt whether it be possible to mention a State which has, on the whole, been a gainer by a breach of public faith. The entire history of British India is an illustration of the great truth, that it is not prudent to oppose perfidy to perfidy, and that the most efficient weapon with which man can encounter falsehood is truth. During a long course of years, the English rulers of India, surrounded by allies and enemies whom no engagement could bind, have generally acted with sincerity and uprightness; and the event has proved that sincerity and uprightness are wisdom. English valor and English intelligence have done less to extend and preserve our Oriental empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fiction, the perjuries which have been employed against us, is as nothing, when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," of the British envoy. No fastness, however strong by art or motive, gives to its inmates a security like that enjoyed by the chief who passing through the territories of powerful and deadly enemies, is armed with the British guarantee. The mightiest prince of the East can scarcely, by the offer of enormous usury, draw forth any portion of the wealth which is concealed under the hearths of their subjects. The British Government offers little more than four cent., and avarice hastes to bring forth tens of millions of rupees from its most secret repositories. A hostile monarch may promise mountains of gold to our Sepoys, on condition that they will desert the standard of the Company. The Company promises only a moderate pension after a long service. But every Sepoy knows that the promise of the Company will be kept; he knows that if he lives a hundred years his rice and salt are as secure as the salary of the Governor-General; and he knows that there is not another state in India which would not, in spite of most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch, as soon as he had ceased to be useful. The greatest advantage which a government can possess, is to be the one trustworthy government in the midst of governments which nobody can trust. — *Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive*.

MR. CALHOUN ON PEACE, IN 1843.

Peace is the first of our wants, in the present condition of our country. We want peace, to reform our own government, and to relieve the country from its embarrassments. Peace, settled and undisturbed, is indispensable to a thorough reform, and such a reform to the duration of the government; but, so long as the relation between the two countries continues in a state of doubt between peace and war, all attempts at such reform will prove abortive. The first step in any such, to be successful, must be to reduce the expenditures to the legitimate and economical wants of the government. Without that there can be nothing worthy of the name; but in an unsettled state of the relations of the two countries, all attempts at reduction will be baffled by the cry of war, accompanied by insinuations against the patriotism of those who may be so hardy as to make them. Should the treaty be ratified, an end

will be put to that, and no excuse or pretext be left to delay the great and indispensable work of reform.

These are not the only reasons for wanting peace. We want it, to enable the people and the States to extricate themselves from their embarrassments. They are both borne down by heavy debts, contracted in a period of fallacious prosperity, from which there is no other honest and honorable extrication but the payment of what is due. To enable both States and individuals to pay their debts, they must be left in full possession of all their means, with as little exactions or restrictions on their industry as possible on the part of this government. To this a settled state of peace, and an open and free commerce are indispensable. With these, and the increasing habits of economy and industry now everywhere pervading the country, the period of embarrassment will soon pass away, to be succeeded by one of permanent and healthy prosperity.

Peace, is indeed, our policy. A kind Providence has cast our lot on a portion of the globe sufficiently vast to satisfy the most grasping ambition, and abounding in resources beyond all others, which only require to be fully developed to make us the greatest and most prosperous people on earth. To the full development of the vast resources of our country, we have political institutions most happily constituted. With a system so happily constituted, let a durable and firm peace be established, and this government be confined rigidly to the few great objects for which it was instituted; leaving the States to contend in generous rivalry, to develop, by the arts of peace, their respective resources; and a scene of prosperity and happiness would follow, heretofore unequalled on the globe.

HORRORS OF WAR.

After a brief survey of the monuments, the religion, the superstitions, and the government of Egypt, the author of the "Crescent and Cross," describes the unparalleled fertility of the valley of the Nile. Groves of stately palm trees and fields of grain, he says, wave in rich luxuriance; the waters are thronged with huge, strange-looking fish, and on the banks, innumerable lizards are glancing, snakes are twining, and countless insects crawling. The very air is darkened with beautiful birds, and numerous flocks are browsing about the villages.

But amidst all this exuberance of life, man only languishes. Not only do the fish and feathered tribes prey upon their inferiors, man also has his tyrant, whose influence is deadlier far; and 500,000 souls have withered from Egypt, within the last ten years under the blight of conscription and oppression. When the Pasha's press-gangs are out recruiting, whole villages become deserted. They fly to the desert to escape his odious service; and there the bones of thousands lie bleaching on the sands, while the roof that had sheltered them remains forever deserted.

The dread of conscription, says this recent traveller, is so great, that, "at least two-thirds of the male population of Egypt (amounting to some millions) have deprived themselves of the right eye, or of the forefinger of the right hand!"

When shall the life-giving spirit of the Prince of Peace, pervading the whole world put an end to human cruelty and thought, and dispel the worse than Egyptian darkness that envelops this ancient, and once mighty nation. When shall Christian nations generally, in the true spirit of their King, think more of diffusing their exalted privileges, than of acquiring new power or avenging insulted pride.—*Exchange*.

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER'S STORY.

"You tell me, sir, that you were in the army during the Crimea? Well, you must recollect how, in those days, everything French was admired, and how many French customs were admired in the service? Some colonels of cavalry went in for leather overalls. The infantry never ceased agitating till they got leave to wear the moustache. In some regiments the forage caps of the officers were so fashioned as to look as much like the French kepi as possible. The Zouave dress was copied and adopted in our West India regiments. Nearly all the younger officers shaved off their whiskers as soon as the campaign was over, and, Frenchmen like, wore the moustache

only. In short, the army got for a considerable period the complaint of 'France on the brain,' and suffered more or less from it until 1870. During and after the German-French war many scores of our officers visited the Prussian armies and headquarters, and the form of professional illness was changed. They caught 'Germany on the brain,' they brought it home with them, imparted it to others, and it is at present very prevalent indeed. Now, one of the most decided symptoms of the illness is that of speaking roughly and even brutally, to those of an inferior rank. I have heard tell that in the Prussian service, when an officer is inspecting his men before parade, or when about to mount guard, it is by no means uncommon to see a captain or subaltern slap a private soldier on the face for not being up to the mark in cleanliness of himself or his arms. Now, an English officer never has gone, and never will go, so far as that. It would not be allowed for a moment in the service, nor would our men put up with such treatment. But there can be no doubt of the fact that, in a milder degree, this symptom of 'Germany on the brain' has seized many who bear commissions in the army, and the disease has spread to the non-commissioned officers."—*All the Year Round*.

PROGRESS OF PEACE.

BY E. A. LAWRENCE, D.D.

When the nations are beginning to think more into the subject, and not merely about it, and the glammers of custom and false glory are disappearing in the new lights that are shining; when they perceive that the toil, and cost, and cruelty come altogether on them; and that government by ballot, of the people, and for the people, is more economical as well as humane than by bullets and bayonets, will they not vote for more peace and less war? When they see that a nation is so far a person as to be held as strictly amenable to truth and justice as any person can be; and that duplicity, chicanery, and wrong in public men and national policy can no more escape retribution than in a banking institution or a private citizen; as the peoples of the civilized and civilizing nations are becoming educated by these principles in the idea of trial by jury—the Magna Charta of human liberty—and of peacefully referring their personal difficulties to the judges of law and right, will they not, do they not, more and more appreciate the truth and justice formulated in laws which are the producers of peace and all real prosperity?

Plutarch says of the laws of Solon, "they were brilliant piles of justice; but they soon fell to pieces, because they were not cemented by education and discipline." Divine providence, with wonderful efficacy, is educating the nations of our time. Messiah, the Prince of Peace, is the great teacher, and the Holy Spirit the quickener, who, out of the old chaos of war and strife, is bringing the new Cosmos of peace, of beauty, and universal brotherhood.

"Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war.
Still lives for Earth which fends so long have trod,
The great hope resting on the truth of God,
Evil shall cease, and violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath day."

At the annual meeting of the New York State Temperance Society, held at Saratoga, last week, resolutions were adopted declaring "that the prohibition of the traffic in alcoholic beverages is a political issue of pressing and transcendent importance;" requesting the Forty-fourth Congress to provide for a national commission of inquiry to investigate and report upon the alcoholic liquor traffic, its relations to crime, pauperism, the public health, revenue and the general welfare, and the results of license, and restrictive and prohibitory legislation for the suppression of intemperance; and "heartily commending the efforts of the Christian Brotherhood, and other citizens of Brooklyn and New York, to secure an enforcement of the restrictive provisions of the existing license laws, and to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors on the Sabbath."

In Paris recently the Workmen's Peace Conference has unanimously passed the principal resolution before it, which solemnly protests against the present armaments of the European powers as an intolerable burden on the people.

THE HAGUE CONFERENCES.

Two learned bodies, "The Institute of International Law," and the "Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations," were in session at the Hague during a part of the first week in September. The first mentioned body numbers about fifty members of various nationalities, all men of high repute as specialists in the domain of international law; the other body is more numerous, and in its methods, if not in its motives, more philanthropic and less scientific. The members of the former are also for the most part members of the latter, but are represented to be rather distrustful of its tendency to gushing appeals and impracticable propositions. One aspires with enthusiasm to bring about the ideal millennium when there shall be no more war; the other contents itself with formulating such principles of international polity as there is reason to hope may approve themselves to nations as they are, and be adopted as a useful solution of perplexing problems. The association is chiefly concerned to induce nations to substitute peaceful arbitration of differences for settlement by war. The institute considers in its deliberations the whole scope of international relations, commercial as well as military, with a purpose to fix and develop them on scientific principles.

The institute meets once a year to hear reports of special committees on topics committed to their investigation at the previous meeting. These reports are discussed and then voted upon, the vote having no further force or effect than as an expression of the opinion of so many eminent publicists as to what the law of nations should be in the given particular. At the meeting just held, six committees presented reports. Of these, the two which received the most attention were that relating to the rights of invading armies in an enemy's country, as defined at the Brussels conference two years ago, and that relating to the condition of private property on the high seas. The first report proposed some extensions and modifications of the Brussels declaration; but it was not unanimous. Whether action was taken on it is not reported. Concerning the inviolability of private property, the institute held that it was desirable that declaration No. 2 of the treaty of Paris of 1856, as to respect for the private property of the enemy under a neutral flag, should receive general and definite consecration as a positive rule of international law. The committee also adopted the following rule, borrowed from the declarations of Austria, Prussia and Italy in 1866: "Merchant vessels and their cargoes cannot be captured if they do not carry contraband of war or try to violate an effective and declared blockade;" but a reservation was adopted in this connection, to the effect that the rule is not applicable to merchant vessels, "which directly or indirectly, take part, or are destined to take part, in hostilities." There was another subject reported on, having reference to a new wording of the three rules of the treaty of Washington, which would be interesting here; but the English papers contain no account of it.

On the second day of the conference of the association, the subject of "Arbitration and the reduction of armaments and war" being up, papers were read by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, formerly of New York, on the armaments of Germany, and by Dr. J. B. Miles, of this city, general secretary of the Association, on "An International Tribunal." Dr. Thompson said the total fighting force of the German empire was 1,700,000 men, nearly half a million of whom formed the standing army, each man costing 300 thalers a year. The last parliament voted this army for seven years, in violation of the constitution. He estimated that 40,000 men would be an army sufficient for internal defence, but for external defence the whole army was necessary, as long as the surrounding states continued their present armaments. Henry Richards, M. P., of England, read a paper on "International Arbitration." The debate that followed showed that, while many believed the principle of arbitration both good and practicable in most cases, the establishment of an international tribunal was hardly to be hoped for. Mr. Richards' resolution recommending disarmament was adopted at a subsequent session, and a committee appointed to communicate it to European governments. On this subject many of the members from the continental nations refrained from voting.

There was a report from a committee, of which Judge Peabody, of New York, was chairman, upon the subject of

collisions at sea. It favored prescribed routes, an international code of signals, and proposed several rules of conduct in cases of collision. The subject, however, seemed to the Association to require further consideration, and a new committee was raised, of which the American members are Judge Peabody, Mr. Munson and Mr. Dudley Field. We suppose the last subject was before the Institute rather than the Association, although the English reports are confused. The same may be said with regard to the law of bills of exchange, concerning which there were two able papers presented. This is a subject upon which some progress is thought to have been achieved, at least that a sure foundation has been laid for future codification. The commercial cities of Europe take much interest in the subject, and the chamber of commerce of Hull sent over a delegation specially to watch the proceedings in the matter.

There were interesting ceremonies at the conclusion of the conference, when Mr. Dudley Field retired from the presidency, making an address in which he expressed the opinion that the simple fact of so numerous and distinguished a gathering to discuss principles of international law and measures for the conservation of peace was an important degree of progress. A strong effort was made to obtain a vote appointing the next meeting at Philadelphia, but several who expressed their intention of visiting America next year thought that the conference ought to be held in Europe. Finally the matter was left with the Executive Council, who will announce the place next January.

The attendance was larger than either at Brussels or Geneva. America sent eleven representatives, England twenty-two. The local arrangements were in every respect admirable. The sessions were held in the hall of the second chamber of the states-general, which, with all its committee-rooms, was placed at the service of the conference. The high officers of the government showed the members distinguished attention, and the entertainment was splendid and hospitable. The Queen of the Netherlands showed her interest in many ways, giving a grand reception at the palace and attending also the reception given by the minister of justice. Her courtesy and intelligence charmed every one. She conversed freely with the representatives of various countries, and showed herself accomplished in nearly every language spoken by them. The friends of the peace movement consider that the conference has been productive of important advantages, and feel much encouraged by their prospects in the future.—*Advertiser*.

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL MEETING

HELD BY THE DUTCHESS COUNTY PEACE SOCIETY IN WILEY'S GROVE IN SEPTEMBER.

The day for our Grove Meeting was bright and beautiful, the gathering a large one, and although we felt deeply disappointed in not having some whom we expected with us, Rachel Townsend being detained by sickness, and others by business in different directions, the earnestness with which others came forward to make strong the testimony of truth, repaid all our anxiety. At a quarter to twelve o'clock the large meeting was called to order by the President, C. B. Deyo. Professor Lester and his able choir then sang a beautiful opening for the occasion.

After a silent communion of spirit, Mrs. Helen M. Slocum gave a touching and earnest prayer, after which the choir again sang. Edward Merriitt of Poughkeepsie, then read an able essay, showing up the evils of the war system, and how strongly this military spirit was engrafted in all our institutions of both Church and State, and of the need there was in the home circle and abroad, to maintain a manner becoming our spirit and profession; that this foul wrong upon our present civilization may be blotted out. A committee was then appointed to bring forward the names of officers to serve this society the coming year, and to report at the commencement of the afternoon session. The secretary then read a letter from Alfred H. Love, President of the Universal Peace Union. There were also many good letters from workers in other States, but the time was hardly sufficient for the speakers, and they were not read. Gideon Frost, with his good words for Peace came, also the earnest of his love for the principle, accompanying five dollars; Julia Ward Howe's, accompanied by a package of her

pamphlets, the Woman's Peace Festivals for June 2d, 1874. Anna White, of the Mount Lebanon community of Shakers, wrote a beautiful letter. One from Zerah C. Whipple, containing some appropriate songs composed by the Whipples. A committee was then appointed to solicit subscribers for the *Voice of Peace*, and to collect funds for the *Voice of Peace*. The forenoon session closed by a beautiful piece from the temperance choir.

At the opening of the afternoon session, Edward Merritt reported the following names for officers for the ensuing year, of the Dutchess County Peace Society: Chas. B. Deyo, President; Theodore J. Crouse, Vice-President; Amanda Deyo, Secretary; Ella Smith, Assistant Secretary; Ruth Angeline Gildersleeve, Treasurer.

Executive Committee: Edward Merritt, Poughkeepsie; Edward Barmore, Moore's Mills; Ella Smith, Clinton Corners; Elizabeth Marshall, Crum Elbow; Theodore A. Cookingham, Clinton Hollow.

These were unanimously elected. The President expressed his thanks for being again placed in this position by the confidence of the society. The choir then sang "The sweet bye-and-bye." After a few moments of silence La Vergne Gardner, of Towanda, Pa., gave utterance to an inspiring prayer. The President in a few remarks expressed his high regard for the cause of Peace and of its comprehensiveness.

A beautiful piece entitled "There's love at home," was sung by the children of Crum Elbow. Mrs. Helen M. Slocum addressed the meeting at some length.

John Shotwell, of Rahway, N. J., gave some earnest and timely remarks, followed by Henry S. Carr of New York city. Prof. J. K. H. Willcox, of Washington, D. C., Wm. Moore, of Poughkeepsie, Prof. Lester, Joseph English, La Vergne Gardner, of Towanda, Pa., and Mrs. Jane Welton. There was much of worth in all the speeches of these last, but time forbids a further report, and very likely the space in your paper. It was an interesting occasion, and the large audience listened patiently till the close to both the excellent speeches and the good music, which Professor Lester spared no pains to make as pleasing as possible.

By order of the Committee.

SOCIALISM IN RUSSIA.

The Russian government, with all its enginery of repression, is not competent to check the growth of socialism. Last winter men suspected of socialistic views were arrested by the thousand in different parts of the empire. It was said at that time that thirty-seven provinces were tainted with the forbidden faith, religious and political, for it seems in Russia to be a compound of those two qualities. Some of the arrested persons were tried and transported, or otherwise punished, others were discharged, and others held over for trial. The empire is now subjected to another alarm. More socialists and agitators, under various names, have been seized and indicted. The government prosecutor declares that socialism is rapidly spreading in Russia; that the most ardent propagandists belong to the upper classes (which is a new turn in the movement), and that they include retired army officers, justices of the peace, and officials of all grades. Heretofore the teachers of socialism in the empire have been men of decided talent but of humble origin and connections; and it may well make the government anxious to see its own sworn supporters and the aristocracy in the ranks of its internal enemies. To the many causes of discontent among the poorer classes of Russia has been recently added a very severe conscription law, which takes them away from their work and their families and puts them in the army. In all other European countries but Germany—where the government crushes out everything that threatens it—this same aggravated feeling of discontent is boldly manifesting itself for the same reason. The people are sick of being withdrawn from remunerative labor for the best years of their lives, and then made food for powder. Among the dissatisfied masses socialism now finds more adherents than ever before; but the hope which they cherish, that it will ever take the place of any form of government in Europe or America, still remains the wildest of human dreams.

Of all struggles the endeavor to be just is the greatest.

The *Indian Mirror*, organ of the Hindu Brahma Somaj, has a department which it calls "Devotional," and which is occupied with such prayers as the occasions of the day seem to demand. They have, of course, no taint of the old paganism about them, but are penitent and humble petitions to the Great Father. We copy one of the four in the last number that has reached us, explaining that when it was issued a war with Burmah seemed not improbable.

"O God of love and peace, do Thou, we humbly beseech Thee, avert the calamity of a terrible war about to burst upon us. It is sad to think of the misery and sin and bloodshed which are caused by war. O Lord, Thou hast forbidden war and commanded Thy children to live in peace and brotherly love, so that we may be fit for Thy holy kingdom. Our vengeful hearts are easily excited by indignities and insults. Teach us, Father, to love our enemies and forgive them, and return good for evil always. Merciful Sovereign, vouchsafe unto our rulers, in these days, wisdom and foresight, clemency and patience, and keep them from bad counsel. May Thy good name promote peace, good-will, and love among all the nations of the earth."—*Independent*.

CARDINAL MANNING ON EUROPEAN ARMAMENTS.—Cardinal Manning, in addressing a recent deputation, and speaking of the present state of the Continent, said:—He was no prophet, but he thought that no one needed the gift of prophecy to perceive that the armament of seven millions of men at least, with a power of destruction that has never been equalled in the annals of warlike nations, all portended a greater and bloodier conflict in Europe than we have hitherto witnessed. He thought it a shame and a scandal to the Christian world to see the misery and the scourge the sins of Governments had created and brought about. But the Christian world will not be able to do without scourging itself by a European war which it has prepared for itself. His words were not a threat, but a lament. As a man of peace and pastor of a flock, he prayed that the Christian nations of Europe might speedily disarm in every country, and might turn to the Gospel of Peace—to the union of the Christian world.

WAR'S WASTE.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, says a writer, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens might be proud; I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over the earth; I will build an academy in every town, and I will endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on every hill should answer to the chime on another around the earth's circumference; and the voice of prayer and song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.

STARTLING FIGURES.—The standing army of this country numbers, in time of peace, about 32,000 men and costs about \$40,000,000, while the navy costs about \$30,000,000 per annum. Pensions amount to \$30,000,000 per annum, and the interest on the national debt (now some \$2,225,000), reaches the sum of \$111,250,000 per annum, making the sum total of \$211,250,000! This sum divided among our estimated population, 44,000,000, would give to each man, woman, and child, of the whole country, about \$4.80, and to each family about \$24.00 as their yearly contribution for the worship of the god of war. And let it be remembered that the whole national domain is mortgaged to the amount of \$2,225,000,000 to be paid by us or our descendants, or remain as an incubus on the enterprise of our prosperity in all coming time! And what have we in return for such an exorbitant expenditure?

The Minister of War, in a recent public speech at Contrexeville, in the eastern part of France, declared that the government would confine the reorganization of the army under the military law to a peace footing, for merely defensive purposes.



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

WRONG.

We all were wrong, all wrong —
The living and the dead.
Were wrong—the hardest words to say,
The bravest words when said.

Then wreath our swords with flowers,
Which first our tears have wet ;
The flowers for glory and for love,
The tears for deep regret.

We thought our swords were right,
And they shall blaze in song ;
Our tears are nobler than our swords,
May God forgive the wrong.

THE BURIAL.

Oh ! dig us a grave in the darkest woods
Or alone by the sounding sea,
Or afar in the desert's solitudes,
And wide and deep let it be.

We will bury therein our evil past,
In silence and sadness and shame ;
The pride and the selfish loves that cast
Their shadows upon our fame.

The spirit that made and kept men slaves,
The tears and the blood of the past ;
The madness that filled the land with graves,
And the hate that dies at last.

Then fill up the grave and mark the place
With a white stone graven Peace ;
And let us all pray for God's sweet grace,
That wars forever may cease.

And let us remember that nothing dies
Which God has ordained to live ;
That freedom shall reign beneath the skies,
And the Peace that God shall give.

THE GOLD NECKLACE.

Johnny was a bright lad of about twelve or thirteen years. He lived among the green hills, where his father had a neat farm, and where the great world was little known.

A peddler, who used to travel round selling pretty things to the country folk, took a liking to the little boy, and inspired him with a strong desire to try his hand in trade, which, he told him, was so much more profitable than farming. He wanted a boy to assist in carrying his merchandise ; and Johnny thought that it was the beginning of great things when he was invited to travel with the peddler in that capacity.

The farmer made no objection to the arrangement. He had a large family, and could spare his little son ; and perhaps, too, he thought it wise to let the lad have a trial of the life which appeared so charming. He therefore gave him permission to go, but added, as he bade him farewell, " Be a good boy, Johnny ; and if you get tired, come back home."

The mother added her cheerful good wishes ; and after kissing each one of the family, the little boy started with light spirits by the peddler's side.

Johnny had quite a gay time assisting in the sales of ribbons and laces, rings and brooches ; and the peddler's lively companionship shortened the road. At length they approached a large house surrounded by handsome grounds, where they were received by two or three richly-dressed ladies, and presented their gay wares.

Gold necklaces were then very fashionable, and one of pretty design was produced by the peddler, which he offered to the ladies at a great bargain. It was the last of a lot, he said, each of which had fetched him a good price ; he could therefore afford to sell this one without calculating profit, and especially as the ladies had bought several articles of him, he would let them have the necklace for two pounds, ten shillings, which he declared to be less than cost price. The ornament was purchased, the money paid, and the dealer gravely withdrew. At a little distance from the house, however, he burst into a loud laugh, and slapping his young companion on the back, exclaimed, " There, boy, that's the way to do business ! That necklace cost me about half-a-crown, and there's not a bit of gold in it !"

Johnny stood still, staring in amazement at the announcement. At length he spoke : " Father told me if I got tired to come home, and I believe I am tired now. Good-by." And handing the pack which he carried to its owner, he coldly turned away.

It was now the peddler's turn to be astonished. The laugh was changed to an expression of concern, and, following the boy, he used every argument to induce him to proceed in his company; but the child of honest parents had been taught to "hate every false way." If trade involved fraud and deception, he would have nothing to do with it; so, resisting every overture, he pursued his way back, and, disappointed and foot-sore, at close of day he re-entered his green mountain home.

Forty years have passed since then, and the Johnny of our story never turned aside from "the way of the just." During the last half of his life he has been in respectable business in an important city. He is not what the world calls rich, but he enjoys what wealth could not give; he is the esteemed bearer of an unsullied name, the happy father of an upright family, and an honored and trusted member of the church of Christ—*Sunshine.*

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

BY CHARLES MCKAY.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And ease their scorn of one another!

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness:
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect,
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

LETTER FROM IOWA.

I am only a little girl, but I am so much interested in the cause of Peace, that I wish to write a few lines. My papa is going to be a life member of the American Peace Society; and we enjoy very much reading the *Advocate*, and particularly the beautiful *Angel of Peace*.

I was reading in the last number about a rabbit, which somebody said was in the moon. I never saw one in it, and don't believe there is any such thing; but I am quite sure I have seen, many times, in God's Holy Word precious promises of **PEACE** to all the nations and people of the earth.

I hope all our Sunday school teachers, and our ministers especially, will tell their hearers that war is cruel and sinful.

Your agent, Mr. W., sometimes visits us and preaches in our neighborhood, and we all love to hear about the labors of the peacemakers, and the coming of the happy day when wars shall cease, and soldiers be much better employed than in shooting and killing one another.

Morse, Iowa, Aug. 23, 1875.

AMELIA BRISTOW.

DANGER FROM WITHIN.—Luther used to say, I fear more what is within me than what comes from without; the storms and winds without do never move the earth, it is only vapors within that cause earthquakes.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

The pale and ghastly moon was wading through thick and frightful clouds, ever and anon peering forth in her chilly splendor. The wild winds of winter flew merrily, fashioning colorless snow wreaths of icy beauty; sometimes flying with tremendous force, and filling the heavens with misty snow, and suddenly falling asleep, as if lulled by the moaning pines that pointed to the sky. When the winds were still and the moon gave out her sickly light, there was a superstitious dreariness about the valley and mountain; here a cloud chasing with lightning-speed away—there was a column of ghost-like snow moving onward, moaning among the neighboring pines. How cruelly the cold winds swept across the brow of the dying soldier!

He lay in the valley. A wreath of snow was his pillow, and a drift his couch. His covering was the moonshine and shadows—his watchers the stars.

He had fought bravely and well, and had received his death-wound and stretched him here to die. He had been conquered, and his friends were far away. The cruel foe had left the wounded on the field to die. And they had perished—*all but one.*

"Wild was the night, yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow."

His large broad forehead lay open to heaven, and the pure snow lit upon it. His lips were coated with his breath. Icicles hung from his eyelids, pendants of his frozen tears! He thought of his mother. Could she have laid her hand upon his cold forehead, and kissed the white frost from his lip—could she have cheered him in his dying hour—have led him to the edge of the stream of Death—then he could have crossed the turbulent stream with less fear. But to breathe his life out alone, with no witnesses but the grim and shadowy phantoms of a midnight battle-field—with no one to cheer save the mournful symphony of the mountain pine—ah! it sent fear into the heart of the soldier. And his life had been—a *life of butchery!*

With his remaining strength, he raised himself, and gazed on the old, bald mountains!—on the terrific scenery around. A thrill of the pulse—a throb of the heart, and he was *no more!*

TWO FRIENDS.

We like true stories about animals. It seems that in London, some months ago, a poor dog, having been pelted with sticks and stones by cruel boys until his flesh was bruised and his leg fractured, limped into a stable. In one of the stalls was an intelligent young horse: he seemed touched by the distress of the dog, and looking down, inspected the broken leg. Then, with his fore feet, he pushed some straw into a corner of the stable, and made a bed for the dog. The dog lay down there and slept all night, and the horse took good care not to hurt him. When some bran mash, which formed part of his food, was brought to the horse he gently caught the dog by the neck, and with his teeth lifted him into the trough, as much as to say, "There, help yourself! Eat as much as you want." For weeks the two friends fed together, and the invalid grew strong. At night the horse arranged a soft bed for the dog, and encircled him with one of his fore feet, showing the utmost carefulness. Such kindness might well be copied by the human race.

IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL.—"If I only had capital," a young man said, as he puffed a ten cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a dramshop, "I would go into business."

Young man with the cigar, you are snooking away your capital. You from the dramshop are drinking yours, and destroying your body at the same time. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for a fortune to begin with. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark, if you will. But you must stop squandering your money, and spending your time in idleness.



ROB'S LITTLE TEACHER.

It was a dark, cold November afternoon ; so dark, that women were hurrying through the streets of the great city to reach their home ; so cold, that every passer-by wrapped himself up in his clothes, and put his coat-collar up to his ears, to keep out the whistling wind.

But Rob Martin, who had no comfortable home to which to go, and no warm clothes in which to wrap himself, stood at his crossing (his broom in his hand), looking listlessly and wearily on, while the people passed him in a never-ending stream.

"It's hard, very hard," the boy murmured to himself, retreating from his crossing, and putting his back against the wall with a slight shiver. "I shouldn't wonder if these folks have a pretty good time of it ; lots to eat and drink, and fires to warm 'em, and beds to sleep in ; while as for me, with a father as drinks, and a mother as does nothing else, and no bread but what I earn myself. It is hard, that it is ! And yet that ain't the worst. Them things I'm kinder used to ; but there's one I ain't used to a bit, nor I never shall be. Most of the fellows about here has got a mother or a sister, or p'raps a dog or a kitten as loves 'em, but I've got nothin'—nothin' in the world ; nobody cares for poor Rob."

"Then what I heard yesterday ain't true, Robbie," said a childish voice ; and the boy, starting and looking round, saw at his elbow a little girl whose home was in the same street as his own, and whose pale face and poorly clad little form he often saw as he went to and from his crossing. As he looked at her, amazed at her words, she repeated them emphatically, adding, "And yet what I heard feels like true, and I want it to feel so—I do, indeed, Rob."

"I didn't know I was talking out loud, Nan," said he at last, "but, p'raps, as you have heard me, you'll tell me what you mean ; if you can tell poor Rob Martin of any one as loves him, you'll be cleverer than I thinks you ;" and the boy laughed a bitter laugh, and resting his arm against a lamp-post, looked down upon his little companion, who, thinly clad as she was, deliberately sat down on the pavement, and said quietly : "I am not very clever, I know, but what I heard has stayed here," and she clasped her hands on her heart. "It's just this, Rob. The somebody who loves all poor children like us, and who wants us to love Him too, is Jesus."

"Jesus ! why, who is that ?" asked the boy gravely, struck, in spite of himself, by the child's earnestness.

"He's not on earth at all," replied Nan, understanding his words literally—"leastways, we can't see Him ; but He was here once, and He was poor like us, and sometimes was hungry

and tired, just as we are ; but the best of it all is, Rob, that He loves us, He loves us ever so much ;" and the little girl's face kindled as she raised her eyes to those of the listener.

"That's all very well, but how do you know it for certain ?" asked Rob.

"Well," said the child, "He must love us, you know, or He'd never have come to die for us ; and God (that's His Father) must have loved us too, or He'd never have sent Him to save us. I haven't learned much about it, Rob, but they made me say one little bit out of a big book till I knew it by heart, and I'll just say it to you, and then run home, for it's getting late." Then, standing up, and gazing straight into Rob's face with her earnest eyes, Nan said slowly, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Stop one moment more, and tell us where you heard all this," said Rob, catching the child's tattered frock as she was moving away.

"I heard it at the Sunday Ragged-school down at the bottom of Colham street," replied Nan readily, "and you can go too if you like ; I wish you would."

"Just stay another minute," pleaded Rob. "Say that thing over once more, so I can remember it." Nan repeated the text very slowly, twice over, and Rob repeated it after her. Then she bade him good-by, and ran home, while Rob remained at his crossing, saying again and again to himself the sweet gospel words, heard for to-day for the first time. The next Sunday morning found Rob Martin in the Ragged-school, eager to hear more of the truth which he had first received from the lips of a little child. That he found and learned to love his Saviour, we may be sure, for we know Who has said, "Those that seek shall find." And we need not follow further the history of Rob and Nan, if by this brief sketch we have been taught the lesson that God works often by lowly means, and that even a child may be His preacher of righteousness.—*Child's Companion.*

A DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.

There was a charming tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family, the other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in shocks, the elder brother said to his wife : "My younger brother is unable to bear the burdens and heat of the day. I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge." The brother being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself : "My elder brother has a family, and I have none. I will contribute to their support ; I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, when on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks with their arms full. Upon ground hallowed by such association as this was the Temple of King Solomon erected—so spacious, so magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas ! in these days how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf !

Spare moments are the gold dust of time ; and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line, when he taught that "sands make the mountain, and moments make the year." Of all the portion of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

The seven wonders of the world are, or were, the Pyramids, the Pharos of Alexandria, Gardens of Babylon, Temple of Diana, Statue of Jupiter Olympus, Mausoleum of Artemisia, and the Colossus of Rhodes.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

"Pray come and dine with me," said the fox to the stork.

"Thanks," said the stork; "I will do so."

Now it was the plan of the fox to have some fun with the stork. He had soup brought in a wide dish, not more than an inch or two deep. Of course the fox could lap up the soup as a cat laps milk, but the stork could but just dip in the point of his bill. That was of no use; he got no soup, whilst his host had a good meal.

With a rude sort of smile the fox said, "I should think, friend stork, that such a bill as yours may be in your way a good deal. I am glad I am not a stork."

The stork took leave of the fox, and went home to dine.

The next day the stork met the fox, and said to him, "Friend, I have some rich meat at home—will you come and dine with me?"

"How kind you are to ask me," said the fox; "I shall be right glad to dine with you, as it is late, and I have a long way to go ere I can get to my own den to dine."

When the stork and fox got near to where the stork dwelt, the fox said, "I am glad that we are so near your home. I am quite faint for want of food—and rich meat! ah! I smell it now! What a fine smell!"

"Bring the meat," said the stork to his cook.

It was brought in a glass jar with a long thin neck.

"Now, friend fox, eat," said the stork.

"Eat!" said the fox; "how can I? Your meat looks nice and smells nice; but how can I get to taste it?"

"Ah, yes, I see what you mean," said the stork—"you have no bill: how bad it must be to have no bill. I am glad that I am not a fox. Poor fox! no bill! I will give you some meat as you are faint; but I am faint too, and must dine first. You need not go home to dine, as I did when I came to see you."

The stork then with ease ate out of the jar, and now and then he gave the fox a taste.

"Well," said the fox, "I find that you have paid me in my own coin. I had my joke, now you have yours. It is tit for tat; but I must say I was not so kind to you as you are to me."

HOW HE FELT.

He had a wooden leg, three fingers were gone from the left hand, and he had to use a crutch. In the dusk of the evening he sat down on a dry-goods box on the street corner, and, striking the ground with his crutch, he exclaimed—

"Well, old pard, the war's over! Gimme your hand—shake hard!"

He shook the crutch with hearty good will, and continued—

"There's no more Reb—no more Yank! We're all American, and standing shoulder to shoulder—South Carolina alongside Massachusetts."

He waited awhile, and then went on—

"No more skirmishes—no more fouts! Uncle Robert is dead, General Grant wants peace, and they're melting up swords and bayonets to make cotton-mill machinery! We're about through camping out, old pard, and we hain't sorry—not a bit!"

He leaned the crutch against the box, lifted his wooden leg, and said—

"Lost a good leg at Fredericksburg, when I was under Barksdale, and Burnside thought he could whip old Uncle Robert and Stonewall Jackson together! Good Lord wasn't it hot that day, when the Yanks laid the pontoons and got up and got for us! And when we got up and got for them, wasn't it red hot?"

He stopped to ponder for a while, and his voice was soft as he said—

"But I forgive 'em! I took the chances and lost! I am reaching out now to shake hands with the Yank who shot me, and I'll divide my tobacco half and half with him! It was a big war. Yank and Reb stood right up and showed pluck, but it's time to forgive and forget."

He cut a chew off his plug, took off his battered hat and looked at it, and continued—

"Didn't we all come of one blood? Hain't we the big

American nation? Isn't this here United States the biggest plantation on the river, and is there a nation in the world that dares knock the chip off our shoulder?"

Maryland, my Maryland,
Michigan, my Michigan."

He put down his leg, looked at his crippled hand, and soliloquized—

"Three fingers gone—hand used up, but I am satisfied. Folks who go to war expect to feel bullets. We stood up to the Yanks—they stood up to us—it was a fair bout, and we got licked. Two fingers hain't as good as five, but they are good enough to shake hands with! Come up here, you Yanks, and grip me! We raise cotton down here—you raise corn up there—less trade!"

He lifted his crutch, struck it down hard, and went on—

"Confound a family who'll fight each other! We have got the biggest and best country that ever laid out of doors."

He sat and pondered while the shadows grew deeper, and by-and-by he said—

"There's lots of graves down here—there's heaps o' war orphans up North; I'm crippled and half sick. We have got through fighting—we're shaking hands now, and confound the man who says a word to interrupt the harmony! It's one family—old Uncle Sam's boys and gals and babies; and we're going to live in the same house, eat at the same table, and turn out better crops than any other ranch on the globe!"

He rose up to go, rapped on the box with his crutch and continued—

"Resolved that this glorious old family stick right together in the old homestead for the next million years to come."—*Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald.*

TWO SIDES.

Some one writes from the sunny South:—"A colored man occupied the pulpit. His sermon was intended to be exciting, but it seems failed of its effect. After preaching for about an hour, he stopped, considerably exhausted, and said, 'My brethren, de Methodist ain't now what dey used to be. It used to be you could know time you got in hearin' of de church: de people was a shoutin', an' a singin', an' a praisin' de Lord. Now a man may preach *like thunder* to you for a hour, an' he ain't git a grunt out o' one ob you.'"

Concerning "hollering" in meeting another one writes:—"Aunt Judy, an old colored woman, said to one of her sisters, 'Tant de true grace, honey; tant de sure glory. You hollers too loud. When you gits de love in your heart and de lamb in your bosom, you'll feel as ef you was in that stable in Beth'lem, and de blessed Virgin had lent you de sleeping baby to hold.'"

There is nothing in the world which is so venerable as the character of parents, nothing so intimate and endearing as the relation of husband and wife, nothing so tender as that of children, and nothing so lovely as that of brothers and sisters. The little circle is made one by a single interest and a single union of affections.

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BOOKS AND PAPERS.

The Daily Remembrancer on Peace and War. By John Hemmenway New Vienna, Ohio: Peace Association of Friends in America. 1875. Price by mail 75 cents.

This is a gem of a book. John Hemmenway has rendered a valuable service to the cause of Peace in arranging under every day of the year a choice selection on Peace and War, from the writings of authors living and deceased. It is surprising to note the harmony in all the varied expressions of the many authors quoted. It is a good book, and will do good to the head and heart of any person who will read it. As a holiday or birthday present it is quite appropriate. We wish that every boy or girl in the land had a copy of this manual.

The book is neatly printed on tinted paper, and bound in cloth. Price by mail, 75 cents. Address DANIEL HILL, New Vienna, Clinton Co., Ohio.

The Progress of Peace Principles, a paper read before the Peace Congress at Geneva, Sept., 1874. By Edward A. Lawrence, D. D., Marblehead, Mass. This pamphlet of twenty-three pages should be read and digested by every man who aspires to statesmanship. It will be read by the philanthropist with pleasure and hope.

Divine Providence Illustrated in the Life of William H. Rankin, by Mary J. Goddard, is a very readable little book, showing a Father's watch-care and love, and the cheerful submission of a suffering disciple, appealing to the sensibilities and gratitude of the reader. Go forth little messenger of sympathy to the suffering children of earth.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS,

INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY, ON BEHALF OF THE CAUSE
OF PEACE.

It is well known to our Christian brethren that the Religious Society of Friends has ever believed that all war is entirely forbidden by the Gospel, and that, in accordance with that belief, its members have as a rule, refrained from taking any part in carnal warfare; and for refusing to comply with military requisitions, or to pay fines for thus refusing, many, in years past, have suffered restraint of goods to large amounts, and not a few have been imprisoned. Beside a passive testimony thus borne by members individually, the Society has, from time to time, issued its public protest against this heathen and wicked custom.

But while we have cause to feel thankful for the amelioration of military laws, whereby our members are now generally exempt from suffering, we are pained in knowing that war, with all its horrors, is yet allowed and practiced by all the Christian nations, and sanctioned by the larger portions of the Christian Church. As Christians, we all believe in the fulfillment of prophecy. Dr. Chalmers, more than fifty years ago, testified that "the mere existence of this prophecy of peace is a sentence of condemnation upon war, and stamps a criminality on its very forehead. So soon as Christianity shall gain a full ascendancy in the world, from that moment war is to disappear."

Believing that it is only by a full and proper application of the Gospel in the affairs of nations, as well as individuals, that the prophecies in regard to war will be fulfilled; and believing, as a branch of the church which has so long seen the true character of this heathen abomination, that we were not doing all that we should do toward enlightening our brethren on this important subject, most of the Yearly Meetings of Friends have united in the organization of "The Peace Association of Friends in America," to which is delegated this important work, with instructions to labor expressly on their behalf in the more general promotion of the cause of peace.

The Association, in the fulfillment of its trust, has thus far mostly confined its labors to the printing and circulation of books and tracts, and the publication of a monthly paper called the *Messenger of Peace*. During the few years of its existence, millions of pages have been distributed far and wide, and many acknowledgments have been received of the convincing effects of the truth therein inculcated.

The attitude of millions in the prime of manhood, now kept constantly armed and equipped for mutual slaughter by the nations of Europe, and the sudden uprising of the war spirit in our midst, convince us of the necessity of further and more direct efforts to arouse and awaken the public to a clearer appreciation of the true character of this monstrous evil. If it is only by the full application of the Gospel that war can be abolished, surely it is the duty of the church to labor for its proper application.

But, in view of the apathy that so generally prevails, we feel constrained to appeal directly to our Christian brethren, individually and collectively, earnestly entreating them to take this subject into prayerful consideration in all its bearings. Can we believe that if the members of the Christian church everywhere were entirely to refrain from taking part in carnal warfare, that professedly Christian nations could any longer continue the custom? If we believe this, we must also believe that the responsibility for the continuance of war rests upon the church. Dear fellow professors, can you rest satisfied in continuing to bear the weight of this awful responsibility?

While statesmen and publicists are laboring to relieve suffering humanity from the blight of this dreadful curse, the church of Christ remains silent. Surely it is time for it to arise from its slumber and to proclaim its supremacy! Is not eighteen hundred years long enough for its white robes, which should be pure and spotless, to have been stained in blood? Must the skirts of the visible church be longer polluted with the gore of the battlefield, and stained with the tears of the orphan and the widow? While war, as has been said, seems to aim at setting up the kingdom of Satan in the earth, alas! the church remains to be its very bulwark.

Surely it is time to wipe out this reproach against Him, at whose coming into the world, peace on earth and good will to men was proclaimed, and engage in this holy warfare against the supremacy of Satan's kingdom.

Therefore, in behalf of suffering humanity, and in behalf of the cause of the blessed Prince of Peace, whose mission on earth is not fulfilled while wars continue—in true Christian love, we again entreat you to give this subject the consideration it justly merits.

On behalf and by direction of the Peace Association of Friends in America.

ROBERT L. MURRAY, *President*, New York.

DANIEL HILL, *Secretary*, New Vienna, Ohio.

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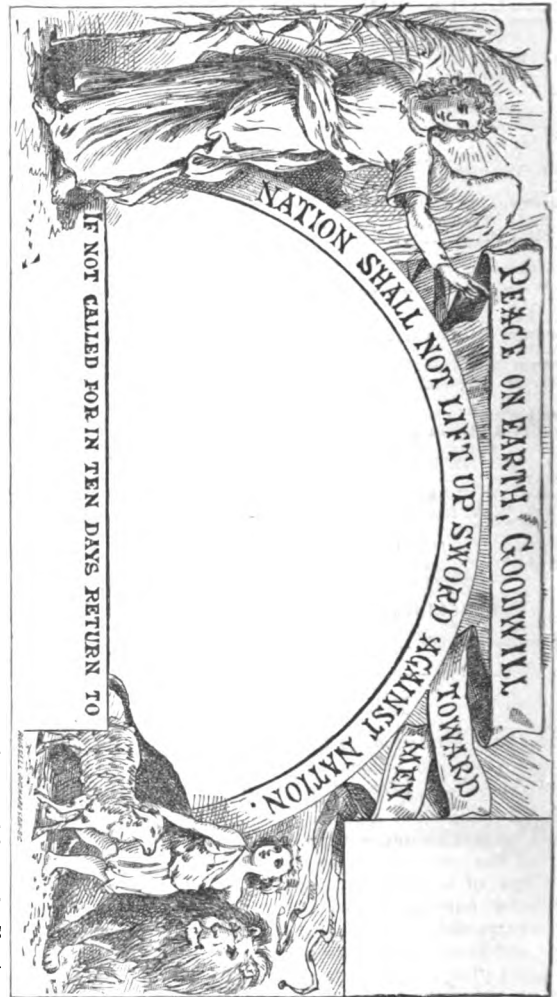
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JUNE, 1837. }

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1875.

{ NEW SERIES.
VOL. VI. NO. 12.

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NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1875.

VOL. VI. No. 12.

THE PEACE CONGRESS ABROAD.

CONGRESS AT THE HAGUE OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE REFORM
AND CODIFICATION OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

The third annual Congress of this Association commenced at the Hague on the 1st of September. It was a large and influential gathering, and attracted great interest amongst all classes in Holland, the Queen receiving its members as guests at the Royal Palace, and several of the chief Ministers of State taking part in some of the meetings of the Association. The proceedings were of an animated and agreeable nature, and likely to lead, at least on some points, to practical results of a useful nature, at probably an early date, especially with reference to the action taken by the Congress on the subjects of Bills of Exchange and Collisions at Sea.

It would be difficult to speak in adequate terms of the generous and unbounded hospitality displayed by the Government and people of the Netherlands to the members of the Association. We trust that a full report of the proceedings of the Conference will be published by the Council, as the summary which our space enables us to present is necessarily very meagre and imperfect. There were present Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., of London, and Mr. Thomas Snape, of Liverpool; Rev. Dr. Miles, of Boston, and Mr. David D. Field, of New York; Mr. William G. Hubbard, of Ohio; M. Farjasse, of Paris; Sergeant Simon, M.P.; M. Pierantoni, of Naples; M. Couvreur, of Brussels; M. Bredius, M. Van Eck, M. Moens, Dr. Beelaerts von Blockland, and Dr. Cremers. The Hull Chamber of Commerce was represented by its President, Mr. John Seaton, and its Secretary, Mr. Smith. There were also present Sir Travers Twiss, Q.C., Right Hon. M. Bernard, Senor Marcoartu of the Spanish Cortes, (donor of the Prizes for Essays on Arbitration), Mr. H. D. Jencken, Mr. J. Rand Bailey, and a number of other gentlemen from various countries. Mr. D. Dudley Field presided, with Sir T. Twiss and Professor Berchardt (of Denmark) as Vice-Presidents.

Dr. Miles, of Boston, read the annual Report of the Association, in which he surveyed the recent triumphs of International Arbitration.

The President (Mr. Field) delivered an opening address on The Present State of International Law, in which he said—There may be disagreement as to the extent and nature of the regulations established or recognized for the intercourse of nations; but there must be a rule of some sort. Force may prevail over law; but the law exists, nevertheless. Treaties and usage were the origin of much of the laws which at present exist, but they were not laws in the sense of commands, as nations have no common superior.

As illustrations of the number of unsettled questions of International Law, Mr. Field took several examples from those that were merely personal, and not national, in their character, such as the difference between the laws affecting marriage, divorce, and testamentary dispositions. Peace and war were defined and regulated by an all-comprehending body of rules. But it was still matter of debate whether even these were to be regarded by other than Christian States. More than three-fourths of the human race, if not beyond the pale of public law, were yet excluded from some of its advantages. There were also other unsolved problems—the regulation of neutral trade, the list of contraband of war, the greater or less jurisdiction of a common tribunal for the interpretation and application of admitted rules; and if there were no other means than

war of determining the disputes of nations, there would still remain an opportunity of doing infinite good, by lessening the number of unsettled problems, and in that way limiting the chances of dispute.

The object of the Association was therefore threefold: first, to promote common efforts for the common good; second, to lessen the chances of dispute between nations by settling beforehand, in an international code, the rights and duties of each; and, third, by providing a peaceful means of settling disputes when they unfortunately occur. This last great problem pointed to the thought of peace and the means by which peace is to be won, if won it ever may be. If war cannot be always prevented, the chances of its coming might be lessened, and so also with its evils when it comes. Closely related to this subject was that of disarmament. Here was both a question of peace and a question of finance, and, with some nations, almost a question of solvency. Until the petition was erased from the Prayer Book, "Give peace in our time, O Lord," and, from the Lord's Prayer, the words, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," it was the grossest inconsistency to refrain from wishing well to all rational efforts for the prevention and mitigation of war.

COLLISIONS AT SEA.

The Reports of several of the departmental Committees of the Association were then received and discussed. Amongst these was one on Collisions at Sea. These recommendations, as adopted by the Congress, were: firstly, that stringent rules of navigation as to lines of travel should be agreed to, and the laws of navigation be made uniform between nations; secondly, each nation to be required to regulate navigation upon its internal waters in accordance with this general system, or to submit to the application of the general rules to those waters; thirdly, the Committee recommends a universal international code of signals; fourthly, a rule that ships in collision be bound each to stay by the other to ascertain the damage done, and to afford relief; and, fifthly, that each such vessel should furnish to the other, at the time of collision (or, where this is not practicable, at the next port), its name and port of registration. Lastly, the Committee recommend, and the Conference adopt the recommendation, that when proceedings are taken in a foreign court against a ship in reference to collision, notice be given by the court to the commercial representative of the country to which the ship belongs, who shall have liberty to intervene on behalf of persons having interests in the ship. As a rider, the Committee recommend that the Government of the country to which the ship belongs should have the right to nominate an assessor to advise with the judge, but without power in the decision.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., read a paper on International Arbitration:—No one, he said, pretended arbitration was an infallible *panacea* for all international disputes. It was freely admitted that cases might be easily conceived to which it did not apply. The class of disputes to which it was more especially applicable were commercial questions—questions of boundaries, questions of disputed claims, and of international law. There were many objections made to its employment, but they tendered all to show that the subject had not been fairly thought out by those who made them. One was that the arbiters could err. A court of law might err; but because that was the case, were we not to establish courts of law? Another difficulty

was made by insisting on the fact that the ostensible were not always the real reasons of war, but this he considered to be more in favor of than against arbitration. Another was that it was undignified in a nation to submit to foreign decision. This was a survival of the old view that disputes among individuals could only be settled by the death of the one or the other. Duelling had died out among the English, and it was dying out elsewhere. We did not now-a-days object to submit our disputes to the decision of reason; why should not communities do the same? We must not forget that arbitration is an alternative, and that, to estimate its value, the other side of the alternative must be compared with it. Some suggested that the decision might be fraudulent; there had been within the last fifty years probably twenty cases of reference to the political heads of different States, but he had never heard a whisper of suspicion as to the absolute integrity of the judgments. In the Middle Ages, as Sir Travers Twiss recorded, cases had not been infrequent where nations submitted their differences to the decision of the faculty of law of some famous university. Thus he found the doctors of the great law school of Bologna continually called upon to furnish arbiters to decide disputes between the Italian Republics. And in modern times the most powerful States had not hesitated to refer to commercial tribunals the decision of questions which might have arisen between themselves and a less powerful State, and in which the commercial interests of their subjects had been concerned. There were cases where an individual had been solely referred to, as when Mr. Joshua Bates, a London merchant, was chosen umpire in a question between the United States and ourselves. He cited many other similar cases of submission to the judgment of arbitrators. No one, he concluded, regarded arbitration as any other than an imperfect and temporary expedient. What was wanted was not an arbitrator, but a judge, an authorized tribunal, clothed with the attributes and armed with the powers of a court of law. We were doing, he thought, what was required in trying to give consistency and unity to the law of nations as the indispensable preliminary to the establishment of a system of authorized and permanent international jurisdiction. Afterwards we might hope to find a great tribunal arise which would adjudicate between the civilized nations, just as the Supreme Court of the American Federation adjudicates between the different States of the Union, as well as between the Federal and the State Governments.

Mr. Miles presented his paper on "An International Tribunal." It dealt with the grounds for confidence in the effectiveness of the decisions of the international tribunal he would propose to create. The first ground was the nature of its origin, which presupposed a voluntary federation of nations. The second was the character of the court as international and representative. The third was the sentiment of honor operating powerfully in securing obedience to the decisions of the tribunal; and the fourth was the desire of every nation to promote its own interest. Some, he concluded, urged that without force the tribunal could not accomplish its ends. If force then were necessary, it would be a vast change to take it out of the hands of the individual nations and to put it under the control of the law of nations.

The President then requested Mr. Jencken to read a paper by Professor Bluntschili on "Disarmament." This paper, after alluding to the fact that the example of Prussia had been generally followed in Europe, of placing three per cent of the population under arms, referred to the absolute necessity, as things are, of maintaining armaments; but it condemned large standing armies, and pointed out the advantage of reducing them, at the same time observing that protection every State must have, and that, therefore, if reduction is to be carried out, it must be by general agreement.

This was followed by a paper read by Professor Birkbeck, on the principles of Non-intervention.

A discussion then followed, during which

Serjeant Simon, M. P., sympathized strongly with the endeavors of Mr. Richard. The tribunal proposed by him and by Mr. Miles was no new idea. But he did not see how we could form a tribunal whose judgment would be final. If we got one which would be superior to the tendencies of other tribunals, would it keep clear of falling into party spirit, and keep clear of the pur-

suit of selfish interests? Would nations submit to the decisions of judges not chosen by themselves? Mr. Miles had spoken of honor as a swaying influence among mankind. He feared that honor among nations differed from honor among individual men. Treaties, as in the case of the late war, had been broken. The French Government did not seek peaceable means before engaging in war with Germany, as it had promised to do. When a difference between the United States and ourselves was submitted to Arbitration, the former declined to accept this judgment. Mr. Richard had compared the tribunal he would administer to a court of law, and ascribed to us willingness to abide by the decisions of the latter. But we must not forget that there are policemen and prisons outside the justice-hall. Arbitration would become more popular, but it would become popular slowly.

Mr. Bredius then read a paper on the same subject.

Mr. Henry Richard, M. P., then moved as a resolution:

"That this Association rejoices in the fact that so many national legislatures have already by distinct vote sanctioned the principle of arbitration as a means of settling international disputes, and hopes the example will be followed by other legislatures, because the recognition of this principle by the representative assemblies which legitimately express the opinions of nations, affords a facility and imposes an obligation on the Governments to have recourse to this mode of adjusting their differences. This Conference further expresses its cordial satisfaction that so many cases of dispute arising between States have been, especially of late, disposed of by this form of peaceable reference."

Mr. Jules (ex-Minister of Justice), of the Hague, expressed his sympathy with the desire of Mr. Richard to see an international tribunal instituted, but did not see how it was to be an improvement on arbitration. They were the expression of different ideas. In the tribunal they would have the same judges for different cases, while in arbitration the judges were chosen for the special case. Before they could expect to have an admitted tribunal they must have an international parliament. The means they were pursuing of diffusing peaceful ideas were, in his opinion, those most likely to lead to a condition of greater peace. As M. Laveleye had said, "When every one engages to diffuse pacific ideas we shall obtain peace."

Mr. Snape, of Liverpool, thought the view so generally adopted, that before establishing a tribunal we must have an international code, was a mistaken one, because a court created law by furnished precedents. He supported the proposition, but would have liked it to go further.

Mr. Couvreur, of the Belgian Parliament, seconded the resolution, but hoped it would stand as it was. We must not require too much. The opposition which the principle of arbitration had met in the countries whose Parliaments had recognized it showed how much resistance had still to be overcome. There were cases where arbitration could not be applied; such a case occurred not long ago, when an English company transferred the working of a Belgian railway to a French company. By the contract it could do so, but the Government refused to allow this. It involved the Belgian Government in a dispute with France, and here it was impossible to refer the question to arbitration. In fact, there were cases where arbitration could not be employed, where a Government could not subject itself to a hostile decision. America has been cited as presenting the face of things we sought for in Europe, but America was united before it had its supreme tribunal for the Union. We saw the same in Germany. This was the natural course of things. They must not expect to come rapidly to their ultimate object; and it was not with the torch of sentiment but with the lantern of example that they would come sooner to the realization of their aim.

Senor Marcoartu (of Spain) proposed certain amendments, which were lost, and the resolution was accepted.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

Sir Travers Twiss presented a report of the Committee, stating that answers had been received to questions which had been put by circular and submitted to jurists, Chambers of Commerce, and bankers in all the countries of Europe, and that in substance, their replies were as follows:—They approved the codification of the laws of bills of exchange, and recommended

the abolition of days of grace and usances, the assimilation of the laws regarding endorsements—recommending that one rule should be followed—and the abolition of the difference between trader and non-trader, and also between inland and foreign bills. In conclusion, this report directed attention to the formation of an international committee.

THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE, ETC.

A discussion was raised on the subject of the recent Brussels Conference, on a resolution proposed by M. Couvreur and seconded by Mr. H. Richard, M. P., urging the Russian Government to introduce Arbitration at the next meeting in St. Petersburg, which was opposed by Serjeant Simon and other members, and lost by a majority of three.

M. Farjasse read a paper on the judicial organization in Egypt; one by Professor Washburn, of Yale College, was laid on the table; and another interesting paper on the assimilation of laws of various nations in relation to the protection of patents, by Mr. Lloyd Wise, was read.

The reception of the miscellaneous papers was continued by Mr. John Jenkins, barrister, of London, reading a treatise on the "Decisions on British Claims against the Government of Hayti for Loss arising from the Civil War of 1868 and 1869 in that Country." The subject of "Modern International Aspects of the Slave Trade" was introduced by a paper from Mr. F. W. Chesson.

INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT.

The Committee on Disarmament, the proceedings of which were reported by Mr. Henry Richard, M. P., recommended the adoption of the following resolution:—"That this Association cannot but regard with the deepest anxiety and regret the enormous and ever-increasing armaments with which Europe is deluged, burdening the people with taxation and military service, withdrawing millions of men from the occupations of productive industry, and keeping the nations in a constant state of reciprocal suspicion, irritation and disquietude. It further believes that it is the duty of Governments, in the interests of humanity and civilization, and for the welfare of their own subjects, to enter into communication with each other, with a view to effect a mutual reduction of those armaments, which, far from being a security for peace, are a perpetual menace of war."

The resolution was supported by M. Augustus Couvreur, Dr. Miles, and Serjeant Simon, M. P., who said that his opposition to a former motion was because of its reference to a foreign Government on a question now pending, and because he thought it was beyond the province of the Association; but to this resolution he gave his cordial support. With one or two dissentients the resolution was passed. Professor Sheldon Ames proposed a resolution having reference to the same topic. Virtually this accomplished the object of the resolution defeated the previous day, as it declared it to be expedient that the Governments of Europe should commence negotiations for the purpose of giving practical effect to the protocol of the 14th of April, 1856, and that the Association submits that a means of giving effect to the purpose would be to codify arrangements for arbitration, and to provide by anticipation for the constitution and procedure of the courts that would be required. This was unanimously adopted, and the Conference proceeded to elect committees to report on the International Code drafted in the works of Mr. Dudley Field, and to prepare a code of the laws affecting bills of exchange, and to consider the subject of international copyright, patent right and coinage.

The sittings of the Congress were brought to a close on Saturday evening after the election of Lord Penzance as president, M. Laboulaye honorary president, and Mr. Dudley Field and Count Sclopis vice-presidents of the congress in 1876. The council will, in due course, fix upon the place at which it is to be held.

After the sittings of the Congress had terminated, its members paid a pleasant visit to Amsterdam, where they dined together, and proposed various fraternal and cosmopolitan toasts. Mr. H. Richard, M. P., and Sir Travers Twiss spoke most warmly of the graceful kindness of the Queen of Holland, for both her Majesty and her subjects have given to the Association the most genuine welcome. After dinner Dr. Bredius

humorously proposed that they should carry internationalism a step further, and go and look at the beasts of every nationality, which proposal was forthwith unanimously carried. The Zoological Gardens are charmingly arranged, and the snake collection is one of the best, if not the best, in Europe.

Late in the evening the members returned to the Hague, whence they dispersed to their respective homes.—*London Herald of Peace.*

A TIMELY STORY.

A little incident came to our knowledge the other day which, at this time, may be worth the telling. Just after the holidays in 1873, a physician in one of the large cities, while making his daily rounds, gave a description to one of his patients of the almshouse which he had visited that day, especially dwelling upon the pitiable sight of so many children to whom Christmas had not been even a name, but had passed in all the dull misery of other days. The lady to whom he spoke was a hopeless invalid, unable for years to leave her bed; she was straitened, too, in means. But hearing the story, she determined that the next Christmas should bring a little pleasure to at least some of these little ones whom society had thrust out of the pale, even at their birth. She had that inevitable storehouse in every family, the "piece-bag," brought and emptied on her bed, and began to make rag-babies, knitted mittens, balls, etc., etc.—the thousand inexpensive little trifles which required only labor and patience to make them precious to any child. She had a whole year in which to work; her courage and zeal grew with every day; her friends became interested and brought in their contributions of velvet, cloth, yarn, etc.

When she had provided some little gift for each of the children she began to work for the insane ward, then for the hospital. Of course, as nothing is more contagious than charity, the idea spread among the neighbors. One brought socks, another comfortable underclothing, an old lady a knitted jacket, her son a collection of pipes, one housekeeper a pile of chromes and old prints, another a cart load of old magazines, until by Christmas, although the almshouse has as many inhabitants as a flourishing town, there was not one for whom this woman had not a little gift. When the day came it was observed as a holiday, the keepers making an effort to bring the wards into a condition of unusual cleanliness, and to provide a dinner better than the ordinary fare. The Christmas presents were given from the unseen friend, she lying in the far-off little room which she was never to leave alive; and with each gift was some message of Christian kindness which told of Him who was born on that day and of His errand here.

All this happened last Christmas, and was the work of one crippled poor woman. The birthday of Christ is coming again, and in every town there is an almshouse, asylum or jail filled with the miserable, the guilty, the poor—the very class to whom He came first, and in every one of these towns there are communities of men and women who profess to follow Him. When one woman can do so much to give significance to His birth to thousands of these His brethren, what may not these communities do! Christians, as a rule, do not visit the prisons or almshouses. What if they made Christmas day an exception to their usual neglect! Let them go, not with stern rebuke or tedious sermons, but with some cheerful, tangible, live remembrance of their Master, which will gladden and soften the hearts of those who know God only through the hard justice of men.—*New York Tribune.*

NEW MILITARY ACADEMY.—An humble imitation of our West Point Academy, has arisen in the Dominion of Canada. It has been created by the Federal Government, with the view of educating the young men of the volunteer force to the profession of arms, and thus giving them a military education, as well as a rifleman's uniform. It would be more wise for the Colonial Government to foster the arts of peace—and if it must create a military force, to fix it at a strength only adequate to support the civil authorities in time of riot or internal disorder. A greater body of men would only prove a drain upon its slender resources, and seem like a species of defiance to the people on this side of the line.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1875.



THE REV. JAMES B. MILES, D. D.

BY REV. DORUS CLARKE, D. D.

"I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." Some of the dispensations of an All-wise Providence are so sudden and unexpected, that they startle us as a bolt from heaven fell smouldering at our feet. At such times, little seems to remain to us but to bow down in mute submission. The telegraph and the mails have already informed half the civilized world of the demise of the Corresponding Secretary of the American Peace Society, but it seems desirable to place on record a more formal announcement of the fact, which has filled with sorrow many of the best inhabitants of both hemispheres.

The Rev. James Browning Miles, D. D., was born in Rutland, Massachusetts, August 18, 1822, and died in Worcester, after an illness of less than forty-eight hours, November 13, 1875, consequently at the age of fifty-three years. After appropriate funeral services at the house of his brother, Charles M. Miles, Esq., and in the Central Church, at which a delegation from the American Peace Society was present, his remains were removed to New London, Conn., and now sleep in the cemetery of that city, by the side of his venerable father-in-law, the Rev. Joseph Hurlbut, who had just preceded him, leaving a beloved wife and two children a legacy of tears, of hope, and of thanksgiving. He descended from a plain but highly respectable ancestry of the good old New England stock, and was nurtured upon those sturdy principles of morality and religion which give strength to character, and create conscientiousness and a deep sense of personal responsibility. He passed through the scenes of childhood and youth with no incident which gave direction to his subsequent life, save that grace of God which hopefully renewed his heart, and inspired him with a desire to be useful in "the ministry of reconciliation." He discovered that his natural relations to God were not amicable, but he found that grace was "the positive to the negative within him." Soon after that great transformation he united himself with the Congregational Church in Rutland, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Josiah Clark, of sainted memory, at the early age of fifteen years. He graduated at Yale College in 1849, and held a high rank for scholarship in a class which numbered among its members, Professor Timothy Dwight, of the Divinity School at New Haven, and Professor Franklin W. Fisk, of the Chicago Theological Seminary. For a short period he was a tutor in Yale College, and was ordained pastor of the First Church, in Charlestown, Mass., January 2, 1855, where he remained about sixteen years. As a pastor, sincerity, fidelity and perseverance were qualities which characterized his course, and greatly endeared him to the people of his charge; and those qualities became still more conspicuous in the wider sphere which he was afterwards called to occupy. He loved the work of the Christian ministry, and when he was elected to the office of Corresponding Secretary of the American Peace Society, and

entered on his new labors, he was for some time embarrassed by the apprehension that he had mistaken the line of his duty. At Charlestown, though respected and beloved, there was nothing which specially distinguished him from hundreds of other laborious and faithful pastors, or which gave any indication that nature and grace had formed him for a different rôle. He drew no crowds to the sanctuary by eccentricity, or sensationalism, or brilliant rhetoric, or encyclopædian learning. Had he lived and died in his pastorate, an affectionate congregation would doubtless have wept at his tomb, and a limited circle of acquaintance would have embalmed his memory in their hearts. No premonition appeared that there was slumbering within him an unusual philanthropy, which only needed an opportunity to waken it into activity, and a sphere for its expansion

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre,

are now mouldering into unhonored dust, because neither the means nor the opportunity were presented to call out their latent ability. Mr. Miles did not know what he was made for. He was ignorant of what was to be his life-work. He did not anticipate that he was fitted for a service which should make him widely regarded as a special benefactor to the race. Though unconscious himself of what was to be his destiny, the entire programme of his life was arranged by Infinite Wisdom long before he was born, and we who survive him can now see how skilfully that Wisdom adapted means to ends, to accomplish some of the highest purposes of His benevolence.

In sketching with required brevity the life of Mr. Miles from this point to its close, it seems necessary to place before the reader, in somewhat bold relief, those traits of his character and those orderings of Providence which contributed largely to his success. When the office of Secretary of the Peace Society became vacant by the death of Rev. Dr. Beckwith, it was a serious question who should be selected as his successor. That Society was not then in a vigorous state. Many regarded its object to be quite Utopian, and to inspire the public with confidence in its usefulness, and to lift it up to a higher plane of influence, was no easy task. After frequent consultations, the attention of the Executive Committee was providentially directed to Mr. Miles, as the proper person to fill that place.

It so occurred again, in the arrangements of Providence, that almost simultaneously with the entrance of Mr. Miles upon his new work, the Alabama question, which had filled the civilized world, and especially the United States and Great Britain, with intense solicitude, was peacefully settled at Geneva by arbitration. That settlement was an epoch in the affairs of nations. Nothing like it, in point of magnitude, had occurred "since the foundation of the world." It was then ascertained and declared, by a forum of equity, what is the price for neglecting to use "due diligence" in preventing the effusion of blood in fratricidal war, and the bill was honorably paid. A new method of composing international difficulties was then and there inaugurated by two of the most enlightened and powerful nations, and their example would, of course, exert a potent influence upon others, if it could be brought home to their candid consideration, and the principle of arbitration be made a controlling factor in their policy. If a permanent Court of Arbitration could be established, or if the jealousies of nations would not permit them to accept an umpire already made to their hands, but would prefer to institute one of their own to adjust their differences; in either case, a grand opportunity

was presented to make an effort to bring all the powers of the earth into an agreement to abandon the barbarities of war, and appeal to "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," formulated and declared by arbitrators in whom they had entire confidence, for the sublime purpose of settling their difficulties on the basis of reason and justice. Never was a nobler mission offered to human philanthropy.

But there was another obstacle in the way. Upon *what principles* could such a Court of Arbitration, assuming its existence, determine the questions which might be submitted to its decision? There was no accepted code of international law. The practices of nations had been different and often conflicting, and the result was that "might made right" — that the strongest had their own way and the weakest had been crowded to the wall. A common ground of understanding was yet unformed, and "darkness was upon the face of the deep." To enter upon efforts to form a digest of international jurisprudence; to arrange for a tribunal which should apply that code to the settlement of all disputed questions between nations; and then, above and beyond all, to induce the governments of the world to accept such a code, to create such a tribunal and agree to be bound by its decisions, would have been regarded by all past generations as in the highest degree chimerical. Though this method of conserving the peace of mankind had already been suggested, and had received here and there the favorable consideration of distinguished individuals, no one had faith and moral courage enough to attempt to carry it into execution. The honor of making such an effort, and with a strong conviction of ultimate success, was reserved to a self-educated American blacksmith of wide reputation for scholarship and humanity, and a Congregational clergyman but little known to the world, though respected within the narrow sphere of his acquaintanceship.

The age and infirmities of Mr. Elihu Burritt precluded him from acting only the part of an adviser, but he had given the subject his best thoughts for more than a quarter of a century, and never had any man a more competent coadjutor. Surrounded, in the good providence of God, with such favoring conditions, Mr. Miles saw his opportunity; and he entered actively upon this herculean task because he had faith in God, and in the eventual triumph of the pacific principles of Christianity. The more he meditated upon the theme, the more it grew upon his imagination, and the more it fired the benevolence of his heart. Few men have ever fully taken into their conceptions the gigantic military preparations of Europe, which are rapidly exhausting its material resources, and throw their portentous shadows into every habitation. Of the sixteen States of Europe, seven have introduced *universal* liability to military service, viz: Germany, Russia, Austria, France, Italy, Denmark and Switzerland. The armies of eight are recruited by conscription, or conscription and enlistment, viz: Spain, Turkey, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Portugal and Greece. Great Britain alone is wholly dependent on voluntary enlistment. Several of these enlistments, however, are really compulsory. The idea that all Europe is thus groaning under the incubus of standing armies — the very existence of which is a standing menace to the peace of the world; the astounding fact that she has, at this writing, no less than *two millions* of men in the prime and vigor of their days under arms; that they are all converted from producers into consumers of the necessities of life; that while only *forty millions* of dollars are expended for education, the fabulous sum of *two*

billions of dollars are spent for military purposes; these tremendous and startling facts determined Mr. Miles' subsequent career. He now discovered what was to be the work of his life. He now found out what was to be "the chief end" of his earthly existence, and he gladly accepted the mission.

But there was another element in his character which eminently fitted him for this service — he possessed great *organizing* talent. He was not a lawyer or a statesman, in the usual acceptance of those terms, but he had what only few of them ever possessed, — the power to set lawyers and statesmen at work, and to keep them at it. By a most extensive correspondence, by crossing the Atlantic Ocean eight times in four years, by wide personal solicitation, by the preparation and circulation of numerous documents and pamphlets, and by earnest appeals through the newspapers of the day, he enlisted some of the most eminent legists in this country and abroad in his plans of ecumenical philanthropy — the disarmament of the nations, and the settlement of all disputes between them on principles of equity, so that all swords may be converted into ploughshares, and all spears into pruning-hooks. He probably did more than any other man to get up the three conferences of the publicists of Europe and America, which met successively at Brussels in 1873, at Geneva in 1874, and at the Hague in 1875, to attempt the formation of a code of international law. Those conferences were composed of gentlemen from the United States, from England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and Belgium, distinguished alike for their high social standing, their learning, their abhorrence of war, and their varied efforts in the cause of peace. Dr. Miles had a decided taste for such gatherings of distinguished men. His manners were not formed in the courts of princes, but so modest was his style of address, so firmly did he believe in the ultimate triumph of the cause of Peace, and so persistent were his efforts to carry his theory into practice, that he won his way to the confidence and respect of men who knew much more than himself about politics and legal science. It was the homely, strong common sense and perseverance of Franklin, and not elegant manners, which made him a favorite of the gayest court of Europe. "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings." Dr. Miles not only commanded the respect of the eminent men whom he had brought together, but he inspired them with much of his own enthusiasm and confidence of success.

One important circumstance, however, doubtless, tended somewhat to qualify his influence upon his distinguished associates. He had but a *slight knowledge of the French, German and Italian languages* — languages which the learned men of Europe hold to be indispensable to a competent education. It would, therefore, require some strain upon their courtesy to acknowledge any gentleman, however well qualified in other respects, as a peer in their deliberations and appoint him their General Secretary, who was deficient in those mediums of intercommunication. But Dr. Miles measurably surmounted that difficulty by his quick perceptions, and it was still further obviated because his associates generally could speak and write the English language with facility.

One more important fact in Dr. Miles' history remains to be stated, — he performed his principal life-work in a *very short period of time*. It was done in the brief term of some four years. History informs us of many similar examples. Jesus Christ — with whom no human being is to be compared for the qualities that commend success — performed his public earthly mission in

three years. Among the numerous examples furnished by mortals, we may cite the cases of Chillingworth, and Brainerd, and Summerfield, and McCheyne, and Henry Kirke White, and Harlan Page. Our friend who has just left us, to use a favorite phrase of one class of scientific men, was "fortunate in his environments." Divine Providence raised him up to do a good service in the cause of peace, and placed him in conditions eminently favorable to early success.

But let not the friends of peace despond. That cause is sustained and will be carried on by a Mightier Arm than human. No man is indispensable to its triumph. George Washington is dead, but integrity and patriotism are at a high premium in this nation. John Calvin is dead, but Calvinism is as immortal as the Epistle to the Romans. John Wesley is dead, but Methodism never counted such immense numbers as at the present day. Samuel F. B. Morse is dead, but the click of the telegraph is heard around the globe. William Ladd, George C. Beckwith, Amasa Walker and James B. Miles are dead, but the cause of Peace, which they loved so much and served so well, was never so potential as at this moment upon the deliberations of legislatures, cabinets and crowns. Unless this cause succeeds, Christianity may well be pronounced a "failure," and the prophetic song of the angels on the hills of Bethlehem — "Peace on earth, and good-will to men" — would seem to be little better than a tantalizing *contretemps*, and a mockery of human woes. When monarchs are obliged to bow to plebicides, and to ask the Rothschilds of the world whether they will loan them money to prosecute their wars, other factors than those of retaliation and the love of conquest are coming to the front, and, together with the humane spirit of Christianity, will soon settle the question whether the peace of the world shall be wantonly disturbed. Mars, named for his fiery appearance after the Grecian god of war, is, doubtless, more pacific than this sin-stricken planet of ours. But a better day is dawning on this world of sorrow, and its high noon will arrive when the Gospel of the Prince of Peace is published among all nations, its humane spirit pervades their councils, and its principles are incorporated into their policies. All hail, ye nations, groaning under the weight of debt and oppression, your husbands and sons and brothers shall not much longer be conscripted or enlisted into standing armies, and be led to the battle-field "as sheep to the slaughter!" All hail, ye coming generations, sitting under your own vines and fig-trees, and cultivating the arts of peace!

Peace, with her olive crown, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trumpet shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy Word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

But where is the man who will take up the work which Dr. Miles left so incomplete, or, rather, which he had but barely commenced? Where is the man upon whom his mantle fell as he ascended to his reward?

At the opening of the German Parliament, a speech of the Emperor was read, he himself being absent on account of indisposition, which contained a gratifying assurance of the continued peace of Europe. The Emperor said, "So far as human judgment can discern, peace is more assured now than at any time during the twenty years preceding the reconstruction of the Empire."

DEATH OF REV. DR. J. B. MILES.

The Directors of the American Peace Society held a meeting to take action on the death of its late Secretary, Rev. Dr. J. B. Miles. Hon. E. S. Tobey presided, and after prayer by Rev. Dr. Pierce, made a brief address, speaking of the invaluable service of the deceased to the society and to the interests of peace throughout the world, reviewing his public acts and noble character as are generally known to our readers.

The speaker had never witnessed greater fidelity to duty.

Ex-Gov. Washburne then read the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That in the recent death of their associate, the late Rev. James B. Miles, D. D., and Secretary of the Association Peace Society, the directors and other officers of that Society are deeply and sincerely impressed with the magnitude of the loss which has thereby been sustained by the Society and the friends of peace throughout the world, and they would record their high appreciation of his private worth, his public services and his consistent Christian virtues.

Resolved, That in the work in which he was engaged, in addition to the proper duties of his office as Secretary, which has in view the concurrence and co-operation of able and distinguished statesmen, jurists and philanthropists, in Europe and America, in the adoption and advancement of a wise and humane system of international law and policy by which war shall give place to peaceful arbitrament, and in which it has been his privilege to take an honorable and distinguished part, he showed himself an able and efficient participant in their measures and made his influence widely felt, and his death will be widely lamented as a public loss.

Resolved, That while good and great men are falling in their ranks, the friends of peace have no reason to hesitate in the continuance of their earnest efforts, or to doubt the ultimate triumph of the cause in which they are engaged. It is the cause of God and humanity, and their brother has fallen while faithfully seeking to advance the promised reign of the Prince of Peace.

Resolved, That these resolutions be communicated to the family of Dr. Miles, and published in the *Advocate of Peace*.

After the resolutions had been read, remarks eulogistic of the life and character of Mr. Miles were made by Alpheus Hardy, Rev. Dorus Clarke, D. D., Professor Peabody and Friend Swan.

Dr. Peabody with great feeling expressed his sincere reverence for deceased. He considered that none could have entered upon the work with a more single eye for the good of man and the cause of Christianity; the cause of peace is pre-eminently the cause of grace.

A letter of sympathy was received from Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and will be retained among the records of the Society.

THE FUTURE OF THE INDIAN POLICY.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

Several of the pastors of different denominations in Washington City have just called upon the President to express their hope that he is not about to abandon the Peace Policy in his treatment of the Indians. They were moved to do this by rumors that the Indian Bureau was to be transferred to the War Department, and that the Administration regarded the present policy a failure, and so forth.

The President expressed himself very positively and spirit-edly on the subject. He stated that he did not regard the present policy a failure; and there would be no change in it so long as he was at the head of the Government. Moreover, that it had been his hope that this policy would be so firmly established, and so much a necessity, that his successors could not depart from it, even if they so desired.

It is true a change was proposed as to the manner of securing and distributing Indian supplies. It was the plan hereafter to have these supplies purchased and distributed by military officers, so that if there were frauds the perpetrators could be suitably punished. But this did not indicate a change of policy, but an improvement in some of the old methods.

The President said it was a mistaken notion that military

men wanted war with the Indians. They do not like frontier life so well as civilized life. Besides there is no glory to be secured fighting the Indians; and as to promotion by the death of superior officers, why they make the second lieutenants do all the fighting!

This last remark was made with a twinkle of the eye, which showed that the President had a keen sense of its humor. Indeed, he was in a happy frame of mind, and ready to converse freely on the subject. There did seem to be a shade of sadness when he added to the remark, that he had hoped the Peace Policy of the Government towards the Indians would be so fixed that it could not be departed from: "But I do not know!" As though he were reviewing the result of the recent severe onslaught upon the Indian Bureau, and the danger to which the Peace Policy had been indirectly exposed.

President Grant said of Commissioner Smith: "I think a good deal of him. His great fault seems to be, that he is not willing to sacrifice a man until he is sure he is guilty. Certainly a good fault for these times; when men are bent upon first destroying men, and then letting them vindicate themselves, if they can; though they pay no attention to the vindication, and only repeat the charges over again, as though the investigation had proved rather than overthrown them."

The interview with the President, then, established: (1) That the Peace Policy towards the Indians is not to be abandoned; that President Grant does not regard it a failure; that he would gladly make it the necessary policy of the nation. (2) That whatever changes of method may be adopted, will be to make the present policy more efficient, and any deviation from strict honesty more easily and severely punished.

PEACE MEETING AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, LONDON.

On the 13th October, a large and influential meeting was held at Devonshire House, London, to hear addresses on peace from three well-known American friends of the cause, Mr. William G. Hubbard, of Ohio, Rev. James B. Miles, of Boston, and Mr. Eli Jones, of Maine.

Mr. Stafford Allen presided, and in a brief but feeling address alluded to the sad experiences of the late civil war in America. He had visited one of the battle-fields, at Chattanooga, where he saw eleven thousand graves, and of this number five thousand were the tombs of soldiers whose very names were unknown. How much woe and long suspense on the part of their relatives were represented, on this one spot, by these multitudinous mounds! How great the folly, and how delusive the attractions of war to those poor youths, for most of them were young. There they lay, exemplifying the horrors of war and teaching an eloquent lesson of the value of efforts for peace.

Mr. William G. Hubbard, after taking a historic retrospect of past wars in general, spoke in particular of the folly of war, and the horrible sufferings occasioned by it, especially to the innocent. It was, indeed, mainly and generally upon the innocent that the miseries of battle fall. For instance, in the American Civil War, the individual who of all men had had most to do with bringing it about—Jefferson Davis—had escaped punishment, had been permitted to take pleasure-trips to Europe and elsewhere, was left in the enjoyment of life and comforts, and allowed to occupy himself with making popular speeches. His chief helper, also, General Lee, escaped the sword, and retired into an honorable position as the principal of a Virginian University. But tens of thousands of American homes of innocent people had been desolated through these men, who had thus escaped so completely themselves. Tens of thousands of soldiers had died, leaving innumerable widows and orphans—all innocent of blame—to mourn throughout the land. And thus it must be everywhere with war. A chaplain at the Battle of Antietam told him (Mr. Hubbard) that only once in his life was he ready to doubt the existence of God, and it was then when he witnessed the wholesale slaughter of his young countrymen, and listened to the dying groans of many, the fervent prayers of some, and the horrible curses and blasphemies of others, even with their expiring breath, cursing God for having suffered them to be brought into existence. Such is war!

Rev. James B. Miles then briefly described the formation of the International Association for the Reform and Codification of

International Law, which has already held three successful Congresses at Brussels, Geneva and the Hague. He eloquently eulogized the power and influence of law in its sway over the minds of men of all classes. Even in the inanimate creation law holds its reign over the planet, the insect, the very elements—all are ruled by law. It influences the citizens of nations, and maintains them in order and allegiance. It extends even from earth to heaven, being in its grandest forms, an emanation from the Eternal Mind. And he trusted that, by means of International Arbitration, and the formation of a uniform Code of Nations, law shall ultimately be found the great preventive of, and substitute for, war.

Mr. Eli Jones said that, although an American by birth, he was a descendant of the Joneses, of Wales—those unconquered Britons of Cambria. He confirmed the statement of Mr. Hubbard as to the misery caused throughout the United States by the late war; for in every city there were to be seen the maimed and crippled forms of former soldiers; whilst the taxpayers are still burdened with the support of innumerable widows and orphans of the killed. Even the newly-elected Governor of Maine (his own State) is the worse for war by the loss of a limb, and has to walk with crutches. There are some "Ben Butlers" in America, it is true; but they do not represent the wise and moral portion of the community. The latter class love England, desire peace, and honor England's Queen. They could not forget the part taken by Queen Victoria and her consort, Prince Albert, when the latter, as with his dying hand, modified in a pacific direction, the dispatch of Lord Palmerston in reference to the affair of the *Trent*, and thus, perhaps, prevented an awful war.

Mr. William Tallack (Secretary of the Howard Association) being called upon to propose a vote of thanks to the three American visitors, alluded to the long and active services of each in the cause of peace, and to the extensive journeys and long voyages undertaken by them for pacific or kindred objects. Each of the three was a minister of the Gospel. And it is to the Gospel, to the power of the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, that we must look for the main and reliable influence in promoting peace among the nations. Arbitration and International Law are of great importance, but the influence of these will be to a large extent beneficial just in proportion as they are prompted and sustained by the impulse of love to Christ, honor to God, and to His creatures for His sake. Especially desirable is it that throughout the nations shall be diffused a profound and real conviction that there is something of God in every man, and that Christ has an interest in each soul. Exactly in proportion as this is felt, will war be regarded as the more awful and horrible, as being a crime against God in His own creatures. This Gospel principle will give a great and additional force to the influence of Law and Arbitration amongst the nations.

Mr. Samuel Gurney seconded the vote of thanks, which was carried by acclamation, as also was a similar expression of thanks to the Chairman.—*London Herald of Peace*.

THE TRUE VIEW OF PEACE.

BY REV. DANIEL SAWYER.

Peace is enthroned in heaven: there it reigns in perfection. God constituted Paradise the earthly abode of Peace, which was interrupted by the enemy of all righteousness.

Christ is "Prince of Peace."—*Isaiah ix. 6.*

Christ's church is the kingdom of Peace.—*Isaiah ix. 7.*

Peace was the subject of the Advent song.—*Luke ii. 11.*

Christ instituted the church, the first Peace Society.

The Bible is God's statute book of Peace: its principles are the Gospel of Peace.

Christ's ministers are his ambassadors of Peace.

Christ requires his disciples to pray constantly for "Peace on earth, and good will to men."

Peace must begin in each of our hearts.

Christ is our great "Peace offering."

The ruins of old friendship are a more melancholy spectacle to me than those of desolated palaces. They exhibit the heart that was once lighted up with joy, all damp and deserted, and hunted by those birds of ill omen that only nestle in ruins.

(For Memorial Sunday.)

TRIBUTE TO REV. J. B. MILES, D. D.

BY M. D. BALFOUR.

As the hero, with laurels, doth sink to his rest,
With his banner still waving—his shield on his breast,
So pass'd our dear brother, from the conflict of life,
So ended his journey,—earth's sorrows and strife.

True Soldier of Christ! thou hast fought the good fight,
Hast finish'd thy course, with thine armor all bright,
And now thou canst lay thy laurels all down,
At the feet of thy Saviour, and take up thy crown.

Blest mission was thine! thy banner of "Peace"
Shall float in the breeze, till the war-cry shall cease:
For thy journeyings oft, and thy toils by the way,
Shall the nations to thee, their tribute yet pay.

Far over the sea, the tear drops descend,
And here at this altar with ours they blend,
For a "Friend" and a "Pastor, and a brother at hand,
To console and to counsel, and by the weakest to stand.

In the name of our Fathers, who knelt on this spot,
Thy deeds and thy virtues shall ne'er be forgot;
More sacred to-day is the soil that we tread,
For the labors of him whose spirit hath fled.

And now may thy mantle of peace and of love,
Descend in our midst, from thy sweet home above;
We would not recall thee, since the battle is o'er.
But wait for the Master, as we watch by the shore.

We'll remember thee oft, but mourn not in vain,
'Tis not for poor mortals, God's will to explain;
He never can err, who knows what is best,
And his sheep He will lead in green pastures to rest.

We must stand by the Cross, and its banner must wave,
The weary to bless, and the sinner to save;
And "Peace," thro' the world, the watchword must be,
Until Jesus shall reign, from sea unto sea.

THE LATE DELAGOA BAY ARBITRATION.

The *Birmingham Gazette*, one of the most influential of the Provincial Conservative journals, remarks as follows: "The London papers have argued that the Delagoa arbitration decision, coming upon the Alabama and San Juan arbitrations, should disgust us with that mode of settling international difficulties. *It is to be hoped that it will do nothing of the sort.* Though we lost three and a quarter millions by the Geneva award, *we gained far more than we lost by the decision that Alabamas are illegal.* The San Juan award was, it must be admitted, a surprise and disappointment, and seemed to have been made in the face of the evidence. But that this Delagoa Bay claim should have been given against us, *there seems no shadow of doubt*, and one can only suppose that we sent it to arbitration in order to get a troublesome matter disposed of in a manner involving the least loss of dignity. We had put forth a baseless claim; it was not convenient to withdraw it, and the best thing to do was to refer it to an outsider." Another respectable newspaper (the *Northern Daily Express*, Newcastle) says:—"The famous Alabama arbitration, though inflicting upon us an immediate loss of three and a quarter millions sterling, was really to our lasting advantage. It was greatly to our interest to lose, of immense importance to us as the greatest maritime nation in the world, and, therefore, as peculiarly open to such attacks upon our commerce as those which the Alabama inflicted upon the commerce of the United States, that they should be declared illegal and contrary to the law of nations. We have paid cheaply for that. Moreover, even those who most dislike the result of the arbitration, must remember what the

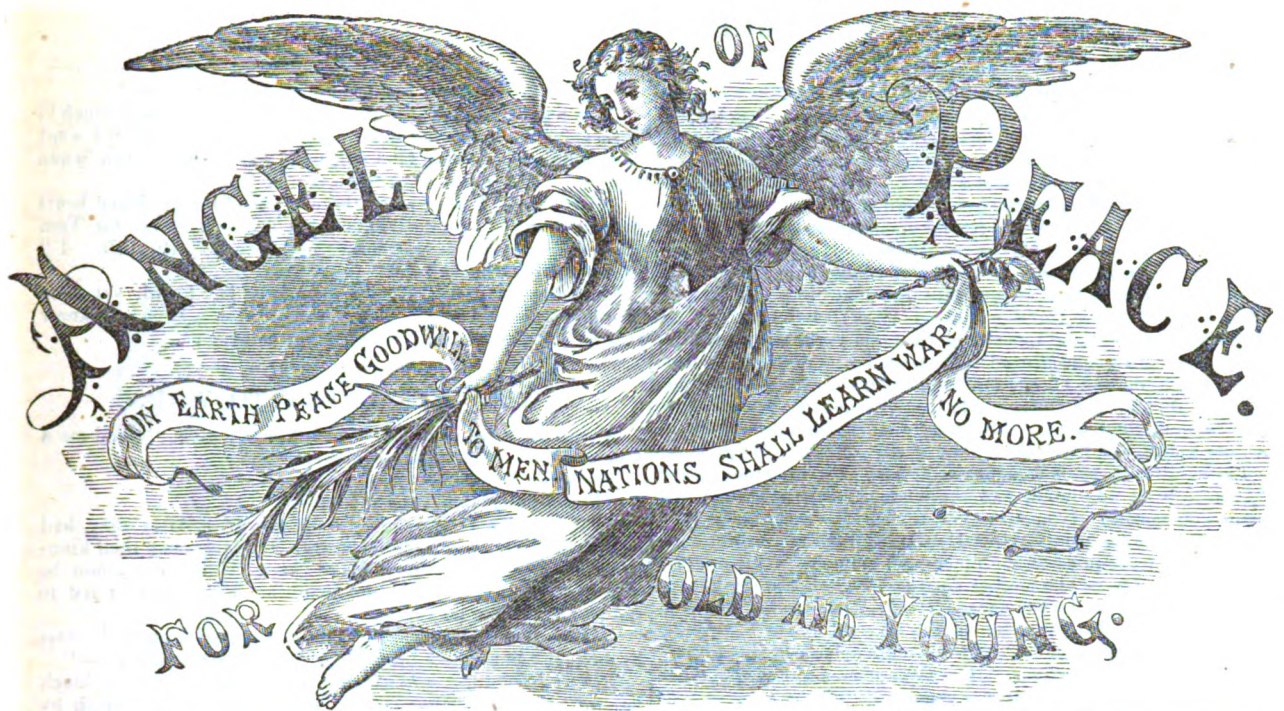
alternative was. It was nothing less than this, a state of deferred hostilities—hostilities to be declared against us by America at the most favorable opportunity, such as a foreign war or another Indian rebellion. Under such circumstances hostilities are almost certain to arise. And as to the latest arbitration on Delagoa Bay, we can only express our surprise that our government should ever have thought of submitting so poor a case to arbitration. The facts are fully and clearly set forth by the arbitrator, Marshal MacMahon. England and Portugal claimed possession of Delagoa Bay. This Bay was discovered by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they occupied various points of the northern coast of the Bay. They have at all times claimed sovereign rights over the whole Bay and the bordering territories, and supported this claim by force of arms against the Dutch in 1732, and against the Austrians in 1781. In 1817, England tacitly acknowledged that claim by a convention which she made with Portugal for the suppression of the slave trade. In 1822, the British government, when sending an officer to make a survey of the Bay, recommended him to the good offices of the Portuguese government. Those are the arguments in behalf of our opponents. On behalf of ourselves we can point merely to a weakening of Portuguese authority in the district, which led Captain Owen—the very same officer who had been commended to the care of the Portuguese officials—to sign conventions with some of the native chiefs. Even these conventions, however, cannot be relied upon, since they expired without being renewed, and were not even so much as executed. Under all these circumstances, it was impossible that Marshal MacMahon should have decided otherwise than he did decide. We only regret the arbitration, because, as we have said, our claim was manifestly so bad that it ought never to have been urged." A third important journal, the *Manchester Examiner*, says: "We have no hesitation in admitting that the grounds stated by Marshal MacMahon are amply sufficient to justify his decision. It will, however, encourage—indeed it has already encouraged—those who have always carped at international arbitration, to carp the more. But if any mischief is done in the latter direction it can only be very temporary. After the first impulse of irritation has subsided, even disappointed suitors may be trusted to see that it is not desirable to abolish courts because they cannot always decide in favor of every one who comes before them."—*Friends' Review*.

MAN-LIKE AND GOD-LIKE.—A gentleman who had filled many high stations in public life with the greatest honor to himself and advantage to the nation, once went to Sir Eardley Wilmot in great anger at a real injury that he had received from a person high in the political world, which he was considering how to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars to Sir Eardley, he asked if he did not think it would be manly to resent it. "Yes," said Sir Eardley, "it would doubtless be manly to resent it, but it would be God-like to forget it." This the gentleman declared had such an instantaneous effect upon him, that he came away quite another man, and in temper entirely altered from that in which he went.

Show us the man who is ever ready to pity and help the deformed; show us the man who covers the faults of others with a mantle of charity; show us the man who bows as politely and gives the street as free to the poor as to the millionaire; who values virtue, not clothes; show us the man who abhors a libertine; who scorns the ridicule of his mother's sex, and the exposure of womanly reputation; show us a man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy due woman, as a woman in any condition or class—and you show us a gentleman.

Since the year 1800 England has waged forty eight wars; France, thirty-eight; Russia twenty-two; Austria twelve; Prussia, eight.

I know of but two beautiful things; the starry heavens above my head, and the sense of duty within my heart.—*Immanuel Kent*.



CHRISTMAS.

BY LIZZIE A. DUNHAM

Ring out ye bells, so sweet and clear,
And let the echo of your chimes
Resound in every Christian heart,
Infilled with love and holy fear.

For on this day, the "Prince of Peace,"
With meekness, gentleness and love,
Came down upon our earth to die,
And give to men their grand release.

Release from darkness, sin and woe.
That long their hearts had captive led,
And on their wretched, useless lives,
The veil of purity to throw.

Upon this day in many souls,
The real true Christmas sun has dawned,
And on the hearts once filled with pain,
Peace, like a mighty river rolls.

In other hearts this Christmas day
Finds echo but of merry glee,
And thoughts of nought but dance and song,
And outward joy and laughter gay.

No thoughts of Him who came to earth,
The peace of nations to unroll;
And cause those darkened hearts to sing,
With gladness, at a Saviour's birth.

O may the happy Christmas time,
Rung in by sweetest, merriest bells,
In every heart the wide world o'er,
Beat soft response and holy chime.

Let joy of all the good that's done,
And new awakened faith arise,
And love of that great "Prince of Peace,"
Dawn on us, with their Christmas sun.

We wish all our readers, old and young, "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

"PEACE ON EARTH."

"Peace on earth" was the herald-angels' song.—the promise of the heavenly hosts upon the birth of the Messiah. And yet Christianity has been preached for nearly two thousand years, and there are still wars and rumors of wars. Has the gospel the power to still the noise of the battle field, and to speak to the tempest of man's wrath, "Peace, be still?"

Beautiful, most beautiful, now appears this religion of love to those who before were the enemies of a faith which had been shown to them only by the point of the *Christian's* sword! The pure, and lovely, and heavenly traits of character gladden the hearts of all men. There is now hope for the world; for Jesus, the lamb-like, the enemy forgiving, the self-sacrificing, has been lifted up, and draws all men unto him. How powerful now the Christian church! Every member of it has become a successful missionary of the cross; the waters of salvation rush over the world; the desert blossoms as the rose, and the waste places bear fruit unto the Lord. And men, changed from brutes, which rend and destroy, have become as angels, echoing and re-echoing the song, "Peace on earth and good-will towards man." Away, then, the sword from every Christian's hand, at once and forever!

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS ON PEACE.

BY MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD.

To-day is Christmas From east to west, from north to south, men chant hymns of praise to the despised Nazarene, and kneel in worship before his cross. How beautiful is this universal homage to the principle of love!—that feminine principle of the universe, the inmost centre of Christianity.

Centuries have passed, and through infinite conflict, have "ushered in our brief to-day;" and is there peace and good-will among men? Sincere faith in the words of Jesus would soon fulfil the prophecy which angels sung. But the world persists in saying, "this doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love, though beautiful and holy, cannot be carried into practice now, men are not yet prepared for it."

Those who have dared to trust the principles of peace, have always found them perfectly safe. It can never prove otherwise, if accompanied by the declaration that such a course is the result of Christian principle, and a deep friendliness of humanity.

If a nation could but attain to such high wisdom as to abjure war, and proclaim to all the earth, "we will not fight under

any provocation; if other nations have aught against us, we will settle the question by umpires mutually chosen;" think you that any nation would *dare* to make war upon such a people? Nay, verily, they would be instinctively ashamed of such an act, as men are now ashamed to attack a woman or a child. Even if any were found mean enough to pursue such a course, the whole civilized world would cry fie upon them, and by universal consent, brand them as poltroons and assassins. And assassins they would be, even in the common acceptance of the term. I have read of a certain regiment ordered to march into a small town (in the Tyrol I think), and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they will take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked around for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked. "We have none," was the brief reply. "But we have come to take the town." "Well, friends, it lies before you." "But is there nobody here to fight?" "No; we are all Christians." Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he. "It is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe.

A CHILD'S SERMON.

"Limpy, Limpy! go home, or you'll lose your supper."

A lame man, who was walking slowly with staggering steps, leaned upon his cane, and looked around to see who thus addressed him.

But no one was in sight; and muttering an oath, he shuffled on. Again he heard the same words, and this time was quite sure they were spoken by some one in the field, from which he was separated by a high wall, and he made his way towards it. Very angry was he; and he shouted, "Who calls me names? I won't be called names by anybody."

"Please, sir, I'm sorry if anybody calls you names," said the child; and recognizing the voice, he was more angry than before.

"Then what do you do it for?" he growled raising his hand as if to strike the beautiful child, who looked wonderingly into his face.

"I, sir? I wouldn't call you names for anything. Did you think I would?" And little May Bemis went nearer to her companion. "I didn't hear anybody speak to you."

"I did. Somebody called me Limpy."

"Why, that's my lame chicken. I call him Limpy. I was trying to drive him home. He runs away ever so much, for all he's so lame. Please, sir, ain't you Mr. French?"

"Yes," replied the man, although he could hardly remember when he had been addressed as mister. "What of it?"

"I've seen a lame man go by Aunt Mary's and I thought 'twas you. Aunt Mary said you used to be just as straight as brother Harry. Please, sir, I'm sorry you're lame."

"I expect I am too. But then it don't make much difference to me."

"Why don't it?" asked Mary Bemis. "Please, sir, Aunt Mary said you would be a good man if you didn't drink rum." And now a tiny hand rested on the poor man's arm. "Please, sir, don't drink any more. I wouldn't if I was you: you won't, will you?"

"What do you care, child? I am nothing to you."

This was not an encouraging reply; but May was so much in earnest, that she did not mind it, as she said sweetly, "I want you to be good, so that God will take you up to heaven when you die. Don't you want to go there?"

"Yes, child, I want to go there." And the hardened heart grew tender. "I didn't know that anybody cared for Tom French; but perhaps God hasn't forgotten me, after all. I'll think of what you've said."

He did think of it. Many a sermon he had heard, yet none like this; and when May Bemis grew to womanhood, she knew that an old man had died blessing her name.

WHY THEY WENT TO WAR.

A certain king sent to another king, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—"

The other replied:—

"I have not got one, and if I had—"

On this weighty cause they went to war. After they had exhausted their armies and resources, and laid waste their kingdoms, they began to wish to make peace; before this could be done it was necessary that the insulting language that led to the trouble should be explained.

"What could you mean," asked the second king of the first by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail or else—?'"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color. But what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—?'"

"Why, of course, if I had it I should have sent it."

The explanation was satisfactory, and peace was accordingly concluded.

The story of the two kings ought to serve as a lesson to us all. Most of the quarrels between individuals are quite as foolish as the war of the blue pig with a black tail.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A Quaker residing at Paris, was waited on by four workmen, in order to make their compliments, and ask for their usual new year's gifts.

"Well my friends," said the Quaker, "there are your gifts; choose fifteen francs or the Bible."

"I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs."

"I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a lad of about thirteen or fourteen years. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness.

"Will you take these three pieces, which you may obtain any time by your labor and industry?"

"As you say the book is good. I will take it, and read it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs.

The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker said he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

GOSSIP.

We condemn gossip—scandal's twin sister—yet it is a fault easily committed. We begin by a gentle deprecatory reference to somebody's infirmity of temper, and we find ourselves specifying a particular time and scene, which straightway the one who hears tells again to some one else with additions, slight, perhaps, but material. Before we know it, we have stirred up a hornet's nest. This may be done without any more potent motive than a mere love of fun—and half the gossip in the social world is of the unthinking kind, indulged in merely from a spirit of drollery. Far worse is that other sort of talk, which ends in slander and begins in malice, and which separates friends and sunder the ties of years of intercourse with its sharp and jarring discords. The only way to avoid the evil, is to refrain from making the affairs of our friends a staple article of conversation in the household. There are plenty of subjects at hand—let us avoid personalities.



OUR DRUMMER BOY.

A TRUE STORY.

Who can tell the bitterness of war? Who can describe the sorrows and desolations of the soldier's life? What pencil can portray the vices engendered in the army? The young, the innocent and the gay, are lured from peaceful homes to pine and to die in the loathsome atmosphere of the hospital. Strong men are carried down in the flood of drunkenness who might otherwise have been a blessing to their friends, and to the world. Homes and hearts are made sad and desolate by the absence of the husband, the brother, the son, whom, alas! they may greet no more on earth. Let the story of the "Drummer Boy" quench all thirst for military life and glory, and lead to arts of peace. The sad story reads as follows:

He was a little fellow, young, too, and a great favorite with the regiment. He was a mother's boy, not babyish nor weak, but gentle, tender, pure, with a mother's gentle nature in him, and reared by her love and truth to love and truth; a boy that might have made one of the noblest men, the best virtues of both sexes in him. *Might have made!* How often do we say it above short graves—sometimes, alas! above graves where all is not dead, only virtue and hope, but they—dead beyond resurrection. What bitter tears above these! What anguish hastening us to death! Blessed ye who say, "might have made", at earth-graves only!

Franky, our little drummer, was a home boy, homesick among us, writing many letters with many tears, watching every mail distribution with anxious, streaming eyes, laughing and weeping all at once when he saw the delicate superscription he knew and loved so well. He kept all his letters sacredly, and they grew to quite a pack, which he re-read and re-read, wet eyes at every reading. He often read his little Bible. Most of us had thin, light Testaments, more convenient to carry. He wanted the touching histories of the young Hebrews, Joseph, and Samuel, and Daniel, and the three martyrs of the furnace, those matchless stories of boyish piety, full of strength and courage and inspiration to a nature like Frank's. He looked like a young Samuel himself, and might have been one in the days of the temple, since his mother was another Hannah, and had given him to the Lord.

He was her oldest son, and she a widow; and he had joined

the army to earn for her a drummer's pay. Adams, the "big drum" of our band, was his home neighbor, and the old man and the boy loved each other well. The old man, as we called him, though he was not old, only gray, had a weakness—no, a vice; he loved his cups, and left to himself would have drunk up all his pay. This was a grief to Franky, not only for his sake, but for the sake of those at home.

He watched to see when he grew restless, when the thirst burned, and the appetite gnawed, and then he clung to the old man. He would lean against his knee, and holding his hand and looking tearfully into his eyes would ask: "What do you think they are doing at home now? Are they talking of us? I almost know they are thinking of us. Who is sitting in your chair? Little Sally has no one to watch for at the gate now you are gone." The old man, laying his face into his hands, would go back to the empty chair where he might never sit again, to the little door-yard gate where his pretty daughter used so often to meet him with gay, glad welcome, but which might never more swing on its hinges for him, and in his sorrow that he had not better loved and cared for his home, better loved and cared for the dear ones there, the burning thirst died out, the fierce appetite grew still. Franky would not leave him till he knew, by his subdued look and soft, sad smile, that the memories of home and love were holding him back from sin and shame.

One evening he met him near the fatal place where they sold sin, and shame, and death, calling them "spirits," and "cordials," and other pleasant names. "*Spirits*" that made men idiots and clods! and "*cordials*" that made a wretchedness beyond all human relief! Franky was just in time. He drew to his friend's side and laid his hand in his. "See the sunset, Mr. Adams! They are doing the chores at home now. If we could only be at supper with them to-night! They'll soon be praying for us."

Adams could not go for "spirits" or "cordials" then. He went with the boy, and as they walked together their voices chimed in an old home melody. Franky looked up in his companion's face.

"Mr. Adams, do you think you shall ever see home again?"

"*I hope so.*" was the emphatic answer. In moods like the present, he felt that he must go back to be a better man than he had been among those he loved, to show them as he had never done, how much he loved them, how much dearer than all things else they were to him. "Yes, I expect to go back, Franky, don't you?"

"No, Mr. Adams, I feel as if I never should. But if I don't, you'll tell them everything, won't you?"

"Certainly I shall, but you'll go back yourself. Why shouldn't you?"

"It's my feeling that I never shall."

And Franky never went. In a few days he was attacked with severe illness, and was soon sleeping in the hospital graveyard where sleep so many of the dearest boys. During his sickness, he wanted the old drummer constantly by him, his hand in his, and his cheek on his pillow.

"I want you to love me," he said to him again and again. "I miss my mother so, unless you love me."

It was beautiful to see how tender and gentle the old drummer grew by the sick boy's bed, no woman-tenderer or gentler. Had Franky been his own and only son, he could not have watched and wept by him more lovingly.

"You do love me, Mr. Adams, don't you?" said Franky.

"I surely do."

"Then kiss me once more, and let me see if I can't think it's my mother."

Did the dying boy feel his mother's lips upon his own, hear her heart beat by his in that last struggle? If not, 'twas for no lack of warmth and tears and heart-breaking, when the old drummer at his bidding fulfilled the mother's holiest office, spoke the last word, took the last message, and gave the last kiss.

"You do love me, Mr. Adams!"

"I do." Adams could scarcely answer now.

"Then may I ask you to promise me something? I can't die easy without it."

Adams was silent. Had he a suspicion of what lay on the boy's mind?

"May I, Mr. Adams?"

"Yes, Franky, ask me anything."

"You won't drink any more liquor, Mr. Adams?"

Adams was again silent.

"Promise me for little Sally's sake, if for nothing else!"

"And for your sake too, Franky, I promise, for I love you like my own."

The drummer stooped to the lips already cold, and sealed there the promise made. The cold lips warmed again to answer his; the feeble hand nerved itself to a fond pressure.

"Oh, Mr. Adams. I am so glad you promised! I shall die easy now. Tell my mother how I loved her to the very last. Tell her all!"

The lips grew cold again—the hand was limp, pulseless—our dear drummer boy was dead.

HOW AN HONEST BOY WAS REWARDED.

A correspondent at Kalamazoo, Michigan, sends us the following account of an incident that occurred recently in that place:

On Saturday morning a stranger, while walking upon the streets of our village, dropped from his pocket a package containing four thousand five hundred dollars in national currency. It so happened that not a great ways behind him walked a lad—young Harris, who drives the city express—and seeing the package, picked it up and ran along to the gentleman, and asked him if he had lost anything. The person addressed felt in his pocket and quite nervously replied that he had lost four thousand five hundred dollars, and seeing the package in the boy's hand, seized it as if it was a precious thing. He made some few inquiries of the boy, and left him, without as much as thanking him for the honest act and the restoration of his treasure.

Not long afterwards, in an hour or so, our stranger saw the boy again and got upon his wagon and ride with him. Nothing was said about the finding of the money. After a while the gentleman observed a very fine-looking horse that was being driven along the street.

"My lad," said he, "is not that a pretty good horse?"

"Yes, sir, that is a good one!" said the express boy. "I know about that horse."

"What can he be bought for, do you think?" asked the stranger.

"That horse is worth two hundred dollars, but the man who owns him will take one hundred and seventy five dollars for him," said young Harris.

The two rode along a little further, when the stranger said:

"Here is a five dollar bill; bring the man to me, for I want to buy that animal!"

The stranger then parted with his new acquaintance, telling him, however, where he could find him. In a little while, Harris, the horse which he and the stranger had admired, and the owner thereof, came together; the horse was purchased by the four thousand five hundred dollar man, and then, in a very quiet way, was turned over to young Harris, "to have and to hold" as his own. There was very little said about the why and the wherefores. The gentleman told the young man, "You will hear from me again."

A certain rabbi had two sons, whom he and his wife tenderly loved. Duty obliged the rabbi to take a journey to a distant country. During his absence his two promising boys sickened and died. The grief-stricken mother laid them out on their bed, drew the curtain, and waited anxiously for her husband. He came. It was night. "How are my boys?" was the first question. "Let me see them." "Stay awhile," said the wife; "I am in great trouble. Some years ago a friend lent me some jewels. I took great care of them, and at last began to prize them as my own. Since your departure my friend has called for them, but I did not like to part with them. Shall I give them up?" "Wife! what a strange request is this! Give them up, and that instantly, this very night. Show me the jewels." She took the rabbi to their bed, drew aside the curtain, and said: "Husband, there are the jewels." The rabbi bowed his head, and wept.

TO EACH READER OF THE ANGEL.

DEAR FRIEND OF PEACE,—

1. Will you please read carefully the number you have in hand. Does its noble object Peace, and not cruel War, meet your approval?

2. We do not want to lose a single subscriber or patron. Will you not, therefore, renew your subscription when it expires and you are notified?

3. We do want a large addition of new subscribers. How shall we get them? Every one reading these lines is authorized and invited to act as an agent for the spread of the *Angel* in families and Sunday Schools, in the highways and in the hedges. Let the good *Angel of Peace* go to the millions to bless them.

4. We send at cost for gratuitous distribution. A vast amount of good can be done in this direction. One friend has paid for twenty-four thousand of the *Angel* to be given away. Who will follow an example so noble and praiseworthy? O, for an effort worthy of the cause!

5. Let each friend and worker write to us at headquarters, the American Peace Society's office in Boston, and oblige

Your friend, in the bonds of peace,

H. C. DUNHAM.

INSATIATE WAR!

Insatiate War! from thee what evils rise!

Thy hand can disunite the tenderest ties;

Can make a dreary waste, a desert wild,

Where virtue bloomed, and cheertful plenty smiled.

Not so the precepts which the Saviour taught,

Whose breast with pure benevolence was fraught;

"Glory to God! Peace and good-will on earth,"

Were sung by cherub legions at his birth.

How strange! that they who bear the Christian name

Should e'er exult war's triumphs to proclaim!

Nor heed the declaration of their Lord,

That they who take shall perish with the sword.

Father of all! look down with pitying eye—

To realms of endless night let discord fly;

Bid fierce and angry passions cease,

And Jesus reign triumphant, "Prince of Peace."

—Charlotte Richardson.

Stephen Girard began life as a cabin boy, with but a sixpence in his pocket; and at his death, besides other valuable bequests, he left six millions of dollars to provide a home for friendless boys. All this property he acquired by his own industry.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

RECEIPTS FOR OCTOBER, 1875.

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NOTE.—The late Dr. Beckwith was accustomed, for many years, to appeal to the *friends of peace*, for annual subscriptions and donations to the good cause in the month of December. I am sorry to say that there has of late, been a sad falling off, as the above receipts show; and yet the cause of peace was never more needy or hopeful. Friends, please remember practically the wants of the American Peace Society the coming months and so glorify “The Prince of Peace.”

H. C. DUNHAM.

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This remarkable work is receiving unwonted attention from the reading public. Orders come to the office almost daily for it. We are indebted to Mr. Robert Lindley Murray, one of the Trustees of the Lindley Murray Fund, of New York city, for a new grant of several hundred copies of this most excellent Peace Document. We call the special attention of ministers to the fact that it will be sent to them *free*, whenever they remit ten cents postage. It is a book of 124 octavo pages. Its retail price 50 cents. Address all your orders to Rev. H. C. Dunham, No. 1 Somerset St., Boston.

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AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS,

INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY, ON BEHALF OF THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

It is well known to our Christian brethren that the Religious Society of Friends has ever believed that all war is entirely forbidden by the Gospel, and that, in accordance with that belief, its members have as a rule, refrained from taking any part in carnal warfare; and for refusing to comply with military requisitions, or to pay fines for thus refusing, many, in years past, have suffered restraint of goods to large amounts, and not a few have been imprisoned. Beside a passive testimony thus borne by members individually, the Society has, from time to time, issued its public protest against this heathen and wicked custom.

But while we have cause to feel thankful for the amelioration of military laws, whereby our members are now generally exempt from suffering, we are pained in knowing that war, with all its horrors, is yet allowed and practiced by all the Christian nations, and sanctioned by the larger portions of the Christian Church. As Christians, we all believe in the fulfillment of prophecy. Dr. Chalmers, more than fifty years ago, testified that “the mere existence of this prophecy of peace is a sentence of condemnation upon war, and stamps a criminality on its very forehead. So soon as Christianity shall gain a full ascendancy in the world, from that moment war is to disappear.”

Believing that it is only by a full and proper application of the Gospel in the affairs of nations, as well as individuals, that the prophecies in regard to war will be fulfilled; and believing, as a branch of the church which has so long seen the true character of this heathen abomination, that we were not doing all that we should do toward enlightening our brethren on this important subject, most of the Yearly Meetings of Friends have united in the organization of “The Peace Association of Friends in America,” to which is delegated this important work, with instructions to labor expressly on their behalf in the more general promotion of the cause of peace.

The Association, in the fulfillment of its trust, has thus far mostly confined its labors to the printing and circulation of books and tracts, and the publication of a monthly paper called the *Messenger of Peace*. During the few years of its existence, millions of pages have been distributed far and wide, and many acknowledgments have been received of the convincing effects of the truth therein inculcated.

The attitude of millions in the prime of manhood, now kept constantly armed and equipped for mutual slaughter by the nations of Europe, and the sudden uprising of the war spirit in our midst, convince us of the necessity of further and more direct efforts to arouse and awaken the public to a clearer appreciation of the true character of this monstrous evil. If it is only by the full application of the Gospel that war can be abolished, surely it is the duty of the church to labor for its proper application.

But, in view of the apathy that so generally prevails, we feel constrained to appeal directly to our Christian brethren, individually and collectively, earnestly entreating them to take this subject into prayerful consideration in all its bearings. Can we believe that if the members of the Christian church everywhere were entirely to refrain from taking part in carnal warfare, that professedly Christian nations could any longer continue the custom? If we believe this, we must also believe that the responsibility for the continuance of war rests upon the church. Dear fellow professors, can you rest satisfied in continuing to bear the weight of this awful responsibility?

While statesmen and publicists are laboring to relieve suffering humanity from the blight of this dreadful curse, the church of Christ remains silent. Surely it is time for it to arise from its slumber and to proclaim its supremacy! Is not eighteen hundred years long enough for its white robes, which should be pure and spotless, to have been stained in blood! Must the skirts of the visible church be longer polluted with the gore of the battlefield, and stained with the tears of the orphan and the widow! While war, as has been said, seems to aim at setting up the kingdom of Satan in the earth, alas! the church remains to be its very bulwark.

Surely it is time to wipe out this reproach against Him, at whose coming into the world, peace on earth and good will to men was proclaimed, and engage in this holy warfare against the supremacy of Satan's kingdom.

Therefore, in behalf of suffering humanity, and in behalf of the cause of the blessed Prince of Peace, whose mission on earth is not fulfilled while wars continue—in true Christian love, we again entreat you to give this subject the consideration it justly merits.

On behalf and by direction of the Peace Association of Friends in America.

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New Vienna, Ohio, First mo. 1, 1874.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

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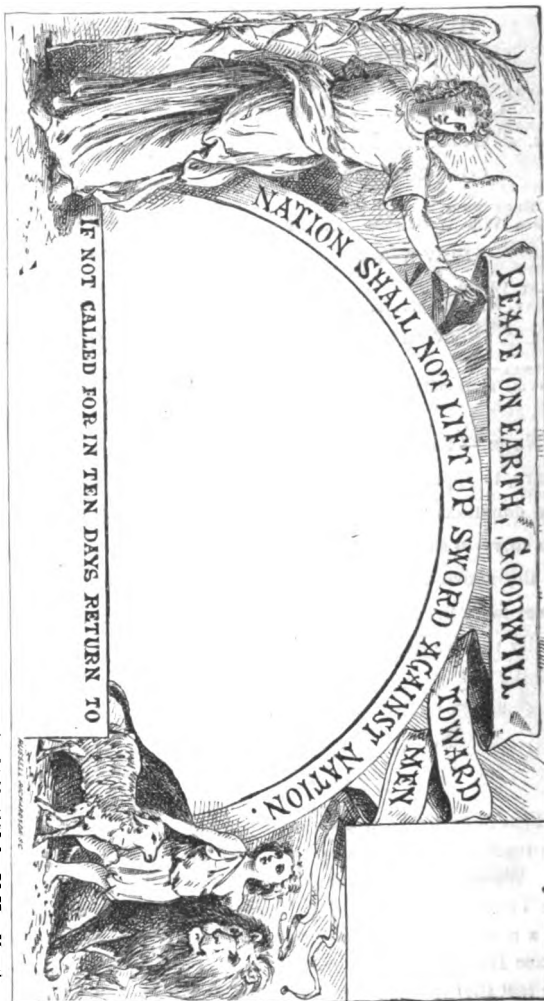
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ESTABLISHED }
JUNE, 1837.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1876.

NEW SERIES.
VOL. VII. NO. 1.

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If one is not able to give the full amount of a membership, or directorship at once, he can apply whatever he does give on it, with the understanding that the remainder is to be paid at one or more times in the future.

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We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for the *Advocate of Peace*, who are earnestly invited to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

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We are much hindered in our noble work of diffusing the sentiments of peace and good will, for lack of adequate funds. Millions go for war, but little is devoted to peace. Let our friends think on these things and enquire of the great "Prince of Peace," what wilt thou have me to do! Come, friends, respond at once and send donations greater or smaller, to enable us to do the work of righteousness which is peace, and pay promptly our bills as they become due. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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1876, March 30.

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BOSTON, JANUARY, 1876.

VOL. VII. No. 1.



A GOOD EXAMPLE IN SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Dr. Gregory, professor at Oxford, having received from his father for examination, the model of an invention for rendering the operations of artillery more destructive, exhibited it to Sir Isaac Newton to obtain his opinion of it.

"Sir Isaac was much displeased with it, saying, that if it tended as much to the preservation of mankind as to their destruction, the inventor would have deserved a great reward; but as it was contrived solely for destruction, and would soon be known to the enemy, he rather deserved to be punished—and urged the Professor very strongly to destroy it, and if possible to suppress the invention."

This was probably done, as nothing more was ever heard of it.

How admirable was this decision of Newton. The invention of Artillery was by Erasmus imputed to the devil; but as men are found bad enough to take delight in using these engines of destruction, we need not reproach the devil as the inventor. But if it could be shown that he was the inventor, this would not prove him to be a more depraved being than those who voluntarily make war, and employ his invention for murdering their own species.

The distinguished Frenchman, Edward Laboulaye, says that he feels a deep interest in the "Codification of International Law," as a measure which, if carried out, would secure the peace of the world.

THE CENTENNIAL.

As you all know, the period of our national existence is almost precisely coeval with that which has witnessed the astounding material achievements that distinguish the present epoch from all other ages of the world. Nor, happily, are these confined to material developments. These indeed tend toward human amelioration, but far nobler results are seen in the fraternization of the nations and the hastening of the long-promised era of good will among men. It cannot but swell the heart of every lover of his country to reflect how nearly true it is that the history of the first century of our national existence is substantially the history of the last century of civilization itself. Perhaps the most auspicious signs of the period in which we live are the evidences everywhere afforded, that material, moral, religious and social development all tend toward the same beneficent end. The age which ribs continents with facilities for locomotion, cheapens the means of personal comfort, multiplies the endless appliances of art, and promotes the blessings of universal education is also the age that has shortened the ocean transit, caused nations to clasp hands in magnetic intercourse, and is making the whole world akin. The age of steam, of magnetism, of marvellous chemical triumphs—the age in which the rude forces of nature have been made to contribute so much to the comfort, convenience and pleasure of man, is also the age which has witnessed the liberation and enfranchisement of chattelized races, reaffirmed

liberty of thought, vindicated the character of popular institutions throughout the world, and more than all, applauded the adjustment by friendly arbitration of a national dispute which would once have embroiled two powerful governments of the world in the bloody calamities of war. Toward these glorious results nothing perhaps has contributed so much as the influences resulting from those friendly comminglings of people and of nations for contest in the arts of peace such as will occur this year in honor of the completed century of our national existence; and when we reflect that this centenary anniversary shall witness our own reunited country happily rescued from the perils of a civil commotion, and that the industrial emulation then entered upon will hasten the approaching era of good feeling among all parties, classes and sections of our common country, there are peculiar reasons why all good citizens should join with grateful hearts in a display of the fruits of those industries which at once evidence the priceless value of a restored nation and afford an earnest of a glorious future.—*Hon. Pennock Pusey.*

(From the New York Tribune.)

DR. J. B. MILES.

SERVICES OF DR. MILES IN BEHALF OF PEACE AMONG NATIONS
—THE INTERNATIONAL LAW ASSOCIATION'S EFFORTS.

The sudden death of Rev. Dr. J. B. Miles, General Secretary of the International Association for the Codification of International Laws, will doubtless be noticed in newspaper paragraphs throughout the country. But how few who read them will realize his full relation to one of the most remarkable and important movements of the age! To say that it is remarkable and important does it small justice in regard to its bearings on the well-being of nations. As no one so fully as myself knows what he was and did for this movement, I should be glad to present to the public a few facts in regard to his relation to it.

So late as three years ago the publicists and jurists of Christendom had never met to compare notes, or to bring their collective wisdom to bear upon the elaboration of an international code of laws for regulating the relations and conduct of nations. For several centuries eminent writers, at wide intervals between their productions, had given their individual opinions to the world. Those of Grotius, Puffendorff, and of later writers like Wheaton, had been treated with considerable respect by the more advanced Governments. At the almost simultaneous organization of the American and European Peace Societies, about sixty years ago, a well-defined international code was regarded by both as a consummation worthy of their best hopes and efforts. William Ladd, who may be considered the founder and father of the American Society, threw himself into the movement to secure this great end with an enthusiasm of faith and labor seldom equalled in any other cause. He not only wrote and spoke to the close of his life in favor of an International Code, but of a High Court of Nations to apply it, and which should be to it and them something like the Supreme Court of the United States. Prize essays on the subject, published in a large volume, were sent to all the sovereigns and leading statesmen of Europe. In the great Peace Congresses in Brussels, Paris, Frankfurt and London, as the proposition as developed and Father Ladd's proposition, were considered an American idea, its presentation and advocacy devolved upon myself, a task which I tried to perform to the best of my ability.

For the next twenty years after the last of these Peace Congresses the proposition of an International Code and Court seemingly made no progress in the public mind. But when the Joint High Commissioners met at Washington to arrange a basis of settlement of the questions between the United States and England, the necessity and value of such a code and court were seen and felt by thousands of thoughtful men of different countries who had never before given any serious consideration to the subject. Indeed, the High Commissioners had, as it were, to extemporize on the spot certain rules or elements of international law as a basis of adjudication. Thus, to a certain degree, they had to assume some of the most important functions of a Congress of Jurists. Then, in appointing the Court of Arbitration at Geneva, to act upon the rules they had

adopted, they created a special or temporary High Court of Nations, resembling in its constitution and action the International Tribunal which the friends of peace had advocated for fifty years.

It was at this stage of the question that Dr. Miles brought to it a vigor of mind and an indomitable earnestness of effort which in three years carried it to such an issue as no other great cause ever reached in the same period of advocacy. He had just left his pastoral charge over a large congregation in Charlestown, Mass., to become Secretary of the American Peace Society, whose funds were small and precarious and inadequate to sustain any special effort, however well it promised for the cause. Still, though he had often to rely upon his private means and the occasional help of personal friends, he set on foot and led such a movement as the friends of peace never witnessed before in this country. He felt it of great importance to impress upon the public mind what had been gained for the peace and well-being of nations in the Washington Treaty. He immediately originated a series of public meetings for this purpose, beginning in Boston and extending to Washington, including New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other large cities. Besides these, meetings were held all over New England, and the people heard and thought more on the subject in two months than they had in all their lives before. It was my privilege to go with him to most of these meetings, and to speak on the same platform with him, and to notice the impression which his fervid eloquence made upon every audience. It was at New Bedford, while confined to our room in a hotel by a violent storm, that we developed a plan of operations to bring about a congress of jurists, statesmen and philanthropists to elaborate an international code, and to provide for the creation of a High Court of Nations. We drew up the papers to this end, one of which was the form of a call to such a Congress, and another inviting eminent men in the different States to become members of an International Code Association to direct and sustain the movement. These papers we there and then signed as joint secretaries. We were to go together to Europe to visit eminent jurists and secure their adhesion and attendance. But, just before the time for our departure, I was disabled by ill-health, and could not go with him. But, as the result proved, my presence and help were not necessary. He went alone, and with his indefatigable faith, earnestness and effort, he so pressed the subject upon the consideration of some of the most distinguished jurists of Europe, that they accepted the invitation to meet at Brussels, and there constituted the first Conference of the kind that was ever held.

At the Brussels Congress in 1873, an International Association for the Codification of International Laws was organized, and English, French and Italian branch associations were formed to operate in behalf of the common object in those countries. Count Sclopis was appointed honorary President of the general Association, and Dr. Miles Secretary.

The next year the Congress met at Geneva, under the presidency of Count Sclopis, and in the same hall in which the Arbitration Court decided the Alabama question. After attending several ratification meetings in Italy, France and England, Dr. Miles returned to the United States, and, besides his ordinary duties as Secretary of the American Peace Society, devoted much of his time and labor to the preparation for the third Juridical Congress, held a few weeks ago at the Hague. This was the most successful and important, both for its representative character, and for the subjects, weight and influences of its discussions. The most eminent authorities on international jurisprudence were present, and gave their best talent and experience to the conclusions adopted. These are now to be pressed upon the consideration of all the Governments of Christendom. The International Association was there more widely extended and fully organized. It now embraces the first publicists and jurists of Christendom, with Lord Penzance for President, and such men as Lord Tenterden, Montague Bernard, Phillimore and Twiss, of England, Woolsey, Lawrence, Chief Justice Waite, David Dudley Field, and other distinguished persons in America, and jurists of equal eminence of Continental Europe, as officers or members of the Council. Never was an international association of such power organized before in Christendom.

All this, then, has been virtually the work of a New England pastor, who, perhaps, had never written or spoken a word in connection with the Peace Society five years ago. Taking it at its present position and possibility, it may not be too much to say that no man in this or any other age or country, ever accomplished a work of equal importance to the world in the space of three years. That he understood the signs and needs of the time, and threw himself into the movement at the flood-tide of the converging influences in its favor, does not detract from the merit of his efforts or the honor of their success. The movement he set on foot cannot go back, though he has so suddenly fallen so near its great consummation, which was so visible and inspiring from the point of view he had reached. I would fain hope that this small testimony to his worth and work may commend both to the appreciation and memory of many who before knew but little of what he was and what he did.

ELIHU BURRITT.

Little Britain, Conn., Nov. 16, 1875.

RESPECT FOR REV. DR. MILES.

At a meeting of the Suffolk North Association of Congregational Ministers, held in this city Dec. 21, 1875, the undersigned were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions appropriate to the recent demise of the Rev. Dr. Miles, a member of that body. Subsequently the committee reported the following, which were unanimously adopted by a rising vote, and the committee were instructed respectfully to request their publication by the press of the city.

DORUS CLARKE,
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
ALBERT H. PLUMB.

The Suffolk North Association desires to place on record its sense of the loss it has sustained in the removal by death of the Rev. J. B. Miles, D. D., and its estimate of his character and services; it is therefore

Resolved, That this Association holds in grateful recognition the piety and devotion of its late member the Rev. James B. Miles, D. D., his fidelity as a student and a preacher; his manifold labors for his parish, for the community in which his ministerial life was chiefly passed, and for the country which was dear to him, and the large and permanent success of his work.

Resolved, That this body recognizes the rare and useful service of Dr. Miles as Secretary of the American Peace Society for the codification of the laws of nations, and the establishment of a general system of international arbitration, and for the foundation of peace on earth, and rejoices in the belief that for these—his later labors—he will be ranked among the benefactors of humanity.

Resolved, That the association extends its sincere sympathy to the family bereaved by the death of this good man and minister, and prays "that the peace of God which passeth all understanding, may keep their hearts and minds."

SYMPATHY FROM LONDON.

5 Bishopsgate Without,
LONDON, E. C., Nov. 30, 1875.

REV. H. C. DUNHAM,

Dear Sir—We are very sorry and greatly surprised in England to hear of the sudden decease of poor Mr. Miles. I received a Boston newspaper yesterday—probably through your kindness, and immediately apprised Mr. H. Richard, M. P. (Secretary of the Peace Society,) who was both grieved and astonished to find that his old friend and companion in many a Continental gathering, had so soon passed from amongst us. And it was but the other day we had him here in London with us, lecturing in company with Mr. W. G. Hubbard and Mr. Eli Jones, (all of your great country.)

But if we miss him, how much more will you. And what a blow to his family, his delicate wife and child.

We shall be anxious to know how you will manage with your Society, under this affliction.

Poor Mr. Burritt too, amid his increasing infirmities, how he must feel the removal of so excellent a friend as Mr. Miles, following so closely after the death of Amasa Walker.

I have at once written the notification, which appears in the English newspapers (London and Provincial,) relative to your and our great loss by Mr. Miles' decease.

I remain, dear Sir, yours with much esteem,

WILLIAM TALLACK.

A REMARKABLE LETTER FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

At a meeting of the Lincoln Monument Association held in Springfield, Illinois, recently, a letter was read which was written by President Lincoln, in September, 1864, a little more than seven months before his death. It was written to Mrs. Eliza P. Gurney, and expresses Mr. Lincoln's appreciation of the religious consolations with which she had endeavored to cheer and support him in the hour of our country's trial:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, Sept. 4, 1864.

ELIZA P. GURNEY:

My Esteemed Friend—I have not forgotten—probably never shall forget—the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me, on a Sabbath forenoon, two years ago; nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all, it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of this country for their constant prayers and consolations: and to no one of them more than yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, although we erring mortals may fail accurately to perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge his wisdom, and our own error therein. Meanwhile, we must work earnestly in the best light he gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends he ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make, and no mortal could stay.

Your people—the Friends—have had, and are having, a very great trial. On principle and faith opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma, some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can, in my own conscience, under my oath to the law. That you believe this, I doubt not; and believing it, I shall still receive, for our country and myself, your earnest prayers to our Father in heaven.

Your sincere friend, A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Nathan Appleton in a recent letter to the *Boston Globe* from Geneva says: Since I have been staying at this place I have learned by the papers of the death of Dr. J. B. Miles of Boston. And while thinking and writing of reforms and reformers, as one very naturally does when here, I feel certain that there are few, if any, who have devoted their time and talent more conscientiously and unceasingly to the good cause of peace than the late Dr. Miles, and as one who had the opportunity of knowing him and seeing what he has done in late years as one of the originators of the "Association for the Codification and Reform of the Law of Nations," meeting him at London and the Hague, and noticing then that he was suffering from overwork in the cause he had so zealously espoused, I am glad to send across the ocean to all who may have known him at home, these few words as a tribute to and in appreciation of the generous impulses and noble character of which others on this sphere will reap the harvest.

The English minister to China has concluded a treaty with the Chinese which settles the dispute that has rendered war between the two countries imminent. The treaty is represented as being favorable to other foreign governments as well as Great Britain.

The Emperor of Germany, after a most hearty demonstration of friendliness by the people of Italy, is returning home from his visit to King Victor Emmanuel.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1876.



RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

BY REV. I. N. TARBOX, D. D.

The American Peace Society, though deeply saddened and afflicted by the death of its late Secretary, Dr. Miles, whose public services for a few years past have been so large and comprehensive, and whose agency for good has been so widely and gratefully acknowledged on both sides of the water, nevertheless turns to the duties of the future with renewed courage and hope. Men must die, but institutions and principles live on. Yea, by dying men often give new life and force to the causes for which they have been contending. Their departure often makes a kind of crisis, or turning-point, in which we gather up the results of past activities for more concentrated use in the future. A sacred influence rolls back from their graves to hallow and dignify their great life-work. And so, notwithstanding the sorrow and calamity through which the Society has just passed, it would send its greetings and its hopes for the time to come to all its friends and patrons.

There is a flippant style of talk, often heard from the lips of men, which asks, What is the use of such a Society as this while wars still continue, and the war-spirit so widely pervades the nations? Especially when some great and desolating war is prevailing, men inquire, Where is the Peace Society in these times? A much more rational mode of putting the inquiry would be, Of what use were this Society if the wars of the races were ended—if the principles of peace had firmly established themselves among the nations? This organization has not the vanity to think or pretend that through its agency, or through any other agency, the spirit and habit of war has been completely uprooted and destroyed in the earth; for then all occasion for its own existence would have passed. But a man might just as rationally ask, Why preach the gospel any longer, when such an adamant wall of heathenism and superstition confronts it on every side?

The only real and ultimate foundation of the belief and hope that peace shall at last become the habit of nations, is found in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. That old song of the angels, which is again reverberating through the earth, in these happy Christmas holidays, has a meaning and a promise which shall never die out till the day of full accomplishment has come. "Peace and good will to men" is what the gospel means for our race when the whole work is done. And already, the work accomplished in this direction is so large and manifest among Christian nations, that his eye must be dull who cannot detect the tendency toward a better future. Wars, for mere conquest and dominion, were the habit and employment of the early empires of the world. Assyria, Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome, were sending out their armies, and bringing back subject tribes and nations continually. There has been a mighty change in the earth since that day, and it has been wrought chiefly by the diffusion of the gospel. But even Christ, the Prince of Peace, said,

"I came not to send peace, but a sword;" and contradictory as the words seem, there is a beautiful and subtle harmony which underlies them.

In all such matters it is to be noticed that there is a *primary* and a *secondary* work of the gospel among men. After its spirit has been widely breathed upon the race—after its fundamental ideas and laws have established themselves in a great multitude of human hearts, there comes at length a time when by gathering these past results, and giving them form and shape, they become like a new and secondary power for the future in the same direction. Such a society as this is born out of the primary ideas of the gospel. That gospel operates as its Author said it would. "It is the leaven hid in the measures of meal;" "It is the mustard-seed, the least of all seeds, growing to be the greatest among herbs." Out of the first principles of the gospel once firmly planted in the heart, arises the very suggestion of such an organization as this. It comes into being to gather up and make a more specific and direct use of the great moral forces already prepared for it.

Turn to the work of this Society for the last few years, especially as it has gone on under the care of our late Secretary. Who will say that there has not been great progress in the application of the principles of the gospel to the settling of disputes among the nations? In calling the attention of so many men, leaders of thought and opinion in the civilized lands, to this specific subject, in enlisting their sympathy and agency for the formation of an international code and tribunal, who can question that a great step forward has been made? And even though some new wave of war might come, and seem to wash away all this work, it will not wash it away. The seeds will remain alive under the deluge of waters,—yea, like the harvests sown upon the subsiding floods of the Nile, these seeds may gather nourishment and strength from the very agency which seems to overwhelm and destroy them.

Let no one, then, despair of the "good time coming." Those marvellous images employed by the prophet Isaiah, more than twenty-five hundred years ago, were not recorded in vain. Living as he did, at a time when war was the normal condition of the nations, and when the thought of an age of peace had not dawned anywhere upon the merely human thought; the God who unloosed the prophet's tongue and enabled him to say, "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more,"—that God will not fail to give these wonderful words their final and complete fulfilment.

DEATH OF HON. AMASA WALKER.

Mr. Walker was born in Woodstock, Conn., May 4, 1799. He was an early and active member of the Anti-Slavery Society, and at one time Professor of Political Economy at Oberlin College. He was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature as a Free-Soil candidate. He was a leader in the Temperance movement, and the cause of human improvement generally.

Mr. Walker, in the days of William Ladd, became identified with the cause of Peace, and for many years was one of its most active friends and supporters, doing much with tongue and pen, and purse, to hasten the establishment of permanent

and universal peace among the nations. He was delegate to the first International Peace Convention, and at his death the oldest officer of the American Peace Society. He held the office of Secretary of State of Massachusetts, and was also member of Congress from Massachusetts. He has been Lecturer on Political Economy at Amherst College since 1861, receiving from that institution the degree of LL.D. in 1867. His contributions to literature have been many and valuable, and he has firmly held to advanced opinions, while commanding the respect of all for the creditable manner in which all the duties belonging to his numerous offices were performed.

In a word, our venerable friend, whose departure from this life it is our painful duty to record, was a *Christian* in the ennobling sense of that term. But he has gone to the world of peace—blessing on his memory! May his mantle fall on many.

AN OLD-TIME STATESMAN.

BY J. T. CRANE, D. D.

John Jay was one of the foremost patriots of Revolutionary times, second only to Washington in the estimation in which he was held by the American people. Though at the time only a little more than twenty-eight years of age, he was elected a member of the first Continental Congress, and was re-elected the next year. Two years afterward, in 1776, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New York. In 1780 he was appointed Minister to Spain, and in 1782 was one of the Commissioners who negotiated the treaty of peace with England, which ended the war and secured the independence of this country. On his return home the highest honors were bestowed upon him, and the highest positions were tendered him. He was nominated, without his consent, for the office of Governor of New York, elected, and at the close of three years' term of service, re-elected. He was nominated by Washington, and confirmed by the Senate, as the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Resigning this position, in order to go to England as one of the Commissioners appointed in 1794, to negotiate a new treaty with that country, he accomplished the work, and on his return home, was again nominated for the office of Chief Justice, but firmly declined all public employment, and at the age of fifty-six years, retired from public life and took up his residence on an estate in Westchester County, where he owned a tract of eight hundred acres of land, and where he died in 1829.

Few men are more successful in public life than he was. None pass through its temptations leaving behind them a better record or a purer name. He was an exemplary Christian man showing in his daily life the good fruits of justice, gentleness and kindness which mark the Christian character. A little anecdote of him, which a venerable gentleman, nearly fourscore years of age, related to me only a few days ago, so illustrates the beautiful character of this eminent American that I deem it well worth preserving.

My informant, then a young man of eighteen years, had occasion, some sixty years ago, to make a journey in Westchester County, which was to him a strange country. Before he reached the place of his destination, night came on and he began, with no little anxiety, to look for some kind of a public house. Coming at last to a large mansion which looked as if it might be what he was seeking, he rode up to the gate and inquired of an old gentleman whom he saw within if he could be accommodated there for the night. Receiving an affirmative reply, he took it for granted that he was in the right place, handed over his horse to a man who appeared, and followed the landlord, as he took him to be, into the house. He saw that there was no bar-room; there seemed to be no other travellers, and he began to wonder a little. Supper was soon ready, and after a substantial meal at a family table, with a pleasant conversation, the whole household was assembled. Some half a dozen people, older and younger, some white and others colored, came in. A chapter was read in the great Bible, and a prayer was offered.

"A very queer kind of a tavern," thought our traveller. As the evening passed on, our young traveller was greatly interested and instructed by the conversation of his host, who related many amusing incidents of his life. At last he began a story thus: "When I was Minister to Spain"—Our traveller more and more perplexed, and wondering where he was, listened, hoping to get some clue to the mystery, and the old gentleman continued, relating substantially the following story: "When I was Minister to Spain, on my arrival at Madrid I was besieged by a crowd of gaily dressed young men, who wanted to enter my service as secretaries, valets and what not. I told them that I was an American, and not used to be waited on by fine gentlemen such as they were; and that they would not be content with such wages as I was accustomed to pay. They replied, with great emphasis, that the honor of being in the employ of the American Minister would itself be abundant compensation. I was suspicious, I knew not of what, and refused them all. I also took particular care of my private papers, and kept the most important of them about my person night and day. A few days after my arrival, the British Ambassador came into my room one morning, in great agitation, saying, 'Mr. Jay, I am ruined. I hired a lot of these Spaniards as servants, and they have opened my desk with false keys, and all my papers are gone!' 'Oh, they will bring them back as soon as they have copied them,' I replied; and I afterwards heard that the documents were all put back in their places."

The secret was out; and the youth began to feel somewhat troubled by the discovery that his host was the venerable ex-Governor Jay. Still the old gentlemen kept up the conversation pleasantly till bed time. In the morning came up another meal at the family table, followed by family prayers as before. In taking his leave, my friend frankly told Mr. Jay the mistake which he had made, and hinted his readiness to carry it out to the extent of paying for his entertainment. "Young man," was the quick reply, "young man, do not mention it, but go thou and do likewise."—*Sunday School Times*.

PEACE AMONG THE NATIONS.

At an elegant banquet given by Cyrus W. Field to Lord Houghton recently in New York, Mr. David Dudley Field said:

"The welcome which has been given in this country to our friend, Lord Houghton, was due to him in his own right. But it was also due to him in the right of his country. As an Englishman, as a peer of England, and what is more, as a poet of England, he has been made free of all we have of hospitality. And as he is about to leave us, we beg him to carry back to his countrymen the assurance that their country, its good name and its welfare, are matters of concern to their cousins on this side of the sea. The feuds of past ages have died away. The bitterest hater on either side can hardly rake a dying ember out of the smouldering ashes of ended conflicts. The Englishmen and the Americans of this generation can afford to remember that they are depositaries of common traditions and inheritors of a common renown. They all know that each country is too strong to be in danger from without and that each is too brave to make a parade of its power. England has belted the world with her dominions, while America has grown colossal. There being no longer cause on either side for fear or envy, but every motive to mutual respect and good will in the pursuit of good for ourselves and others, let us now shake hands and be friends and mutual helpers henceforth and forever.

"I am sometimes called an enthusiast and a dreamer. Perhaps I am. At least I shall enter into no discussion about it. But I confess that I do look forward to, or dream of, the coming of that hour when the bully among nations will be treated as the bully among individuals is treated; when the true glory of a people will be their industrial, social and intellectual progress, and their peaceful conquests; and when aggressive war will be condemned by the universal voice of civilized men. The first great step toward this consummate end is the cordial understanding of England and America. Let these nations, comprising all the English-speaking people on the face of the earth, agree in this one sentiment, that war between them shall

never be, and that their misunderstandings, if unhappily misunderstandings arise, shall be settled by impartial arbiters, and an influence of incalculable force will be created in favor of peace all over the world. For my own part, I would have not merely an understanding, but an understanding put into words, a treaty of indefinite duration, though revocable on notice, pledging the faith of the two nations that whenever a point of difference may spring up between them, upon which they cannot come to an agreement, the difference shall be determined, by the arbitrament of others. Then, indeed, should we behold the dawn of a new day; the two freest and strongest of the nations would set an example to all the rest; and whatever might happen in the Continent of Europe, it is almost certain that, at the very worst, the greater part of the world would remain in peace. This is, if you please, my dream. May the dream turn out to be prophecy, and the prophecy ripen speedily into fulfilment.

THE SUEZ CANAL PURCHASE.

The purchase of the Suez Canal has given rise to a vast crop of rumor and speculation in Europe, and especially in England. So utterly are the public men and the press of England in the dark as to the immediate motive which impelled the British Government to complete the purchase, and so entire has been the surprise, that the most contradictory reasons are given for the step by those who, without being in official position, are usually thoroughly well informed as to the policy of the government. In England, however, notwithstanding this great diversity and even antagonism of opinion as to the impelling cause for the action of the government, there is a hearty approval of it by all classes, which approaches almost to unanimity. Some of the English newspapers believe that the step indicates a policy finally adopted by the government, to maintain the neutrality of Egypt and the safety of the Suez canal at all hazards. This is the view of the *London Spectator*. The *London Times*, referring to the facts that the continent is full of rumors of war in the spring, and that orders have been received to repair the bridges in Galicia, on the Russian frontier, persists that Austria intends to occupy the insurgent provinces of Turkey as an offset to the British stroke of policy with Egypt. Another organ predicts a struggle, the parties to which will be Russia, anxious for her road to Constantinople, and aided by France, eager for a Russian alliance against Austria, determined to spread eastward, and aided by Germany determined that Russia shall not gather strength; with England standing aloof but keeping a fast grip on Egypt. The *Saturday Review* arrives at the conclusion that with a view to British interests it is difficult to show that the step of the government was not a right one to take; and that, if there was a hazard in seizing the opportunity, there was also a hazard in letting it slip. And it states that every one agrees in England that England must either have command of the Suez canal, or not allow any other Power to have it. And then turning to the political consequences of the act, it shows that if the Viceroy should die or be overthrown, and there are internal disturbances in Egypt, England will have to see security established along the line of the canal, and this may involve the taking possession of Egypt. How the great purchase affects the Continental powers is another question. France, it believes, may be rather glad that the purchase is made since it commits England to a sort of opposition to the allied Emperors whose alliance is calculated expressly to keep France in fetters; nor does it think that the Emperors themselves much regret it, since they could not from their geographical position control Egypt, and they only lose what they could not have got. The *Review* is further of the opinion, that England having now got what she wants, the Emperors will claim to have what they want; and that, in dividing the spoils of Turkey they will have to reckon indeed with each other, but they will not expect to reckon with England.

This of course, is only an expression of English opinion. We now await, and doubtless we shall not have to wait long, to hear what the Emperors have to say on the subject, if they are able to arrive at an agreement, in view of the conflicting interests of the allied Emperors as allies and as individual sovereigns and of the important relation which Russia bears to

the difficult problem. That this agreement will not be unfavorable to the continuance of peace seems to be foreshadowed by a late telegram which states that the recent conference between Prince Bismarck and Prince Gortschakoff resulted in an agreement for a peaceful solution of the Turkish difficulty; and also that they will not raise the Eastern question, nor favor an international conference on the Suez canal question.—*Intelligencer*.

WAR-MAKING POWER OF THE PRESIDENT.

There can be no question but that, in the actual working of our government, the powers of the President of the United States have proved to be much more extensive and decisive than it was originally supposed they would be. It is certain that in some particulars these powers are large to the utmost limit of public safety, if not beyond it. This must be true as to the war-making power. It is lodged, in form, by the Constitution, with Congress. But, in fact, the President lacks but little of holding it in his own hands. He has the sole management of negotiations with foreign governments in their earlier, and in what may often be their most important, stages; and it is not difficult thus to bring on dangerous embroilments. Then he is commander-in-chief of army and navy; and in this capacity he can easily cause things to be done which may furnish to another nation apparent or real ground of war. He may thus break treaties, though alone he cannot make them. And when any such step is taken, it may be hard to retrace it; since vast passions are beginning to be stirred up, and since too, it will appear to many that the honor of the country allows of no going back, although in reality it allows of nothing else.

The origin of the Mexican war may illustrate these points. We hope there may occur no illustration nearer at hand.

It might not be wise to attempt any change in the organic law, or in the mode of its administration, to guard against these evils. But it is certain that in these directions the other counterbalancing and restraining powers of government should be called into most vigorous exercise. And the voice of the people requiring the practice of justice and the seeking of peace, should be uttered with enough of plainness to be understood and respected by all those public men who are set only to administer the government as the servants of the people.—*Congregationalist*.

"ORDINARY EXPENDITURES."

The *New York Bulletin* is responsible for the following statement of the "ordinary" expenditures of the United States Government in 1860 and 1874.

	1860.	1874.
War Department,	\$16,472,207	\$42,313,927
Navy Department,	11,514,649	30,932,587
Civil Expenses,	6,077,008	17,627,115
Miscellaneous,	20,708,233	50,506,414
Indians,	2,991,121	6,692,462
Pensions,	1,100,802	29,038,414
Foreign Intercourse,	1,146,143	1,508,064
Total,	\$60,010,158	\$178,618,983
Interest on Debt,	1,377,314	107,119,815
Population,	31,443,321	44,000,000

Increase of Ordinary Expenditures, 200 per cent. Increase of Population, 40 per cent.

It will be seen at a glance that if this statement is correct, that the work of retrenchment and economy of the public expenditures has scarcely begun. In the meantime the imperative duty of the hour is to make plain to our politicians that the public expenditures must be cut down to a point approximating to the secure ratio to population as existed before the war, and that the remedy for the evils which have prostrated business is surely and without ambiguity a strict economy of public expenditures.

CENTENNIAL THANKSGIVING ODE.

BY ELBERT S. PORTER, D. D.

A nation's heart uplifts itself to-day,
In grateful psalms of loud resounding praise
To God, whose mighty and benignant sway,
Hath ruled its past, and must, its future ways.

A hundred years have run their course sublime,
Weighted with hopes and fears, with good and ill,
Yet hath our fathers' God through changeable time
Remain'd our changeless strength and ever will.

Break forth in praise, O Nation greatly blessed!
Let every heart its song of gladness wake,
Ascend the Mount where Peace and Freedom rest,
And of their spirit thankfully partake.

Kindle anew thy flames of love and truth,
On altars sacred to the hopes of man!
While hoary age, with quick-eyed eager youth,
The glowing lustrous of thy future, scan.

O Nation! let thy motto ever be,
The ringing music of that mighty host
Who brav'd for God, and Right, and Liberty,
The hostile ocean and the sterile coast.

Sing the old songs of everlasting trust,
To Him who gave this goodly land to thee
And though thy mountains crumble into dust
Cleave thou to God with glad humility.

RHODE ISLAND PEACE SOCIETY.

The fifty-seventh annual meeting of the Rhode Island Peace Society was held on November 24th, at three o'clock, in Room No. 4, Bank Building, No. 98 Weybosset street, Rev. Dr. Caswell, President, in the chair, who opened the meeting with prayer, after which the records of the last annual meeting were read by Samuel Austin, Secretary, and approved.

David R. Whittemore, Treasurer, presented his annual report, which was read, received and ordered on file. The report shows that the receipts during the year, (including the balance on hand at last report,) were \$190 50; expenditures, \$51 25; balance remaining in the hands of Treasurer, \$139 25.

The following-named gentlemen were then nominated and elected officers of the Society for the ensuing year:

President—Alexis Caswell, D. D., of Providence.

Vice Presidents—1st—Joseph Cartland, of Providence; 2d—Charles Perry, of Westerly; (in place of William Chase, deceased,) 3d—Latimer W. Ballou, of Woonsocket; (in place of Joseph Jewett, deceased.)

Treasurer—David R. Whittemore, of Providence.

Secretary—Samuel Austin, of Providence.

Auditor—George J. Adams, of Providence.

Board of Trustees—George J. Adams, Benjamin F. Gridley, Joseph H. Atwater, Amos Perry, Rev. Carlton A. Staples, of Providence; Rev. Jonathan Brayton, of Warwick.

On motion, it was voted that the President and Secretary be requested to prepare a petition in the proper form for presentation to Congress, and sign the same on behalf of the Society, praying Congress to use its power and influence in substituting arbitration for war in the settlement of all national disputes. They were further requested to take proper measures for obtaining additional signatures to said petition and to forward same to Congress at its next session, through the Senators and Representatives from this State.

The meeting was then adjourned *sine die*.

The Board of Trustees met immediately after the Society meeting was adjourned, when, upon motion it was

Voted, That eighty dollars be contributed from the funds of this Society to the "American Peace Society," and twenty dollars to the "Peace Association of Friends in America."

After a brief general discussion of the interests of the Society, on motion, the meeting was adjourned.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

The burning of Moscow, in 1812, is one of the most noted conflagrations on record, not only on account of its magnitude, but for its historical importance. The French entered the city September 14th, Napoleon proposing to make it his winter quarters. On that very day several fires broke out, but little attention was paid to them by the invading army until the next two days, when they had acquired great headway. On the 17th a high wind arose, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction; by the 18th the whole city appeared a sea of flame, and by the evening of the 20th nine-tenths of it was reduced to ashes. The total number of buildings destroyed is stated at between 13,000 and 15,000. The Russians at the time in order to cast odium on the French, attributed this conflagration to the orders of Napoleon. It is now, however, generally acknowledged that the fires were the work of the Russians themselves, and that they were kindled by the orders of the governor, Rostoptchin, acting beyond all doubt under the sanction of the Emperor Alexander, without which it is hardly conceivable that the governor would have ventured such a step. The object was to deprive the French army of shelter from the winter. Ample precautions had been taken to insure the entire destruction of the city. Inflammable materials were placed in deserted mansions in every quarter, and the torch was applied simultaneously all over the city. In burning the French out of their proposed winter quarters, no provision had been made for the safety of the inhabitants, who were driven to seek shelter in the surrounding woods; and it is affirmed that more than 20,000 sick and wounded perished in the flames. The direct loss to the French is put down at 40,000; and beyond this it in the end involved the retreat in the dead of winter, and almost complete annihilation of the great French army. This act, which the Russians at the time repudiated, is now considered by them as their highest glory, the greatest example in history of national self-sacrifice for the destruction of an invader.—*Appletons' American Cyclopaedia*.

"The committee to whom was referred the communication from the American Peace Society, respectfully report: That we hereby express our sympathy with the object had in view by the American Peace Society, which accords with the song of the angels, 'peace on earth,' and that we unite our prayers with theirs, that the time may come when wars shall cease among nations and universal peace prevail."

The above is a true copy of the report on the subject indicated, adopted by the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, at its annual session, held November, 1875, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

WINE AND THE CENTENNIAL.—The announcement by a liquor dealer that he had made arrangements by which he expects to sell 500 gallons daily of his wines in the Centennial Exhibition Grounds, has awakened the just indignation of the friends of temperance. The President of the National Temperance Society, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, is one of the warm promoters of the Exhibition, has already given \$5,000 to it, besides his great influence among the merchants of the city, and he, with others, is taken all aback by a publication which would indicate that the Exhibition is to be disgraced by the Exhibition of our National Vice, as it will be honored by the display of our National Industry.

The Society has taken action on the subject, and the friends of virtue and morals over the whole country will add their voices to the earnest entreaty that the Exhibition may not be prostituted by Sabbath desecration or the sale of intoxicating drinks. The Commission having the subject in charge includes some of the most eminent and excellent citizens, on whom we confidently rely to preserve the Centennial from any contamination like that already proclaimed to be one of its features.

Is it not possible to have this glorious celebration carried through without violation of the laws of the land? It seems as if this were a very simple question to ask and we hope it may be answered in the affirmative.

A NATIONAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY.

During the ensuing session of Congress, the National Temperance Society (Hon. William E. Dodge, president,) will make an earnest effort to secure the appointment of a National Commission of Inquiry, to be composed of well known citizens, for the purpose of a thorough official investigation—after the manner of the Royal Parliamentary Commissions of Great Britain—of the alcoholic liquor traffic; its relations to crime, pauperism, taxation, the industry and prosperity of the nation; and also of the results of License and Prohibitory Legislation in the several States of the Union. The movement is an important one. If successful it will do much for the cause of temperance, by an official and impartial exhibit of greatly needed facts and statistics.

The following is the form of petition issued by the Society, which should be widely circulated, and returned with signatures, at an early date, to the Corresponding Secretary, J. N. Stearns, No. 58 Reade street, New York, for presentation to Congress:

PETITION.

To the United States Senate and House of Representatives: The undersigned, citizens of the United States, respectfully ask you to provide for the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry, of five or more competent persons, whose duty it shall be, first to inquire and take testimony as to the results of the traffic in Alcoholic Liquors, in connection with Crime, Pauperism, the Public Health, the Moral, Social, and Intellectual well-being of the People; second, concerning License and Prohibitory Legislation in the several States of the Union; and third, to recommend what additional legislation, if any, would be beneficial on the part of Congress, to suppress, in the sphere of national authority, the Traffic in Alcoholic Liquors as Beverages.

WAR AND CHRISTIANITY.—How Christianity has leavened society and is exerting its power and influence in high places, is thus strongly set forth by Mr. Edward Jenkins, M. P., in a recent address in London:

"When," said he, "Prince Bismarck's determination became known to stop the preparations going on in France, and to crush her once more by sending German troops across the Rhine, did the nations of Europe stand forth, and protest against such an outrage, and intimate that they would stand by France rather than see her crushed? No. What was it, then, that prevented the catastrophe of another European war? A simple circular was sent from London, pleading on behalf of truth, justice, peace and Christianity, and the simple circular went the round of the courts of Europe, and did more to prevent that impending war than the words and action of any foreign potentate. Such a result would not have followed in olden times, and its success in these days was due to the fact that the influences of Christianity had deeply permeated society, and men were more and more applying its principles, not only in their own affairs, but to home and international politics."

FRIENDS AND METHODISTS IN CHICAGO.—Last Sabbath a novel sight met my eyes on going into Methodist Church Block on Clark street, to see the platform occupied by Quakers and Quakeresses, the latter with their drab bonnets and neat attire. The Friends have rented Room No. 20 in this block, where they hold religious service every Sabbath. On this occasion they were visited by Joseph A. Dugdale, the eloquent venerable Quaker preacher of Iowa. The Methodist Church, I hear, decided to invite Friend Dugdale and all the Friends into their room, and surrender the conducting of the meeting to the Friends. The overture was accepted. Mr. Plummer, the Secretary of their newly-organized, yearly meeting in Illinois, commenced the meeting with a few impressive remarks, and proposed "silent prayer." The audience bowed their heads in a reverent manner, and so sat for three or four minutes, when Friend Dugdale offered vocal prayer in a touching appeal to the Throne of Grace. In a few minutes he commenced the sermon, using no notes, taking as his text: "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." He presented the

leading doctrine and testimonies of this people in a clear and convincing manner, ignoring all narrow and sectarian dogmas. He preached salvation by Christ in a deeply spiritual and powerful manner, giving the views of Friends on a free gospel ministry, and the right of women to preach in the name of Jesus. He struck herculean blows at the sin of the rum-traffic, and urged the need of advocating doctrines of universal peace, closing with an appeal to unconverted sinners that melted the whole audience to tears. A meeting similar in character was held in the evening and the most profound attention given to the happy and eloquent persuasive words of the venerable Quaker. The services were closed by fervent prayer. There is a good deal of the earnest revival spirit in this venerable Christ-loving teacher of righteousness.—*Chicago Tribune.*

WESLEY, AS VIEWED BY A NEW HISTORIAN.—Professor Green's "Short History of the English People," just issued by the Harpers, is constructed on a new model. As the title indicates, it is a history of the people rather than of kings and warriors. The author has done well "to pass lightly and briefly over the details of foreign wars and diplomacies, the personal adventures of kings and nobles, the pomp of courts, or the intrigues of favorites, and to dwell at length on the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual and social advance in which we read the real history of the nation itself." And while he has presented in a clear, compact, lively and instructive narrative, comprising a series of pen-pictures of the salient features of the life of the people, the work celebrates the triumphs of peace, rather than those of war; devotes "more space to Chaucer than Cressy; to Caxton than to the petty strife of Yorkist and Lancastrian; to the 'poor law' of Elizabeth than to her victory at Cadiz; to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the young Pretender."

PRIZE ESSAY.—A European gentleman of culture and wealth, Senor Don Arturo de Marcoartu, three years ago offered in behalf of the Social Science Association, valuable prizes for the best two essays on the question, "In what way ought an international assembly to be constituted for the formation of a code of International Law, and what ought to be the leading principles on which such a code should be formed?" The offer was made known in the civilized countries of America and Europe, and many able writers competed for the prizes. The first prize has been awarded to Mr. A. B. Sprague, a young lawyer of New York. His country shares in the honor he has thus attained. All true patriots will pray that our nation may ever lead in the high civilization inaugurated in Geneva in 1872, and that her history may never be stained by the record of causeless, wilful war.—*N. Y. Advocate.*

THE KINDNESS OF LITTLE THINGS.—We may observe the kindness of Jesus in little things. He who could heal the sick and raise the dead by His word, yet always shows himself mindful of the least attentions, courtesies and charities of every-day life. While nothing that is both great and merciful is beyond His power, nothing that is both little and kind is too small for his love. The washing of the disciples' feet was not necessary, but it was a loving act on His part, and contributed to their comfort. Over and above what is required and expected of a child, there are a thousand kindnesses that he can render to parents, brothers, sisters, schoolmates, neighbors. Let the child be taught to be on the watch for opportunities of service, especially to the aged, the poor, the neglected, and those younger than himself; and if there are things to be done for others that might seem irksome, disagreeable or humiliating, let him remember Him, the Lord of men and of angels, who never thought anything beneath Him which could be of comfort or benefit to any human being.—*Rev. Dr. Peabody.*

IOWA PEACE SOCIETY.

This association contemplates holding a special meeting in the Capitol of the State, at Des Moines, probably in the Senate Chamber on the evening of January 21st, 1876.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, *President.*
D. S. WRIGHT, *Secretary.*



Vol. V.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1876.

No. 1.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Hark! oh, hark! those sounds ascending,
Heaven and earth one anthem raise:
God of love, our lives defending
Through a year of happy days.

God of seasons, still providing
Summer's heat and winter's cheer,
Giving life and love, and gladdening,
Goodness crowns the glad New Year.

Still with grateful love confessing,
By thee fed and feasted here;
Still we crave another blessing,—
Grace to crown the circling year.

Oh! may Jesus tune our voices,
Fill our hearts with peace and joy,
Till our every sense rejoices
In our Saviour's blest employ."

With this number of the *Angel* we send the greetings of the season, a *Happy New Year* to all our readers, east, west, north, and south, over land and sea. Some of us have journeyed together for four brief, yet pleasant years, pleasant because in this jarring world they have been, with little exceptions, years of peace, when no "battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood." Let us friends, old and young, pursue the same pleasant paths and pray and work in the service of the Prince of Peace until the nations shall learn war no more, and the beautiful song of the angels comes floating down from heaven and over all the earth, *glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*

NOTE.—All friends of peace, and all Sabbath-school workers, are invited to send for specimen numbers of the *Angel of Peace* and much good can be done by ordering for gratuitous distribution as per terms. Let the *Peace Angel* fly this centennial year.

CHILDREN DOING GOOD.

I am sure you will all find out ways of showing kindness, if you look for them. One strong lad I saw the other day carrying a heavy basket up hill for a little tired girl. Another dear boy I met leading a blind man who had lost his faithful dog.

An old lady sitting in her arm-chair by the fire, once said, "My dear grand-daughter there is hands, feet and eyes to me."

"How so?"

"Why, she runs about so nimbly to do the work of the house; she fetches me so willingly whatever I want; and, when she has done, she sits down and reads to me so nicely a chapter in the Bible."

One day a little girl came home from school quite happy to think she had been useful; for there was a schoolfellow there in great trouble about the death of a baby brother.

"And I put my cheek against hers," said her companion, "and I cried too, because I was sorry for her; and after a little while she left off crying, and said I had done her good."

The ways in which you can do kind actions are very, very many. Almost every hour of the day, if you have a kind heart you will find some opportunity of doing a kind deed.

HEALTH BETTER THAN WEALTH.

Little Martin was a poor boy who had no father or mother. He earned his bread by going on errands. One day on his way home he sat down to rest, and to eat his piece of dry bread, near the door of an inn. As he sat there a fine carriage drove up, and the master of the inn came out to serve two gentlemen who were in it. One of them was very young—not much older than Martin—and Martin thought to himself that he should like to be in his place. When he looked at his own crust of bread and his worn clothes, and then at their fine things, he could not help saying aloud:

"Oh dear, I wish I had that young gentleman's grand coach. I wish I could change places with him."

The other gentleman, who was the boy's tutor, heard this, and told it to his pupil, who made signs to Martin to come to him.

"So, little boy," said he, "you would like to change places with me, would you?"

"I beg pardon, sir," said Martin, "I did not mean any harm by what I said."

"I am not angry," said the young gentleman: "I only wish to know if you are willing to change places with me!"

"Oh, now you are joking," said Martin; "no one would wish to change places with me, and walk so many miles each day, and have nothing to eat but a dry crust."

"Well," said the young man, "I will give you all I have, if you will give me all that you have and that I have not."

Martin did not know what to say, but the tutor told him to speak freely.

"Oh, yes," said Martin, then; "I will change places with you."

But when the young gentleman stepped out, Martin saw that he was very lame. His legs were bent, so that he had to walk with crutches. His face was pale and thin too, like of one who was often ill. Martin then began to think that health was better than a fine carriage.

"Will you change places with me now?" asked the youth. "I will give you all I have to be strong like you."

But Martin said: "Oh, no; not for the world."

"I would gladly be poor," said the young man, "if I could run like you; but as it is God's will that I should be lame I try to be happy and thankful as I am."

POOR JOHNNIE.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

He roams the streets with ragged coat
And little shoeless feet;
That tender form is trudging on
Through wind and rain and sleet.

Sometimes the baby in his arms,
In clinging close embrace,
And such a sad and hungry look
In the wan, weary face.

Poor little Johnnie! in his home
No pleasant meal is spread;
There waits not for the weary form
A soft and snowy bed.

No sweet-voiced mother welcomes him;
The hearth is dark and cold;
Alas! for the poor little boy,
What doth the future hold!

A drunken father drives away
All comfort from the door,
And at his work or at his play
Poor Johnnie laughs no more.

How many wretched homes like this
Doth rum and sin create;
It maketh demons in our land,
And childhood desolate.

THE SLEEP ANGELS.

BY AUNT MAY.

The Sleep Angel of the flowers hung poised in the dewy air of night over a great garden. Her hands were full of poppies, and she was crowned with asphodels. She was watcher over the great plant-world at night, as her sister was watcher over the homes of men.

A pale Rose-mother was bending from her bush, tears of dew lying like pearls upon her waxen cheeks.

"Why is my little Rose-mother grieving?" asked the Angel. "She was very happy last night."

"Ah me!" sighed the Rose. "I was a happy mother last night, but some one came and rudely broke my little rose-bud from the stem, and all my joy has gone with it."

The Angel dropped a tear, saying, "I will seek the rose-bud that was dear to both thee and me," and she passed over the garden to the mansion.

Before it stood her sister, who watched over the homes of men.

"My sister," said the Flower Angel, "there is sorrow in

my garden because some one of thy charge has torn a baby rose-bud from the mother stem. The Rose-mother will not be comforted."

The Home Angel took her sister's hand, and led her up to a dim, still room, where a mother knelt moaning by a little white bed. A fair and lifeless little form lay on the cot, and in the waxen hands folded on its breast was a *white rose-bud*.

The Flower Angel had never known what human sorrow was before, and she stood silent before it.

"Its angel doth now behold the face of our Father in heaven," said her sister tenderly. "His little human flower is gathered early into gardens where no worm shall ever prey upon its heart. The Father careth for thy flowers, also, and perhaps thy little soulless rose-bud shall also bloom in the unfading gardens of God."

For a moment she bent and touched the swollen eyelids of the mother with balm, and then the sisters glided hand in hand out into the night.

The Flower Angel told a tender tale over the rose-bush that night, and in the morning the sun's smile was reflected from the dewy face of the Rose-mother as it was lifted heavenward.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven," said she, repeating the words of the Flower Angel, and she was satisfied.

THE SAFETY OF PEACE PRINCIPLES.

A family of Quakers from Pennsylvania settled at the West in a remote place, then exposed to savage incursions. They had not been there long before a party of Indians, panting for blood, started on one of their terrible excursions against the whites, and passed in the direction of the Quaker's abode; but though disposed at first to assail him and his family as enemies, they were received with such open-hearted confidence, and treated with such cordiality and kindness, as completely disarmed them of their purpose. They came forth, not against such persons, but against their enemies. They thirsted for the blood of those who had injured them; but these children of peace, unarmed and entirely defenceless, met them only with accents of love, and deeds of kindness. It was not in the heart even of a savage to harm them; and on leaving the Quaker's house, the Indians took a white feather, and stuck it over the door, to designate the place as a sanctuary not to be harmed by their brethren in arms. Nor was it harmed. The war raged all around it; the forest echoed often to the Indian's yell, and many a white man's hearth was drenched in his own blood; but over the Quaker's humble abode gently waved the white feather of peace, and beneath it his family slept without harm or fear.

THE FOX IN THE WELL.

A wolf one day heard a strange noise in a well. He went to see what was the cause of it. He soon found out the cause, for there, deep down, was his old friend the fox.

"Oh, my good friend," said the fox, "how glad I am to see you! I know you will do your best to help me out. You can soon get a rope, or find out some way by which to save me."

"Poor fox! poor fox!" said the wolf. "It grieves me much to see you there. Pray, how did you get in? You were not so wise as you might have been, I think. Have you been down there a long time? I hope things are not quite so bad with you as you seem to fear they are. From my heart I wish you well, and hope to see you all right ere long."

"Nay, friend wolf, do not stand there and tease me with soft words when I am in so much need of help. Talk is cheap. Can you find means to get me out of the well? If so, will you? If you can and will, there is no time to be lost. If you can and will not, leave me. I may have done wrong, but you have no right to tell me so till you prove that you are my friend by deeds as well as by words. If you wish me well, use me well. Were you in my place and I in yours, you would not thank me for kind words if my acts were not kind too."

Let us show our good will by helpful deeds rather than cheap words alone.

Virtue dwells not upon the tip of the tongue, but in the temple of a purified heart.



A BRAVE BOY.

What did he do, then, that he should be called brave? Did he hunt a lion or a bear? No.

Did he fight with thieves? No.

Did he have a pitched battle with a boy bigger and stronger than himself? O, no.

What did he do, then? *He told the truth.*

Perhaps you think that did not require much courage; but indeed it did, and only a brave boy could have told it under the circumstances.

But who was the boy?

Well, his name was James Peters, and he was the son of a man and woman who loved and served God, and wanted their children to do the same, and they had taught James that it was a cowardly thing to tell a lie. He believed that so entirely that he did not think anything would have influenced him to tell an untruth. One day he and some other boys were playing in a field through which the railway ran. They played at marbles, and whipping their tops, and several other things. Among the rest they got some stones together and made a heap of them, but what game it was they played with them I really do not know.

It happened, however, that a sharp and sudden shower came on, and the boys ran off for shelter. No one noticed at the time that the heap of stones was simply kicked down, and not properly cleared away, and certainly no one saw that a couple of large ones lay across the rail.

They, however, remembered it afterward; for while they were in their place of shelter they saw an empty luggage train come along, and noticed that it was going very slowly, and at last stopped.

"O, James," said one of the boys in terror, "we forgot to put the stones away. Look! a man has just taken up one in his hand. We ought not to have left them there. I should not wonder if the train had been coming quickly instead of creeping along that there might have been an accident."

The boys all looked very frightened.

"We ought not to have played so near the line," said James.

"We ought to have cleared the stones away," said another.

"Never mind, no real harm has been done," said a third. "But if we were found out we might expect to be well punished," said another.

"But then we are not going to be found out, that is one comfort," said his friend.

As they were going home, however, they were afraid it might not be as certain as they had hoped, for a policeman came toward them.

"Now, take care," said one boy, with a white face; "don't know anything about it, for whoever is found out will have to go to prison."

There was no time for more, for the policeman stood in front of them.

"Now, tell the truth. Which of you boys put those stones on the line?" he asked, and his voice was dreadfully stern.

"I did not," said one.

"Neither did I," said another.

"I am sure it was none of my doings," said a third.

"What do you say about it, youngster?" inquired the policeman, looking full at James. His friends gave him a warning glance, and one boy held up his finger. Another formed his mouth so that James read the word "Prison;" and another held up his fist to show what he would do if James told. But the boy could not tell a lie. He felt at that moment that he would be less afraid to go to prison than he was to tell an untruth.

"Now then," said the policeman, "did you put the stones on the line?"

"I am afraid I did," said James.

"O, are you? Then I am very glad to have caught you."

"I did not mean to leave them on the line," said James, "and indeed I am not quite sure that I put them there; but I think it is very likely for I was playing on the spot."

"Then you must come with me."

"Very well."

"But first tell me if you did all the mischief yourself, or if any of these boys helped you?"

But if James told the truth about himself, he was not going to tell tales of his playmates, and so he declined to answer the policeman's question.

"Never mind," said the man; "one of you will be enough to serve as an example," and he walked away, taking James with him.

"What a fool Jim is," said one of the boys.

"He will be taken before the magistrates and sent to prison, and very likely whipped."

But James had not lost his own self-respect, and though he wondered what would be done to him, and though it must be confessed that he was a little afraid, still he felt he had done right and he was not as miserable as one might have expected.

Was he not a brave boy?

And he had a brave boy's reward, for the gentleman to whom the policeman took him complimented him upon his love of truth, and, after cautioning him never to play near the line again, he let him go home.

HOW TO CHOOSE COMPANIONS—"By your leave, sir," said the water rat to the king-fisher, "this is my house." And he sat in the doorway to prevent his entrance.

"Nay, but I want to come in," said the king-fisher. "I have paid you visits before, and why not now? Think how handsome I am, and how much my family is sought after."

"You may have been in before, sir, but to tell you the truth, that's the very reason I prefer keeping you out now, notwithstanding your high family and fine clothes. You have an awkward habit of eating fish and leaving your bones at my door. Now, I don't catch and eat fish, I won't have the credit of it; I consider no company worth having that takes away my character, however high in rank or fine in appearance."

A little girl in Reading, Pennsylvania, recently saw an old drunken man lying on a doorstep, the perspiration pouring off his face, and a crowd of children preparing to make fun of him. She took her little apron and wiped his face, and then looked up so pitifully to the rest, and made this remark: "O, say, don't hurt him! he's somebody's grandpa."

LOST IN THE SNOW.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Little Annie and Charley Bruce, who live in the far West, were overtaken on their way home from school, on one day in January, by a sudden and very heavy snow-storm. Annie was only nine years old, and her brother was younger. They struggled along as best they could but when they reached a certain hollow they could no longer find the path. They tried in vain to find some trace of it. The blinding snow and piercing wind were fast overcoming the little creatures; and they sank down to rest.

"Oh! what shall we do?" said Charley. "I'm so cold!"

This roused Annie to fresh effort; and at last she thought they had reached home; but the house was not there. "The wind has blown the house away!" cried Annie in despair. Then remembering how her mother had always taught her to pray when in trouble, she clasped her arms about her little brother and knelt down and prayed with all the trust and earnestness of childhood for God to stop the storm.

Who can know but that some blessed messenger from God guided her father's footsteps; for, just as she had ceased, she saw three dim figures passing them; and, rising from her knees, she was clasped in her father's strong arms. The men had not seen the little crouching figures in prayer; but the children saw them, and rose, or they might have been found in the bitter morning kneeling cold and white.

How triumphantly the little benumbed creatures were borne to their home, twenty rods away! and with what overflowing hearts the parents listened to their sweet voices as they sang together after they were snugly tucked away in bed!

CENTENNIAL HYMN OF PEACE 1876.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song,
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of a dove,
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love.
Angel of Peace thou hast waited too long!

Brothers, we meet on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine.
Breeze of the prairie, and breath of the sea,
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers, once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply.
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,
Roll its long surge like the earth shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

BY MRS. F. F. DANA.

There was a poet shepherd boy, dear children, who lived in a far eastern country many years ago, and although it was hundreds of years before Christ came upon earth, yet this shepherd boy trusted in a Saviour that was to come for salvation, and God made him very happy in believing; so happy, indeed, that while tending his father's flocks his warm young heart would flow out in sweet spiritual songs. We see him in the loveliness of the early morning, calling his sheep together, and going before them, winding in and out among the palm-trees, avoiding a rough place here or a dangerous pass yonder, seeking for spots of richest verdure, and softly singing, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

As the heat of noon approaches, and he seeks for the cooling glades, where the peaceful waters lie sleeping in the shadowy quiet, where the lambs rest, and the tired ones recover strength, he continues, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul," etc.

And when evening shadows gather, and the wild beasts are lurking for prey, when the lion and the bear lie in wait for the straggling ones of the flock, where dark recesses breathe danger, and the shepherd boy, watchfully alert, guards every step with rod and staff, how triumphantly his song rises on the evening air, and is echoed back from the hills, as he descends into the valley: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Happy shepherd boy of Bethlehem-Judah!

DESTRUCTION BY WAR.—The waste of property by war is dreadful. The track of an army is worse than the track of a tornado. Before it are fruitful fields, thriving villages and happy homes. Behind it are devastated farms, forsaken dwellings and smouldering ruins. Armies seize not only what is necessary for their own support, but destroy, out of mere wantonness, whatever may be of use to the people whose country they are ravishing. Splendid mirrors and costly pianos are dashed to pieces with the axe, and the brand of fire ignites the comfortable farm-house or the costly mansion, and leaves nothing behind but a heap of ashes.

God is the God of love—Christianity is a religion of love. Jesus Christ was an incarnation of love. He was love, living, breathing, speaking amongst men. His birth was the nativity of love; His sermons, the word of love; His miracles, the wonders of love; His tears, the melting of love; His crucifixion, the agonies of love; His death, the sacrifice of love; and His resurrection, the triumph of love.

Civility is a universal duty. All mankind have a natural claim to it one from another, and without it, there can be no intercourse in society, but what is disagreeable, shocking, brutish and dangerous. Every good-natured, generous-spirited person will practise it for pleasure; every sensible man, whether good-natured or not, for his own convenience and quiet.

A boy of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and half years. Drawing her upon a footstool, he imagined himself both the engine and the conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out: "New York," and in a moment after "Paterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly, "Top, I des I'll dit out here."

A life of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

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A WORD TO OUR PATRONS.

FRIENDS OF PEACE:—The *Advocate*, the official organ of the American Peace Society, has, for many years, been ably conducted journal. It has received commendations from the press, secular and religious, and from the leading minds of this and other lands. Its aim has been to keep up square with the times on this greatest reform of the age—the *abolition of war and the reign of permanent and universal peace*. There will be no falling off in the excellence and value of our peace publications. It is our purpose, however, to give the *Advocate* more elasticity, by inserting brief and pungent articles on our favorite and kindred reforms, making it more miscellaneous and readable and thereby more welcome to your homes and hearts. Some of us have walked the paths of peace together for many years. The memories of Worcester, Ladd and Beckwith are fragrant with us. May God bless the old friends of our holy cause and give peace to them along the evening of life. We have some new and valued friends and would welcome a host of others. Let none forsake (till God bids) the white banner, but let each vie with the other to bear it on to universal triumph. May your eyes see the victories of the "Prince of Peace."

H. C. D.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

ANOTHER MOVEMENT FOR SETTLEMENT OF DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN NATIONS WITHOUT WAR—A PETITION TO CONGRESS.

The history of the following movement is briefly this. The Rev. L. R. Eastman, who, for thirty-five years has been a member of the American Peace Society and long associated with the Rev. Drs. Beckwith, Stow, Copp and Parker, on the Executive Committee, having secured the services of Dr. Miles as successor to the lamented Beckwith, ceased his official connection with the society. It was understood by Mr. Eastman that Dr. Miles study up the case in both Europe and America, and act as the judgment of himself and friends should dictate, and how well Dr. Miles has done his work an approving world will bear testimony—while, in the meantime he, Mr. Eastman, over date of January, 1873, sent a petition

to Congress, which was presented to the Senate by Senator Wilson, Vice-President-elect, for a Joint High Commission from among the nations, who might codify international law, arrange both for the settlement of difficulties without war and the gradual disarmament of nations. This met with the approval of Dr. Miles. Similar petitions were sent over his sole signature by Mr. Eastman in 1874 and 1875, and presented by Senator Boutwell to the Senate. The present year Mr. Eastman has prepared a stronger petition, which has just been presented by the Hon. Rufus S. Frost to the House of Representatives. To Mr. Eastman's own signature have been added some eighty well-known representative names. Among them are such names as Edward G. Tilton and C. J. Bishop, Esqrs.; Andrew Pollard, D. D.; R. H. Neale, D. D.; Selah R. Treat, and Rufus Ellis, D. D.; A. A. Miner, D. D.; William S. Clark, LL. D., President of Massachusetts Agricultural College; William A. Stearns, D. D., LL. D., President of Amherst College; Ebenezer Snell, LL. D.; the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, Messrs. Seth E. Pecker & Co., J. D. Richard & Sons, Jacob P. Palmer, Nathan Crowell, Abraham Avery and others equally prominent in their several departments of business. Sustained by such men, it is believed the petition will command the attention of Congress. Three plans have been proposed for securing peace among nations. First, Rome has been visited, and it is understood there are those who claim that the Pope with his associates is competent to settle all disputes. Second, there are those who favor a permanent international tribunal. Third, the plan presented in Mr. Eastman's petition. It is made as a centennial offering, bearing date June 17, 1875. What topic more worthy of our nation's attention, asks the petitioner, than "Let us have peace"? The petition is as follows:

*To the Honorable the Senate and the House of Representatives of
the United States of America to be assembled in Congress
at Washington, D. C., A. D. 1875-6:*

The undersigned, citizens of the United States of America, conscious of the need which many of our fellow-citizens have of rules universally known and accepted whereby to regulate our intercourse with persons of other nations; conscious of the disastrous effects of war upon life, property and the pursuit of happiness; cheered by the result of the Geneva arbitration, the signs of the times and Scripture prophecies, most humbly pray:

That your honorable bodies will take such measures as will best secure a temporary Joint High Commission composed of one or more delegates from as many of the nations as may see fit to unite; who shall meet together, eliminate, codify and present to their respective governments for revision and adoption, a code of rules whereby to regulate intercourse, public and private, among the nations uniting. We would also further pray your honorable bodies to take such measures as will either, through the aforesaid High Commission, or otherwise, secure a system whereby treaties among the governments uniting may be stipulated, that all difficulties which cannot otherwise be arranged may be settled by arbitration by bodies called, for the specific purpose, as at Geneva, agreeably to the principles, precedents, rules and practices which shall, from time to time, have attained among the nations. Their decision, approved by the referring nations, shall be final. Your petitioners would further pray that the aforesaid code having been adopted and treaties established, there may be a gradual disarmament of the nations as fast as the world's safety will allow, and thus make it unnecessary for men to learn war any more.

Trusting to your superior wisdom and skill under the Divine guidance, we submit the above as our humble petition.

LUCIUS R. EASTMAN,
And eighty-four others,

Boston, June 17, 1875.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

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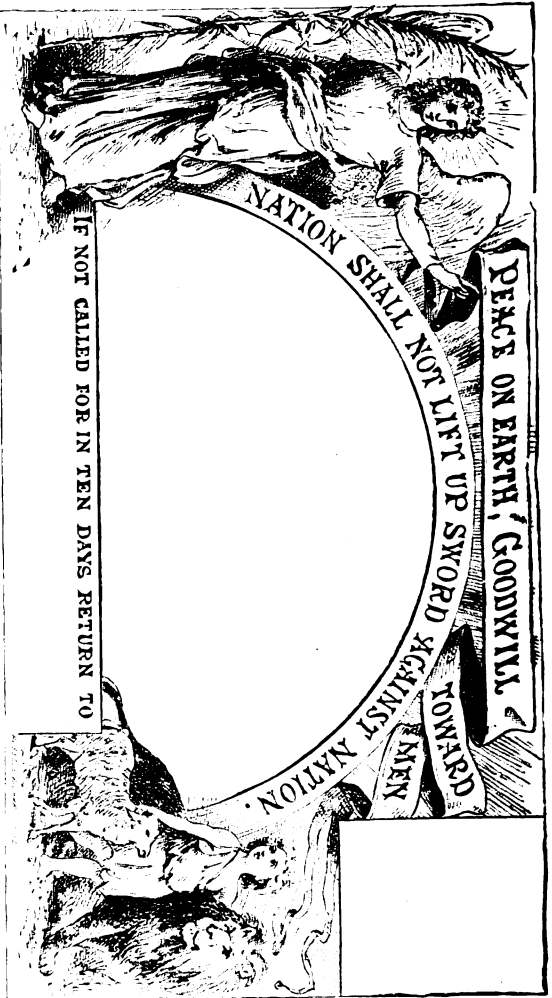
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1876, March 30.

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BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1876.

VOL. VII. No. 2.

[Written for the Advocate by Mrs. L. H. S.]

THE BROTHERS.

In one of the quiet villages of New England, was a pleasant farm-house. It stood retired from the public road, and was overshadowed by an ancient elm, with spreading branches. The barn and fences were neatly kept, and the fields betokened good husbandry. The sound of the matron's wheel, mingled with her song, was heard from the open window in summer; and the rich products of the cheese-press, attested her skill in the dairy.

The farmer had two young sons, who took an active part in his labors. In spring they held the plough, and assisted in sowing the seeds, whose harvest was to give them bread. In summer, they toiled among the hay, which was to feed their domestic animals. In autumn, they aided to gather into the garner, the bounty that God had given them. In winter, they sought, at the district school, that knowledge which enriches the whole of life. They were both fond of books, and diligent in their lessons, though their turn and temper of mind differed.

One cold evening, they were sitting with their books beside a bright wood fire, while the rays of their lamp streamed cheerfully over the snow-invested landscape. The younger, a boy of thirteen, casting aside his lesson said to his brother,

"John, I intend to be a soldier. I have been reading of Alexander the Great, and of Bonaparte, and think there is nothing in this world like the glory of the warrior."

The other fixed on him a steady glance, as he raised his clear hazel eye and thoughtful brow.

"It seems to me, James, that to destroy life, and bring mourning into families and misery into the world is cruel rather than glorious."

"Oh! but the honor and the praise. To have hosts of soldiers under your command, and the pages of history filled with your fame,—how can you be blind to such greatness as that!"

"Do you remember what our minister said last Sunday, that the end of life is the true test of its greatness! Now Alexander of Macedon killed himself with drunkenness, and Bonaparte was shut up on a desolate island like a chained wild beast till he died."

"I am sorry to see you so prejudiced, John, and with such a narrow mind. I doubt whether you are capable of admiring heroes. You had better by all means be a farmer. I suppose your highest ambition would be to break a pair of steers, or ride a dull cart-horse to market."

The voice of the farmer was now heard from an adjoining apartment, "Boys, go to bed."

So ended that night, their conversation on martial glory. They seldom strongly disagreed, on any other subject.

Let us now pass over fifteen years, and return again to the season of winter. By the same hearth glowed a cheerful fire; from the same window, a lamp threw its far-streaming rays. The farm-house seemed scarcely altered, save that a little more moss had gathered upon its roof. But among its inmates were proofs that the "fashion of this world passeth away."

The good farmer and his wife had taken their abode in a narrower house, and their long sleep upon a more lowly bed. They had finished their course in peace, and were held in tender remembrance among the neighboring villagers. In the arm-chairs which they used to occupy, were seated another couple; the eldest son and his wife. A babe lay in the cradle

and two other little ones were heard breathing quietly in the sweet sleep of childhood. A wintry storm raged without. As a strong blast shook the casement the farmer said,

"I cannot help thinking about my poor brother in such a cold bad night. Yet so many years have past since any tidings of him have reached us, and his way of life is so full of dangers, that perhaps he may be numbered with the dead."

"Husband, I thought I heard some one knock. Or was it the wind striking the old elm tree?"

They opened the door, and admitted a wearied traveller. His garments were tattered, and he leaned heavily on a crutch and staff. He spoke not and sank faintly into a chair that was placed for him. Raising his eyes, he glanced hastily at every article of furniture, as at some recollected friend. Then in a tone scarcely audible, he said "*brother! brother!*"

Those sounds opened the tender memories of early years. The welcome to the wanderer was heartfelt. But tears started at his pathetic words:

"Sister,—brother,—I have come home to you, to die."

They hastened to spread for him a refreshing repast, and to press him to partake. Afterwards, they induced him to retire to rest, without making demands on his exhausted strength, by conversation. In the morning he was unable to rise. They sat by his bedside, solacing his worn heart with kindness, and narrating the history of his youthful companions, and the changes that had befallen them in their quiet abode. At length propped up with pillows, he said in a feeble voice:

"I have had many troubles. But that which hath bowed me down inwardly, was the sin of leaving home against the will of our parents to be a soldier. I have felt the pain of wounds, but the sting of conscience is sharper. I have known hunger and thirst, and lain sick in the prisons of a foreign land. My disobedience and ingratitude stood by, to reproach me, as I lay sleepless in dreary, neglected hospitals. Then in broken visions, I saw my dear mother bending over me so kindly, as she would when I had only a head-ache. Sometimes I seemed to see our father with the great Bible in his hand, ready to read as he used to do before prayers, and cried out, 'I am no more worthy to be called thy son.'"

He paused, overcome with emotion, and his brother hastened to assure him of the perfect forgiveness of his parents, and that he was daily borne upon their supplications as the son erring yet beloved.

"Ah! those prayers followed me. But for them I should have been a reprobate to God and to man."

By intervals as his feeble strength permitted, he told the story of his wanderings. He had been in battles on land and sea. He had heard the deep ocean resound to the cannon's thunder, and seen earth saturated with the red shower from the bosom of her sons. He had served in the armies of Europe and risked life for a foreign power; and pursued the hunted Indian in his own native clime. He had plunged with the bravest where dangers thickened, seeking everywhere the glory that had dazzled his boyhood,—but in vain. He found that it was the soldier's lot to bear hardships and dare death that others might reap the fame. He saw what wounds and mutilations, what misery, mourning and death were necessary to purchase the name of victory. He felt how far the renown of the greatest conqueror falls short of the good that he perfects and the sorrow that he inflicts.

"Sometimes," he said, "just before rushing into battle, I felt shuddering and inexpressible horror, at the idea of slaughtering my fellow-beings,—made in the image of God. But in the

heat of conflict all human sympathies vanished. Desperate madness possessed me, so that I cared neither for this life nor the next. I have been left in the field of carnage, unable to move amid the feet of trampling horses, my open gashes stiffening in the chill night air, while no man cared for my soul. Yet, why should I distress you by such descriptions? you who have always lived under the sweet influences of mercy and shrunk to give unnecessary pain even to an animal. It is impossible for you to realize the hardness of heart that springs from a life of warfare. The soldier must be familiar with scenes of violence and cruelty. His moral and religious sensibilities are in continued peril. Profanity and contempt of sacred things mingle with the elements of his trade. The privileges of the Sabbath must be resigned. The precepts of the gospel that were impressed upon his childhood are in danger of being swept away. Still though I strove to be reckless and hardened, my heart reproached me. Oh! that it might be purified by repentance, ere I am summoned to the bar of judgment to answer for deeds of blood."

His brother and sister still flattered themselves that by medical skill and careful nursing the health of the invalid might be restored. They placed reliance on the kind sympathies of his neighbors and friends, and the bland influences of his native air.

"Yet," he replied, "it can never be. My vital energies are wasted. I know that even now death standeth at my right hand. When I entered this peaceful valley, my swollen limbs tottered, and began to fail. Then I prayed to the Almighty, whom I had so often forgotten, 'Oh, give me strength but a little longer that I may reach the home where I was born, and die there, and be buried by my father and mother.'"

The sick and penitent soldier sought earnestly for the hope of salvation. He felt that a great change was needed in his soul ere it could be fitted for the holy employments of a realm of purity and peace. He prayed and wept, and studied the Scriptures and listened to the counsel of pious men.

"Brother, dear brother," he would say, "you have obeyed the precepts of our parents. You have chosen the paths of peace. You have been merciful even to the inferior creatures. You have shorn the fleece but not wantonly destroyed the lamb. You have taken the honey, and spared the laboring bee. But I have destroyed man and his habitation,—the hive and the honey,—the fleece and the flock. I have defaced the image of God, and crushed out that breath which I can never restore. You know not how bitter is the warfare of my soul with the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that ruleth in the children of disobedience."

As his last hour approached he laid his cold hand on the head of his brother's eldest child, who had been named for him, and said faintly, "Little James, obey your parents and never be a soldier. Sister, brother, you have been angels of mercy to me. The blessing of God be upon you and your household." The venerable minister who had instructed his childhood, and laid his parents in the grave, had daily visited him in his sickness, and stood by his side as he went down into the valley of the shadow of death.

"My son, look unto the Lamb of God." "Yes father, there is a fulness in Him for the chief of sinners." The aged man lifted up his fervent prayer for the departing soul. He commended it to the boundless compassions of Him who receiveth the penitent, and besought for it a gentle passage to that world where there is no more sin, neither sorrow nor crying. He ceased. The eyes of the dying were closed. There was no more heaving of the breast or gasping.

It would seem that the breath had quitted the suffering clay. And they spoke of him as having passed forever where all tears are wiped away. Yet again there was a feeble sigh. Bending closely over him, the mourning brother caught the faint sounds, "Land of peace," and "Saviour of sinners."

"We shall not love our own household less because we love others more. The human heart is like Heaven—the more angels the more room."

A noble independence, self-reliance, and trust in God, constitute the first condition for all higher development and happiness.

1876.

EZRA T. LEGGETT.

Less than one pulse the universe is beating,
Less than one wave that breaks upon its shore,
A hundred circling rounds of earth, repeating,
The lights and shades that make life's varied store;
In days of *long ago*, an angel, sighing,
The lives of nations, and of men did write;
Their blood-stained fields, their martyred heroes dying,
Their broken altars, and their reign of night.

Not strange, the angel, from its golden pinions
Shook earth's dark dust, and soared to brighter spheres;
Not strange its tidings, from earth's dark dominions,
Less oft were heard in gladness, than in tears!
One hundred years! how few of hearts, unbroken,
That saw their light, and with their suns went down!
How few of hopes, then born, that left a token,
That life had conquered victory, or death a crown

Again, the angel, with a brighter pluming,
Descends, as dew upon a thirsting world;
And barren deserts smile, as gardens blooming,
And Freedom's banner is to man unfurled.
Not to the east where Freedom's sons were lying
Entombed by despots, in their country's grave
But with its sister sun, the angel, flying,
The *Promised Land* seeks on the western wave.

There hills and dales, with life and love are blooming,
Where once was hidden nature's solitude;
Where night, as queen, with silence sat communing,
And bashful stars the murky darkness wooed;
There stranger nations coalesce, o'erflowing,
The land where once but nature's *wild man* trod;
There stranger tongues together blend, upgoing,
In thanks and praise, for liberty, to God!

Land of the peerless mountain, lake and river—
Where *all* God's sons and daughters *dare be free*!
Where man hath covenant with God, forever,
That there shall be the *home of Liberty*!
There Freedom's hosts are heart to heart replying,
And echo gives the seas and mountains voice;
May Freedom's echoes, to the nations flying,
Rouse all earth's slumbering millions, to rejoice!

ARGUING WITH A POKER AND HAMMER.

SHOWING THE DANGER OF TOO MUCH ZEAL IN RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

A fearful tragedy commands my pen as I sit down to write this letter. On the banks of the Hudson river, in the midst of a Christian community, and just before Christmas last, the herald of peace and good will, a bloody drama was performed. Above the village of Kingston and below the Saugerties, on the western bank of this goodly river, is a region of country known as Flatbush. Two Christian churches, the one Reformed Dutch, the other Methodist Episcopal, flourish in this rural district.

Mr. and Mrs. Rittie had reached middle age; he the sexton of the Reformed church, she an active member of the Methodist church. However well they may have agreed on other matters, they were bound to differ on questions of faith and practice that distinguish the two communities, one Calvinistic, the other Arminian. How much either knew about doctrine is not stated. Both were very much set in their way. Arguments were frequent and earnest. Words however made no very deep impression. The more they argued the more thoroughly convinced they were of the soundness and scripturalness of their respective opinions. Such a result is not unusual. John Knox and John Wesley could not have been more decided in their religious beliefs. It grew worse and worse. Breath was spent in vain. It generally is when disputants are warm, and this man and wife waxed warm, even in winter, when they

fought the fight of faiths. It was not a good fight. And it is quite likely that the man usually got the worst of the argument. Certainly he worried the most over it, as would not have been the case had he been the victor in the war of words.

Coming home from a hard day's work, he was invited by his loving spouse to go in the evening to the prayer meeting which her church people were holding, within half a mile of their own dwelling. To this kind invitation he replied, "No, Sarah, I am too tired to walk so far to-night; let's go to Swart's," a near neighbor. To which she answered, "No, if you can't go to prayer meeting with me, I am not going to Swart's with you." This she said in a sharp tone. It is affirmed of her that she had a "tongue in her head." People generally have; and so far as my knowledge of natural history extends, husbands have tongues in their heads as well as wives; yet it is more frequently remarked of women than of men, that they are gifted with this unruly member. They certainly do not enjoy a monopoly of it, though their skill in its use may give them the advantage in linguistic discussion. Being unable to convince the head of the house that it was his duty to go to prayer meeting with her, she went without him. We have no report of the part she took in the prayer meeting, but, being an active, energetic sister, who had walked half a mile to the place, and was considerably excited when she started, it is probable that she exercised her gift of tongue according to her ability and opportunity. She returned home, and Martin, her husband, was yet at the neighbor's, visiting his friends. She might have called there and walked home with him, but such was not her disposition. She retired to their apartments, shut the door, locked it and fastened him out. What business had he to go out visiting while she was at prayer meeting; she would teach him a thing or two.

In due time he came home, but the door was shut. He could get into the hall, but not into the room. He knocked and called but the devout woman was deaf and dumb now. The Calvinist was discomfited. If she had argued with him through the key-hole, it is quite likely he would have given up a point or two of his tenets, for the sake of an armistice. But she scorned to take advantage of his embarrassment and he made his way to the only refuge, a miserable garret, where, without bed or fire, he passed a bitterly cold night, in darkness, silence and solitude. He nursed his wrath, and that may have helped to keep him warm. Down stairs he came in the morning, and the scene that ensued when this loving pair met at the fireside, is inferred from the lines and marks left upon their respective heads. The heads of arguments seem to have been these. She went for him and began to argue with a poker, giving him a blow over the left cheek bone; and making so deep an impression that the argument was found to fit exactly into the place for which it was intended. He replied with a hammer. Whether he studied up this subject in the midnight meditations of the garret and came down prepared for this new mode of answering her, does not appear, but he was ready with the hammer and smote her on the head therewith, until he supposed he had finished her. Then suddenly a great horror came on him, as the neighbors rushed in and found him standing over the body of his wife. He stepped into the chamber from which she had barred him, and on the bed put an end to his own life with a razor.

That is a little drama, in a rural village, in humble cottage life, this winter. But it is, in miniature, what has filled cities, and lands, and the world with violence, woe and blood. We are but learning now the principles of toleration, the duty and beauty of letting people have their own way of thinking and believing, if they cannot be converted to a better way by reason and love. I have compared notes on the subject with friends of late, and we agree in this: that the older we grow, the more clearly, intelligently and firmly we hold those opinions we have had from youth upwards, and the more cheerfully willing we are that others should hold opinions opposed to ours. The importance of controversial theology and of contending earnestly for the faith is not questioned: but the folly of *arguing* with an opponent, disputing with men or women about their religious belief, and emphatically getting excited about it, is so clear to me now, that the tongue seems almost as dangerous a weapon as a poker or a hammer. Reason has far less to do with the guidance of human opinions than we

are apt to admit. Education, feeling, example, prejudice, self-interest, any one of these has more power with many persons than logic. The parent who lives a godly life and by the sweetness of his Christian spirit, his habitual kindness to companion, children, servants and friends, illustrates the power of the faith he professes, will more surely convince his household of the truthfulness of his religious opinions, than he will by hammering their heads, or arguing at the table with every guest who does not believe as he does. Train children in the doctrines and duties of the gospel, rising up early and teaching them, show their power in a holy and happy life, patience in trials, energy in useful work, and hope in the worst of times, and be sure that children will not depart from the faith of their fathers.

It is time to lay aside the poker and the hammer, the spear and the sword; to hang the trumpet in the hall and study war no more. The world's great conqueror is the Prince of Peace. I cannot convince my neighbors that they are wrong, but I will love them, if they love Him who loves us both. Let us live and let live. And so much the more as we see the day approaching when there shall be neither Greek nor Jew, neither Barbarian nor Scythian: for Christ is all in all.—*Irenæus, in the New York Observer.*

DOES IT PAY?

We commend these "Socratic" arguments to every reader of the *Advocate*, especially to every voter:

Does it pay to have fifty workmen poor and ragged in order to have one saloon keeper dressed in broadcloth and flush in money?

Does it pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another sells him liquor?

Does it pay to hang one citizen because another got him drunk?

Does it pay to have a dozen intelligent young men turned into thieves and vagabonds that one may lead a lazy life by "selling them rum"?

Does it pay to receive \$15 for rum license, and then pay \$20,000 for trying a man for murder, induced by the rum sold him?

Does it pay to have a thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled, turned into hells of misery, strife and want, that some wholesale rum-seller may build up a large fortune?

Does it pay to have twenty mothers and their children dressing in rags, live in hovels, daily famish, that one rum-seller's wife and children may live in ease and affluence?

Does it pay to have hundreds of thousands of men and women in almshouses, penitentiaries and hospitals, and thousands more in the asylum for the idiotic and insane, that a few heavy capitalists of the whiskey ring may profit by such atrocity?

Does it pay to tolerate a traffic which breeds crime, poverty, agony, idleness, shame and death, wherever it is allowed?

If these things are carefully considered by every voter in the community, then it behooves us all to organize! Organize! Be not fanatical, but firm; be not bigoted, but bold. Proclaim your principles everywhere. Show your colors, and stand, by them. It only needs organization to make the Temperance movement felt in every community throughout the land, and be ultimately victorious.

Organize! Restore the drunkard to himself, his business, family, friends. Put fire on his cold hearth, food on his bare table, clothing on his ragged, neglected children, peace in the heart of his wife; give nerve to his arm, joy to his toil by day, and repose to his mind by night.

All this is possible, if Temperance men will act in concert. Temperance men, organize! More are for you than against you. Mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, nearly all true women's hearts are with you. Destroy the yoke of alcoholic despotism.—*New Jersey Good Templar.*

If only sinless people throw stones at the erring, the casualties will be few.

The best cosmetics are air, sunshine and cheerfulness.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1876.



A VETERAN'S LETTER.

It is our joy to have our editorial columns graced with a communication from a veteran in the cause of God and humanity. Here are words from afar; words of truth and soberness. Here is peace theoretical, peace experimental and peace practical.

Hilo, Hawaii, Jan 5, 1876.

REV. H. C. DUNHAM, Sec'y Am. Peace Society,

My Beloved Brother:—A tender, sad joy comes over me this morning. I have just read in *The Congregationalist*, that our dearly beloved brother and efficient Secretary of the American Peace Society, has left our planet and soared to fairer realms.

I am sad and I weep for what, to us, seems a great and heavy loss to the sacred cause of peace, to which he was so fully consecrated, and for which the "God of love and peace" had so richly endowed him. His mathematical, legal and logical mind gave him an honorable place among the statesmen and princes of the world. His good sense, his discretion, his burning zeal, his tireless patience, his fervid eloquence, and above all, his bright example of Christian love, gave him a high place in the confidence and sympathy of enlightened evangelical Christians, both in Europe and America. Can his place be filled? Has it already been? Doubtless it can be, and I trust it has been ere this, for "nothing is impossible with God."

"Is anything too hard for me?" saith the Lord. Thus truth is cheering, and it is a joy-inspiring fact that God's infinitely wise, holy and gracious government is a government of compensations, so we may be sure that, to all who trust and love Him, there can be no loss. That wherever he takes away he is sure to return an equivalent, and no suffering, sorrow, bereavement or apparent loss, shall fail of its compensating good. We may therefore have joy in our sadness, and like Paul and his associates, be "exceeding joyful in all our tribulations."

We may be thankful that the "all-wise God, our Father," has called his faithful toiler home to rest, that He has taken him to a land where all is light and life, that He has exalted him to a higher sphere of activity, that He has introduced him into a world where all is purity and peace, where the strife of tongues, the raging passions of pride and selfishness, of envy and jealousy, of slander and intrigue, of hatred and wrath, of malice and revenge are unknown; where the thunder and rage of war are never heard, where the bloody agonies of the battlefield are never witnessed, where slaughtered thousands with garments soaked in blood, are never seen, and where the bewildering glitter of arms and the loud shouts of honor bestowed upon those most skilled in human butchery, are unknown.

Will not the light of heaven reveal the beauty of peace and

love and holiness, and forever silence the clarion blast of fame and honor for deeds of slaughter and blood?

We do most sincerely rejoice in the progress of peace principles on earth. These principles are true and right and safe and of unmeasured importance. But their working is calm and quiet, without blast of bugle or trumpet or carnal demonstration. ("The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.") Silent as the light, mighty as gravitation, true as the magnetic needle, constant as the roll of planets and suns, or as the sweep of cycles, these principles are revealing the Hand that rules them, and as God's kingdom is righteousness and peace, the true principles of peace men and peace societies will yet prevail over ignorance, prejudice, pride, malice, and all the haughty pomp and display of war and rule the world.

Nor can I see how any man who studies and understands the true nature of the gospel and the object for which it was sent into the world, and who really desires its fullest success, can ignore peace organizations, cavil at their measures, or refuse the voice of cheer and the helping hand in this painful struggle against the mad demon of war.

If we have weaknesses we need the help of the strong. If we are ignorant and foolish, we need and ask the wisdom of the wise. If our arguments are unsound and illogical, let their fallacies be pointed out in the spirit of love and earnest desire that the truth may be seen and prevail; but we pray in the name of the great Prince of Peace, that none of the messengers of this Prince, the leaders of his "Sacramental Host," or his armor bearers, or any of the "rank and file" of this chosen army may withhold their sympathy, their prayers, their counsels and their help, that in all Christendom there may be no city or province on which shall rest the bitter curse of Meroz, "because its inhabitants came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Like intemperance, Sabbath-profanation, slavery, paganism, ignorance, poverty, degradation and every form of human depravity, wretchedness, want and woe—evils which call out the deepest and tenderest sympathies and the united efforts of the good and godlike, so let this gigantic evil, this monster of crime and blood of fiery ruin, of desolation and mourning and woe, this "old serpent," which invaded Eden, the first earthly abode of peace and love; this fierce dragon, blood-red, that has pursued our race down through the ages and still gloats in human carnage; this fiery demon, war, be met and vanquished by the united power of "God's elect," under the banner and the leadership of Him who is Zion's King, and who proclaims "Peace on earth, good will to man."

"How long shall we see the standard and hear the sound of the trumpet?" How long shall the terrors of war afflict the nations? How long shall the cry of "destruction and desolation" be heard? When shall the earth rest from strife and turmoil and blood? When shall the wings of peace and love cover all nations? When shall the banner of our Prince wave round the world? When shall "the mountains rejoice and the hills be glad" before our coming Lord? When shall "the trees of the wood sing out, the fields be joyful and the floods clap their hands and lift up their voice"?

Surely not until man is willing to put up his sword into its sheath, accept the simple and righteous rules of peaceful arbitration, and "learn war no more;" and the sooner all the dear followers of Jesus fall in and learn to "fight it out on this line," the better; our weapons are "not carnal," but they are "mighty through God." All we want is decision and unity.

Let every Christian enroll himself honestly, intelligently and faithfully in this service, and the victory is sure at no distant day; the noise of war would soon die in the distance and the record of its horrors would be but the obsolete history of the past.

I have ordered the house of Castle & Co., my financial agents in Honolulu, to remit to the American Peace Society, fifty dollars on my account, as a trifling token of my earnest love for the much neglected cause in which they are engaged.

I am always glad to see the *Advocate of Peace* with its attendant *Angel*. The paper is full of interest, and it has been greatly enriched by a record of the travels and earnest labors of the lamented Dr. Miles in Europe and the United States.

Ever and faithfully your friend and brother in the cause of righteousness and peace,
TITUS COAN.

LETTER FROM FREDERIC PASSY, PARIS, ON THE DEATH OF DR. MILES.

(Translation.)

Neuilly-on-Seine, Dec. 10, 1875.

DEAR AND RESPECTED FRIEND:—I have learned, only two days ago, through a word addressed to one of my relatives, the very unexpected news of the death of our dear and excellent friend, Mr. J. B. Miles. This news was given without any details, so that we knew not whether your and our friend had succumbed in Europe or America, or whether or not he was in the bosom of his family. We could not even help retaining the hope that this sad message would be contradicted, although for some time, I must say, some of us were uneasy at not hearing anything more of our dear Secretary and apostle, and at not having any answer to the letters which we had addressed to him. I had then written to Henry Richard for some details, if he was able to give any; but this very morning, and before the reply of Mr. Richard, which reached me this evening, and only confirms the rest, I received from America two journals, the *New York Tribune* and the *New London Telegram*, of the 18th and 22d of November, in which I read a letter from you recalling the services of our friend, and an account of his funeral.

There is then no further doubt possible. This noble soul has left us, and this ardent and indefatigable worker for the good of man will be with us no more to labor in the defence of the sacred cause which was so dear to him. I cannot help fearing, I could not conceal it from you, that the fatigues he endured during the last three years, the labors he accomplished, and, more than all the rest, perhaps, the difficulties of every kind against which he had to contend, may really have been the cause of this premature end.

As robust as was his constitution, it must have suffered from the excessive efforts and from the incessant tension of energy which he continually imposed upon himself. And strong as was his faith, it could not have prevented him from suffering cruelly from obstacles, opposition, and, shall I say, injustice which he encountered too often in his path. Nothing, certainly, could stop him, for he was irresistibly impelled forward by the desire that possessed him; but this intense desire could not save him from the bitterness of feeling alike the insufficiency of resources and the opposition or the defects of men. And how often, in moments of intimacy, when my heart sought to sound his own, have I not seen him profoundly overburdened, although always ready to go forward, speak and act, under physical exhaustion as well as under mental sadness.

He made, I believe, sacrifices for the work with which he was identified, such as more than once he was not able, and, I shall feel, he ought not to have done, when preoccupied with anxiety in regard to the actual and future condition of his family. And this solicitude, to render it more poignant, blended with that which necessarily came upon him from his work when he felt arrested in it, or threatened to be so.

I can well believe that these preoccupations, which in a certain measure have been spared ourselves, weighed heavily upon

that heart so good, so affectionate, so profoundly and strongly attached to his amiable and charming family.

You are, our very dear veteran, the man of faith, *par excellence*, whose ardor illuminated and sustained him; you ought to have received more fully than others, the confidence of those secret griefs which dissimulated themselves before the eyes of the great number under that appearance of good humor and candid optimism for which some were tempted to rally him. Speak to us then of him; tell us what he succeeded in doing, what he realized and proposed, what he thought and what he hoped, and also, what he believed he had to comfort him, or perhaps to complain of; how death struck him down, and in what circumstances, God, whom he had served so well, called him to himself.

In whatever circumstances, his sentiments were always generous and pure, and I do not know that I ever met with a soul more beautiful and more "*limpid*,"—it seems to me that is the only word that well renders my impression,—than that of the man in so admirable an unfolding.

Tell us also,—I say us, for he was a friend to all my family, who loved him as if it had been his own,—tell us, dear Mr. Burritt, in what state of mind, of health and of fortune, also, this sudden departure leaves Mrs. Miles and her two children. Many bereavements had already tried them since I knew them; and when on her last voyage to Europe, Mrs. Miles was sad and felt her health shaken in consequence of what they had sacrificed to the great cause; and I ask myself with fear what Mr. Miles was able to leave to his wife and children. If, what I do not know, Mrs. Miles has personal property sufficient to save her from maternal anxieties.

In this case even, is there not something to be done for them? Have all those great and generous spirits, of whom Miles was the representative, the delegate and organ in a certain degree beyond the sea; have all those merchants, those magistrates, professors, juriconsuls, statesmen and philanthropists, in whose name he came to Europe, and who, thanks to his intrepid faith and to the energetic initiative of Mr. D. Dudley Field, have laid the foundations of the International Association for the Reform of the Law of Nations; has all this elite of American society sufficiently paid its debt to him in laying upon his coffin magnificent crowns of flowers and touching emblems of regret? Has it not a more durable homage to render him in the person of those he leaves behind him; and would it not really be worthy of it to adopt as it were, in the name of the peace army of the friends of Justice and Reason, the widow and children of that valiant soldier, fallen more truly and more freely than others, on the veritable field of honor?

Doubtless by the time when you receive this letter, this thought will not only have been put forth but realized. But if, contrary to my expectation, it has not been, permit me, my dear friend, to recommend it earnestly to your sympathetic heart. Permit me to beg you, to whom age and a long career of devotion to the cause give such incontestable and universal authority, permit me to urge you to take in hand this matter, and to give it your advocacy. England honored itself in what it did for Cobden living; America will do honor to itself for what it shall do for Miles dead. England, in laying down at the feet of Cobden the product of its voluntary subscriptions, has consecrated and consolidated an accomplished triumph. America, in bringing its offering to the tomb of Miles, will hasten the hour of the victory which he was only able to prepare. She will strike minds; she will recall attention to the cause in calling it to the man; she will testify impressively before the world to the importance which she attaches to this mission, not always regarded seriously even by thoughtful men themselves, and she will perhaps incite in more than one country sympathetic manifestations which shall have their value. In any case she will have done her duty.

* * * * *

Adieu, then, dear and generous citizen of the world, and believe me in the narrow limits of this land, and I hope, in the larger kingdom of the heavenly country beyond and above where we shall meet again our missing friends.

Yours ever,

FREDERIC PASSY.

To Elihu Burritt, New Britain, Conn.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. David Richardson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, recently sent the following article to the *London Herald of Peace*.

The buildings of the United States International Exhibition, at Philadelphia, are being pushed rapidly forward, and there is now little doubt that it will fully equal any of its predecessors.

These International Exhibitions have, from the first in 1851, all had among their aims, the promotion of international amity. The last, at Vienna, was as pronounced in this respect as any of the earlier ones, as the following extract from the opening address to the Emperor of Austria will show :

"In this solemn hour your majesty confers the highest consecration upon an undertaking, the noble destiny of which is to show of what the human mind, the human species and art in every zone are capable of achieving; that progress may become common property, and be fostered and furthered by the co-operation of all, by the rivalry of inventions and dexterity, and the blessings of peace amongst all nations."

Other official documents of the same tenor might be quoted. Nevertheless, with this sincere anxiety to promote durable international peace, the Government of the Vienna Exhibition, as well as others, gave diplomas and medals for the best made arms and for improvements in the arts of war. And they permitted the big lie motto, *Pacem si vis bellum para*, to be placed in big letters over a stand of arms in the principal dome of the Exhibition. Little wonder that International Exhibitions do not seem to have had much influence for peace!

In the prospectus of this American Exhibition, the object of the promotion of peace is not so prominently put forward. In their first advertisement they merely say :

"The Exhibition is to be international and universal—international, inasmuch as all nations will be invited to participate in it, and universal, because it will include all natural and artificial products, all arts, industries and manufactures, and all the varied results of human skill, thought and imagination."

This may of course include "black" arts as well as useful ones, condemned arts, as well as arts of peace, but it is to be hoped that the people of the United States will show themselves wiser than Governments in Europe, and that on this occasion they will not exhibit to the world a repetition of the foolish spectacle, of their laboring to advance civilization, while at the same time they encourage and reward one of her worst foes—the art of war!

The City of Philadelphia is about to erect a better statue of Penn than it has hitherto possessed, and they do well; but it will be a noble and fitting tribute to his memory, if they will on this same occasion declare that in the State and City of his founding—in 1876—in this Exhibition—the art of war shall not be admitted to competition, and from their hands shall receive no encouragement, they well knowing that it is an art condemned, and that it is vain to expect that it will ever cease to be practised, so long as it is taught and rewarded.

THE LIMITS OF INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

At the international meeting of jurists and other gentlemen, assembled at the Hague, in September, much interest was excited by the reading of a paper, with the above title, from the pen of Mr. Henry Richard, M. P. By special desire, it was printed in the *Law Magazine and Review*, the organ of "the Association for the Reform and Codification of International Law." It is now further issued, in a separate form, as a pamphlet, by the Peace Society, London.

The experienced author concedes at the outset that there may be some cases of disputes to which arbitration cannot be applied; or that, in other words, it is not an infallible panacea for all international difficulties. But he goes on to show that such exceptions are far fewer than is generally supposed, and that, if only taken at the commencement of difficulties, arbitration is eminently adapted for the practical solution of most quarrels that arise between nations.

In reply to the *Times*, which has objected to the proposal "to calm an infuriated nation with the technicalities of International Law," as a chimerical attempt, Mr. Richard observes that his proposal is to prevent them from becoming infuriated, by taking the very beginnings of their strifes into the keeping of law and justice. He gives a similar answer to those who scornfully ask if the great conquerors, who have been aiming at the dominion of the world, would have submitted their pretensions to arbitration. He replies, "I dare say not. But you may as well try to show that courts of law are useless, or inefficient, because Rob Roy and Robin Hood and Jack Sheppard would have refused to submit their pretensions to prey on society, to their authority. The answer is, that in communities where laws are properly established, the very existence of such men would be impossible."

The essay dwells, appropriately, on the fact that arbitration is an *alternative* for war, and that the comparatively slight disadvantages occasionally attendant on it, must be weighed against the awful results certainly accompanying that *other* alternative. From this point of view, rare indeed must be the circumstances, in which rulers or statesmen, with any claim whatever to wisdom, can plead the unsuitability of the better way advocated by Mr. Richard.—*London Herald of Peace*.

ENGLAND IN THE EAST.

It would be a cause of the highest gratification if we could solace ourselves with the reflection that the peaceful conditions of all the nations of the earth in their external affairs were the result of an enlightened Christian policy, or even of a well-grounded conviction among the sovereigns and managing statesmen that war is destructive to the highest human interests. But, if peace prevails over all the earth at present, it is not because the war-like spirit has died out, or that any more harmonious and kindly feelings prevail than was the case a hundred years ago, when all the nations were at war. There has been no disbanding of armies nor dismantling of navies. Russia, Germany and France each keeps up a military and well-trained force of a million of men; and England is armed at all points, for she has more points to be defended than any other nation. But science has so greatly improved and modified all the methods of warfare that all nations are reduced to the necessity of keeping on their good behavior, because they know the hopelessness and cost of an encounter with a rival. The only danger of a war now is the trouble caused by the Eastern nations, which have not yet fully learned their own weakness nor the strength of the Western nations.

England maintains her rule in India solely by her intellectual superiority, by means of her universities and scholars, as much as by her ships and soldiers; and when it shall come to be well understood that the best educated people are always the most powerful, then the great struggle will be for enlightenment and the motive for sanguinary battles will be destroyed.

This is the actual condition of affairs in Europe at the present time, and, if it were not for the perils growing out of the still unsettled "Eastern question," there would be little probability of another European war. But Russia and England have conflicting claims in the east, and, as the Crimean struggle grew out of them, there is now an impending danger of another fierce encounter taking place in China, from the same cause. There is evidently a very uneasy feeling in England at the present time in relation to the Chinese Government, owing to the hesitation of the Celestial authorities to punish the murderers of a British subject, named Margary, in the province of Yunnan. The Celestials cannot afford to do anything upon the compulsion of a foreign power; but they are well convinced, too, that they cannot afford to provoke a power like that of England, which has more than once made them feel its crushing strength. They resist, however, to the last, and will make no reparation while they can avoid it. But England cannot tamper nor delay where any Eastern nation is concerned. Any hesitation to punish an infraction of a treaty would be regarded as indicating weakness, and the consequences might be another rebellion in India and a war with China and Burmah, which might tempt Russia to improve the opportunity for extending her boundaries in the East. Judging from the tone of the British journals in their discussions of

this affair, there is evidently a very serious apprehension of trouble, the extent of which could not be foreseen if hostilities were once commenced. But it is to be hoped that the Chinese officials have learned enough, from their former attempts to deny justice to the United States and Great Britain, not to provoke another war, which might prove vastly more damaging than any they have heretofore been engaged in. England feels the necessity of maintaining peace, even at the cost of keeping a great navy and a great army in constant preparation for an emergency; and the sending out to India of the heir to the throne, so as to impress the native princes with a proper sense of the dignity and magnificence of the power he represents, is intended as a measure of peace, and it may be much cheaper than any military demonstration could be. The Prince of Wales is not likely to dazzle the eyes of Indian chiefs by his personal appearance; but the brilliant surroundings of his followers and the gifts he may lavish upon the potentates he visits may have the effect of filling them with a desire to be on amicable terms with his people. It will be a mistake, however, to let them discover the motive of his visit. If he should betray too much earnestness for peace, it might and doubtless would be considered by them a sufficient reason for going to war.

In spite, however, of the "cloud in the far East," it does not appear that there is any serious cause for alarm. Ignorant and superstitious and warlike as the Eastern tribes may be, there is intelligence enough among them to cause a wholesome dread to be entertained of an encounter with any of the Christian nations of the West. The real conditions on which the peace of the world now depend are the intellectual improvement and scientific education which the leading nations enjoy and which are not likely to be diminished.—*Independent*.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON'S PROCLAMATION.

Frenchmen:—For the first time in five years you are called upon to participate in a general election. Five years ago you desired order and peace, and at the price of the most cruel sacrifices, and after the greatest trials, you obtained them. You still desire order and peace. The Senators and Deputies you are about to elect must co-operate with the President of the Republic to maintain them. We must apply with common accord and sincerity the constitutional laws, the revision whereof I alone, until 1880, have the right to propose. After so much agitation, discord, and misfortune, repose is necessary for the country, and I think her institutions ought not to be revised before they are honestly tried, but to try them as the salvation of France requires, it is indispensable that the conservative and truly liberal policy which I always intended to pursue, should prevail. To uphold it, I appeal for union among those who place the defence of social order, respect for law, and patriotic devotion above their recollections, aspirations or party engagement. I invite them to rally around my government. It is necessary that the sacred rights which survive all governmental changes and the legitimate interests which every Administration is bound to protect, should enjoy a full security under a strong and respective government. It is necessary not only to disarm those who might disturb security now, but to discourage those who threaten its future by the propagation of anti-social and revolutionary doctrines. France knows that I neither sought nor desired the power I am invested with; but she may rely upon my exercising it without weakness. In order to fulfil to the end the mission intrusted to me I hope God will aid me, and that the support of the nation will not fail me.

M. MACMAHON,

President of the French Republic.

Countersigned,

BUFFET, *Vice-President of the Council.*

GERMANY AND DISARMAMENT.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 24th, contains the following important and cheering announcement:—

Our Berlin correspondent, writing on the 21st inst., says: Shortly before the adjournment of the Reichstag the question was raised of a gradual European disarmament. Dr. Albert Fiechhoff, a prominent member of the Austrian House of

Representatives, occupied himself with the subject last autumn at the meeting of the Delegations of Austria and Hungary, proposing to hold an annual international Conference of eminent Deputies of all countries, whose first task should be the endeavor to reduce the heavy burden of standing armies. After this project had been privately communicated to the Italian Parliament and the French National Assembly, in both of which bodies the idea was much approved of, it was finally laid by Baron Ducker before the members of the German Parliament. Nearly fifty deputies of all parties, about a sixth of the whole House, immediately declared their willingness, to take part in such meetings, and to use their influence towards the realization of the project. It is not intended to propose the dissolution of all standing armies, but merely to reduce the number of soldiers at present under arms, which in proportion to the productive powers of the several countries has attained a fearful height. Respecting the execution of the project, it is reported that the first conference of European deputies to be held next year will be asked to designate the quota of the Continental standing armies to be reduced, and that the members will engage to move in the next session of their respective national Parliaments the following resolution: "The House expects with confidence that the Government will shortly declare to all Continental powers, or at least to all the Great Powers on the Continent, their readiness to reduce their standing army by the quota arranged by the Conference, in case the respective Powers do the same." This motion, it is hoped, will give the first impulse to the Governments for opening diplomatic negotiations on the subject.

IOWA PEACE SOCIETY.

The State Peace Society convened in special session, at Senate Chamber, this city, last evening, (January 20) with a goodly representation of members, and many visitors in attendance.

President Dugdale, of Mt. Pleasant, called the meeting to order and invited the Vice-Presidents to seats upon the platform, after which a committee to prepare resolutions was appointed.

A few moments were spent in silent prayer followed by a vocal supplication by President Magoun of Grinnell College.

The President then read a paper of some length and much interest, upon the origin and progress of the Society, the work it is accomplishing, and the wide field of labor open before it.

The President of Iowa College, Dr. Magoun, was then introduced and made the leading speech of the evening. The following resolution, which was afterward adopted, was the subject of his remarks:

Resolved, That this Society has noted with lively interest and entire satisfaction the united efforts of different classes of intelligent and public spirited persons in various countries of Christendom not heretofore accustomed to act together to mitigate the horrors of war, diminish occasions for its occurrence, and prevent it altogether, especially as exhibited in schools of international law and the Association for the Codification of the Law of Nations, and gratefully recognizes these new movements as signs of hearty and hopeful progress in the great cause of peace, and marks of the gracious favor of Divine Providence.

Letters were read from Elihu Burritt and Rev. H. C. Dunham, Secretary of the American Peace Society.

New Britain, Conn., Jan. 12, 1876.

MR. JOSEPH A. DUGDALE,

My Dear Sir:—I am glad to hear that the friends of Peace are to hold a convention in Iowa, that so many influential men of the State are expected to be present, and to take part in its deliberations. I wish that their example might be followed by the friends of Peace in other States; for there never was a more urgent occasion or motive for making their voice heard by the entire nation than at the present moment. It is a fact that ought to startle the people of this country, that, with all our boasted enlightenment and progress in civilization; with 3000 miles of sea between us and the nearest European Power, our armed Peace establishments have grown at a more rapid rate than those of any other nation in Christendom. In 1854 the cost of the army and navy was \$22,500,000; in 1874 it had

increased to \$73,000,000, or at the rate of more than 300 per cent. in 20 years! What other country can show such a growth as this in its "peace establishments"? Can the tax-laden masses of our land be made to realize the meaning of these figures to them? What illustrations will press the lessons of these facts home upon their minds? Will this comparison help them to do it? During the two hottest years of the last war with Great Britain, the cost of our army and navy was \$28,000,000 or but little more than one-third their cost in 1874, a single year of peace! And this preposterous system threatens to fasten its rule of burden upon this country forever! It grows by what it feeds upon, like the daughter of the horse-leech and it will find blood enough for its appetite as long as the nation will give to it, its best veins to suck. It mocks at all that God and nature are doing for the peace and brotherhood of nations. It ignores religion, commerce and all the socializing agencies, tendencies and influences of Christian civilization present and to come. It counts all these as if pre-subsidized auxiliaries to its everlasting rule. It grasps all the future in its greed. In spite and in mockery of the sublime court of arbitration at Geneva and its award, it grows, and threatens to grow forever with the growth of this nation, to proportion its burden only to the patient capacity to bear it on the part of the people.

See what a *stupendous* incongruity our Government is preparing for this very Centennial year of universal brotherhood! See how this armed peace vampire is putting out its fangs and feelers to grasp these coming months of International fellowship, host-hood and guest-hood! Can the industrial masses of this country translate these statistical figures just announced by our Government for the first year of our new century of national life? Here is its new point of departure. There is its inauguration of the better future to which the laboring masses, and all the other millions of the country are hopefully looking as "those who watch for the morning." For army and navy for the year ending June 30th, 1877, \$61,000,000; or \$11,000,000 more than they demanded for the costliest year of the war with Mexico! Now then I earnestly hope that your convention will address itself with honest courage to the consideration of these facts, that it will utter a voice that the people of other States shall hear, that shall bring them face to face with the question, shall the sword devour forever? Shall the nation carry this horseleech at its bluest veins, into the new century to waste and defile its years of hope? It is for the people it has so long bled to say. If they would say no then let them arise and shake off the vampire, as St. Paul did the viper that fastened on his hand.

Yours sincerely,

ELIHU BURRITT.

Office of the American Peace Society,

Boston, Jan. 17, 1876.

MR. JOSEPH A. DUGDALE,

Esteemed Friend:—The American Peace Society sends its cordial greetings to the friends convened at your special meeting on the 20th inst. International arbitration is gaining a position, not only of importance but of *moral force*—disarmament is, to-day, *the cry of the millions in Europe*. America, in the great Centennial year, should stand before the nations, *the peace maker*. May God bless your gathering. May God bless all friends of our noble cause, and hasten the day of *permanent and universal peace*. Yours truly,

H. C. DUNHAM,

Senator Woolson, on behalf of the Committee on Resolutions, made a report, which was accepted.

The Constitution of the Society was then circulated for signatures, and while other business was in progress, one hundred and three new names were thus obtained.

The following resolutions reported by the Committee on Resolutions, were then adopted:

Resolved, 1. That the Iowa Peace Society, assembled at the city of Des Moines in special session in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol of Iowa, believe the age in which we live is pervaded with the advancing and accumulating spirit of truth, which is progressing with steady steps over the nations of the earth.

2. That our distinctive idea is the banishment of the bar-

barous custom of war, and at the earliest possible period, to have a World's Parliament constituted by the civilized nations of the earth, to whom the disputations of States and Nations may be referred, and thus supersede effusion of blood on the battle-field.

3. That the sensible and practicable method of overthrowing a widespread evil is by the change of public opinion so as to make such opinion utterly opposed to a continuance of such evil, and that such change, either in individuals or in nations—aggregates of individuals—cannot be effected by fraud, violence or hatred.

4. That in no country on the earth can the government run counter to the opinions and feelings of the majority and be permanently maintained; that our efforts should be to mould public opinion by reason and love, powers more potent than the bayonet, the shell or the cannon ball.

5. That we cordially approve of the sentiments and efforts of the late Congress at the Hague, and hail it as one of the glad signs of the times.

6. That we reaffirm our former expressed opinion that standing armies are standing reproaches, and should be discontinued by the powers of the earth at the earliest possible moment; that they are an onerous tax upon the laboring classes, and that compulsory military drills in our colleges and institutes of learning are to be deplored as fostering the war spirit.

Senator Woolson introduced the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the letters received and read in this Convention from our distinguished countrymen, Elihu Burritt; Alfred Love, President of the Peace Union of Philadelphia; H. C. Dunham, on behalf of the American Peace Society of Boston, and President Burns, be spread upon our record and published with our proceedings.

The following, presented by the President, was adopted:

Resolved, That, having on our roll of membership the names of generals, majors, captains, privates, and chaplains of the volunteer force in the late war of the rebellion, we respectfully submit to them the propriety of responding to the call of the President of the Peace Union to furnish implements of warfare to be placed on the anvil at the Centennial Peace Forge.

On motion of Dr. Magoun, the following was adopted:

Resolved, That this State Peace Society has heard with pain and sorrow of the recent death, in the midst of his days and services, of the Secretary of the American Peace Society, the Rev. James B. Miles, D.D., of Boston. He died in full strength, when his intelligent interest in the cause of peace, his wise zeal, his peculiar Christian spirit, his apt and skilful address, promised to make his future discharge of his duties at home and abroad still more eminently useful.

On motion a committee of five, of which President Dugdale should be chairman, was appointed to represent the Society at the forthcoming Philadelphia Peace Convention. The remaining members of the committee chosen were Laurie Tatum, of Cedar county; Dr. Magoun of Iowa county; Rev. Francis Ward, Johnson county; and Senator Jessup, of Hardin county.

Mrs. Laurie Tatum, on motion, was elected a member of the Executive Committee, in place of Joel Been, of Cedar county, lately removed from the State.

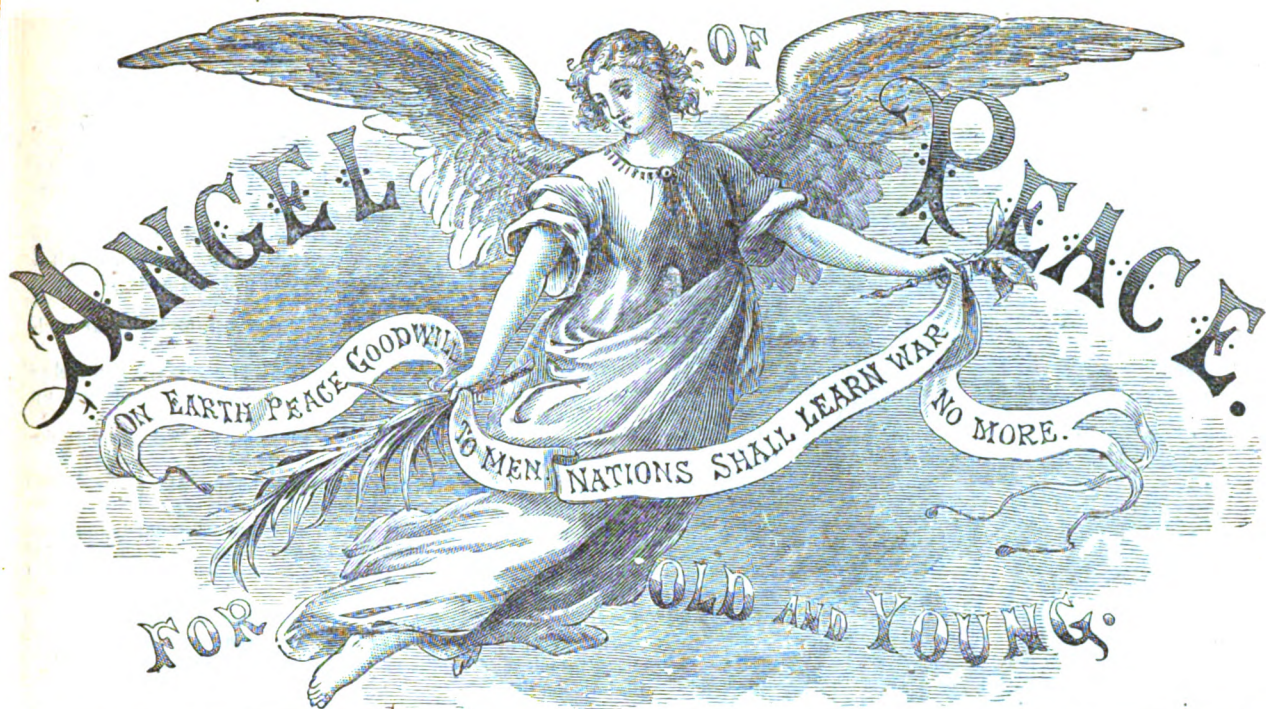
Dr. Magoun presented the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Society has learned at this meeting with unusual pleasure of the proposition of Austria to other European powers for an International Commission to consider the feasibility and proper methods of securing a proportionate disarmament of the great powers of Europe.

The Society was then favored with interesting addresses by Rev. Francis Ward, agent of the American Peace Society for Iowa; Mrs. Laurie Tatum; Senator Jessup; Mr. J. M. Finkbone, of Iowa City, and others.

Resolutions of thanks were returned to the President and the other speakers for their eloquent addresses, and to Senator Woolson, for soliciting, and the Senate for granting the use of the Senate hall for the Society, after which the Society adjourned *sine die*.—Des Moines Daily Register.

Treat your enemies as if they would some time or other be your friends.



TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed;
One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said,
"I will climb by and by from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling; their locks are turned gray;
One as a governor sitteth to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I longed to implant in your thought;
Answer me this, and my story is done,
Which of the two would you be, little one?

GOOD FOR EVIL.

"Oh! mamma, it is so hard to be good!" exclaimed little Jessie Gray, "I have tried, and tried, and can't succeed. I will perhaps be good for a whole day, but before I go to bed I must do something to spoil it all. Now yesterday, I did nothing wrong all day, until after school, when Agnes Barnard said, 'Jessie Gray feels awful big, just because she hasn't whispered in school to-day; but I am as good as she is, any way, and she needn't turn up her nose at me!' Now, mamma, I didn't feel big; but I was feeling so happy to think I had been good all day. I was walking along and not speaking to any one, and that made her think that I was stuck up. Of course, it made me angry to hear her say so, and I called her 'an ugly, mean liar,' and told her to 'mind her own business, and let me

alone.' I felt sorry for it afterwards, and this morning asked her to forgive me; but she made fun of me and said, 'So you are getting pious, are you?' I did not answer her, but I had many hard feelings toward her; but I have forgiven her now and I want to do something for her. Can you think of anything, mamma?"

"I can think of nothing at present," replied her mother, "but perhaps something will turn up before long."

The next day there was a large frosted cake put in Jessie's lunch basket. Jessie did not see it until recess, when she sat down to eat her luncheon. Agnes Barnard, passing at the moment, spied the cake, and exclaimed, "Oh! what a lovely cake; give me a piece." Jessie was about to say, "No, I won't; you can get your own cakes if you want them."

But suddenly remembering that she must return good for evil, she said, "Yes, Agnes, I will give you some." And she broke off the larger portion of the cake, and handed it to her. Agnes took it without a word of thanks, and ate it greedily; but Jessie felt quite as happy as if she had thanked her, for she knew she had acted rightly, and a good deed always brings its own reward.

Jessie kept on trying, in small things as well as great ones, and ere long she felt that she was one of God's little ones. She is now trying to help others as well as herself to walk in the good way.—*Young Pilgrim.*

CHIP AND CHIPPER.

Chip and Chipper were two Boston sparrows. They lived in a little red house in one of the elms on the Common. They only lodged there, though; they took their meals out. The other morning they flew down into Tremont street, hopped along until they came to Mason street, and turned in there to look for dinner. Presently they found a good big crumb; both saw it at once, and seized it together, Chip at one side, and Chipper at the other.

Just then I came along, and found them tugging away at that one crumb, each determined to get it. Whether it was for fear of me, or for shame at being found doing wrong, I do not say, but one of them dropped his side of the crumb, and left the other to fly away with it.

Birds should not quarrel for their rights, any more than boys or girls. Did you ever know two boys, or two girls, or a boy and a girl to seize a book or a plaything both at once, and to pull away at it, each determined to make the other let go? Shame!



AN OLD CHILD MADE YOUNG AGAIN.

The widow Denison was strong and hopeful, and not very sensitive. She could work sixteen hours a day on her machine and not feel weary; and she wondered why Mary—who inherited her father's delicate constitution and natural refinement did not sing at her work! The girl was eleven years old, and did nearly all the housekeeping.

Mary was very fond of reading and study. But since she had taken her from school, the mother looked on books and papers as thieves, that were stealing her time from her work. While her sick father lived, he used to say, "Try to sit down with your book and rest awhile, Mary dear;" but when he was gone, the only cry she heard was, "Come, come Mary! hurry up there, so as to sew the buttons on to all these overalls before night."

Mrs. Denison meant to be kind, but this was her nature. She would have sat up all night to earn bread for her children; but if she had failed, she would have "bound them out" without very much grief.

During the second winter of her widowhood, the price of provisions rose and her work failed. She only said, "We shall live somehow! I never heard of anybody in this town dying of starvation. I'll trust good luck till spring comes."

But little Mary wanted to know how they were to live; and she lay awake many hours contriving in some way to fill the flour-barrel and coal bin. She wanted a surer and more satisfying support than "good luck;" but no one had led her to the Friend of the fatherless.

Mary had been a great favorite at school, and her little friends did not forget her now in her trouble.

On Christmas evening, two of them slipped in by the back gate to see her. But only the mother was there.

"Mary is sick," she replied, in answer to a question. "She takes all the care of everything and everybody on her mind; and I do believe she's fretted herself into a fever, and that'll make a great deal of trouble for me, now that I haven't any work. You may go up and see her if you want to; you won't hinder her for she isn't doing anything now."

"Mary," said one of her little friends, taking her hot hand,

"we've brought you a little present. We're having a Christmas tree, and a fair, and everything nice at our house, and we felt so sorry you couldn't be there."

"I'm glad you're having a nice time," said Mary, as she opened the box her little friend placed in her hand. "O, earrings! But I don't wear such things, you know. They wouldn't match with my old dress and hat! But I'll keep them to remember you by as long as I live. It seems as if I am too old to have such things, even if I had good clothes."

"Why, Mary, how old are you?"

"Almost twelve: that seems so old, and the last year such a long, long one!" she replied with a sigh.

"Isn't there anything in the world that can make you feel as young as you did when we used to go into the woods and up the mountain after school?" asked the sweet little girl.

"O, yes, in the world; but I can't have all there is in the world, you know."

"What would make you young and happy, Mary?" said the little girl who had not spoken before.

"I think to see your father, and get some medicine from him, Cassie, would make me happier than anything to-night. What in the world will become of mother and the little boys if I'm going to have a fever?"

"You shan't have a fever," said Cassie, with the air of one who might hold life and death in her hand. "I'll bring papa; and he never lets folks be sick any time, if they only send for him soon enough."

Cassie ran home with a mournful story, and said, "Now, mamma, and all the girls, don't you think the best thing we can do with our charity fund, that we made at our little 'fair,' will be to make Mary again young with it?"

"Yes, my dear,—yes, O yes, yes!" came from half a dozen voices. "Papa shall find out what will make her young, and we will supply what you cannot," said her mother.

"Say, mamma, won't our fund buy a ton of coal?" asked Cassie.

"Yes, my dear, and more than that," was the reply.

When the doctor sat down beside Mary, he said with a smile, "I hear you have grown very old since you used to play 'baby-house' with the girls in my harness room."

Mary smiled a poor, faint, tired little smile, and said, "Yes, sir, I have; and this last year seems ten years long! I have so much to worry about, and no one to tell it to. I can't trouble mother with it all."

"Poor child, you shall not worry," said the kind gentleman. "Is there anything in the world that would make you feel young to-night?"

"I suppose there is, sir."

"Then tell me what it is. If a fairy god-mother should come and ask you what you wanted most, what would you say? Say the same to me," said the kind doctor.

What do you suppose Mary asked for? A silk dress, fine books, nicer things to eat? No, she hung her weary little head, and replied, "I suppose, sir, I should choose a ton of coal and a barrel of flour; anybody would feel rich that had all that. And still that wouldn't quite comfort me."

"Wouldn't you ask for anything else?"

"Yes, sir; I should ask work for mother, and a chance to go back to school again for myself."

"Well, Mary, there's a tiny little god-mother with flaxen hair at my house, that can give you all that. Now take this medicine; and I think by next Monday, you will be able to begin school again. But remember, dear child, that you have a Friend greater than all others, the Father of the fatherless. Call on Him in all your troubles. You can talk to Him."

The coal and the flour, with tea, coffee, butter, sugar, and ten dollars for shoes came the next day. A note came with them, saying that Mary must go to school, and that work would be sent to Mrs. Denison from families in the neighborhood, for which she would get more money than the overalls brought her.

And then the dear child said to her mother, "I had just been asking God to help us when Cassie and Belle came in last night."

In a very short time the life came back into Mary's blue eyes, and the lines we call "wrinkles" faded out from her brow. She was a child again.

Wasn't Cassie's a very easy way to change a little careworn old woman into a happy child again? Who cannot get their friends to do the same for some little old child?

O, fathers and mothers, whose hearts are running over with love for the careless-hearted little ones God has given you; you who have more of happiness and gold than you need "day by day," look abroad, and see the anxious young faces pinched by want, and grown old before their time. Ask God to make them young again, and to let you be His instrument in doing it. Then shall your full cup overflow; and the vision of little ones that have renewed their youth shall smile on you in your dreams; and they who have regained their childhood shall help you heavenward by their blessings and their prayers.

YANKEE BOYS.

"I saw specimens of four types of Yankee boys in as many minutes," said an English gentleman, who was visiting in Boston. "I was looking for the residence of a friend, and holding the address in my hand, I asked a stout fellow who came along, with his cap drawn over his eyes, 'Can you tell me where B Street is, my boy?'"

"'Dunno,' he growled out savagely, and passed on. I've no doubt he did know for he was carrying a dinner to some one in the neighborhood, and looked as if he was kith and kin to the soil and cobble stones about him. That was the surly Yankee boy.

"Whistling as merrily as a lark, his hat on one ear, and his pants tucked into his boots, a boy came towards me, of whom I asked the same question. The fellow looked up, and with a glance took in my size, my dress, my nationality, my profession, and almost my name!

"'Yes, gov'nor,' he replied, with a quizzical look; 'follow your nose, and you'll be there afore you know it.' This was 'Young America;' and as he passed on, I heard him mutter, 'A Johnny Bull clargy! What a 'at!'"

"I next stopped a finely dressed boy, and asked him to direct me.

"'B Street! It's three or four or five streets beyond. Any boy there will tell you;' and he passed without looking at me. As I did not know which way 'beyond' was, his reply did not help me much. This was the civil boy—barely civil.

"I next stepped in front of a plainly dressed lad, with books and a lunch box,—I had found this the only way of stopping a Yankee boy. When I asked him the question, he lifted his cap, and turned and walked a few steps with me. 'Pass up this street three blocks, sir, till you come to that large tree before a drug store. The street which crosses this at that point is B street.'

"This was the little Yankee gentleman, although he had no sealskin cap or gloves like the boy I addressed just before.

"If I had dared, I should have offered him an English crown; but there was a nobility in his manner which told me he would resent the offer."

Here is a lesson to profit by. The reception a stranger meets from boys in the street helps to form his estimate of a nation; and no Yankee boy would like his countrymen to be regarded as rude and selfish bores, who have neither respect nor kindly feeling for the stranger within their gates.

A BIBLE STORY.

AN ENEMY OVERCOME BY KINDNESS.

There was once in the land of Israel, a young man, of whom the king was very jealous; so much so, that he hated him, and endeavored to destroy his life. But the young man fled from him, and concealed himself in the woods and mountains, so that he could not be found. After some time his place of retreat was discovered, and the king was informed of it. Then he took three thousand chosen men out of his army, and went to seek for him. The place to which he was directed was very rough and mountainous, so that the king was soon fatigued with climbing about the rocks, and searching from cliff to cliff for the hiding place of the enemy. By and by he came to a large cave, and being weary and exhausted, he went in to lie down, little thinking that the man he was seeking after, was

concealed in the sides of the same cave. It was not long before the king and his men were all wrapped in a sound sleep; so sound and quiet, that the young man ventured to come out a little from his secret retreat, and look about him. And when he came near, and found the whole army asleep, and saw that they were all completely in his power, he began to consider what he should do.

It was first suggested to him that now was the time to take vengeance on his enemies, and rid himself of those who had been so long seeking his life. He would only have to raise his spear, and thrust it through the king's heart, and there would be an end to his trouble. But, though grievously beset, and hunted like a dog in the mountains, he would not do that. He was a pious, conscientious young man, and was afraid to disobey the commandment of the Lord, by taking away the life of the king. He preferred the approbation of God and his conscience, to the pleasure of gratifying his own private feelings at the time, or even securing, by improper means, the safety of his own life. So he went silently and cautiously up to the king, and cut off the skirt of his garment, and went his way. By and by, when the king awoke, and came out of the cave the young man followed him, and cried out after him, holding up the skirt of his robe, and telling him all that was done in the cave. He talked with him a great while, and told him how cruel and unreasonable it was to pursue and hurt him, in this way. He bore no ill will towards the king, as he had just proved, by suffering him to escape with his life, when he was perfectly in his power, and he could have done what he pleased with him. He told him also the principle on which he acted, and declared to the king, that although God would defend him, and avenge his cause in due time, yet he should never raise his hand against him, because he was the Lord's anointed, or the man whom God had appointed to be king over Israel.

When the king saw and heard this, he was greatly affected, even to tears. He was convinced at once that he was wrong, in indulging such feelings of bitter enmity towards one who had never done or wished him any harm. He was ashamed of himself, and sorry for what he had done, and he freely confessed his folly and wickedness, and applauded the forbearance of his supposed enemy, in sparing his life, when the Lord delivered him into his hands. Then they made a covenant, or agreement with each other, the king promising to go peaceably home, and cease forever from persecuting one who had shown such a kind and forgiving spirit towards him.

A BIRD'S PETITION.

The following unique petition was received at the clerk's office of the Board of Supervisors at San Francisco recently and was presented to the Board that night:

"To the Honorable Board of Supervisors.

"We, the denizens of the air, address our plaintive prayer. For our sake and the sakes of hundreds of gentle comrades who, in their brief span of life, gladdened, amid the weighty cares of your position oftentimes, your hearts with their sweet warblings and tender ways, but who now alas! lie mouldering on the ground, we, the mourning survivors beg with bleeding hearts that you, in your pity for us, make stern laws and have them sternly enforced; for with their dreadful slung shots the wicked school-boys make our lives full of endless cares and anxiety; they frighten and worry our gentle mates, daily drop from our midst our beloved brethren, and leave us to weep our bitter tears over the untimely end of our fellow creatures and our own uncertain future. Feeling certain that this humble petition will meet your tender and careful consideration, we place ourselves under your gracious protection, and with hope once more will blend our voices on high in glad bursts of gratitude. In behalf of all our feathered tribe, we sign ourselves respectfully, the committee, Misses Chirpie, Sparrow, California Canary, Humming Bird."

Are all our friends awake and doing their best to spread the *Angel of Peace* among the millions this Centennial year?



THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

Into her chamber went
A little child one day,
And by a chair she knelt,
And th'is began to pray :
"Jesus, my eyes I close,
Thy form I cannot see ;
If thou art near me, Lord,
I pray Thee, speak to me."
A still, small voice she heard within her soul,
"What is it, child? I hear thee ; tell me all."

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,
"That Thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart,
And ever be my friend.
The path of life is dark,
I would not go astray ;
O, let me have Thy hand
To lead me in the way."
"Fear not, I will not leave thee, child, alone."
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away ;
The aged soon *must* die,
And even children may.
O, let my parents live
Till I a woman grow ;
For if they die, what can
A little orphan do?"
"Fear not, my child, whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee, and I'll bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
Forth passed she with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord,
His hand in mine I felt ;
And O, I heard Him say,
As by my chair I knelt—
"Fear not, my child, whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee, till I bring thee home."

ORIGIN OF INTEMPERANCE.

The evil of intemperance, though at present a great and alarming one, is in this country of comparatively recent origin. Previous to our revolutionary war, the use of distilled alcohol as an article of common drink, was almost entirely unknown. The hardships and consequent sufferings of the soldiers at that period first induced Congress to furnish them with the poisonous drink, under the fatal error that it was beneficial. Prob-

bly the frequent use of the article as a medicine, which the peculiar situation of the soldiers rendered necessary, first led to its use as a drink. The habits thus formed were carried by the soldiers, on the dissolution of the army, into private life; and often, as they recounted the thrilling scenes of war, they pledged each other in this insidious poison. The citizen could not do less than comply with the generous custom. And when

The broken soldier kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds ; or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won,

the rules of hospitality demanded that the appetite which had been formed in the camp should be gratified in the parlor ; and that the host should not be backward in honoring a custom so intimately identified with all the associations of glory and of patriotism. The children, too, looked on. They saw the important social office which this custom exercised. They saw that it was *manly* to drink, and that he who put the cup to his neighbor's lip, though God denounced him, was extolled by the world. The force of example, as it ever will, prevailed over the dictates of reason ; and the rising generation became willing slaves to this most cruel bondage.

INEXPENSIVE CHARITY.

" Ah, Ned ! what a wicked world this is, and what monsters men are ! " said Moolly, the cow, to the donkey.

Ned pricked up his ears and looked for an explanation. Ah, my friend ! Can you believe it? Instead of feeding innocently on grass and thistles as you and I do, they kill creatures like us and eat our flesh. I saw the butcher with his cart full of what the monsters call meat, going the round of the village this very morning. Ned ! can you go on grazing ? " she demanded, angrily, as the donkey resumed his bite at a thistle.

" Well," said Ned, " it's very cruel—very, and I'm sorry people do it ; but, as you justly observe, it is a wicked world, and I suppose people have got into the way of doing it, and can't get out of it. Man is but imperfect, and it's hard to break through old habits."

His air was so philosophical it greatly provoked Moolly. " I'll tell you what, Ned ; you are mighty wise and charitable, but when the knife comes to your throat, you'll have another mind."

" Ah—but you see—they don't eat donkeys ! " replied Ned.

Two boys going home one day found a box in the road, and disputed who was the finder. They fought a whole afternoon without coming to a decision. At last they agreed to divide the contents equally ; but, on opening the box, lo, and behold ! it was empty. Few wars have been more profitable than this to the parties concerned.

Say what is right, and let others say what they please : you are responsible for only one tongue.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

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A WORD TO OUR PATRONS.

FRIENDS OF PEACE:—The *Advocate*, the official organ of the American Peace Society, has, for many years, been an ably conducted journal. It has received commendations from the press, secular and religious, and from the leading minds of this and other lands. Its aim has been to keep up square with the times on this greatest reform of the age—the abolition of war and the reign of permanent and universal peace. There will be no falling off in the excellence and value of our peace publications. It is our purpose, however, to give the *Advocate* more elasticity, by inserting brief and pungent articles on our favorite and kindred reforms, making it more miscellaneous and readable and thereby more welcome to your homes and hearts. Some of us have walked the paths of peace together for many years. The memories of Worcester, Ladd and Beckwith are fragrant with us. May God bless the old friends of our holy cause and give peace to them along the evening of life. We have some new and valued friends and would welcome a host of others. Let none forsake (till God bids) the white banner, but let each vie with the other to bear it on to universal triumph. May your eyes see the victories of the "Prince of Peace."

H. C. D.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

ANOTHER MOVEMENT FOR SETTLEMENT OF DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN NATIONS WITHOUT WAR—A PETITION TO CONGRESS.

The history of the following movement is briefly this. The Rev. L. R. Eastman, who, for thirty-five years has been a member of the American Peace Society and long associated with the Rev. Drs. Beckwith, Stow, Copp and Parker, on the Executive Committee, having secured the services of Dr Miles as successor to the lamented Beckwith, ceased his official connection with the society. It was understood by Mr. Eastman that Dr. Miles study up the case in both Europe and America, and act as the judgment of himself and friends should dictate, and how well Dr. Miles has done his work an approving world will bear testimony—while, in the meantime he, Mr. Eastman, over date of January, 1873, sent a petition

to Congress, which was presented to the Senate by Senator Wilson, Vice-President-elect, for a Joint High Commission from among the nations, who might codify international law, arrange both for the settlement of difficulties without war and the gradual disarmament of nations. This met with the approval of Dr. Miles. Similar petitions were sent over his sole signature by Mr. Eastman in 1874 and 1875, and presented by Senator Boutwell to the Senate. The present year Mr. Eastman has prepared a stronger petition, which has just been presented by the Hon. Rufus S. Frost to the House of Representatives. To Mr. Eastman's own signature have been added some eighty well-known representative names. Among them are such names as Edward G. Tileston and C. J. Bishop, Esqrs.; Andrew Pollard, D. D.; R. H. Neale, D. D.; Selah R. Treat, and Rufus Ellis, D. D.; A. A. Miner, D. D.; William S. Clark, LL. D., President of Massachusetts Agricultural College; William A. Stearns, D. D., LL. D., President of Amherst College; Ebenezer Snell, LL. D.; the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, Messrs. Seth E. Pecker & Co., J. D. Richard & Sons, Jacob P. Palmer, Nathan Crowell, Abraham Avery and others equally prominent in their several departments of business. Sustained by such men, it is believed the petition will command the attention of Congress. Three plans have been proposed for securing peace among nations. First, Rome has been visited, and it is understood there are those who claim that the Pope with his associates is competent to settle all disputes. Second, there are those who favor a permanent international tribunal. Third, the plan presented in Mr. Eastman's petition. It is made as a centennial offering, bearing date June 17, 1875. What topic more worthy of our nation's attention, asks the petitioner, than "Let us have peace"? The petition is as follows:

To the Honorable the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America to be assembled in Congress at Washington, D. C., A. D. 1875-6:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States of America, conscious of the need which many of our fellow-citizens have of rules universally known and accepted whereby to regulate our intercourse with persons of other nations; conscious of the disastrous effects of war upon life, property and the pursuit of happiness; cheered by the result of the Geneva arbitration, the signs of the times and Scripture prophecies, most humbly pray:

That your honorable bodies will take such measures as will best secure a temporary Joint High Commission composed of one or more delegates from as many of the nations as may see fit to unite; who shall meet together, eliminate, codify and present to their respective governments for revision and adoption, a code of rules whereby to regulate intercourse, public and private, among the nations uniting. We would also further pray your honorable bodies to take such measures as will either, through the aforesaid High Commission, or otherwise, secure a system whereby treaties among the governments uniting may be stipulated, that all difficulties which cannot otherwise be arranged may be settled by arbitration by bodies called for the specific purpose, as at Geneva, agreeably to the principles, precedents, rules and practices which shall, from time to time, have attained among the nations. Their decision, approved by the referring nations, shall be final. Your petitioners would further pray that the aforesaid code having been adopted and treaties established, there may be a gradual disarmament of the nations as fast as the world's safety will allow, and thus make it unnecessary for men to learn war any more.

Trusting to your superior wisdom and skill under the Divine guidance, we submit the above as our humble petition.

LUCIUS R. EASTMAN,

And eighty-four others.

Boston, June 17, 1875.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

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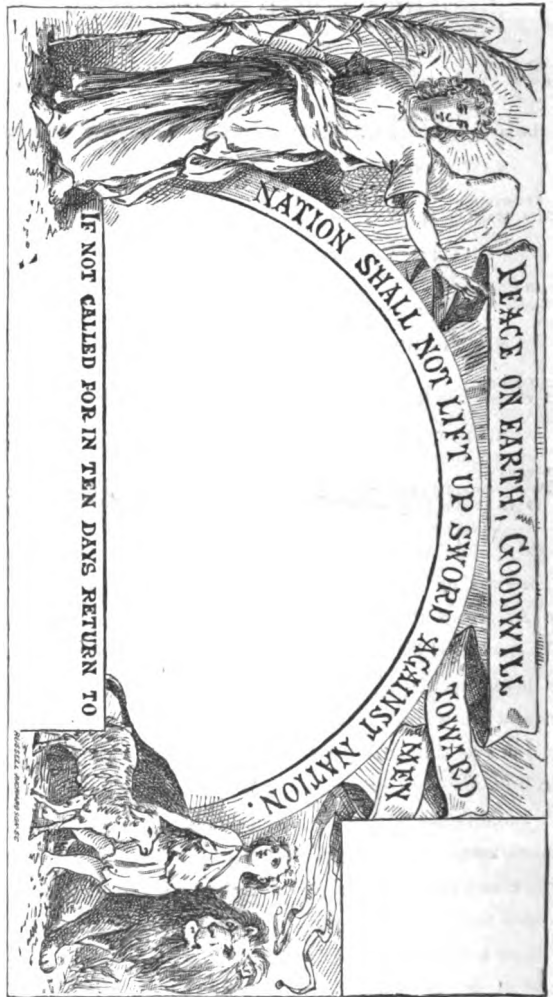
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ESTABLISHED }
JUNE, 1837. }

BOSTON, MARCH AND APRIL, 1876.

NEW SERIES.
VOL. VII. NOS. 3 & 4.

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The Advocate is sent gratuitously to the reading rooms of Colleges and Theological Seminaries—to Young Men's Christian Associations—to every pastor who preaches on the Cause of Peace and takes a collection for it. Also, to prominent individuals, both ministers and laymen, with the hope that they will become subscribers or donors, and induce others to become such. To subscribers it is sent until a request to discontinuance is received with the payment of all arrearages.

We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for the *Advocate of Peace*, who are earnestly invited to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

SPECIAL NOTE TO OUR PATRONS.

With this issue of the *ADVOCATE* we combine the March and April numbers; our next number will appear May 1st. We are happy to learn that our peace publications are read with interest and profit, and most earnestly desire that the friends of peace, for their love of the holy cause, will remit to us, without delay, such sums as will in the aggregate enable us to pay our bills promptly and diffuse our pure literature over the land. Millions go for war, but little is devoted to peace. Friends, these things ought not so to be. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

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BOSTON, MARCH AND APRIL, 1876.

VOL. VII. Nos. 3 & 4.

A BUNDLE OF CONTRADICTIONS.

[A NEIGHBORHOOD TALK, AS REPORTED BY MR. CODDING.]

BY MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

"Not many years ago," said Dr. Crosbie, "a certain famous regiment visited Boston. They remained over Sunday and held religious services in one of the city churches, their own chaplain preaching the sermon and conducting the usual exercises. I recollect that the incongruity of the affair struck me quite forcibly."

"Yes," said Betty Prince; "one immediately begins to imagine those drilled warriors listening to the 'Sermon on the Mount.'"

"And to wonder," said Emily, "what text the preacher would select to preach from. Would it be 'Love your enemies,' or 'Bless them that despitefully use you,' or 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' or 'Not only seven but seventy times seven,' or 'Peace on earth, good will to men'?"

"Well, now," said my Aunt Sarah, "suppose they were fighters. We don't stop preachin' to people because they live contrary to the Bible. Bad folks are the very ones that need to hear preachin'."

"It seems to me," said Emily, "that the point of difference is just here. Bad folks—as, for instance, the selfish, the vain, the unjust, the deceitful, the ill-tempered—are sorry for or, at any rate, ashamed of their bad traits. Nobody exults in possessing them. Incidents glorifying them are not set to rhyme and committed to memory by school children. The sentiment of the community is against them. It is all very well for a preacher who believes in truth to preach truth to an audience who believes in truth; but it is hardly the thing for a preacher who believes in fighting to preach love and peace to a churchful of professional fighters, who glory in their profession, which profession is honored by the Church and by the community in general."

"His sermon would be a curious one," said Dr. Crosbie, "if it enforced the special duties of his hearers and also the spirit of Christ's teachings."

"Yes," said Betty Prince, "it would need to be a combination sermon: a sort of half-and-half mixture of friendliness and strife."

"His intermingled exhortations," said the Doctor, "might be imagined to go on somewhat after this fashion: 'My dear Christian soldiers, Christianity excels all other religions, because it brings the gospel of peace and good will to men. No other religion is based on precepts so ennobling. It teaches forbearance, long suffering and forgiveness of injuries, even unto seventy times seven. Should any slight be offered to our nation or encroachment made upon its rights, you will, I trust, be eager to avenge the same by killing any of the inhabitants of the offending country who may show fight and by injuring it in all honorable ways. Its fighters are your enemies. They, probably, as well as yourselves, are believers in the meek and lowly Jesus, and will work as zealously for your destruction as you for theirs. Such efforts are praiseworthy; and to encourage them Science has lent her powerful aid. The art of slaughter has progressed side by side with Christianity and civilization, so that in cases where once only hundreds were slain, as in the barbaric ages, thousands can now be destroyed. A large bombshell has been invented, which in bursting scatters smaller ones in every direction. The effect is most satisfactory. The old Jewish teachings were an eye for an eye and

a tooth for a tooth; but Christ said: 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' 'Love your enemies.' 'Bless those that despitefully use you.' How touching! How elevating! 'Love your enemies.' Sublime sentiment! Should your duties ever bring you into collision with a heathen nation, avail yourselves of every opportunity of gaining converts to a religion whose teachings are so heavenly. Sharp shooting is excellent practice. Being skilful in this, you will be able to kill one of the enemy at every shot; or, if not killed, he may at least be knocked down and trampled upon.'"

"Oh! a minister wouldn't preach like that," cried my Aunt Sarah.

"No," said Betty Prince; "because he would be careful to choose subjects far away from the special interests of his hearers—as, for instance, the wickedness of the Jews and their unbelief in Christ."

"It is very well to talk," said Uncle John. "Anybody can run down anything. I'd like to have fighting done away with myself; but what bothers me is to see how we're going to get along without it."

"Just as individuals and neighborhoods get along without it," said Doctor Crosbie—"by appealing to law. We must have a permanently organized system of national arbitration."

"But how shall we get it?" asked Betty. "Common folks like us can't do much in such a great matter."

"Luckily it does not rest on our shoulders," said Doctor Crosbie, turning the leaves of his pamphlet. "The subject has been brought before the British Parliament more than once, and there have been three world's conventions held in Europe for the purpose of discussing it. Our own government looks favorably upon it and six important countries have declared in its favor. President Grant says: 'The world is becoming civilized and learning there is a better way to settle difficulties than by fighting.' Charles Sumner said: 'There is no question so supremely practical.'"

"Talk! talk! Nothing but talk!" said Uncle John. "It can't be done. I'll set my foot down on that, and I'll tell you why. The world isn't good enough. When the world is good enough there won't be any fighting. We shall be in the Millennium."

"It seems to me," said Emily, "that the establishment of a International Tribunal would proceed from wisdom, rather than from goodness. Courts of justice are plenty among us, yet there are no signs of the immediate coming of the Millennium. It is not generally understood that men must become good before they go to law. They go to law because it is a more agreeable, more convenient and more civilized way of settling disputes than the old way of fighting."

"Looking back to see how the world has already progressed in this respect," said Doctor Crosbie, "gives hopes for the future."

"I see by these pamphlets," I remarked, "that societies are being formed, petitions being presented to governments, and the good work going on gloriously. One meeting resolves that 'the tendencies of public opinion call for a new and earnest consideration of the usages and laws of nations, especially in regard to war.' We require, it seems, not only arbitration, but a 'High Court of Justice,' a tribunal that shall represent and dispense law—law in its dignity, impartiality and universality.' 'Nations stand related to each other in their rights and powers and obligations as individuals stand in their

private relations.' 'To secure harmonious and pleasant social intercourse it is often simply necessary that the rights and duties of citizens be clearly defined by the law. . . . The same is true in the commonwealth of nations.'"

"This National Tribunal must come in the natural course of things," said Dr. Crosbie. "Years ago hand-to-hand fighting was held in excellent repute. Think of the knights in armor who used to roam about the country seeking wrongs to avenge! As civilization progressed, this individual fighting gave place to the judicial combat, which was conducted according to certain laws and in the presence of legally-appointed judges. Then came private wars, in which baron fought baron, and chieftain fought chieftain, and clan fought clan, and province fought province. We don't have this sort of thing now."

"You will find something about all this in Mr. Richards' speech, toward the first part," said Mr. Sampson, producing a green-colored pamphlet, entitled "The Gradual Triumph of Law over Brute Force. A Historic Retrospect."

"Mr. Richards says here," said Doctor Crosbie, looking over the "first part," "that as those old barbarous methods of settling disputes gave way before the progress of civilization the idea of a commonwealth began to be realized—that is, a society of men fully reclaimed from what is called a state of Nature and organized into a civilized community, acknowledging the supremacy of law and submitting to its decisions. . . . In the course of time the domain of law has been continually enlarging and banishing brute force further and further back in an ever-widening circle."

"It is plain, then," I remarked, "that the substitution of national arbitration for national warfare is only an increased widening of the circle—only taking one step further in the path we have been following."

"This is the way the Rev. Dr. Lawrence expresses it," said Doctor Crosbie. "He says, speaking of this one step further, that it is 'the completing idea, reached by a law of progress as real in the moral world as that of growth by air and sunlight in the vegetable.'"

"And another writer," continued Emily, "says: 'The time has come, or, at least, is now near when there shall be an organization for the peace of the world; . . . when nations shall organize for the same purposes that villages and towns do now; and when it shall be as unlawful for a nation to let loose its avaricious and vindictive desires in the community of nations without their leave as it is for a man to let loose his personal passions in the midst of civilized men without law and without the leave of a magistrate.'"

THE CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things went on thus for nearly a year; but the Quaker, a man of decidedly peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. Matters, however, were drawing to a crisis, for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his corn field, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the fiendish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so; and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man whom he had recently employed, heard

the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes, Dood, considerably excited, and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he had shot and wounded a buck; that the herd had attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

This story was credited by all but the newly-employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and, from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and, going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through the head, from which the warm blood was still oozing. The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been. "I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort. Watt paled for a moment; but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted, "do you dare to say I killed her?" "How do you know she is dead?" replied the man. Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house. A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly. A few words of explanation ensued, when with a heavy heart, the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages, but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains. One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down to breakfast, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds, and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair. "And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked Obadiah. "I put her in the farm-yard." "Did thee beat her?" "I never struck her a blow." "Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating, I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse, and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did. "Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps, and seated himself in a chair. "All well, I believe," was the reply. "I have a small affair to settle with thee this morning, and I came rather early." "So I suppose," growled Watt. "This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal." "And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening. "What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah. "I'd shot her!" retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are even now. Heifer for filly is only 'tit for tat.'" "Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly, but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil to my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked, "What was your filly worth?" "A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah. "Wait a moment!" and Dood rushed into the house, whence he soon returned holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly; and hereafter let there be a pleasantness between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse, and rode home with a lighter heart; and from that day to this Dood has been as good a neighbor as one could wish to have, being completely reformed by the RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.—*Cincinnati Paper.*

Don Carlos has fled into France and the Carlist war may be regarded as ended. The Carlist troops are surrendering unconditionally.

THE DYING SOLDIERS.

Two soldiers lying as they fell
Upon the reddened clay—
In daytime, foes ; at night, in peace,
Breathing their lives away !
Brave hearts had stirred each manly breast,
Fate only made them foes ;
And lying, dying, side by side,
A softened feeling rose.

" Our time is short," one faint voice said ;
" To-day we've done our best
On different sides ; what matters now ?
To-morrow we shall rest !
Life lies behind. I might not care
For only my own sake ;
But far away are other hearts,
That this day's work will break.

Among New Hampshire's snowy hills,
There pray for me to-night,
A woman, and a little girl
With hair like golden light ! "
And at the thought, broke forth, at last
The cry of anguish wild,
That would not longer be repressed—
" O God ! my wife ! my child ! "

" And," said the other dying man,
" Across the Georgia plain,
There watch and wait for me loved ones
I ne'er shall see again ;
A little girl, with dark, bright eyes,
Each day waits at the door ;
Her father's step, her father's kiss,
Will never greet her more.

To-day we sought each other's lives ;
Death levels all that now ;
For soon before God's mercy-seat,
Together we shall bow.
Forgive each other while we may ;
Life's but a weary game,
And right or wrong, the morning sun
Will find us, dead, the same."

The dying lips the pardon breathe ;
The dying hands entwine ;
The last ray fades, and over all
The stars from heaven shine ;
And the little girl with golden hair,
And one with dark eyes bright,
On Hampshire's hills, and Georgia's plain,
Were fatherless that night.

THE REHABILITATION OF EGYPT.

England's purchase of the Suez canal stock has attracted anew the attention of the world to Egypt, that ancient middle land, the half-way station of commerce between the East and the West. The purchase was a victory without a battle. Gold is the armor by which England, of late years, wins her victories and marches on to empire in the oldest east. Great Britain has two empires in the Indian Ocean, and to suppose that she will permanently allow a foreign power to control her shortest and most direct route to them, is to forget the history and genius of that remarkable people. England will say of this " narrow neck of land," as Frederick did of Silesia, " I want it, I will have it, I have got it and shall keep it." The fate of Egypt and of the whole African continent, of which it is the key, is a question of only a little time. The enormous shadow of the Briton, is already projected across the whole land.

We may very properly cast a glance at the changes in progress in that ancient and honorable land. Her history is distinguished by the most remarkable contrasts. From the most honorable of kingdoms she descended to become the most base

—from being the crown and glory, enjoying the highest material prosperity, the most advanced civilization, artistic splendor and military renown, to be displaced from her exaltation " above the nations," and to become " the basest of kingdoms." The primary cause of this downward record, of this national depreciation and demoralization is to be found in her type of civilization. That type was materialistic, of the earth earthy, and hence incapable like a spiritual system of conducting a people upward in a scale of intellectual and moral perfection. Rooted in the materialistic, the nation found an inward check and hindrance to all efforts at advance. The seeds of decay were enclosed in their very growth. The very exuberance of their civilization seemed to render decline and decomposition more certain and swift. The country has passed under the sway of different dynasties—native and foreign, Egyptian, Persian, Grecian, Roman, Saracen, Turkish—and under each the tendency of the machine has been to run down.

But after running through these various courses, Egypt to-day begins to show signs of recuperation. For a thousand years lying prostrate under the prophetic curse, she begins to arise and to emerge from under the shadow of evil, and to assert her right to a place among the nations. That she is to become an independent nation we may not well believe. Not only prophecy, but the facts of history and the position of the nations on the theatre of the world, forbid it. This, however, will not preclude the return of prosperity. The shadow of the Turk, and even that of Mohammedanism, may decline and disappear from Egypt ; but that of England is projected forward to take its place. England signifies order, liberty, intelligence and good government, which will prove an invaluable blessing to Egypt which has been harassed and depressed for two thousand years. To be elevated will be a boon to Egypt even if it be by foreign ideas, by foreign labor, and by foreign power.

The latest improvement is in the establishment of the French system of jurisprudence, as an international court and code. Hitherto, the people of each nation have been heard in lesser matters by their respective consuls and in greater, by consular courts composed of the consular representatives of nations in relations with Egypt. In those courts justice was slow and uncertain. To remedy the matter, these new courts are introduced. The system of France is adopted as, on the whole, better suited to the condition and wants of those who may appeal to it for aid and justice.

With returning prosperity at home the Khedive is intent on the enlargement of his empire towards the south. The enlargement has come mostly by his efforts to suppress the slave trade of the interior. Expeditions have been sent through the whole Nile basin, and a new interior empire has thus been reclaimed. The latest expedition has just successfully explored and appropriated Kordofan, a dry, and yet as is found, a productive section to the west of the upper Nile valley, on the outskirts of the Great Sahara — *Zion's Herald*.

The Government of Bavaria has recently begun to enforce an obsolete law relating to duelling, which promises to break up the practice in that kingdom, now a part of the German Empire. The old laws of the country recognize in duels only a sort of suicide, and condemn the persons killed in them to all the penalties attaching to suicidal acts. One of these consists in the denial to the defunct of the rights of burial. Recently a certain Count was killed in a duel, near Munich, by an officer of the royal army. The body of the deceased Count was taken from the hands of the relations and friends who were about to perform the funeral rights and handed over to the dissecting room of the Munich Hospital. Great efforts have been made to secure the remains from this ignominious fate, and from an inglorious interment in the common burial-ground. But if these attempts fail, it is expected that a death blow will be given to duelling in Bavaria.

Parliament has promptly ratified Mr. Disraeli's purchase of the Suez Canal shares by voting the amount to be paid for them. The opposition was feeble, and did little to impair the completeness of the Premier's triumph.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, MARCH AND APRIL, 1876.



SHALL THE BACK OF THE SWORD DEVOUR FOREVER?

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

In times past, reaching back to an almost pre-historic antiquity, the edge of the sword was at its bloody work somewhere without cessation. In those dark years of violence and destruction the feeble cry was occasionally heard, "Shall the sword devour forever?" But later and brighter years have come. Christianity, commerce, science and art have filled the civilized world with social influences, which are acting with great power upon the family of nations. These wonder-working agents are the glory and song of the age. They give poetry a new reach and rhythm of thought and sentiment. This year will be vocal with centennial songs and anthems glorying in the victories they have won for humanity. Philadelphia for many happy months will be a kind of Jerusalem of universal brotherhood, to which the diversified tribes of men from the very ends of the earth and all intermediate countries will go up to celebrate and illustrate the fraternity of human interests, hopes and possibilities. Orators, poets and historians are training their genius to its best inspiration and highest flight, to inaugurate the great occasion and give it an echo heard round the world. All "the awakening continents" are expected to hear the great psalm of their common humanity sung gloriously at our Centennial. Their industries are to be there, to furnish notes to the music of Peace. Labor, the world around, white-browed, black-browed, and copper-browed—Labor, oft crowned with thorns and fed with husks, is to come from all the zones, from land and sea, from under the sea, where it gropes for costly pearls, from under the earth, where it digs for coal and precious stones and metals—Labor, honest, patient and sorely taxed, is to come to our Centennial, to this trysting-place of human industries, arts, sciences and genius manifold, and be sung over, and crowned with a diadem of gilt paper, or of leaves that will hold green for a week, then sent home again to its toil and the tax-burdens that now bend it to the earth in all countries.

For, as "when the sons of God came together Satan came also with them," so also at these great exhibitions of the world's industries the mowing-machines of war have had the central place of observation. In Paris, in 1867, Krupp's monster gun was the great centre-piece of the exhibition. Doubtless every man, woman and child that walked those roofed furlongs of art and industry, stopped to look into its huge mouth with wonder and awe. Three years afterward they saw it at work all over France. It was a famous mowing-machine, and the bleeding windrows it left on the field of battle were a sight few would care to see. Labor went back to its burdens from the great exhibition at Paris. It was sung to there with voice, trumpet and sackbut. It was crowned with a cheap diadem of leaves, which faded and fell before it got back to its toil.

There is every probability that "when the sons of God come together" at our Centennial, Satan also will come with them. Or what is the same, if not worse, the armed-peace system will exhibit there its mowing-machines and all the latest ingenuities for the destruction of human life. The chivalry of the system will hardly be able to forego such an opportunity for making a show of its improved patents for its work on land and sea. No genius in the wide world has been more busy and fertile in such inventions than that of American minds. Against every machine for mowing grain and grass, it has given to war one for the gathering of its human harvests. And it will insist on showing its improved machinery at the Centennial. For no small-minded patriotism, "no pent-up Utica" limits the generosity of this inventive genius. It takes its best and latest patents to all the military markets of the world, and sells them there to the highest bidder. It gladly puts into the hands of the prospective enemies of its own country the deadliest weapons it can invent. It is a large-minded genius, that makes no exception for nationality. Then there is an exquisite perception of courtesy and refined etiquette which it illustrates in a world's exhibition, and which even one of our most highly cultivated gentlemen would hardly venture to imitate. If he invited a dozen of his friends and neighbors to dinner, he would feel that it hardly beseemed the delicate proprieties of hospitality to surround his own plate with six-shooting revolvers and keen bowie-knives. He would fear that they might possibly suggest an unpleasant meaning to his guests, and chill "the feast of reason and flow of soul." Poor, fastidious man! go to our great Centennial, and learn something from the nobler etiquette of military chivalry as a pattern for your future courtesy to invited guests. See what an array of Gatling, Dahlgren and Parrott guns, and death-repeating rifles, pistols and bowie-knives, called swords, will surround the plate of the great Continental host when the guests of the nation come to sit down to the banquet!

Yes; American labor will be sung to in the bravest peans that lips and tongues of flesh and brass can raise. It will be crowned with gilt paper, and sent back to its toil and to a taxation, the like of which, for variety and weight, was never put on the industry of any other civilized country. It will bow down to the lot of labor under every existing government. It will bend low and painfully under the growing burden of Armed-Peace. In no other country has this burden grown at such a rate of increase as in this during the last ten years. Just compare the two decades together. For army and navy for the two years, 1853-1854, \$43,340,751; for 1873-1874, \$145,825,977. Now, was not each couple of these four years a time of peace? In either period did we have foreign or domestic enemies to contend with? But see how this Armed-Peace fungus, as Vernon Harcourt says of it, "grows like the dropsy," by what it feeds upon. Did any other country ever show such increase in time of peace? Here is a growth of more than three hundred per cent. And this cruel, senseless burden has been put upon the country, still under the strain of a great civil war, or a debt of over \$2,000,000,000 to carry. Beginning with the lucifer match, the tax for this burden goes like a blister upon two thousand articles of use or consumption.

After the Geneva Court and its award, the friends of peace lifted up their voice and cried to the Government and people of this tax-burdened country, "Shall the back of the sword devour forever? Shall the Armed-Peace fanaticism still feed like a vampire at the veins of this nation? Will you spit upon

the sublime bar which has given you such justice, equity and honor in this aggravated contention? Will you take the back track into the barbarism of brute force, and go back, or prepare to go back, to the arbitrament of the sword, to settle a difficulty which may hereafter arise between you and any other nation?" What said—what did the Government in answer to these reasonable questions? Read its reply in these sarcastic figures: For the first two years after the Geneva award, \$145,825,977 for preparations for sword-arbitration! Just fathom that response to Geneva; compare it with something you can measure distinctly. The whole military and naval expenditure of the United States in the five years from 1812 to 1816 inclusively, embracing the whole of the last war with Great Britain, was \$114,851,420. Just think of it! Let the shoulder-peeled and tax-burdened sons of toil, from ocean to ocean, think of it, and constrain the men who represent them in Congress to think of it. Read these figures, and digest their meaning. Since the verdict at Geneva, while the civilized world was looking to that great decision with hope and glad expectation, this Republic, that won the award, spent in preparation to carry its future contentions to the decision of the sword, nearly \$146,000,000 in two years of peace, or \$30,000,000 more than it did on its army and navy in nearly four years of war with Great Britain!

Shall the back of the sword devour forever? What say the Washington powers to this question? Read their answer in these figures, more truthful far than their words. For military and naval establishments during the last fiscal year, \$62,618,272, against \$47,790,912 for the same "services" during the three years ending with 1853, an increase of over three hundred per cent. But now the great year, 1876, has come. Now we have come to a new point of departure, many think and believe, from which we may look off upon the bright vista of a new century. A new departure! From what? From the devouring back of the sword? What say the powers that be at Washington to that hope and faith? Read their programme for the new century. Their figures will not lie, if their words deceive. This is their estimate for the first fiscal year. Does it look like hopeful progress toward the Millennium? For military and naval establishments, including fortifications, arsenals, navy-yards, etc., in round numbers, \$61,000,000. Do you, tax-burdened, labor-lacking, bread-lacking men, ask these powers, "Shall the back of the sword devour forever?" Read their answer in these figures. If they cannot give you bread, or the means of earning it, they will give you a stone at your own expense. They will give your children after you great stone elephants for their comfort, or vast fortresses of granite, and navy-yards, and arsenals for them to support with the sweat of their brows. Have you voices, individual and collective; have you eyes, to see this programme of a new century; have you hearts brave enough to resist it!—then say stoutly to the powers that be, but not for long, "The back of the sword shall not devour forever."

M. LARROQUE ON INTERNATIONAL LAW AND A COURT OF NATIONS.

The name of M. Larroque has long been familiar to our readers as the author of a very able work, "On War and Standing Armaments," which has become an authority everywhere on the subject of which it treats. He has lately placed the friends of peace under additional obligations, by the publication of a volume on the topic indicated at the head of this article.

M. Larroque divides his treatise into four parts. The first deals with the necessity for such an institution as he advocates. Under this head he has cited some terrible facts, especially from the history of the first Napoleon, illustrating the utter cruelty and brutality of war; and, as a reason for devising some means for establishing friendly and pacific conventions between nations, he makes the following very striking remark:

All conventions imposed by force have hitherto only had the effect of animating the hatred of the vanquished, and a desire to be revenged as soon as they believe themselves capable of doing so. Treaties sealed by the sword have been successively torn by the sword; they have only served to cover resentments which have waited the favorable moment to break loose afresh, a people never becoming the sincere friend of a neighbor by whom they have been violently humiliated and diminished. We have only to pass in review, by way of example, the numerous treaties which have pretended to establish the peace of Europe from those of Westphalia, in 1648, and of the Pyrenees, in 1659, to the treaties of Amiens, in 1802, and of Paris, in 1814, to be convinced of this sad truth, that they have only brought a temporary and deceitful truce to the calamities of war. It is by other means, therefore, that we must arrive at the object of maintaining genuine concord between the populations composing the different political states in Europe, and who, in spite of all the infinite varieties of their national character, are only diverse members of the same family.

The second part of M. Larroque's work is devoted to the subject, *Of the Creation of a Code of International Law*. Under this head he does not profess to enter into details, but contents himself with laying down certain "fundamental principles" which he thinks ought to preside over the preparation of such a code. These are—the abolition of standing armies; the absolute condemnation of slavery, and perhaps also of capital punishments; the suppression of passports, and all obstacles to free intercourse; unity of weights, measures, moneys, postal and telegraphic services, and conventions for the protection of literary, scientific and artistic property; perfect free trade; and entire religious liberty. In advocating the latter principle, M. Larroque is careful to say, that this does not arise from any disposition of mind hostile to true piety. "I feel," he says, "a profound repulsion for those materialist doctrines, at present in favor with so many writers, and that precisely because the fatalism to which for all logical minds they necessarily lead, is that which is most opposed to the interests of the liberal cause, and by consequence the most favorable to all kinds of tyranny."

The third chapter of M. Larroque treats of *The Establishment of a High Tribunal, or Court of Nations*, to decide the differences that may arise between the states who may have agreed to confederate for that purpose. Without laying down rules in a dogmatic spirit, he is of opinion that such a Tribunal should consist of a small number, one judge from each state, to be nominated by its Parliament. He argues with considerable force in favor of this equality of representation in the Tribunal, in preference to giving to each state a number of judges, according to its population. He would have these judges unpaid, except by the veneration and gratitude of nations, unless, indeed, in very special circumstances for which he provides. He would have the Tribunal "renewable by fractions," that is a certain number retire at a given time, but all to be re-eligible; and in preference to meeting in any large capital he would recommend some peaceable city like Geneva or Lausanne. All the nations joining in establishing the Tribunal to take beforehand the double engagement—first, to abide loyally by the decisions of the judges, and secondly, to regard as a declared enemy each and every one of those who refuse to submit to those decisions and have recourse to war. Any nation so acting would be declared by the Tribunal to have failed in its engagements, and after an interval of delay, to give space for repentance, if it still continues delinquent, the Tribunal will proclaim that such a nation, faithless to its promise, is expelled from the Confederation. From that moment all relations between that nation and the other members of the Confederation shall cease. But if the recalcitrant nation should take a decidedly hostile attitude, and threaten to carry war to the territory of the Confederation, then the Tribunal shall order that it be resisted by the common force. Here there is a con-

siderable digression to discuss the lawfulness of defensive war, and to contest the views of M. Emile de Laveleye, who, in his work on "The Causes of War in Europe, and on Arbitration," argues against the use of military force by a High Court for the execution of its decrees. Then our author proceeds at considerable length to maintain that a republican government among the Confederate States would be far more favorable, if not absolutely necessary, to the establishment and successful working of such a Tribunal.

In the fourth section of his work, M. Larroque examines and refutes an objection raised by some, that to banish war would be depriving the life of nations of its most poetic and picturesque attributes, and ends with an exhortation to the friends of peace to give a thoroughly pacific character to the education of their children.

We have thus given a pretty full summary of M. Larroque's work, and without pretending to discuss the various points raised, about which there might be considerable difference of opinion, even among the friends of peace, we can commend it to the attention of our readers as a careful and conscientious study of the question by an able man, who has devoted years of consideration to the subject, and who is thoroughly in earnest in his advocacy of peace.

M. Larroque is a retired scholar, living, we presume, very much in seclusion from the world, and perhaps he is apt to be a little too cynical and intolerant with his fellow-laborers, who are pursuing the same object as himself amid the conflicting elements of actual practical life. But we always hail him as a brave comrade in the sacred war against war, in which we are engaged, and believe him to be one of the truest friends of the cause of peace now living.—*Herald of Peace*.

THE LATE REV. J. B. MILES.

Resolution passed by the Executive Council of the Association for the reform and codification of the law of nations, at meeting held at Law Courts Chambers, Chancery Lane, London, on the 17th of January, 1876 :

[COPY.]

The Council of this Association, lamenting the serious loss they have sustained since their last meeting, through the death of the Secretary General of the Association, Dr. James B. Miles, and desiring to place on special record their deep sense and grateful remembrance of the earnest and intelligent zeal with which Dr. Miles contributed to found the Association, of the unremitting industry with which he advanced its cause in widely separated countries, and of the tact and amiability of character by which he so conspicuously succeeded in gaining adherents to the movement, request the Secretary to communicate to Dr. Miles' widow and family this expression of their heartfelt sympathy with them under their sudden and severe bereavement.

(Signed) TRAVERS TWISS,
Vice-President.

The earnest Secretary of the Dutch Peace Society, G. Belinfante, writes the following :

[COPY.]

THE HAGUE, 16 Jan., 1876.

Madam :—The Central Committee of the General League of Peace in the Netherlands, having seen confirmed by the January number of the *Herald of Peace* the decease of your dear consort, the Rev. James Miles, consider it a painful duty to express you its intimate feelings of condolence at this immense and unforeseen loss. Unforeseen, indeed, as we were but a few months ago so happy to have Mr. Miles amongst us, that noble-minded man, who by the most charming qualities won all hearts and who will never be forgotten by any one who has had the favor to make his acquaintance. How could it, then, be expected that he should be snatched away so suddenly from his family that he so extremely cherished, from his country that was so justly proud of him, and from the cause of peace to which he consecrated himself with all the ardor of his soul.

The friends of peace, also, in the Netherlands, will surely never forget him. The personal friendly relations in which we were engaged with him, his sympathizing heart, his great

abilities, joined by the joviality and amenity of his character that brightened his smiling face, all this will ever be present to our memory, and, remembering Mr. Miles, will be one of the most charming remembrances of our lives.

Religion, and religion alone, will give consolation to your bleeding heart, and to that of your dear children who in early youth have been bereft of such a father.

The mind of the dear defunct be amongst you all in the further length of your days, and may excite your children to enter into the steps of their father and to promote always and everywhere charity and peace.

The Central Committee of the Peace League, in expressing those feelings of regret and condolence, take the liberty to demand of you a photograph, which retraces us with fidelity the image of him who established the Association, to be deposited in its archives as a lively remembrance of the happy days enjoyed with him in September last at the Hague.

We remain, dear madam, yours, very sincerely,
(Signed) G. BELINFANTE.

To Madam Miles, Boston.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

A bill has been presented in Congress for the removal of the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department. The idea is by no means new, having been often and thoroughly discussed, both in official reports and in the columns of the press. As this removal is likely to be urged with much vigor at the session just commenced, we hereby enter our hearty protest against it, and for the following reasons :

1. If this transfer be made, the whole plan of civilizing and Christianizing the Indian must be given up. Troops stationed among these tribes represent the power and force of government; not its civilizing influence. It is no work of theirs to educate and elevate; they are there only to restrain.

2. There is no need of the proposed change. At five-sixths of the Indian agencies no soldier is ever seen or needed; at the other agencies he is only wanted to sustain the agent.

3. The moral elevation of the Indian is now progressing more rapidly than ever before in our national history. Every denomination, Protestant and Catholic, has a share in this work. It is no time to change, when the experiment is going on so successfully.

4. The presence of large bodies of soldiery among uncivilized men and women, massed together around forts and tents, always leads to scenes of lewdness and debauchery. Experience shows that the Indian, unaccustomed to the presence of the white man, is more easily taught and more readily converted than when accustomed to contact with border civilization or to the presence of an army.

5. While the Christian considers the question in its moral bearings, the statesman will also look at its economical aspect. This change will require large expenditures. Troops can only be maintained in these distant forts by very heavy charges for transportation, forage, etc.

6. By the construction of recent railways and by the use of the telegraph, we can throw large masses of soldiery wherever any disturbance is threatened. The Indians are now all quiet except a few Sioux in Montana, and Apaches in New Mexico. One body of troops, stationed on the line of the Pacific Railway, can always strike where needed. The presence of troops elsewhere is more likely to cause war than to keep it back.

7. In 1868 this whole subject was most thoroughly discussed by an able commission, of which Gen. Sherman, now at the head of the army, Gen. Harney, who has fought Indians all his life, Gen. Terry, and other military men, were members. The sympathies of these gentlemen are wholly with the army. Yet the conclusion to which they came shall also be the conclusion of our remarks.

"This brings us to consider the much-mooted question whether the Indian Bureau should belong to the civil or military department of government. To determine this properly, we must first know what is to be the future treatment of the Indians. If we intend to have war with them, the Bureau should go to the Secretary of War. If we intend to have

peace, it should be in the civil department. In our judgment such wars are wholly unnecessary. . . . The chief duties of the Bureau will be to educate and instruct in the peaceful arts, in other words, to civilize the Indians. The military arm of the government is not the most admirably adapted to discharge duties of this character. We have the highest possible appreciation of the officers of the army, and fully recognize their proverbial integrity and honor; but we are satisfied that not one in a thousand would like to teach Indian children to read and write, or Indian men to sow and reap. These are emphatically civil, and not military occupations."

LORD DERBY'S UTTERANCES.

Mr. Pollard has collected some of the noteworthy utterances of Earl Derby, in favor of Peace and Arbitration, and forwarded them to the *Huddersfield Examiner*, as follows:

On one occasion, Lord Derby is reported to have said that, "in his judgment, ninety-nine out of every hundred cases of international disputes could be settled by amicable reference, and that a foreign minister of any country would find it of incalculable advantage, when any difficulty arose threatening war, to be able to refer to a settled international law and a supreme court of appeal;" and he added with emphasis, "one great advantage of such an arrangement would be that it would give time."

On another occasion Lord Derby used the following striking words: "We ought to place our point of honor, not in our readiness, hastily, and impetuously to resent any real or imaginary wrong, but rather in a willingness to submit to the dispassionate arbitration of some competent tribunal those claims which we think we may have upon others, and which others think they have upon us."

At another time Lord Derby spoke thus: "Arbitration is simply this: No individual or nation is a competent judge in its own cause; and if we want a fair and impartial judgment, we must go to some one who is wholly unconnected with the transaction."

Again, Lord Derby once addressed the members of the Peace Society in the following words: "In regard to the general question as to the foreign policy of this country, there had been a great change of late years, and he thought that he could congratulate the members of the Peace Society that their principles were becoming more popular. It is now known throughout Europe—much as other nations may have been puzzled by it, it is acknowledged as a fact—that the policy of England is a policy of peace. Unfortunately," said his lordship, "this is not the case generally. Never, perhaps, was there a period when armaments were so large, and the rumors of war so frequent; but this cannot last always. Out of this state of confusion and transition there must of necessity come a better state of things. There are financial, among other reasons, why this cannot go on much longer, since military expenditure must have nearly reached its limit; and then there will come a period of comparative disarmament, and, let us hope, of general peace. And then," continued his lordship, addressing members of the Peace Society, "you, gentlemen, will have the satisfaction of knowing that the ideas and principles you have been propagating will have had much to do in bringing to pass that better condition of things."—*Herald of Peace*

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS.

In the following fitly chosen words the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* pays tribute to the century of human progress which closes with the by-gone year:

"In all respects the century just closed was the grandest hundred years cycle in all human affairs, apart from those sacred events which pertain to religion. With perhaps a single exception of classic arts, which culminated two thousand years ago, there has been a majestic onward sweep of progress, such as no decade of centuries ever saw before. It would take a volume to catalogue the multitude of subjects that might be enumerated in illustration of that thesis, and, of course, no such attempt can be made in brief space. But we may mention as

examples, the development of agriculture, manufactures, mining, commerce, constructive mechanics and engineering, the destructive weapons of war, the more welcome instruments of peace, the perfected steam engine, the far-reaching railway with the imperial locomotive which devours distance, the stately steamship, the rapid printing press which throws open the gates of knowledge to the millions every day, the mowers and reapers and harvesters and myriad helps to the agriculturist, the mighty machine shops that infinitely multiply the power of human hands and human brains, the sewing machines, chloroform and ether, the multitudinous tools and implements, the wide diffusion of the conveniences, comforts, and even luxuries of life to hundreds of millions who knew them not a hundred years ago, the almost universal cheap mails and postage, the electric telegraph which has brought nearly all civilized people, however remote from each other, within speaking distance, the developments of the solar spectrum, the great march of geology, of chemistry, of electricity, of magnetism, of astronomy, of the curative arts, of medicine and surgery, and of all the physical sciences; and of all the intellectual sciences; and more than all these, the tremendous progress accomplished in the amelioration of the social condition of the people of civilized nations, the founding and building up of governments on just principles, and the recognition of the political equality of all men."

THE HOME OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

We find the following interesting description in *Friends' Journal*, Philadelphia:

The secluded country home and ocean-bordered farm of the late Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, presents to the wayfarer along the south shore not the least among the attractions of the old colony. The beauty and quietude of the place, and its natural features, are elements in its character apart from its associations with the great statesman, that may well tempt the pilgrim to turn his steps and wander through the grounds. The estate, as is generally known, under its former possession extended to the ocean, and comprised about fifteen hundred acres of land, including the present little sea-shore hamlets of Green Harbor and Brant Rock, but is now reduced to about its original limits of three or four hundred acres, as at the time of purchase by Webster. The house is situated about two miles from the sea, and is not in sight of it. The mansion house is a typical American homestead, very extensive, with an air of comfort and convenience, and, in some way, impresses one as the abode of past greatness. Sufficiently ornate to satisfy good taste, it has an unpretentious grandeur that accords well with the spot. Though occupied as a private residence, and not open for public inspection, still the writer and friend were most politely received and shown the principal rooms by the excellent lady of the house. The first room visited was the library, which is the finest and naturally the most interesting apartment. It is situated in one of the wings of the house, and was designed by Julia, the daughter of Webster, especially for her father's use, and in its plan and arrangement does great credit to her taste and skill. It is left nearly as it was at Webster's death. The great, massive writing table, the favorite chair, the pictures and ornaments remain, mementos of other days, and vividly recall the great life with which they were so intimately associated. Most of the books have been removed from the cases for sale; but their places are supplied with articles of vertu and ornaments of great variety and value, the collections of a life-time. The high vaulted walls are adorned with pictures and busts, many of the former being family portraits, the most conspicuous being one of Webster, by Healy, painted at the time of the signing of the Ashburton treaty, and another of Major Edward Webster. Other rooms, the music room, the dining and morning rooms, the star chamber, and Webster's own room, in which he died, were the particular features and souvenirs pointed out. They are all preserved in appearance as when the household lost its master, and the nation its greatest intellect. In the dining room many pictures of favorite cattle, drawn from life, hang on the walls, while in others miniatures of grand-children and sketches of Webster in rude home garb and white hat attract the eye. From the window of the morning room, looking out upon the

great elm, the final farewell was taken, two or three days before his death, of the herd of cattle, one hundred and fifty in number, driven up for their owner's last view. He appeared to have a strong attachment for his cattle, and would talk to them and fondle them as though they were intelligent beings. The rooms have that home-like aspect in keeping with the character of one "to the manor born," who has sought relief from the cares of state and life, and ever yearned for the peace and pleasures of a beloved New England home in which he was reared.

THE RELIGION OF JUSTICE.

President Lincoln said: "I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification of membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join, with all my heart and all my soul."

The aggregate number of sermons annually preached by the sixty thousand clergymen of the United States, is about three millions. Were one-half of this vast number devoted to illustrating and enforcing the principles of the religion of justice as based on the golden rule, it would not be long before a state of society would be inaugurated on the earth, where the battle for bread, and the strifes and antagonisms and disorders that now reign would cease, and the kingdom of peace begin.

Without justice, there can be no religion; without love, there can be no justice. Hence, love, felt in the heart and practised in the life, alone is true religion. Some writer on ethics says, "All religion and all ethics may be summed up in the word *justice*." Justice is defined by Webster thus: "Rendering to every one his due—conformity to truth and reality, just treatment, equity." Hence, if the religion of justice were taught and practised, monopolies would cease, and all who have toiled and labored would have a competency and a home. While those who have produced nothing, or done nothing useful or ennobling, either by hand or brain, could not pile up the thousands or millions which others have produced. "For thee, for me, for all," would be the motto of the just; and not a million acres for me and nothing for those who earn the million acres.

It was in view of a religion without justice that Isaiah uttered these impressive words, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? . . . Bring no more vain oblations. . . . It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. . . . Cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."

Something more than a religion of words is needed to redeem the world. There must be a religion of noble, Christ-like deeds.—*Battle for Bread.*

CENTENNIAL YEAR.

Centennial Year does not open very auspiciously for us in the highest aspects of national honor and progress. The century has been marked by extraordinary material advancement, but in the higher walks of intellectual culture, of political sagacity and statesmanship, and of noble patriotism and heroic virtue, we shall not be able to make a very enviable exhibition of ourselves in the eyes of the civilized world, during our great national exposition. If the Centennial could have come a few years after the present great moral eruption, incident to the universal demoralization of war, we should have been able to have exhibited a more commendable current history to the world. The atmosphere must be clearer and purer after all these frightful explosions. Men will awaken again to faith in a divine remedy, and learn how short and unsatisfactory are all the rewards of evil doing, and how certainly the terrible wages of sin will be paid to him who sells himself to Satan. Frauds and bribery, thefts and defalcations, are not especially indigenous to Republican government. Russia has just banished a member of the royal family. Germany is beginning to reap the har-

vest that invariably follows the extraordinary opportunities for speculative fortunes during war. The nobility of England has made startling contributions to the statistics of crime. But all this affords little relief to the chagrin and shame we all feel as a nation, to find the lowest species of crime, in exaggerated forms, among the honored names of our rulers, and in the highest families, socially, in the land. One of the most hopeful elements in our national life, is the unqualified, unhesitating, unapologetic rebuke, and universal expression of mortification, which have followed this great national exposure throughout the land.—*Zion's Herald.*

LETTER ON THE CENTENNIAL.

PHILADELPHIA, 2d mo. 12, 1876.

H. C. Dunham, Secretary American Peace Society, Boston.

Respected friend and coadjutor for Peace: In reply to your kind letter I will say, the arrangements for the Centennial, so far as made by the Universal Peace Union, consist of an engagement of old Carpenter's Hall where the first Continental Congress met, and made the Declaration of War. It is thought this is the proper place to now make a Declaration of Peace. We have the offer of the Hall for five days. We now think of using July 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 next, say 10th and 11th for English; 12th for French; 13th for German; 14th for other nationalities. The invitation will be to all nations, all Peace or kindred societies, to send one or more delegates and each delegation to be represented by an appropriate motto, to be hung up in the Hall. The meetings to be from 11 A. M., till 3 P. M. Lists of delegates to be sent at once.

As to the *Peace Centennial Forge* it is proposed that the workmen form in procession with symbols of all the weapons of war, as well as samples of deadly weapons—go to the Centennial grounds, and then to a forge and have them turned into useful implements, thus beginning the fulfilment of the old prophecy. Hence we are ready to receive swords, etc., to be converted, and we cannot too soon receive the names of delegates to the convention, and our friends cannot too soon advertise the same.

The principal subjects to be considered will be *Arbitration and Disarmament. International Tribunals of Peace. Codes of Laws*, and all matters appropriate thereto.

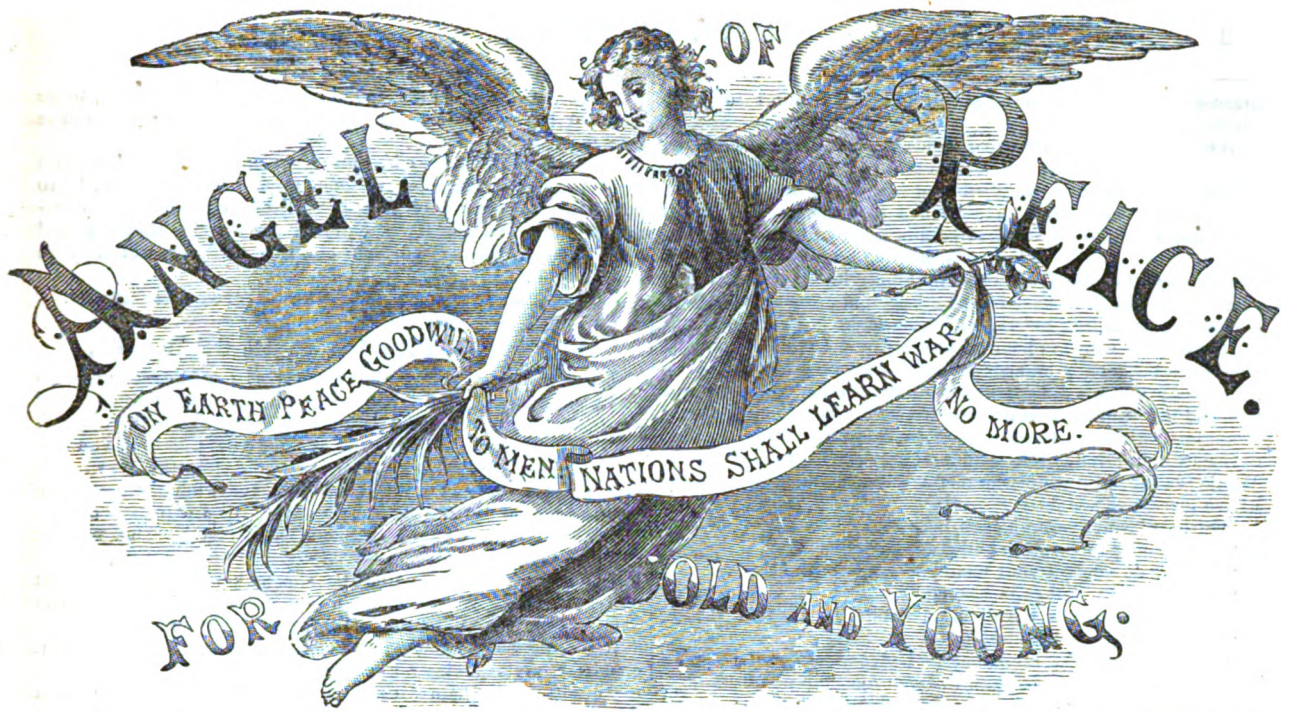
Iowa has already appointed delegates, and various army officers have consented to send swords, guns, etc., to be turned into implements of usefulness; and a friend in Illinois has sent five dollars for a pruning hook to be made therefrom.

Your assured friend,

ALFRED H. LOVE.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.—A meeting of the American International Code Committee was recently held at the house of Judge Peabody, in New York, to elect a successor to Dr. Miles, late Secretary of the Committee. Letters were read from President Woolsey, Chancellor Pruyn, Elihu Burritt, President Hopkins, Howard Malcolm, ex-Gov. Washburne, and the Rev. Dr. Crosby, expressing regrets at the inability to attend. Remarks were made by the Rev. Drs. Prime and Osgood, and Judges Peabody and Warren. A. P. Sprague, of Troy, the author of the prize essay on International Codification, was elected Secretary to succeed Dr. Miles, and a committee was appointed to confer with the Secretary as to the future course of the Committee. The Rev. Dr. Osgood offered a resolution, which was adopted, that a committee of five be appointed to present the subject of the peace of nations and the necessity of an International Code on the principles of arbitration in connection with the coming Centennial, and, if they think it advisable, to request Congress to give its influence to the movement. Action was also taken in regard to the death of Reverdy Johnson.

Christianity looks upon all the human race as children of the same father; and in ordering us to do good, to love as brethren, to forgive injuries, and to study peace, it quite annihilates the disposition for martial glory, and utterly debases the pomp of war.—*Bishop Watson.*



THE PEACE OF GOD.

"Angel of Peace," go,
Spread your light pinions,
Fly o'er the bright earth,
E'en to angel dominions.
Go, bear to the distant
Bright tokens of love,
There is peace in the land,
It comes from above.

The "airy winged messenger,"
Comes from abroad,
And bringeth glad tidings:
Man at peace with his God,
Full of love to his neighbor,
His soul is at rest;
You hear not the war song;
"In Christ I am blest."

Sweet Peace, like a river,
Rolls from sea unto sea,
The nations united
Unto Christ now shall be.
No more to strike arms
Or their banners unfurl,
For "Love" sits enthroned
O'er a peaceable world.

Winthrop, Mass., March, 1876,

E. A. D.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

About two hundred and sixty years ago a poor lad of seventeen was seen travelling on foot in the south of England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothing he had in the world, and had in his pocket an old purse with a few pieces of money given him by his mother, when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road, a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor, but honest and pious people, and had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labor hard for a living. He was a goodly lad, and at fourteen was disappointed in getting a place as parish clerk, and with his parents' consent set out to get employment.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral, and in the bookseller's window, a strong desire sprung up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set out for the University of Oxford, some two hundred miles off, walking the whole way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a haystack, and often met with strange companions. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arrived at the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirits depressed, he knew not what to do.

He had heard of Exeter College in Oxford, and there he went, and to his great delight was engaged to carry fuel into the kitchen, to clean pans and kettles and that kind of work.

Here, while scouring his pans, he might often be seen reading a book.

His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into the college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants.

He studied hard, and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very successful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a great scholar, but a pious bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say, "If I had been a parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been Bishop of Worcester." He left many works as fruits of his industry and learning.

"I WILL NOT FAIL THEE."

This is what the Lord said to Joshua, who took the place of Moses as the leader of the Israelites. The servant of God felt his inability to do the work to which he had been called, and therefore God encouraged him by this precious promise. It is a promise which belongs to every one who is trying, by God's help, to do right; and we are never to forget that it is only by His help that we can do right.

No doubt there are some among our young readers who often feel their need of some great help. All ought to feel this, but some feel it more than others. Even the young are severely tried. They have temptations and sorrows, and, alas for them! bereavements. Many a young heart is bowed with a weight of sorrow which would be heavy even for an old person. But

these gracious words ought surely to bring comfort to every troubled mind.

We have read an interesting incident in the life of Stilling, which is a good illustration of this text. Stilling was a celebrated German writer who died over fifty years ago. In early life he was very poor. He wished to study medicine, but knew not where to go, nor had he any money to take him anywhere. But, young as he was, he had a firm faith in God. He reasoned thus:—"God begins nothing without terminating it gloriously. He alone has ordered my present circumstances, and everything regarding me He will bring about in His own way."

His friends were as poor as himself, and wondered how he would get the money he needed for his education. After raising all he could for his long journey to Strasburg, where he was to spend the winter, he started on his way, but when he reached Frankfort, which is three days' ride from Strasburg, he had only one dollar left. He said nothing but he prayed much. While walking the streets he met a merchant belonging to his native place, who said:

"Stilling, what brought you here?"

"I am going to Strasburg to study medicine."

"Where do you get your money to study with?"

"I have a rich Father in heaven."

"How much money have you on hand?"

"One dollar," said Stilling.

"Well," said the merchant, "I'm one of your Father's stewards," and he handed him thirty-three dollars.

He had not been long in Strasburg when his thirty-four dollars were reduced to one. One morning his room-mate said to him, "Stilling, I believe you did not bring much money with you;" and gave him thirty dollars in gold.

In a few months after this he had no money to pay his college dues. The lecturer's fee must be paid by six o'clock on Thursday evening, or he would be obliged to leave the college. Five o'clock came, and still he had no money. Then while he was in great grief, and praying to God for help, a gentleman came in and gave him forty dollars in gold.

Thus it is that God never fails those who trust in Him. Some of the boys and girls who read this article may be poor, and trying to get an education. Do not be discouraged. Do all you can, and do the best you can, and God will help you. He may not send people with gold or bank-notes just at the very time you need them, but He will find some way to keep His promise, "I will not fail thee."

A simple, loving trust in God, all the way through life, will give you great happiness even in the midst of many cares.

THE WILD BOY OF TEXAS.

A missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in Texas writes: "I must tell you about a wild boy of the mountains, recently captured. The boys here are all rather wild, but he was wildest of all.

His father, who is described as an ignorant and brutal wretch, lives near L—. The boy, when very young, showed a desire for solitude, and was very morose and unsocial. When but five years old he 'took to' the chapperal, a covert of Algeretta bushes very full of thorns, and bearing a berry like the currant, forming immense and almost impenetrable thickets. For several years he only came to his father's cabin when driven in by hunger, living in perfect solitude; his father showing no interest in his support or education.

"About five years ago he disappeared entirely, and it was supposed that he was dead; but for a year or two there have been rumors among the settlers in the mountains of a strange looking being, resembling a boy in appearance, running swifter than a horse.

"A few weeks ago two herdsmen, seeking their cattle, spied a hairy being in a pond, engaged in catching frogs, and gave chase. For a mile he outran their ponies and would have escaped, had not one of them thrown a lasso over his head. He turned upon his captor, biting and scratching him fearfully, until the other herdsman came to the rescue of his fellow with his lasso; and so he was finally choked to terms. He proved to be a boy about twelve years old, covered with hairs four inches long. He was cross and sullen, growling like a wolf; but made friends with a dog, and was pleased with newspaper

pictures. Certain marks found on his body proved him to be the lost boy of L—. On the third day he escaped, and is now at large."

The good missionary adds this comment: "Truly, mankind need heavenly influences to keep them from brutality;" to which we add, evidently that father disobeyed two divine commands, viz.: "Train up a child in the way he should go;" "Ye fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged."

Sunday-schools are needed in Texas to teach these lessons.

A SERMON FROM A PAIR OF BOOTS.

There lived in Berlin, forty years ago, a shoemaker, who had a habit of speaking harshly of all his neighbors who did not feel exactly as he did about religion. The old pastor of the parish in which the shoemaker lived heard of this, and felt that he must give him a lesson. He did it in this way: He sent for the shoemaker one morning, and when he came he said to him: "Master, take my measure for a pair of boots!"

"With pleasure, your reverence," answered the shoemaker; "please take off your boot."

The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker measured his foot from toe to heel, and over his instep, and noted all down in his pocket-book, and then prepared to leave the room.

But as he was putting up the measure the pastor said to him, "Master, my son also requires a pair of boots."

"I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young gentleman's measure?"

"It is not necessary," said the pastor; "the lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last."

"Your reverence, that will never do," said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise.

"I tell you, master, to make my boots and my son's on the same last."

"No, your reverence, I cannot do it."

"It must be—on the same last."

"But, your reverence, it is not possible if the boots are to fit," said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him.

"Ah! then, Master Shoemaker," said the clergyman, "every pair of boots must be made on their own last if they are to fit; and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last—of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do, either."

The shoemaker was abashed.

Then he said, "I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to remember it, and to judge my neighbors less harshly for the future."

STORY OF A COPPER.

Contempt of a small gift comes of not knowing how to use it. In the following case the unthanked giver was generous enough to show how his present of a cent could be made worth many dollars:

Rich Uncle Tom, says the *Boston Cultivator* offered his baby niece a copper, which baby's mother threw on the floor in a pet, taking it almost as an insult. Uncle Tom only laughed, and quietly picking up the cent, started for home. On his way he exchanged the copper for a nice new-laid egg. He took the egg home and put it under a sitting hen, and in due time out popped a chicken. The chicken grew to be a hen, and the hen proved as great a "layer" as her mother. Some of the eggs Uncle Tom saved to pay him for his trouble and his corn, and sold the rest, or turned them into chickens for the benefit of Aunt Sarah's baby, who kept growing along, first to girl, and then to womanhood, and was still as pretty as ever.

At last Uncle Tom sold some of the hens for a lamb. The lamb became a sheep, and the mother of many sheep, until the sheep were sold for a cow. So, year by year, while Aunt Sarah's baby grew older and prettier, her property grew larger and more valuable, until, on her wedding day, Uncle Tom took home to her in a line, like the procession going into the ark, first a flock of hens, then a drove of sheep, and following after, a herd of cows,—a handsome dowry, and only the right-ful income from her first copper.



THE RAG-PICKER AND HER DONKEY.

BY ARSENE HOUSSEY.

It was in front of the rotunda, and nine o'clock in the morning. The sun hung in the fog like a globe of fire, but cast forth no beams. The wind was cruel to the poor world.

A female rag-picker, pale and famished, led by the bridle a poor little donkey, which seemed a hundred years old, and which dragged a poor little cart, full of the rubbish of the street; rags, broken bottles, torn papers, worn-out skillets, crusts of bread, the thousand nothings which are the fortune of rag-pickers. The woman had done good work since midnight, but the donkey was ready to drop. He stopped short, as if he had made up his mind to go no farther. His legs trembled and threatened a fall. He hung his head with resignation, as if awaiting the stroke of death.

The sight touched and arrested me. A man or boy would have cursed and beaten the poor beast to rouse him (as the cruel boy in our illustration is doing to the poor donkey that daily helps him to get an honest living); the woman looked at him with an eye of motherly pity. The donkey returned her look, as if saying, "You see it is all over. I have done my best for you, night after night, because I saw your misery was greater than mine. You have treated me well, sharing your bread with me, but I am dying at last."

The woman looked at him and said gently, "Come, come, dear Pierrot, do not leave me here." She lightened the load by taking out a basket of broken bottles. "Come, now," she said, as if talking to a child, "you can get along nicely now." She put her shoulders to the wheel, but the donkey did not move. He knew he had not the strength to walk to St. Ouen, his wretched home. She still coaxed him. "How do you think we can get on this way, Pierrot? To be sure, I could drag the cart; but I can't put you in it, and you would be ashamed to be dragged after it." The donkey raised his ears, but no move.

I was going to speak to her, when she ran to the nearest wine-shop. The donkey followed her with anxious eyes; he seemed fearful that he would die without his mistress. He was so little you would have taken him at a distance for a Pyrenean dog. He had grown gray in the harness. A few tufts of gray hair remained here and there on his emaciated body. He looked like a mountain burned bare in many places. His resigned air showed a mind free from worldly vanities. He was far past the age where one strikes attitudes. He was almost transparent in his leanness. But his face was all the

more expressive. He had something almost human in its intelligence and goodness.

The rag-picker soon returned, bringing a piece of bread and a piece of sugar. Pierrot turned and showed his teeth, like old piano keys. But although it was his breakfast-time, he had no more strength in his mouth than in his legs. She gave him the sugar. He took it as if to oblige her, but dropped it again, and the same with the bread.

"Ah! mon Dieu! What shall I do!" said the rag-picker. She thought no more of her cart. She was full of anxiety for her friend Pierrot. "Pierrot!" she cried again. Two great tears came to her eyes. She took his head in her arms and kissed him like a child. The caress did what nothing else could do. The animal roused himself and brayed as in his best days. I feared it was only his swan song. I approached and said to the woman, "You seem to be in trouble."

"Oh," she cried, crying, "if you knew how I love this beast. I saved him from the butcher's four years ago. I have raised seven children. The father is gone and one other, and my eldest daughter was taken away a fortnight ago. My worst grief was that I had to take one to the Foundlings—I had eleven in all—four of them died at the breast. This little donkey has been my consolation. He was better company than my husband. He never got drunk, and never beat me, and I never beat him. Did I, Pierrot?"

The poor little beast appeared to share in the conversation. He half raised his ears and assented. One of my friends passed by and asked me what I was doing. "I am making a new friend. Here, you want to help me in a work of charity!"

"With all my heart."

"Very well. Let us buy this donkey and put him on the retired list. This good woman will take care of him." The rag-picker looked at us severely, fearing we were laughing at her. But when she saw the shine of the louis-d'or, she smiled. "How much did Pierrot cost?" "Ten francs." "Well, you go back to the abattoir and buy another, and take good care of this one." I gave my card to this woman and said good-by.

That evening the poor woman came to me in tears. I understood at once. "Ah, sir, he is gone!" "Poor Pierrot." "Yes, sir, we got to St. Ouen one way or another. But when we came in sight of our hut he fell on his knees. I tried to raise him but this time it was all over. My children came running and crying. They talked to him and kissed him. He looked at them so sadly as to break our hearts. I tell you there are lots of people in the world not worth half so much as poor Pierrot. Think of it, he wanted to die at home, after finishing his day's work!"

The rag-picker opened her hand, and I saw the money I had given her in the morning. "Here are your hundred francs, sir."

I do not know whether I most admired the donkey, who did his duty to death, or the woman, more delicate than our charity.

A GOOD LESSON.

Grandfather Meek recently gave a very good little talk to children. He said, that "beautiful tempers, beautiful words, and beautiful actions so impress themselves upon the features of the face, and form of the body, as to produce the grandest possible symmetry; and that on the other hand, an ill nature, cross temper, fretful and peevish disposition so impress the lineaments of the face and form as to make the otherwise beautiful figure as sour and repulsive as green persimmons."

Now all this is very true; for our faces are full of little strings called muscles, and these strings, or muscles, are pulled about by our feelings. If we are merry, then these little strings pull our face into smiles. If our feelings are troubled, then these little strings pull our face and make it look sad. If we are angry and commit sin, then these little strings pull our face and make it look mean and bad. And if we keep on sinning, after a while these strings will pull our face into such a shape that we will always wear an ugly, mean and cross look.

Can one who professes the peaceable doctrine of the gospel, be a soldier? Jesus Christ, by disarming Peter, disarmed every soldier afterwards; for custom can never sanction a wrong act.

AFFECTING SCENE IN A DEAF MUTE SCHOOL.

A beautiful incident occurred only a few days ago, in the Home School to teach mutes articulation and lip-reading, at Mystic River, Ct. Miss P., an interesting graduate of one of the oldest institutions for the education of deaf mutes, having a desire to learn to speak and to read the lips of her speaking friends, was recommended by her old principal to try Mr. Whipple's school, and she entered it last term.

She made rapid progress, and was much aided by the natural alphabet, the invention of her teacher. This alphabet curiously suggests sound, or the right position of the organs to utter sound, as well as form; and whenever a mute pupil can read and write it, he or she can generally give any of the forty sounds of our difficult language with great precision and discrimination, and often with remarkable correctness.

This young lady, filled with enthusiasm at every step, mastered the alphabet with little difficulty, and one day came to her teacher with something written on her slate, which she asked him to correct, her mind being agitated with emotion. It proved to be the Lord's Prayer, put into the language of articulation. Perceiving her agitation, the teacher could scarce restrain his own tears as he corrected a few unimportant errors of pronunciation, and delicately returned it.

The next morning the lady came exultingly to her teacher, exclaiming :

"I prayed last night for the first time in my life with my voice;" and neither of them could restrain their emotions. He ventured to ask her if she had ever prayed before.

"Oh, yes; I have thought my prayers, but I never spoke before."

“My lips shall praise Thee, O, God.” “Attend to the voice of my supplications, O, Lord.”

THE FLAG OF PEACE.

The day, that maketh all things new,
The day of truth and grace,
From out the heavens the banner threw,
The flag of red and white and blue,
To bless the human race.

The day, that maketh all things bright
With liberty divine,
Pluck'd from the heavens the starry light,
And in the red, the blue, the white,
Bade it forever shine.

O banner fair ! O banner free !
The red, the white, the blue !
Unfurl to every land and sea
Thy morning stars of liberty,
And life and hope renew.

O good, and beautiful, and true !
With mission all divine !
Farther than Roman eagles flew ;
With wisdom Athens never knew ;
The last, great word is thine.

Say, that the work of blood is done ;
Proclaim, that wars shall cease ;
And shine, as when the smiling sun
From storms his rainbow flag hath won,
THE WORLD'S BRIGHT FLAG OF PEACE.

I MUST STOP IT.—It is related of the late Edward C. Delevan, the great temperance man of Albany, that, when a young man, he was walking down the street to get his accustomed glass, one evening, when suddenly he bethought himself: "This is ruining me; I must stop it." He turned instantly on his heel and walked back to his lodgings, to be a total abstainer for life. That was repentance—a turning about, inwardly and outwardly—the drift and current of life setting the other way.

THEODORE PARKER.

Truly he lost not an hour, from the early years when, in his sweet, plain phrase, he tells us, "his father let the baby pick up chips, drive the cows to pasture, and carry nubs of corn to the oxen,"—far on to the closing moment, when faint and dying, he sent us his blessing and brave counsel, dated fitly from Rome.

The very last page those busy fingers ever wrote, tells the child's story, in which he says :

"No event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression upon me. A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my father sent me from the field home." A spotted tortoise, in shallow water, at the foot of a rhodora, caught his sight and he lifted his stick to strike it, when, a voice within said, "It is wrong." "I stood with lifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till rhodora and tortoise vanished from my sight. I hastened home and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong. Wiping a tear with her apron, and taking me in her arms, she said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear or disobey it, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you in the dark and without a guide.'"

TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

The *Angel of Peace* is sent out from month to month, not for pecuniary gain, as will be seen from our *terms* which only cover cost ; but with the earnest hope of doing good, especially in the line of the gentle, yet vital, sentiments of truth and peace. Since Cain killed his brother Abel, what scenes of carnage and bloodshed have been witnessed in all portions of the earth, not excepting Christian lands! Shall the sword devour forever? is the anxious cry of many among the old and young. Jesus came to give peace to children, to men and nations and it is our great object to promote this blessed work. The *Angel* goes forth in hope—goes forth to teach the bitterness of war and the blessings that follow in the paths of peace. Our friends will favor us and serve a noble cause by extending the circulation of this paper. We will be happy to send specimen numbers to Sabbath or Bible school workers, or any others who desire them by application to our Boston office.

H. C. DUNHAM.

A blacksmith was once summoned to a county court as a witness in a dispute between two of his workmen. The judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs had already amounted to three times the disputed sum. He replied, "I told the fools to settle; for I said the clerk would take their coats, the lawyers their shirts, and if they got into your honor's court you'd skin 'em."

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

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LET US HAVE PEACE.

ANOTHER MOVEMENT FOR SETTLEMENT OF DIFFICULTIES
BETWEEN NATIONS WITHOUT WAR—A PETITION
TO CONGRESS.

The history of the following movement is briefly this. The Rev. L. R. Eastman, who, for thirty-five years has been a member of the American Peace Society and long associated with the Rev. Drs. Beckwith, Stow, Copp and Parker, on the Executive Committee, having secured the services of Dr. Miles as successor to the lamented Beckwith, ceased his official connection with the society. It was understood by Mr. Eastman that Dr. Miles study up the case in both Europe and America, and act as the judgment of himself and friends should dictate, and how well Dr. Miles has done his work an approving world will bear testimony—while, in the meantime he, Mr. Eastman, over date of January, 1873, sent a petition to Congress, which was presented to the Senate by Senator Wilson, Vice-President-elect, for a Joint High Commission from among the nations, who might codify international law, arrange both for the settlement of difficulties without war and the gradual disarmament of nations. This met with the approval of Dr. Miles. Similar petitions were sent over his sole signature by Mr. Eastman in 1874 and 1875, and presented by Senator Boutwell to the Senate. The present year Mr. Eastman has prepared a stronger petition, which has just been presented by the Hon. Rufus S. Frost to the House of Representatives. To Mr. Eastman's own signature have been added some eighty well-known representative names. Among them are such names as Edward G. Tileston and C. J. Bishop, Esqrs.; Andrew Pollard, D. D.; R. H. Neale, D. D.; Selah R. Treat, and Rufus Ellis, D. D.; A. A. Miner, D. D.; William S. Clark, LL. D., President of Massachusetts Agricultural College; William A. Stearns, D. D., LL. D., President of Amherst College; Ebenezer Snell, LL.D.; the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, Messrs. Seth E. Pecker & Co., J. D.

Richard & Sons, Jacob P. Palmer, Nathan Crowell, Abraham Avery and others equally prominent in their several departments of business. Sustained by such men, it is believed the petition will command the attention of Congress. Three plans have been proposed for securing peace among nations. First, Rome has been visited, and it is understood there are those who claim that the Pope with his associates is competent to settle all disputes. Second, there are those who favor a permanent international tribunal. Third, the plan presented in Mr. Eastman's petition. It is made as a centennial offering, bearing date June 17, 1875. What topic more worthy of our nation's attention, asks the petitioner, than "Let us have peace"! The petition is as follows:

To the Honorable the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America to be assembled in Congress at Washington, D. C., A. D. 1875-6:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States of America, conscious of the need which many of our fellow-citizens have of rules universally known and accepted whereby to regulate our intercourse with persons of other nations; conscious of the disastrous effects of war upon life, property and the pursuit of happiness; cheered by the result of the Geneva arbitration, the signs of the times and Scripture prophecies, most humbly pray:

That your honorable bodies will take such measures as will best secure a temporary Joint High Commission composed of one or more delegates from as many of the nations as may see fit to unite; who shall meet together, eliminate, codify and present to their respective governments for revision and adoption, a code of rules whereby to regulate intercourse, public and private, among the nations uniting. We would also further pray your honorable bodies to take such measures as will either, through the aforesaid High Commission, or otherwise, secure a system whereby treaties among the governments uniting may be stipulated, that all difficulties which cannot otherwise be arranged may be settled by arbitration by bodies called for the specific purpose, as at Geneva, agreeably to the principles, precedents, rules and practices which shall, from time to time, have attained among the nations. Their decision, approved by the referring nations, shall be final. Your petitioners would further pray that the aforesaid code having been adopted and treaties established, there may be a gradual disarmament of the nations as fast as the world's safety will allow, and thus make it unnecessary for men to learn war any more.

Trusting to your superior wisdom and skill under the Divine guidance, we submit the above as our humble petition.

LUCIUS R. EASTMAN,

And eighty-four others.

Boston, June 17, 1875.

ROBERT LINDLEY MURRAY.—"Under his Wings," is the running title of a very interesting sketch of the Life of Robert Lindley Murray, of this city, a member of the Society of Friends, whom we knew well and loved as a member of the Holy Catholic Church, a friend of Sunday schools, of missions, and a helper in every good work. His sudden death made a sad breach upon the circle of Christian laborers in our city and country, but he has gone to enjoy his reward.—*New York paper.*

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If Christian nations were nations of Christians, all war would be impossible and unknown among them.—*Soame Jenyns.*

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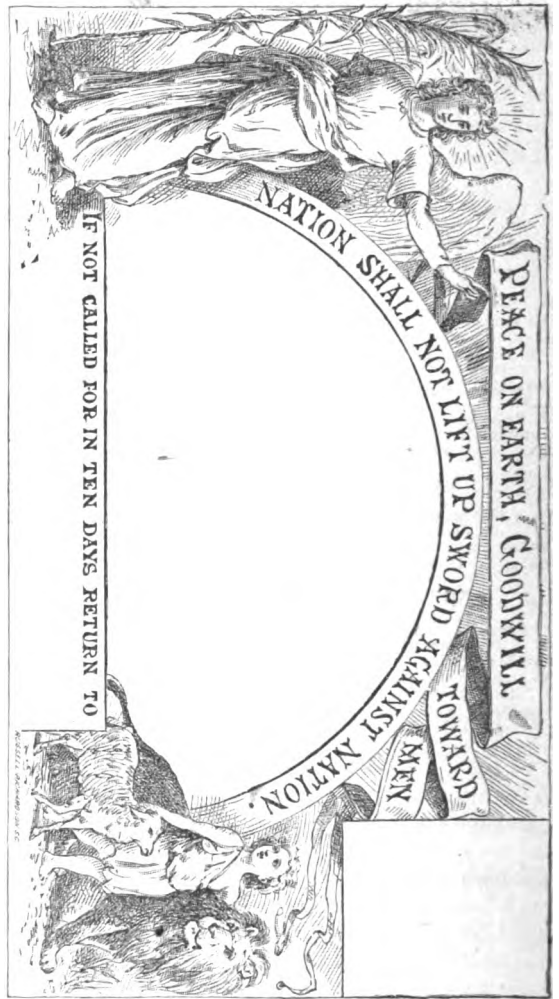
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A SUGGESTION TO PEACE-MEN.

No opportunity to advance the cause of peace should be unimproved. Will not the friends of the cause, everywhere, be willing as occasion shall be afforded, to speak to leading men of the National Republican party, for the purpose of inducing them to use their influence to induce the National Republican convention, which is to occur in Cincinnati in next sixth month, to give expression favorable to arbitration in lieu of war, for the adjustment of disputes among nations. Peace-men, be vigilant! "Sow beside all waters," and "grow not weary of well-doing."

JESSE GREEN,
Agent for P. A. of F. in America.

ON EARTH PEACE, . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

ESTABLISHED }
JUNE, 1837. }

BOSTON, MAY, 1876.

{ NEW SERIES,
{ VOL. VII. NO. 5.

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We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over ; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for the *Advocate of Peace*, who are earnestly invited to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

The Annual Meeting of the American Peace Society, for the election of officers and the transaction of other business, will be held at the Society's office, No. 1 Somerset Street, Boston, Monday, May 29th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

H. C. DUNHAM, Rec. Sec.

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NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, MAY, 1876.

VOL. VII. No. 5.

SETTLING ACCOUNTS.

[A NEIGHBORHOOD TALK, AS REPORTED BY MR. CODDING.]

BY MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," said Betty Prince. "I have looked over the documents that Mr. Sampson left us, and I can give you six reasons why arbitration ought to take the place of war."

"The plan is all well enough," said my Uncle John, "and I favor the idea myself; only I mistrust the workin's of it. There's nothin' like a good square fight for settlin' up matters. It clears the air like a thunderstorm."

"Your good square fight does not always do either of these," I remarked. "Wait one moment, and I'll show you how the last war between France and Prussia settled up matters and cleared the air."

I then looked among the "documents," and found and read a portion of a letter written from Paris at the time of a recent military review:

"You will see," said a peasant, in a blue blouse and a flat cap, to an old woman, bronzed and bent by long work out of doors—"you will see the English help us! They are tired of the ja-jas themselves, and they will push the matter forward so that we shall get another chance to fight! Then!" and he shut his teeth. "No one believes that another war is possible in this generation, but every one wishes that it were!" said a gentleman to me. "If it is to come, let it be as speedily as possible," said another. "Won't be in condition for twenty years," said a third. "It has taken the Prussians ever since 1806; and, although we can learn three times as rapidly as they can, we have a generation to wait."

"And it is stated," I added, "that, to prepare for this coming war, France is increasing her armies, building forts, equipping fleets, forging cannon, and levying taxes. Similar preparations are going on all over Europe. There never has been a time when so many of the population were under arms. Fear, suspicion, and hatred are the ruling passions among the different nations on the Continent. . . . Germany sits like an armed camp in the midst of Europe, guarding the Rhine." And all this, remember, after centuries of 'settling' difficulties by war."

"And there was the Treaty of Peace at Westphalia," said Miss Fullerton, "which after the Thirty Years' War decided that 'the Protestant religion had a right to exist.' The controversy was settled by mind-power, after all."

"Yes," said Dr. Crosbie. "It is usually the case that when the fighting is over the 'settling' is done by council."

"Of the eight centuries preceding the present," said Miss Fullerton, "England spent seven in settling disputes by battle. That is, in the whole eight hundred years there were but one hundred years of peace. She had twenty-four wars with France, twelve with Scotland, eight with Spain. This very subject came up yesterday in my history class."

"We all know," said Emily, "how fighting 'settled' disputes in the olden times. Feuds were handed down from generation to generation."

"In an article on the subject, recently published," said Dr. Crosbie, "I recollect this sentence: 'They settle the war, but not the question. That goes over for the next generation to play with.'"

"And even in settling the war," said Emily, "it only settles which side is the stronger. There is no surety of getting justice. It is might, not right, which wins."

"And there's no surety of the law's doin' justice!" cried my Uncle John.

"Let us consider this matter," said the Doctor. "The chances of war may be decided by numbers, choice of situation, skill, amount of experience, strategy, and by various accidental circumstances. Now suppose that, instead of taking this method, the questions at issue are submitted to a tribunal composed of representative men from the different nations—men selected for their integrity, wisdom, sagacity, fairness, and good judgment. In which case would there be a greater likelihood of obtaining justice?"

"It is not always justice that the nations want," said Elmer. "In some cases they want to get all they can and to have their own way."

"And, therefore," said Emily, "a tribunal is needed in order to protect the weaker from the stronger."

"And we must remember," I remarked, "that it will be assisted in its judgment by a code of laws, prepared by the combined wisdom of the countries represented."

"I'm afraid," said my Cousin Ruth, "that this wise plan will not bring the millennium. With all our courts and our laws, people do suffer wrong."

"No," said I, "it will not bring the millennium; but it will be a vast improvement on the present condition of things. Individuals in this neighborhood carrying cases into our courts of justice may be wronged; still, having courts, the neighborhood is better off than it would be under the old system of violence. We are not kept in commotion by fights and broils and everlasting family feuds."

"And here is a point which I consider extremely important," said the Doctor. "A National High Court of Justice, with an established code of laws, would not only help to settle, but to prevent disputes. We can see this in any community. The knowledge of what is 'law' is an ever-present and ever-working influence for peace."

"Seven, eight, nine!" exclaimed Betty Prince. "Three reasons I did not think of why arbitration is better than warfare. It would settle disputes more decisively, it would settle them more justly, and it would be a means of preventing them. Mr. Richard has something to say on this last point, and if you'll hand me that green-covered pamphlet I'll find the place for you."

The place having been found, Doctor Crosbie read the following confirmation of his own opinion:

"The great end of law, it has been truly said, is not to decide, but to prevent disputes; for every dispute which British civil law, for instance, decides there are thousands of cases in which disputes are prevented from arising by its certainty and clearness."

"If Ruth will bring her Tennyson," said Miss Fullerton, "I think we can find this grand idea of law set to poetry."

My cousin brought her Tennyson, and Miss Fullerton read:

"When the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flag is furled,
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World;
When the common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law."

"And now," said the Doctor, "we are ready for Miss Betty's six reasons."

"But, before leaving this question of settling," said Emily, "I want to ask if it is not a shocking thing that so many men should give up their lives to settle controversies in which they have no interest? Think of the havoc in human life caused by the French and Prussian War! It is not likely that the rank

and file of either army cared who should be king of Spain. The contest once begun, feelings of animosity would be aroused—each side would strive to gain the day and the conquered would hate the conquerors; still, who can doubt that a very large majority of the common soldiers would afterward prefer staying at home with their families to risking their lives in another battle? In the Crimean War thousands of Englishmen were sacrificed in helping to settle a dispute between Russia and Turkey."

"Which dispute," added Miss Fullerton, "began with such trifling questions as whether the Latin monks should have the key of the large door in entering a certain church in Jerusalem or the key of the smaller door; whether the Latin or the Greek monks should repair the cupola of this church; and whether the Latin monks should or should not be allowed to place a silver star in the Grotto of the Nativity."

"And the war," said the Doctor, "cost a million of lives. It is one of the most powerful arguments against the war system that it may compel immense numbers of men to be sacrificed to the ambition or the obstinacy or the greed of one man."

"It scarcely recognizes them to be men," said Emily. "It turns them into automatons. Soldiers in very many cases have no individuality. They are simply rank and file. Uniformity in dress, in occupation, and in the details of daily life brings them down to one dead level. The word of command serves them for conscience, will, and moral responsibility. Those who move the most like machines and the least like men, get the highest praise."

"I saw some remarks about that very thing in this morning's paper," exclaimed my Aunt Sarah. The paper was brought, and found to contain the following paragraph:

"The German officers are too intent upon perfecting their military system to pay much regard to anything else, and they treat the men whom they command like so many machines. The problem which presents itself to them is simply: Given a certain number of men, organized and drilled in a certain fashion, how many and how intricate exercises, how much marching and countermarching can be got from them? That the men who are put through this inflexible discipline can be weary, or sick, or unfit for duty never occurs to them; and if men drop out by the way, sick and dying, during simulated forced marches, it only makes the resemblance to the reality closer and the enjoyment keener. A few men, more or less—what does it matter? . . . In some of the regiments the losses through sickness brought on by fatigue are said to have been equal in proportion to those of an actual war campaign. Long marches have been made in the heat of the day, and other rigorous exercises gone through with, under the plea of hardening the soldiers and making them fit for war."

"Yes!" cried Betty Prince, "they are mere puppets, to be manœvered with; ninepins, to be knocked down, to serve the purposes of their rulers!"

"You have good authority on your side," said Miss Fullerton. "Shakespeare, you know, tells us that

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

A revolution has been going on for some months in Mexico, and although that country is our next-door neighbor, we suppose there are very few people in the United States who think it worth while to follow the progress of events there. To those, however, who are able to watch the course of Mexican politics, the subject has a great deal of interest.

As is well known, the Government of Mexico is a Republic, modelled after that of the United States, and like it in almost all respects. The late Emperor Napoleon of France tried to set up an empire in Mexico. Gen. Bazaine, who was a few years ago sentenced to death for treason in the defence of Metz, during the war with Germany of 1870-71, was made a Marshal for his services in securing a crown to the Archduke Maximilian.

But Maximilian, never Emperor except in name, was captured and shot, and Benito Juarez recovered his rightful authority as President over the whole of Mexico. Juarez was an Indian of pure blood, but a man of remarkable ability. He

earned his position as chief magistrate by the skill which he displayed in uniting the Mexicans, and in conquering the European invaders.

Mexicans are, however, much like all other Spanish-American peoples, constantly engaged in revolutions; and scarcely had the foreign foe been vanquished, when ambitious leaders plunged the country into new civil wars.

Just before the elections of 1871, Lerdo de Tejada, who had been one of the cabinet, resigned, in order to become a candidate against Juarez. A turbulent spirit, named Porfirio Diaz, the leader of quite a party, made a union of political forces with Lerdo. At the election, Juarez had a very large majority. Diaz immediately organized a revolt, under the pretence that the elections had not been free, and the new civil war lasted until the death of Juarez, in July 1872.

Lerdo, who was supposed to sympathize with the attempt at revolution, but who had taken no part in it, had meanwhile been elected President of the Supreme Court. This office partly corresponds to that of Vice-President in our Government. Lerdo, therefore, became President, and as Diaz and his followers had been fighting to secure that result, they had no longer an excuse for waging the war, and the rebellion came to an end. In November, 1872, Lerdo de Tejada was regularly elected President, for a term of four years.

The satisfaction of the opposition did not last long. Juarez had strongly supported the movement to abolish the monasteries and nunneries of the Catholic Church. Lerdo adopted the same policy. Moreover he kept in office most of the men appointed by Juarez, and that was a cause of unpopularity.

There were two or three petty revolts already in progress, —one in the State of Sonora, which lies south of our Territory of Arizona. Diaz selected that as the basis of his operations. He sent to Cuba for Gen. Marquez, the leader of the Catholic Church party, and at the beginning of February these two proclaimed war against the Government.

Up to the time we write there has been scarcely anything to check the progress of the revolution. The rebels succeeded, at the beginning of April, in capturing Matamoras, the port on the Gulf of Mexico that lies just over the line of the United States. The Government troops do not fight the rebels, but join them and fight with them. The indications are that Diaz will attain the object of his ambition by a successful civil war.

THE FALSE PROPHET.

The condition of Turkey becomes more hopeful for Christians every day. The financial state of things is worse and worse, and the worse the better for civilization, liberty and peace. The Turkish government is simply an armed occupation of the Levant, a religious and wicked despotism, holding three times its own population under the iron heel of military subjugation. The provinces now in revolt confidently rely upon the Christian powers to help them, or, at least, to maintain neutrality. There is little danger that the great crime of the Crimean war will be repeated. The world now sees, and many a bitten money-lender now feels, that the vast expenditure of life and money to uphold Turkey was the greatest blunder of the age.

When a vast Christian population is crushed to the earth by a power whose only principle is the propagation of Mohammedanism by force, the process of recovery must be slow. But it is written, we believe, in the book of Divine prophecy, that this false prophet will be overthrown. And no future event appears to us more evidently approaching than the downfall of the Turkish Empire. The wish is apt to be the father of the hope, and we are quite free to say, that in the drying up of that great river of blood, we see the resuscitation of Christianity in the East, the union of Western with Oriental civilization, the practical connection of Europe and Asia, and a long stride toward the enlightenment of the world.

Even *Blackwood's Magazine* has at last come to say these words which we said twenty years ago:

"It seems to us that the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, which it was the object of the Crimean war to uphold, are complete illusions."

"THE GOOD FIGHT."

BY EBENEZER BURR.

A war there is that's worth the waging,
 Bloodless—but not less stern—the strife,
 In which the warrior, once engaging,
 Lays down his arms but with his life ;
 And glory, honor, and renown
 Shall weave for him a fadeless crown !

In this great war, each one enlisting
 Is pledged to fight with quenchless zeal,
 The foe unceasingly resisting,
 And urging ever Truth's appeal,
 Wielding no weapon but the sword
 Furnished by God's own written Word.

To strive with scorers, oft deriding
 The principles we hold most dear,
 Is worthy of the law abiding,
 And renders truth's credentials clear ;
 So shall the strife but strengthen men
 To stand the test when tried again.

'Gainst mean self-seeking and contention,
 Against ambition's lawless strife,
 True men, by friendly intervention,
 Would nurse a nation's noblest life,
 Till God shall scatter, near and far,
 "The people that delight in war."

Against the power and love of sinning
 A life-long warfare must be passed ;
 This is the battle's best beginning,
 And this must close the strife at last,
 Then, though that strife be fierce and long,
 Loud shall resound the Conqueror's song.

LETTER FROM DR. FISCHHOFF TO MR.
HENRY RICHARD, M.P.*Emmersdorf bei Klagenfurt, Austria.*

HONORED SIR,—The flattering letter with which you favored me gave me great pleasure. If a man of your position and character gives me his approval, it is to me a pledge that my work is a praiseworthy one. I have long known your unwearyed and landable efforts in the service of humanity—in the interests of peace for all nations. All that you write to me of your struggle in favor of army reduction is known, not only to me, but to all in Austria who in any degree occupy themselves with this question. Thus, the most influential Austrian journal, the *Neue Freie Presse*, had, a short time ago, a notice of your journeys and of your eminent activity during the International Conference at the Hague. New only to me was your communication that already, in the year 1869, you had in view an International Parliamentary Conference to aid in bringing forward army reduction. It is deeply to be regretted that the German-Franco war then frustrated your design. The present moment seems to be more favorable, and it is the advice of all who have the same goal before their eyes, to reach a hand to each other, and increase the strength of action by united and concerted example. I will, therefore, always take care to keep you informed of all that goes on here, and to bring about a relation between you and those Austrian Members of Parliament who vote for the disarmament idea. As in the German Parliament, under the guidance of Baron Ducker, a party has likewise been formed favorable to the Reduction and an International Delegates' Conference : and as, further, you also, my dear Sir, doubtless will bring before the English Parliament, the question concerning the Reduction and the Conference, and will gather around you a group of deputies, a crystallization point would already be won, if a union between the relative members of Parliament of these three Kingdoms could be established. That also in Italy, among many deputies, inclination to this development is a patent fact allows of no doubt. Our

mutual friend, Dr. Scherger, will show you a copy of the letter which General Garibaldi has addressed to me. Also in the Italian Parliament men will be found who will bring opportunity into the right track. Assuredly you are in relations with Italy, and can there further these views. Only France does not so far show the least movement in this direction. Is it entirely impossible to work upon public opinion in that country ?

Of the present condition of things with us I can communicate the following :—The Deputy Fux sent me ten days ago a sketch of a motion which he and his colleagues determined to bring forward after the assembling of the Deputies. This motion is quite in the sense of my proposals. As public opinion is favorable to this Reduction idea, the Government, as I understand, will not declare itself opposed to the motion ; it will therefore support a counter-motion which shall have the appearance of a similar tendency—that, namely, already in public schools, military gymnastics should be taught. By these preparatory instructions, the term of service of the soldiers could be shortened, and a considerable economy in the war budget rendered possible. This manœuvre of the Government will probably have the wished-for result, as the national opposition will vote with a large portion of the governing party. The discussion of the question in the Austrian Parliament appears meanwhile already as an act of no small significance. Should discussions soon follow upon this subject in the English and German Parliament, this would indicate manifest progress. That the municipalities of Vienna, Linz, and Graz, the autonomic bodies of the three largest towns in the German part of Austria, as also numerous political Unions have declared themselves in favor of this idea, is probably known to you from the journals. So much on the present position. I will keep you also in future acquainted with all important occurrences, as it is necessary for you, as leader of a large organization, to be always *au fait*.

I shall esteem it a favor if you will in future communicate to me anything that in the reach of your circle of action has borne important results.

Any favorable enunciations of the leading English journals would here give much encouragement.

Lastly, I heartily shake hands with you, who are for me an example in the endeavor to promote the welfare of mankind !

Yours, very truly,

ADOLPH FISCHHOFF.

REMARKABLE LETTER.

The *New York Observer* publishes the following letter sent by the King of Abyssinia to the Khedive of Egypt on the final failure of the latter's expedition of invasion into Abyssinia. It shows that the labors of Christian teachers, since the death of King Theodore, have not been in vain. The letter would do honor to the head of any Christian nation, and is remarkable as coming from one who was recently in a state of barbarism :

"TO HIS HIGHNESS THE KHEDIVE, ETC. :

"I have been your best friend until you took that wicked man and devil, named Munzinger, and made him a Bey, who caused us to be bad friends.

"While I was away in the Azubo country he went to you and asked you to give him troops to take my country. I did not go and fight your soldiers, because I thought that when you had learnt that these countries did not belong to you, you would leave them. I was silent. And again : While I was away in the Amhara country and while I was coming back, you sent more troops toward my city of Adowa. But by the power of God—not by my own hand-power—I am safe. When you came into my country at Genda I was silent. When you came to my country of Hamassin I was silent. But when you came quickly to my country Sarae, and put your camp at my door in Gundst, what could I do ? Then I roused myself, and gained the victory, because God was on my side, and gave it to me. As, thanks to God, all the soldiers, your servants, who were not killed, I send back to you. But the black Bareya people say that you bought them with money, and they wish to stay with me. And now, my brother, I do not want more country than my forefathers had. For one man to take another man's country is not good. For you and me to fight and shed the blood of our people will make God angry with us both.

"Written in Adowa, etc."

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1876.



INTERNATIONALISM.

The following extract is from an article entitled "Internationalism," by His Excellency Don Arturo De Marcoartu, Ex-Deputy to the Cortes :

The permanent period of the life of nations is peace, the abnormal period war, and the intermediate or transitory period between these two is that of contests, disputes, and rival claims. Hence it follows that an international code should comprehend the laws appropriate to each of these three states—viz., laws for the time of peace ; laws to serve in time of war ; and laws transitory, for that of contentious and conflicting interests.

I am of opinion that two simultaneous proceedings might and ought to be followed for regulating the internationalism or codifying the relations between states. One of these, more immediate in its results, will be the codification of those principles which are already more or less recognized, taking for guides and starting points the collections of international conventions, the standard works of the best authorities who have written on the subject of treaties, and the solutions pronounced in special cases ; whilst the several principles and controvertible cases could be discussed and cleared up amongst the states themselves. The other process is the scientific preparation of the bases of the Code of Nations by subjecting them to the test of experience.

In the first of these two proceedings, affording more immediately practical results, the shapeless constituted right will become moulded to the form of right rational ; and in the second the right constituent will be modified according to the counsels of observation and the history of nations.

The first codification will constitute a series of special conventions, which, as soon as they are ratified, can at once be applied in peace, in war, and on the occurrence of any international contest.

The second work will lay the foundation of the future international charter of the nations.

It might be said that in this primary codification the systems of the English school would be followed which is continually and gradually shaping the constitution of the country by successive legislative reforms ; while the system of the Latin school, too much attached perhaps to the scientific form of its codes, would find its opportunity at a later period.

The codification of the constituted law and the project for a constituent code, ought to be effected by one and the same International Assembly, comprehending within its centre the learning and experience of the states of the civilized world.

The idea of an International Congress and Tribunal appears to have had its origin in the Amphictyonic and Achaian leagues, and in the Lycian confederacy, corporations which are described to us as congresses and tribunals, because they afforded help to the confederated states by the exercise of the power and justice they wielded. In the present day it is indispensa-

ble to separate the legislative element, from which the laws emanate, from the judicial element, which enforces justice by code or by precedent.

It is now half a century since the initiation in November, 1825, of the preliminary negotiations for the convoking of the International Congress of Panama, inaugurated on the 22nd of June, 1860.

Representatives or agents were appointed at this Congress by Great Britain, France, and the Netherlands amongst European nations, and by the United States, Peru, Mexico, Central America, Columbia, Brazil and Chili amongst the American States ; but the only states which were actually represented at the congress were Mexico, Peru, Central America, and Columbia. The season, the climate, and the geographical situation of Panama were not, fifty years ago, the most fitting for the residence of an International Congress, and the feeble authority which the new Columbian Government could be expected to exert amongst the other European and American Governments promised no greater result than a mere passing mention of the Congress when tracing the history of International Assemblies. In the programme of the Congress proposed by the Columbian Government it was attempted to lay down principles of the highest importance in the code of nations ; but the truth is that the scheme of a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive against Spain had a large share in the ideas of the Hispano-American States ; and such a project contributed in no small degree in those days to prevent the European and the United States (whose President at that time was Adams) co-operating thoroughly in the successful result of the Congress.

A new meeting was called to assemble at Tacubaya, near Mexico, on the 15th July, 1826, but as only two or three delegates made their appearance no Congress was formed.

About this time twelve years, on the 4th of November, 1863, the Emperor of the French addressed a communication to all the sovereigns of Europe, proposing "to regulate the present and to secure the future" in an European Congress.

It was apprehended by some that attempts would be made at this Congress to originate great disturbances in the frontiers of European states, and that if not preceded by a disarmament, the Congress would hasten war. Perhaps under the influence of such fears, Lord John Russell, in his reply to the French Government, dated the 25th of the same month, was the first to decline accepting the invitation of the Emperor.

At the Congress held at Panama, in that attempted by Napoleon III., and in all the projects of International Assemblies, Congresses, Parliaments, Senates, or Diets, which I have seen, it has been sought to constitute these supreme legislative bodies out of the representatives of the executive powers only, without allowing any representation to other political powers of the state, and without the least taking into account, either directly or indirectly, the constitutional representative system.

My own idea is that in a Constituent Assembly, to which is committed the lofty mission of agreeing to a new code of nations, and the constitution for the future of one or two International Chambers, the executive, legislative, and judicial elements of each nation ought to be duly represented. The first of these would express the action and experience of each government ; the second would represent the political opinions of the majority and the minority of the legislative bodies, and, in an indirect manner, the public opinions of the respective countries ; and the third would express the degree of science attained in their courts and universities.

Each nation would send a *Delegate* or ambassador appointed by the government; two *Electors* of the international parliament, chosen by the two chambers of the nation, and who should be, or have been, members of the said chambers, and belonging one to the majority and the other to the minority of the same; and a *Magistrate* nominated by the supreme tribunal and the universities of the nation.

The four representatives of each state would have an equal vote, and the International Assembly would elect its president with a casting vote in case of equality.

The International Assembly or Parliament, besides codifying the constituted rights and establishing in a Magna Charta the constituent rights of nations, in peace, in war, and in cases of dispute, would at once endeavor to promote the consolidation of peace and a harmonious internationalism amongst all states, so as to advance the culture and prosperity of the people, augmenting the frequency and intimacy of their mutual and reciprocal relations. But this supreme international legislative power would always keep itself separate and alien from the internal government of the several states, which would remain in the full enjoyment of their respective autonomy and political rule, more or less liberal, more or less restrictive, autocratic, monarchical absolute or limited, or republican; thus following the counsel of the immortal Washington, who, eighty years ago, on the 17th of December, 1796, in his "Farewell" to the American people, recommended them strictly to abstain from mixing themselves up with, or intermeddling in, the affairs of other nations.

This regime of a future Internationalism demands a judicial power which shall apply and enforce the legislation of the International Assembly; a power which might be commended to a High and Supreme International Court, composed of special tribunals, to be elected by that legislative body, in conformity with certain conditions as to the qualifications to be possessed by the magistrates so appointed.

While Governments hesitate to decide upon systematically promoting the codification of a constituted, and the founding of a constituent, right, and upon commending this arduous mission to an International Assembly composed of members of acknowledged authority in matters of diplomacy, policy, and jurisprudence, public opinion, in the meantime, proclaiming the necessity of a positive International Law, has commenced bringing together certain materials more or less incomplete, more or less shaped out, more or less practicable, fitted to stimulate the initiative of the Executive Powers. During these last years, and especially since the Franco-German war, the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, the Association for the Reform and Codification of Law of Nations, the International Institute of Ghent; many other institutions, academies, and corporations in France, Italy, Germany, and America; the numerous special publications which have issued in the shape of volumes, reviews, and journals, and the public meetings which have been held in both hemispheres, are daily more and more attracting the attention of men at the head of public affairs to the international question.

If Russia, after granting freedom to her millions of serfs, has set forth the necessity of reforming the usages and customs of war—if Germany, which propounds a permanent peace—if Austria and Italy, whose well-being is so identified with the maintenance of the peace of Europe—if France, where the voices of illustrious men, taught by the reverses which their country has suffered, recommend peace, industry, and liberty

as the best way of avenging the late war—if Great Britain, which lives by peace, and for the peace of all countries—if the United States, at the centenary of their independence, are not inspired by the pacific spirit of Washington and do not promote the constitution of an International Assembly—yet is it not totally impossible that other independent states, such as Swede and Norwegian, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Brazil, and the other American States may attempt, in more advanced days, and under more favorable conditions, to second the initiative which was boldly assumed fifty years ago at Panama by the young and inexperienced Government of Columbia.

And it is not unlikely that, should any great length of time elapse without any of the European or American Powers manifesting their desire and intention to promote the constitution of an International Congress, an attempt might be made to essay, as preliminaries thereto, a series of Parliamentary Conferences amongst public men actually representatives or ex-representatives in national parliaments.

There already exists a more than tacit assent to this idea in the minds of various Belgian, Italian, English, Swiss, German, Dutch, and American representatives; and no doubt can be entertained that not only the four hundred or more representatives who have voted in favor of arbitration in England, Italy, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and America, but many more, both in those and other countries, are now agreed as to the necessity of inaugurating the laying down of a Code of International Laws.

Let us hope that before many years an International Parliament will be constituted, to draw up such laws as ought to rule relations between nations estranged from each other, as the parliaments of confederation fix the reciprocal relations between the nations so confederated; and as National Parliaments, Congresses, Cortes, Assemblies, Reichstag, and the Bund establish relations between municipalities, provinces, countries, and apartments. No doubt can be entertained that by means of the education of the people, which moralizes and enriches them, by the development of facilities of communication, and doing away with the trammels which oppose the free circulation of thought and material products, war will eventually become more and more difficult.

The Parliamentary Conferences, and in due time the International Parliament, would have to promote the education of all classes in every country of the world, to their gain in culture and morality, and to the benefit of international interests; they would have to establish, as the only legal one to be used, an equal standard of weights, measures and moneys; they would have to reduce to the lowest possible cost the post office and telegraphic services, they would have to prepare a universal freedom of transit without passports, customs, port, or differential flag dues; continually reducing the frontier tariffs and establishing customs, unions, or zollvereins (for at present some states only retain custom duties for war purposes), and should endeavor to hasten the unification of the civil and mercantile code of nations so that in every country each man's industry and property may give him equal rights.

An International Association of Chambers of Commerce, to be appointed by delegation from these Chambers, whose influence is at present restricted in great measure to the nation where they are established, international clearing banks, and undertakings which shall combine with reciprocal advantages the interests of distinct nations, are, without doubt, destined hereafter to favor the interests and strengthen the cause of a permanent peace.

MILITARY REFINEMENT.

BY HOWARD MALCOM, D.D.

Robert Sutcliffe, a Quaker minister in England, visited this country, and travelled very extensively, during the years 1804, 1805 and 1806. In 1812 his *Travels* were published in Philadelphia—a very valuable but very scarce book.

The Indians were then numerous in every State; and British troops were encamped in many places. The following extract is a fair specimen of military honor.

He spent a few days in the neighborhood of West Chester, Penn., where a section of British troops was encamped. The friend with whom he stayed, related to him an incident during the revolutionary war; showing how severely the farmers suffered in their property. "A near neighbor of his friend had a considerable stock of cheese on hand which had to be hid, to avoid being robbed of it. Some officers who were encamped in the vicinity, obtained information respecting this stock of cheese, and one of them sent a servant to the mistress of the house, saying that his master was very desirous to taste one of her cheeses, having been told that she made a better article than any of her neighbors, and not having tasted for a long time any that was fit to eat, he would freely give her a guinea for a small one. The servant was not able to ascertain the fact, and of course could not accomplish his errand. The officer then went himself to the house, and after much persuasion prevailed on the mistress to let him have two or three, for which he would freely give her a guinea each. He watched the mistress so closely, that he discovered where the stock was, without seeming to notice whence she brought the cheeses. After many expressions of thanks, he returned to camp. Next day a detachment of armed soldiers came to the house, and after forcibly taking the money which the officer had paid the day before, they went to where the cheese was kept, and carried off the whole, paying nothing. Such is the morality of war."

SAMPSON'S RIDDLE.

"Out of the eater came forth meat and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

This ancient enigma which was proposed by Sampson at his marriage feast, was founded upon the fact, that by his prodigious strength he had strangled and slain a roaring lion; and that on revisiting the spot he found, that "a swarm of bees" had taken possession, and had deposited a store of honey in the carcass. Difficult as was the problem the treachery of his wife enabled his opponent to solve it, by asking "What is sweeter than honey, and what is stronger than a lion?"

But there is, in the promised extinction of war, another and more evangelical solution.

The grand project which has been announced, of forming a huge procession of workmen carrying swords and bayonets to the Centennial Anvil at Philadelphia, and there smelting them in the furnace kindled by the promoters of peace and then "beating them into ploughshares and pruning-hooks"—probably under the superintendence of the veteran blacksmith philosopher and philanthropist, Elihu Burritt,—is truly significant, as being the symbolic harbinger of one of the noblest and latest triumphs of Christianity. Behold the scene! As that ponderous hammer descends and crushes the horrid weapons, the obedient skill of evangelical peace-makers shapes and transforms them into useful implements of agriculture! Is not this wonderful transformation, a far better and more glorious solution of the ancient riddle, than that which the foregoing incident in the life of Sampson originally supplied?

The SWORD, wielded by the soldier's hand, is the representative and synonyme of WAR, the gigantic "eater" and murderer of mankind, destroying their bodies and imperilling their

souls; devouring whole hecatombs of victims without remorse and without satiety; feeding on human flesh and blood; blasting human hopes and scattering human bones; overturning palaces, cottages, and peaceful homes; burning entire cities and villages; demolishing the treasured products of art, industry, and Providence, and spreading fiendish havoc and desolation through every portion of the habitable globe! Surely the "devouring sword" is stronger and fiercer than the lion!

And yet, *the very sword itself* is to become the happy instrument of useful labor: and out of the *symbol of War* is to arise the *token of Peace*. The monster is not merely to be destroyed and strangled, but actually transformed by the Omnipotent energy of the Prince of Peace into the representative instruments of repose and prosperity! Swords are to be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks: and, when the beastly brute is vanquished, the busy swarms of industry will immediately take possession of the dead carcass, and deposit inexhaustible stores of food comfort and delicious treasure! Thus, again, "out of the eater will come forth meat;" and out of the strong (or bitter) will come forth the promised and abundant sweetness of personal, social, national, universal and everlasting PEACE! Well may the children of God rejoice in the prospect, and exclaim "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!" FRANCIS WARD.

Oxford, Iowa, March 27, 1876.

A CURIOUS, BUT GOOD SERMON.

A correspondent of the *Methodist Advocate* says: On my rounds of family visits, I found in the possession of one sister, Elizabeth Johnson, aged eighty-eight years, the following sermon, which she has retained on a small scrap of paper for over sixty years; it is printed in the old style:

A sermon on the word MALT, preached by the Rev. Mr. Dodd, in a hollow tree.

The Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the Cantabs by frequent preaching against drunkenness, several of whom meeting him on a journey, they determined to make him preach in a hollow tree which was near the roadside. Accordingly, addressing him in great apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not lately preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted that he should now preach from a text of their choosing. In vain did he remonstrate of the unreasonableness of expecting him to give them a discourse without study and in such a place; they were determined to take no denial, and the word "malt" was given him by way of text, on which he immediately delivered himself as follows:

"Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at short warning to preach a short sermon from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a slender congregation. Beloved, my text is 'malt.' I cannot divide it into words, it being but one. I must therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these four M A L T. M, my beloved, is Moral; A, is Allegorical; L, Literal; T, Theological. The Moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M—masters, A—all of you, L—listen, T—to my text. Allegorical is when one thing is spoken and another meant. The thing spoken of is malt, the thing meant is the juice of malt, which you Cantabs make, M—your master; A—your apparel; L—your liberty; and T—your trust. The literal is, according to the effects that it works; and these I find to be of two kinds; first, in this world; secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this are, in some, M—murder; in others, A—adultery; in all, L—looseness of life; and in some, T—treason. The effects that it works in the world to come are, M—misery; A—anguish; L—lamentation; T—torment. And so much for this time and text. I shall improve this first, by way of exhortation. M—masters; A—all of you; L—leave off; T—tippling; or, secondly, by way of excommunication, M—masters; A—all of you; L—look for; T—torment; thirdly, by way of caution, take this—a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason,

the brewer's agent, the alehouse benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbor's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast and the monster of a man."

THE SWORD.

He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one.—Luke 22: 36.

After teaching on many occasions the law of peace and love; instructing his followers to "love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you" etc., our Saviour told his disciples to buy some swords!! If they really understood that his instructions would not permit the use of deadly weapons against their fellow-men, they must have received the instruction with surprise. That they did not so understand is evident by one of them saying, "Lord, behold, here are two swords. And he said unto them, it is enough." He had found his disciples in that day, as many have been ever since, very "slow to believe." He wished to give them one more lesson; shall we say an object lesson? in regard to the sword, that they would thoroughly understand, and two were enough for that purpose.

A servant of God might preach, or lecture on the horror and wickedness of war, and vividly portray the advantage of settling all difficulties, whether personal or national, by other means than fighting. His hearers, however, could not tell what he might do if surrounded by an infuriated mob, who intended to take his life without cause; but if they saw him so situated, with enough men and instruments of defence to protect themselves, and he should tell his adherents to inflict no deadly wound; that it was better to suffer wrong, than to do wrong, there would then be no room to doubt of his sincerity.

This was the impressive lesson that Jesus wished to give with the sword; and which could not have been so effectually given without the sword. I view it as the climax of his teaching on this subject. With his surroundings, to order Peter to "put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword," leaves no place or occasion, I think, in which it is right, according to the Gospel, for a Christian to use deadly weapons. The Christians so understood it for a few of the first centuries of the Christian era.

Christians generally believe that all wars and fightings will sometime cease under the influence of the Gospel of Christ. Let such remember that the Gospel requires *now*, all that it ever will require. *Consequently all Christian professors should now cease to engage in carnal warfare.* Should all Christians cease to have anything to do with war, the system would soon come into such disrepute, that war between civilized nations would very soon be unknown, except in the history of the past.

LAWRIE TATUM.

THE FINANCE OF WAR.

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

Dr. Amasa Walker, in his "Science of Wealth," has a chapter on the "Finance of War," the object of which is to show the fallacy of the common idea "that a vastly greater amount of money is needed in time of war than of peace." The substance of his argument is that war does not increase the aggregate production of the people beyond that of peace; that it does not add to the number of exchanges incident to the transaction of business, or to the amount of services to be paid for; and, hence, that, so far as the people themselves, in distinction from the government, are concerned, the volume of money sufficient in peace will be equally so in war. Money is simply the medium of exchange and the measure of values; and if war does not increase the number of exchanges or the amount of the commodities exchanged, then it creates no general necessity for an increased quantity of money.

The belligerent government, however, as such, is in a position very different from that of peace. Besides its usual function of enacting and administering the laws and paying the expenses thereof, it is engaged in the special and extraordinary business of war; and this creates a demand for an unusual number of agents, as well as for a large amount of war material. Armies and navies are to be supported and equipped

and kept in fighting condition. These war appliances involve expense, and, hence, "the money-chest" of the government is subjected to a greatly increased draft upon its resources. It has more bills to pay, and money, or its equivalent, though not the direct instrument of military campaigns, is, nevertheless, the instrument of paying these bills. It is in this sense only that money forms the "sinews" of war. It belongs to the financial machinery of war; and, since the government is the prime operator and manager, and since, moreover, the business is one of rapid destruction, and not reproduction, all the time consuming the capital invested and yielding no profits in the economical sense, the government must have some way of constantly replenishing its own treasury. The augmented current that flows out demands a corresponding current that flows in.

THE LIBERIAN WAR ENDED.

Intelligence has been received from Western Africa that the war between Liberia and the natives is at an end. Some time since, the United States steamer Alaska, Captain A. A. Semmes, was ordered by the Navy Department to proceed from the Mediterranean to Liberia for the purpose of aiding in the suppression of the revolt of the native tribes against the Liberian government. The Alaska arrived at Monrovia on the 5th of February last, and after taking on board the American Minister and the President of Liberia, with his suite, proceeded to Cape Palmas. Advices have been received from Captain Semmes, under date of March 2, that through his intervention and without resort to force, a treaty of peace has been signed by the chiefs of the various tribes at war with Liberia, on the one part, and the President of the Republic and Captain Semmes on the other. Liberia has thus been saved from a devastating conflict through the instrumentality of the navy. It is hoped that in future our men-of-war will continue to visit the coast. Their very presence will be a protection to the colony. The intervention of the United States in this matter was sought by the American Colonization Society, which maintains a constant interest in the young nation, now left to its own government on the shores of Africa. The Society planted the colony, nursed it through its early struggles and dangers, and now desires to make it an inviting home for the African race. Its future is the hope of millions of that people, many of whom are now looking longingly to Liberia as a more promising land for them than the United States.

WE SHOULD OPPOSE WAR ON ACCOUNT OF ITS PHYSICAL EVILS.

The physical evils of war are immense. They surpass our powers of description. A battle is usually reported by one party or another as "A brilliant victory! A glorious success!" But what a misnomer in the light of facts! What glory can you see in mangled corpses, in thousands of men and horses perforated with bullets, or torn limb from limb by bomb shells, and others writhing in pain, trampled under foot by flying squadrons, and left to die upon the field? These physical ills are not limited to a single day of battle; they are followed by a long train of sufferings in hospitals. Many of them are of such a nature as to endure for life. What sad proof we have of this in the large numbers of returned soldiers, who lost one or more limbs in the late war, or received other serious, permanent injuries. Nor is this all. The poverty resulting to a large number on account of the destruction of their homes and their property, by devastating armies, must be taken into account. In view of all this mass of physical woe, on the battlefield, in hospitals, in desolate homes—endured by widows and orphans in poverty; by shattered constitutions; by life-long cripples, as the inevitable fruit of war,—O Christians! in view of all this, I ask you is this the business of the followers of the Prince of Peace?—*Morning Star*.

The Emperor of Russia has lately declared that he will use his powerful influence to preserve Peace in Europe, and solemnly calls on the other powers to assist him. The friends of humanity, the world over, are indebted to this mighty auxiliary for his wise course in this matter.

OUR INDIAN POLICY.

On Friday last the House passed the bill, by a vote of 139 to 94, transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The matter has been under discussion for the last fortnight at various times; and how much the country or the cause of humanity will be the gainer by the change may be judged from the facts presented in the course of debate by Hon. Mr. Seelye of the Tenth Congressional District. In his argument against the measure Mr. Seelye confined himself mainly to a recital of the undisputed facts of history, showing the wretched policy we have pursued in our dealings with the Indian tribes, and placing the responsibility of all our recent Indian wars upon the rash, indiscreet and cruel conduct of the officers of the army. A few of the illustrations as to the source and origin of these long and expensive contests are all that we have space to give, although they are intensely interesting and instructive. The great Sioux war of 1852-3-4, which cost the country \$40,000,000, originated in a dispute concerning a cow which strayed from a Mormon emigrant train, and which a band of Sioux found and ate. A lieutenant at Fort Laramie was appealed to to recover the cow; a conference was had with the Indians, and they offered to pay her full value to the owner; but this would not answer. The lieutenant then demanded the surrender of the man who had taken her, but the Indians said he could not be found. Thereupon he ordered his troops to fire, and the chief was slain. Mr. Seelye showed by the most indubitable evidence that the wars in Oregon in 1854-55 were brought about entirely by the indiscretion of the army. The troops were ordered out of Oregon in 1851 because the Superintendent of Indian Affairs would not consent to go until the troops were removed, and they were ordered back in 1853 because it was said that the peaceful state which existed in the interval brought no money into Oregon. During the three years of 1851, 1852 and 1853 the entire cost of keeping the Indians at peace by peaceful means in Oregon and California and Idaho altogether was only \$25,000, while in 1854 and 1855 it cost the Government \$10,000,000 in Oregon alone to quell disturbances by the army which the army itself had created. The Indian war with the Cheyennes in 1864-5, Mr. Seelye demonstrated, were directly due to the mismanagement of the military. First, a lieutenant undertook to arrest some Indians at Sand Creek, with no authenticated cause: then a major guaranteed protection to a band who were ready to lay down their arms and live in peace; then a colonel ordered the same band to be surrounded, and though he knew the guarantee they had received and also that they had since committed no offence, and though he saw, as he drew near, the hapless wretches, women and little children as well as men, huddling around a United States flag, up to which they were gazing for the protection which a United States military officer had promised they should receive—though he knew and saw all this, for we have sworn and copious testimony to the fact, he ordered and secured their massacre with such atrocious cruelties to the living and such indecent mutilations of the dead that one wonders whether the perpetrators could be human beings or whether they were fiends in the guise of men. This deed, said Mr. Seelye, taught the Indian that he could trust no one but himself, and to let his savage instincts run untrammelled. The Cheyennes and Kiowas and Comanches were all inflamed, and conflagration, death, and pillage reigned all along our borders. It took two years to stop this terror, during which time, besides the immense loss to private individuals of property and life, it cost the Government \$35,000,000 and many lives of soldiers; while leaving out the Sand Creek massacre, only twenty Indians, all told, were slain. From this we had another war, lasting through 1867 and 1868, which it is reported cost us \$40,000,000 and the lives of over 300 men, while just six Indians and no more, were slain. In 1866 we were at peace with the Sioux when the military officer in command—another major-general of the army—in direct violation of treaty stipulations, planted the military posts of Phil. Kearney, Reno and C. F. Smith in the actual territory of these Indians. It was an unwarrantable act and they flew to arms, and it cost the Government at the rate of \$1,000,000 a month and many lives before they could be subdued, and when peace came, and new treaties were made, the Government acknowledged the original rights of the Indians

and ordered the forts to be vacated which had caused the war. In continuation of his argument, Mr. Seelye traced the Modoc war, the war in Arizona and the present troubles in the Black Hills, saying: "There has not been an Indian war for half a century but that the whites have been the aggressors, and hardly one for the same period but can be traced directly to the mismanagement of the military." In conclusion, he said:

"But during the last six years, for the first time since the Government began, it has sought to introduce directly among these people Christian influences. It has selected its agents and superintendents, not from the army and not from the retainers of a political party, but from the churches of the land. The result has been better and larger than one who knew the difficulties, however sanguine, might have hoped. It has not been all that was desired. The work is very great, and the workmen, though thus selected, have sometimes turned out very weak. But never before could a Christian philanthropist find so much hope in our treatment of the Indians as now. I implore the House not to retrace these steps nor retard a forward movement in the same direction. Do not let either the army or a dominant party have again the management of these affairs. Save the Indian, I entreat, from the cruelty of the one and the corruption of the other, and from the selfishness of both."—*Boston Herald*.

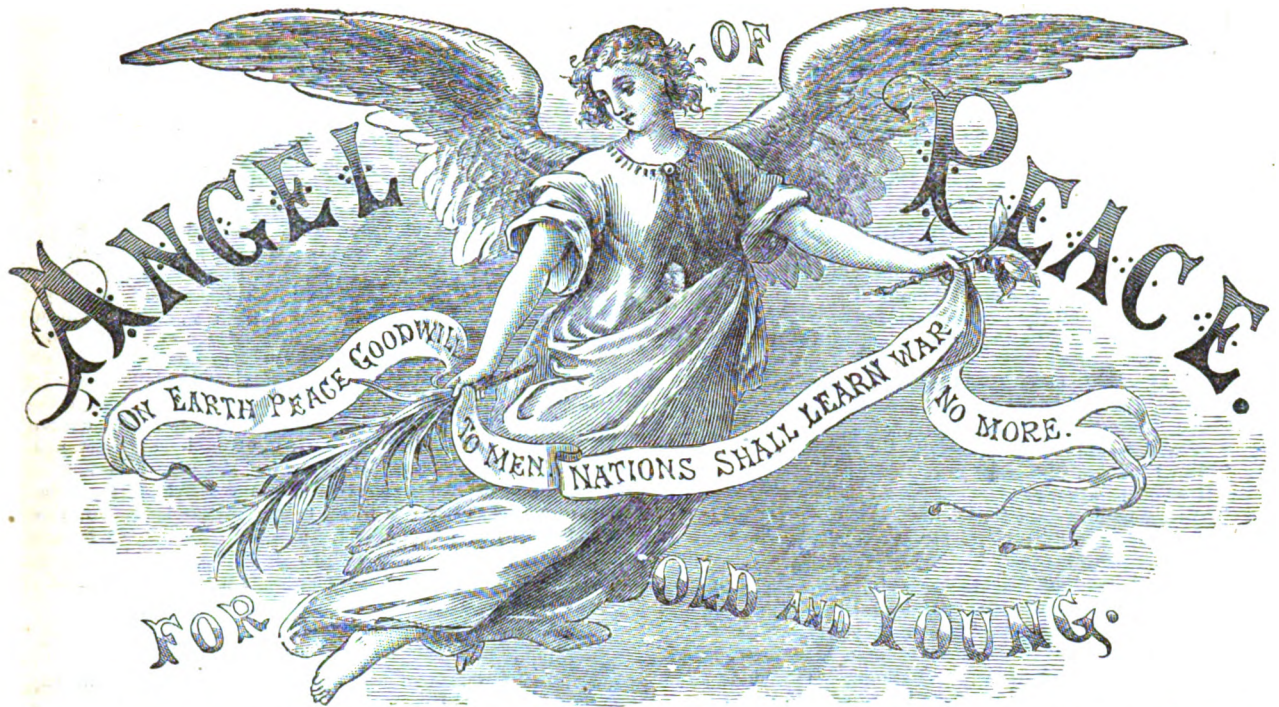
LA BELLE FRANCE.

A correspondent in Paris calls our attention to the fact that the Socialist programme issued just before the election, contained the following paragraph which he asserts met with the general approval of the Paris working men:—"The massacre between nations should be no longer of our time, and the future government of the Republic, without neglecting the precautionary measures necessary, from the state of things created in Europe by the ambition of monarchs, should join the English, Italian, American, Swedish, and Belgian Governments in asking for the establishment of an International Court of Arbitration, destined to prevent wars and permit general disarmament."

France has astonished us in nothing so much of late years as in her capacity to raise money. She paid off the *milliards* to the Germans with promptness and apparent facility that made men stare, and caused many to declare that in national pride she had exhausted herself rather than be under obligations to a foe, or have their garrisons quartered on her soil. But now we learn by a recent dispatch that in the matter of a municipal loan for the city of Paris an amount forty times greater than was desired was offered in the bids. This significant fact proves the thrift and the wealth of the French people, and their unflinching confidence in their own nation. This is one great reason for their rapid recovery from the greatest of misfortunes and the apparent safety with which they pass through the severest trials. Truly, their faith in themselves saves them, when all others despair. After all its adversity France might still rise to great power and importance in the European balance, if she would only conquer her foolish desire for glory, and her passion for revenge for past defeats. France needs peace, absolute peace for a generation, when she would probably come out again stronger than ever; and this she would have if her demagogues could be kept quiet, for it looks just now, with all the nervous fears about the matter, as if no nation would wisely court war.

An Austrian paper published a long letter from a member of the Austrian Reichstag stating that the idea of an International Conference of Deputies to discuss the expediency of a reduction or disbandment of standing armies is nearing realization. The Austrian and Hungarian delegates discussed this matter before they separated, and a great many deputies are now in communication with English, French, German, Italian and Swiss members of Parliament on the subject.

The Vienna newspapers also state that Herr Fux, a member of the Progressist party in the Austrian Reichstag, has given notice of a resolution asking the Government to instruct the Minister of Foreign Affairs to invite the Powers friendly to Austria to a conference which would consider the expediency of reducing European armaments on the basis of definite proposals to be made by the different Governments.



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THE CITY OF PEACE.

BY C. I. WEDGEWOOD.

When I am weary, and 'tis often now,
Since I am growing old,
I read a letter, written long ago,
And worn at every fold.

It came from a far country, and it tells
Of one more distant still,
In whose brave mansions He who sent it dwells,
As all who love him will.

I read of thee with many a loving note,
Oh, country, fair to see!
And pondering here, thy palaces remote
No longer seem to me.

I know the way so well; and there is One
Who in his place afar,
Shines in thy light that comes not from the sun,
Dearer than others are.

Oh, rest and peace! Oh, city far away,
Thy gates wide open stand!
Thou hast no night; in thee the endless day
Of God is now at hand!

Pilgrim I am, slow toiling through the dust,
Where He I seek hath trod,
To find some morn, when sight shall conquer trust,
The city of my God!

The home of Him who sent my letter old,
Whose promises divine
Are more to me than all this earth can hold,
For all He has is mine!

A very poor and aged man, busied in planting and grafting an apple-tree, was rudely interrupted by this interrogation: "Why do you plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and leaning upon his spade, replied, "Some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit. I now plant for others that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."

THE MURDERED GUIDE.

In his recent work, "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," Sir Samuel Baker relates the following thrilling incident:

Many years since, when the Egyptian troops first conquered Nubia, a regiment of them were passing across a certain desert. The heat was oppressive, almost beyond endurance; and their supply of water was very scanty. They were put on short allowance. Far off they thought they saw a beautiful lake, with branching palm-trees. They longed for the water and the cool shadows. Their Arab guide told them there was no lake there; it was a mirage—a floating, alluring delusion. They insisted on taking the testimony of their own eyes, and urged him to deviate from the chosen pathway across that trackless waste. He resisted. He would not waste the precious time. He would not yield to their mistaken notions.

At last they came to open violence, and, when they sought to compel him to their views, he resisted, and they—whose very life depended upon his life—left him weltering in his blood.

Then the whole regiment, with wild delight, and eager for their anticipated refreshment and repose, rushed towards the fascinating waters. Parched and heated, they tore across the hot sands. They were scorched and blinded and bewildered; and yet farther and farther they struck into the wide waste; farther and farther they separated themselves from their dead guide, who alone had the secret of their safety. And still the visionary lake fled before them as a phantom, and the palm-trees beckoned with their high-up hands. At last, never nearer the object of their search, tired and disappointed, maddened and in despair, one after another was compelled to give up the pursuit and to perish. Not a single man survived to tell the sad tale of their delusion and death; but long afterwards, Arabs in search of the party found the murdered guide and the regiment of withered corpses.

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy, who stood at a window looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes," said the brother.

"Why would I? You'd have no right in him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No, he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who had been listening, and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, "let me tell you of a quarrel that happened between two boys no bigger nor older than you are, that I read about the other day. They were going along the road talking together in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture-land in the world."

"The other said, 'And I wish I had all the cattle in the world.'"

"What would you do then?" asked his friend.

"Why, I would turn them into your pasture-land."

"No, you wouldn't," was the reply.

"Yes, I would."

"But I wouldn't let you."

"I wouldn't ask you."

"You shouldn't do it."

"I should."

"You shan't."

"I will;" and with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys as they were."

The children laughed, but their mother said:

"You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than these boys in your half angry talk about an imaginary pony? If I had not been here, who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were."

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The Quaker of the olden time!

How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive makes
His brother's sin his own.
And pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

LAUGHING CHILDREN.

Give me the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun glance in through the window, gay, happy and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least when contrasted with the sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like a hyena from the moment he opens his angry eyes

until he is "confronted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and humanize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate and lovable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from the parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing, and as merry as the birds that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching and about to pour a whole flood of light and warmth upon the earth.

CONSEQUENCES OF WAR.

I need not dwell on the moral debasement that must ensue. The passions are unleashed like so many blood-hounds, and suffered to rage. All the crimes which fill our prisons stalk abroad, plaited with the soldier's garb, and unwhipped of justice.

Murder, robbery, rape, arson, theft, are the sports of this fiendish Saturnalia, when

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In the liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell.

Such is the foul disfigurement which War produces in man, of whom it has been so beautifully said, "How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!"

When, oh! when shall the St. Louis of the Nations arise—the Christian ruler, or Christian people, who, in the spirit of True Greatness, shall proclaim, that henceforward forever the great *Trial by Battle* shall cease; that "these battles" shall be abolished throughout the Commonwealth of civilization; that a spectacle so degrading shall never be allowed again to take place; and that it is the duty of Nations, involving of course the highest policy, to establish love between each other, and, in all respects, at all times, with all persons, whether their own people or the people of other lands, to be governed by the sacred *Law of Right*, as between man and man. May God speed the coming of that day!—*Charles Sumner.*

SEVEN "MINDS."

1. Mind your *tongue*! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind, or wicked words. Mind!
2. Mind your *eyes*! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures, or objects. Mind!
3. Mind your *ears*! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs, or words. Mind!
4. Mind your *lips*! Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them. Mind!
5. Mind your *hands*! Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words. Mind!
6. Mind your *feet*! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked. Mind!
7. Mind your *heart*! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his throne. Mind!

A poor simple-hearted African once went to Mr. Moffatt, the missionary, and told him, with a lugubrious face, that his dog had torn his copy of the Testament, and swallowed some leaves of it; and that he was grieved about it, for the dog was very valuable.

"But," said the missionary, "why do you grieve so? You can get another Testament, and the leaves will not hurt the dog."

"Ah!" said the savage, "that's what I fear. He is a good hunter and a good watch-dog, and the New Testament is so full of gentleness and love that I am afraid he will never be of service again."

When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.



AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THE DEMIJOHNS?

"Who's that, I wonder!" said Mrs. Seaburn, as she heard a ring at the basement door.

"Ah! it's Marshall," returned her husband, who had looked out at the window, and recognized the grocer's cart.

"And what have you had sent home now, Henry?"

But before Mr. Seaburn could answer, the door of the sitting room was opened, and one of the domestics looked in, and asked, "What'll I do wid the demijohns, mum?"

"Demijohns?" repeated Mrs. Seaburn.

"Put them in the hall, and I'll attend to them," interposed the husband.

"Henry, what have you sent home now?" the wife asked after the domestic was gone.

"Some nice old brandy," replied Henry.

Cora Seaburn glanced up at the clock, and then looked down upon the floor. There was a cloud upon her fair brow, and it was very evident that something lay heavily upon her heart. Presently she walked to the wall and pulled the bell cord, and the summons was answered by the chambermaid.

"Are George and Charles in their room?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Tell them it is school-time."

The girl went out, and in a little while two boys entered the sitting room with their books under their arms and their caps in their hands. They were bright, happy, healthy fellows, with goodness and truth stamped upon their rosy faces, and the light of free conscience gleaming in their sparkling eyes. George was thirteen years of age, and Charles eleven; and certainly those two parents had reason to be proud of them. The boys kissed their mother, gave a happy "good morning" their father, and then went away to school.

"Come," said Mr. Seaburn, some time after the boys had gone, "what makes you so sober?"

"Sober!" repeated the wife, looking up.

"Yes. You have been sober and mute ever since the grocer came."

"Do you want me to tell you why?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, Henry, I am sorry you have had that spirit brought into the house."

"Pooh! what's the use in talking so, Cora! You wouldn't have me do without it, would you?"

"Yes."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I would cut clear of the stuff, now and forever."

"It is time I was at the store."

"I will detain you but a moment, Henry. Just answer me a few questions. Now call to mind all the families of your acquaintance; think of all the domestic circles you have known from your school boy days to the present; run your thoughts through the various homes where you have been intimate—do this, and tell me if in any one instance you ever knew a single joy to be planted by the hearthstone from the wine cup? Did you ever know one item of good to flow to a family from its use?"

"No; I cannot say that I ever did—not as you mean."

"And now answer me again. Have you seen any great griefs planted by the intoxicating bowl upon the hearthstone?"

Henry Seaburn did not answer, for there passed before him such grim spectres of sorrow and grief, that he shuddered at the mental vision. What sights he saw as he unrolled the canvas of his memory!

"Henry," whispered the wife, moving to his side, and winding one arm about his neck, "we have two boys. They are growing to be men. They are noble, generous and tender-hearted. They love their home and honor their parents. They are here to form those characters, to receive those impressions, which shall be the basis upon which their future weal or woe must rest. Look at them. Oh! think of them. Think of them doing battle in the great struggle of the life before them. Oh! for our children, for those two boys, for the men we hope to see them, for the sweet memories we would have them cherish of their home, for the good old age they may reap, let us cast this thing out now and forever!"

Cora kissed her husband, as she ceased speaking; and then he arose to his feet, but he made her no reply.

"Henry, you are not offended?"

"No," he said. He returned her kiss, and without another word left the house and went to his store.

After the bank had closed, and as Henry Seaburn was thinking of going to his dinner, he received a note through the penny post. It was from a medical friend, and contained a request that he would call at the hospital on his way home.

"There is a man in one of the lower wards who wishes to see you," said the doctor.

"Does he know me?" asked Seaburn.

"He says he does."

"What is his name?"

"He won't tell us. He goes by the name of Smith, but I am satisfied that such is not his true name. He is in the last stage of consumption and delirium. He has lucid intervals, but they do not last long. He was picked up in the street, and brought here. He heard your name, and said he knew you once."

Mr. Seaburn went into the room where the patient lay, and looked at him. Surely he never knew that man! "There must be some mistake," he said.

The invalid heard him, and opened his eyes—such bloodshot, unearthly eyes!

"Harry," he whispered, trying to lift himself upon his elbow, "is this Henry Seaburn?"

"That is my name."

"And don't you know me?"

"I am sure I do not."

"Have you forgotten your old playmate in boyhood, Harry, your friend in other years, your chum in college?"

"What!" gasped Seaburn, starting back aghast, for a glimmer of the truth burst upon him. "This is not Alec Lomborg?"

"All that is left of him, my Hal," returned the poor fellow, putting forth his wasted, skeleton hand, and smiling a faint, quivering, dying smile.

"Alexander Lomborg!" said Henry, gazing into the bloated, disfigured face before him.

"You wouldn't have known me, Hal?"

"Indeed, no!"

"I know I am altered."

"But, Alec," cried Seaburn, "how is this? Why are you here?"

"Rum, my Hal—Rum! I'm about done for. But I wanted to see you. They told me you lived not far away, and I would look upon one friend before I died."

"But I heard that you were practising in your profession, Alec, and doing well."

"So I did do well when I practised, Hal. I have made some pleas, but I have given up all that."

"And your father—where is he?"

"Don't mention him, Hal. We've broken. I don't know him; he taught me to drink! Ay, he taught me, and then turned the cold shoulder upon me when I drank too much! But I'm going, Hal—going, going!"

Henry Seaburn gazed into that terrible face, and remembered what its owner had been: the son of wealthy parents, the idol of a fond mother; the favorite at school, at play and at college; a light of intellect and physical beauty, and a noble, generous friend. And now, alas! "Alec, can I help you?"

"Yes." And the poor fellow started higher up from his pillow, and something of the old light struggled for a moment in his eye. "Pray for me, Hal. Pray for my soul! Pray that I may go where my mother is! She won't disown her boy. She could not have done it had she lived. Oh! she was a good mother, Hal. Thank God she didn't live to see this! Pray for me—pray—pray. Let me go to her!"

As the wasted man sank back, he fell to weeping, and in a moment more one of his paroxysms came on, and he began to rave. He thought Harry was his father, and he cursed him, and cursed the habit that had been fastened upon him under that father's influence. But Henry could not stop to listen. With an aching heart he turned away and left the hospital. He could not go home to dinner then; he went down town, and got dinner there. At night he went to the hospital again. He would enquire after his friend, if he did not see him.

"Poor fellow!" said the physician, "he never came out of that fit; he died in half an hour after you went out."

It was dark when Henry Seaburn reached home.

"You didn't tell Bridget where to put those demijohns, Henry," said his wife. She had not noticed his face, for the gas was burning but dimly.

"Ah! I forgot. Come down with me, Cora, and we'll find a place for them."

His wife followed him down into the basement; and one by one he took the demijohns and carried them into the rear yard, and there he emptied their contents into the sewer. Then he broke the vessels in pieces with his foot, and bade Bridget have the dirtman take the fragments away in the morning. Not one word had he spoken to his wife all the while, nor did she speak to him. He returned to the sitting room, where his boys were at their books, and took a seat on one of the *tête-à-têtes*. He called his wife and children about him, and then he told them the story of Alexander Lomborg.

"And now my loved ones," he added, laying his hands upon the heads of his boys, "I have made a solemn vow that henceforth my children shall find no such influence at their home. They shall never have the occasion to curse the example of their father. I will touch the wine-cup no more forever. What say you, my boys—will you join me in the pledge?"

They joined him with a glad, gushing willingness; for their hearts were full, and their sympathies all turned, by a mother's careful love, to right.

"And you, Cora?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "And may the holy lesson of this hour never be forgotten! O God! let it rest as an angel of mercy upon my boys. Let it be a light to their feet in the time of temptation! And so shall they bless through life the influence they carry with them from their home."

Christianity looks upon all the human race as children of the same father; and in ordering us to do good, to love as brethren, to forgive injuries, and to study peace, it quite annihilates the disposition for martial glory, and utterly debases the pomp of war.

HARD WORK IN BOYHOOD.

The recent accounts of Mr. Wilson's boyhood and apprenticeship have startled many young people who thought they were having a hard time in life, and were subject to great disadvantages. They are living in sunshine and luxury compared with Mr. Wilson. The same impression is made by the early life of the late Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield. Few boys in our time would be willing to pass through his experience.

He says that he rose at six in the morning, in winter, and made the fires; sawed wood till eight,—enough for three fires during the twenty-four hours; went to school from half-past eight till eleven; ran errands till one; dined at half-past; school again from two till half-past four; after tea wrote for his employer till nine, and studied till bedtime at eleven. This was a daily routine, with very slight changes. He says: "I do not think I spend half an hour a week in idleness."

It was by stern industry of this kind in boyhood, that such men are trained for position, and eminence, and responsibility.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies;

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold,—

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

GOD COUNTS.—A brother and sister were playing in the dining-room when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea-table and went out.

"How nice they look," said the boy, reaching to take one. His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand, repeating that it was against their mother's direction.

"She did not count them," said he.

"But perhaps God did," answered the sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation, and sitting down seemed to meditate.

"You are right," said he, looking at her with a cheerful yet serious air, "God does count; for the Bible says that 'the hairs of our head are all numbered.'"

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MAY THERE BE PEACE !

Feeling the time to be appropriate for a Convention of the *Friends of Peace*, we cordially extend to you, and through you, to the Administration of your Nation, State or City ; your Peace Society ; your Statesmen, Jurists or Friends of International Arbitration and Disarmament, an invitation to meet with us during this Centennial year in the city of Philadelphia.

We have been granted the use of old Carpenters' Hall, where the first Continental Congress met in 1774 and made a Declaration of War. We propose to hold a series of meetings therein, continuing through five or six days, and to make at the same time a *Declaration of Peace*.

After the lapse of a hundred years, characterized by the experience of history, the advancement of civilization and the better understanding of the Christian doctrine, we feel that something should be done to establish a system of *Arbitration*, through International Law and universal good will, that shall take the place of war and lead to a general Disarmament, in the interest of economy, life, happiness and a common brotherhood.

The Hall is in Carpenters' Court, from the south side of Chestnut street east of Fourth street.

The meetings will commence on MONDAY, JULY 10th, and continue until the 14th, appropriating the 10th and 11th, to English ; 12th, to French ; 13th to German ; 14th, to other nationalities and the closing services.

The sessions will be from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

It is desirable that every Government, Peace Society or organization having *Peace* as its object, be represented by one or more Delegates, and that the names of such be forwarded as early as possible, to our resident Secretary, Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Should any one wish to deliver an address, or contribute an essay, on Arbitration, Disarmament or any of the means whereby Peace may be promoted and secured, the name of such should be reported early, in order that the Programme may be arranged.

We recommend and will be pleased to receive appropriate Mottoes. to be placed in the Hall ; and suggest that each Delegation shall bring a Motto of its own.

Suitable Mementos, Memorials and Contributions will be gratefully received.

Interpreters will be present ; among them Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has kindly volunteered to serve.

A Declaration of Peace will be upon the table, to receive the signatures of those affirming to the principles of Peace, and as a register of those attending this Convention.

On behalf of the Universal Peace Union.

ALFRED H. LOVE, President,

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. Secretary.

Philadelphia, May, 1876.

NOTE.—We are desired by Friend Love to state that the "*Centennial Peace Forge*," which has already been noticed in the *ADVOCATE*, was proposed by the *workingmen* and if carried out by them due notice will be given. Friends, let us make the *Centennial* a grand era for peace. H. C. D.

NEW BOOKS.

Received of Henry Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill, several volumes. *Tip to Fifteen and Only Men* ; two interesting stories for boys, in one volume. *A Candle Lighted by the Lord* ; a story for the old and young, showing how one of small talents, if devoted and earnest, may find opportunities for usefulness. *Now is Christ Risen* ; a small quarto of Easter poems, illustrated with tasteful cuts. The selections are from a wide field ; hymns of comfort and hope, appropriate to the morning of the Resurrection.

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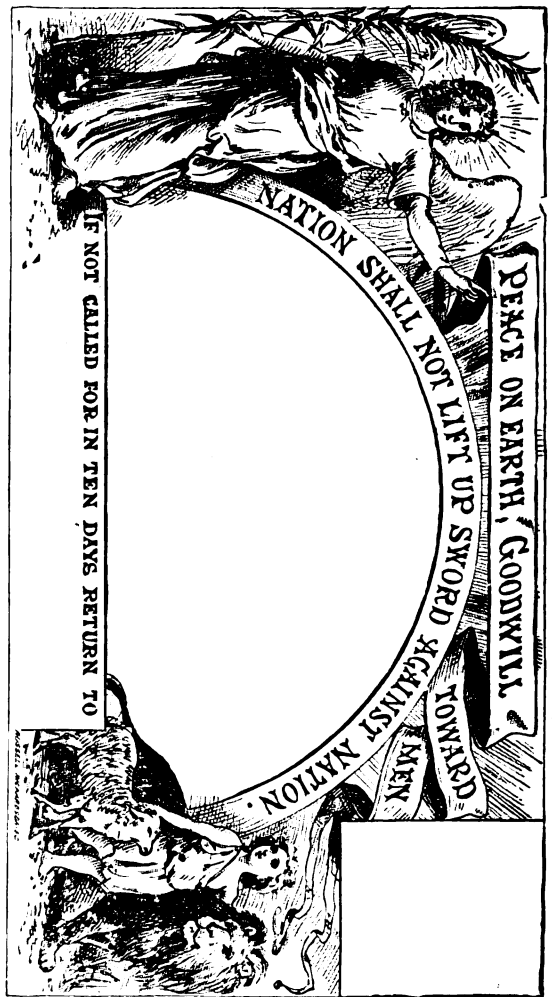
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Address American Peace Society, Boston, sent by mail 25 for 15 cents, 100 for 50 cents, 250 for \$1.00, 1000 for \$3.00. Use them.



We present above a specimen of a new pictorial envelope, which we are sure will be regarded as one of the most beautiful and expressive things of the kind.

The Society has now four kinds of envelopes, three pictorial, and one other containing brief paragraphs in relation to war and the object of Peace Societies. They are not only envelopes, but peace tracts in miniature, and their use will promote the Cause perhaps a hundred or a thousand miles away. The price of these envelopes has been reduced to 15 cents a package, 50 cents a hundred, \$1.00 for two hundred and fifty, and \$3.00 per thousand. Being so cheap, and what almost every one has to purchase somewhere, we are selling thousands every week, and those who buy them are sending these messages of Peace all over the Continent.

A SUGGESTION TO PEACE-MEN.

No opportunity to advance the cause of peace should be unimproved. Will not the friends of the cause, everywhere, be willing as occasion shall be afforded, to speak to leading men of the National Republican party, for the purpose of inducing them to use their influence to induce the National Republican convention, which is to occur in Cincinnati in next sixth month, to give expression favorable to arbitration in lieu of war, for the adjustment of disputes among nations. Peace-men, be vigilant! "Sow beside all waters," and "grow not weary of well-doing."

JESSE GREEN,

Agent for P. A. of F. in America.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE, . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

ESTABLISHED }
JUNE, 1837. }

BOSTON, JUNE, 1876.

{ NEW SERIES,
{ VOL. VII. NO. 6.

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OUR NEWLY ELECTED SECRETARY.

We are most happy to announce to our friends and patrons, that, at our late annual meeting, the Rev Charles Howard Malcom, of Newport, R. I., was elected corresponding secretary of the American Peace Society, to fill the place made vacant by the death of the lamented Dr. James B. Miles. Mr. Malcom is a son of Rev. Howard Malcom, D.D., many years a president of our time honored society, and will bring to the position (if accepted by him) the prime of an active life, various learning, broad and catholic views and a heart deeply imbued with the spirit of the "Prince of Peace." We congratulate ourselves in the belief, that the mantle of a Ladd, a Beckwith, a Miles, will fall worthily on this favored son of peace, and that under his wise and vigorous administration, the cause of universal peace will rapidly advance towards ultimate triumph.

On the election of secretary and other officers of the society, Hon. Emory Washburn offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved—That in view of having satisfactorily supplied the place so ably filled by their late secretary, the Rev James B. Miles, the American Peace Society is encouraged to hope that it may ere long attain to a state of more distinguished success than has hitherto crowned its efforts in the cause of Peace.

That the condition of the world is an earnest that the principles for which it is contending, are winning their way into the counsels and hearts of the nations, and will in due time lead them to substitute arbitration for brute force, and the thrift and blessings of peace for the ravages and desolation of war.

That with unshrinking confidence, they call upon the friends of Peace everywhere for a new consecration to the work, in the final success of which they have the assurance of Him whose promises cannot fail, that the day is not far distant, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

The July and August numbers of the ADVOCATE will be combined, and published about the first of August.

MEMBERSHIP.

The payment of any sum between \$2.00 and \$20.00 constitutes a person a member of the American Peace Society for one year, \$20.00 a life member, \$50.00 a life director, and \$100.00 an honorary member.

The Advocate of Peace is sent free to annual members for one year, and to life members and directors during life.

If one is not able to give the full amount of a membership, or directorship at once, he can apply whatever he does give on it, with the understanding that the remainder is to be paid at one or more times in the future.

The Advocate is sent gratuitously to the reading rooms of Colleges and Theological Seminaries—to Young Men's Christian Associations—to every pastor who preaches on the Cause of Peace and takes a collection for it. Also, to prominent individuals, both ministers and laymen, with the hope that they will become subscribers or donors, and induce others to become such. To subscribers it is sent until a request to discontinue is received with the payment of all arrearages.

We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for the *Advocate of Peace*, who are earnestly invited to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

Commendation of the Peace Cause by Prominent Men.

"The cause of Peace we regard as an eminently philanthropic and Christian enterprise of great importance, and worthy of sympathy and support. It has already accomplished much good, and would doubtless accomplish vastly more, if it possessed adequate means. We think it deserves, as it certainly needs, a large increase of funds. The American Peace Society, charged with the care of this cause in our own country, and whose management has deservedly secured very general approbation, we cordially commend to the liberal patronage of the benevolent."

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1876.

VOL. VII. No. 6.

ENLISTED.

BY MRS. M. E. MILLER.

"I'm bound to be a soldier
In the army of the Lord;
Jesus is our Captain,
We'll rally at his word."

So sang Frank Bruce over a miniature fort he was building, with blocks given him at the carpenter's shop in the alley. He sang it so well that you would wonder anybody could find fault with him. But his father did.

Mr. Rodney Bruce was reading the "Evening Journal," while his thrifty, amiable wife cleared away the supper.

Looking over his paper at the well-made fort, he said to her:

"Martha, if Frank has picked up that song in going to Sunday School but once with Tommy Jones, you had better keep him at home—it would suit me better to hear him sing 'Dixie,' or 'Rally round the flag, boys!'"

"You don't think it will shorten his days, do you?" asked Martha scornfully. Then she told how Tommy's Sunday-school teacher had called that day, asking if Frank might come regularly to her class with his little neighbor; but she had "distinctly told her they did not spend their time gadding around prayer meetings. As for Sundays, her husband was generally tired out, and ought to stay at home to rest; and as for Frank, it wasn't likely they would send him off to learn what they lived well enough without!"

It was indeed true that the young teacher had been so rudely treated that she had gone sadly home, feeling that until God should soften that strange mother-heart, poor little Frank was shut out of school.

This happened in the fall of 1864, when the sad war between North and South was at its crisis.

Tommy Jones' father had been in the army a year; his mother was a Christian woman who prayed while she worked without ceasing for the poor soldiers in the hospital. This enlisting hymn with which Frank had offended his father's ears, was naturally a favorite with Tommy.

The boys of Albany—like the boys all over the land, I suppose, in those days—played soldier in every spare hour out of school.

In every street there was a company of miniature soldiers, wearing more or less pretentious uniforms. A drummer and a captain were the important fellows among them. Early and late, they drilled perseveringly.

The boys on High street, hearing that Mrs. Bruce owned a gun, agreed that if Frank could shoulder it on parade he might be their captain, although rather smaller than any other captain they knew.

After some hesitation about taking the old Revolutionary relic for a plaything, (although lock, stock, and barrel, were disabled,) Frank was made captain on the dignity of the gun. Tommy was his drummer.

Ever since these two boys could remember there had been a war; and barracks just above the city. Soldiers were met at all hours in the streets. Regiments formed, and marched proudly away; crowds following down the hills with hopeful hurrahs and farewell cannon booming from the Capitol park.

With all the flutter and glory of departure these baby-soldiers were familiar; and with the excitement of the city when the cannon called the "Baby-waker" told country neighbors that again the North rejoiced.

Meanwhile Rodney Bruce had now and then a remorseful longing to join the fight—a feeling that it was cowardly to stay comfortably at home, after escaping every draft.

His wife had as much patriotism as many other women—enough to make her run up to the corner of the avenue to see a passing regiment, with her delighted boy; enough goodness added to this, to take her up stairs very often to give an hour's labor on army-clothes that were made in her upper front-room by a soldier's widow.

Mrs. Bruce owned the little house in which they lived. Her father had built it; had died in that upper room last year. Along with the deed of the house he gave much good advice; it was his wish that they should rent his room to add to their savings.

This young soldier's widow had been their only tenant; a more quiet one they could not desire. Slipping in and out, to go for and return her work; coming home later certain evenings with such regularity that Rodney and his wife hearing the click of her night-key then, would say, "Mrs. March has been to prayer meeting again!" and shrug their shoulders in a satisfied way. Conscience never sent them away from their cosy room, where Rodney read aloud some clever book from the Association Library, while Martha thriftily made or mended their garments. Domestic and industrious they had prospered as well as their church-going friends.

For a long time Mr. Bruce had been forced to take Frank to walk on Sunday afternoons, to pacify him after their regular refusals to let him go to Sunday-school with the neighbors' children.

One day, dressed in his regimentals, Frank was waiting for the boys to gather for a drill. He marched through the hall with his dog Prince at his heels, not keeping military step exactly, but eying his master with the concentrated admiration of a whole company—of dogs.

"Surround 'em! Forward! Charge!" shouted Captain Frank.

His mother at the window laughed to see the charge made by Prince upon the flying foe. Up the grape-rack and over the wood-sheds, away went those dreadful cats. For their wretched serenades at night, and their depredations by day, the boys and dogs were allowed to look upon them as lawful subjects of attack.

When Captain Frank came in to tea, his father met him with unusual tenderness; took off the soldier-hat to kiss his forehead; unstrapped the little knapsack; then took the tired captain on his knee. Holding the gun, he called to his wife, who was flitting from kitchen to pantry, in and out, getting supper:

"Mattie, come—Frank and I are in a patriotic mood—tell us what you remember about your great-grandfather's gun."

"Why Frankie knows it all by heart. I recollect it among the queer old things in that queer old house near Norwalk. There used to be strings of dried-apples hung from the ceiling above the fireplace, and sometimes 'crooknecks' really; and there hung the old musket, that Grandpa Wallace used at Concord. He was fond of telling of the minute-men's doings. In the last days of his life those old stories run together, and run all day long, after he did not know what he was talking about. I can remember that when he was ninety-seven and I was nine."

"Well, Mattie, you have made Frank proud of Revolutionary forefathers. I suppose he'll be prouder yet to have his own father a soldier!"

For a moment Rodney's face was hidden in a frolicsome caress of the boy—then he grew brave enough to meet his wife's wild look, as she leaned upon the table, speechless.

"Frankie," he went on, "will be a soldier at home, and help mother fight away the blues."

"Rodney, you are cruel!" she cried.

"Ah, wifey, joking is over. More men are called for—the war will be over in ninety days—our boss' son Harry is raising a company, and I've enlisted this afternoon. See, here is our bounty!"

But the rolls of money fell unheeded, as Rodney sprang to catch poor, pitiable Martha.

The swoon lasted so long that Frank ran to bring Mrs. March down stairs. Briefly Rodney told her the shock his wife had fallen under, before her eyes unclosed. From that moment there was a sisterly bond of sympathy between the two women.

After that the regular life below stairs was broken. Rodney was much of the time at the barracks, where Frankie coaxed his heart-broken mother to let him go also. The idling soldiers, the bustling "orderlies," and the sullen "guards," came at last to know Captain Frankie, who always went in uniform, and they returned his little military salute as he passed through the gate.

But these despiriting days came to an end. The regiment received marching orders, and in that little home on High street hearts were tortured beyond my telling.

Yet Rodney was as hopeful as his wife was hopeless. Frankie hardly felt the pain of parting, in his pride of beholding his father in army blue, resplendent with brass buttons, going to shoot with a real shooting-gun.

"Well, Mrs. March, I leave Mattie in your hands!" said Rodney, shaking her capable hands heartily, in going.

"Leave her in God's hands, Mr. Bruce; He is abler than I to comfort her!"

"And you may pray for us both, all you like, if you'll be good to her till I come back."

Then he was gone—leaving his poor wife, weak and helpless, upon Frankie's little bed.

Frank was off with Tommy Jones and his uncle to some slightly window on State street; where, an hour later, he saw the regiment go down that broad hill-street, with martial tread and merry music; a new flag fluttering gayly over the heads of those beloved sons, brothers, husbands, fathers, as they started to answer their country's call, that November day.

The long, long, cheerless winter wore away from these humble folks at last. Letters came with tolerable regularity from Fort McHenry, where Rodney's regiment had a long time to wait.

Frankie devoured every word of them. Mrs. Bruce felt as if Mrs. March deserved all the entertainment the letters afforded, for her sisterly sympathy never abated.

The first letter from Virginia was read in the little High street parlor in the lengthening twilight of an April day. It was eager in its wish to see the end of the war that was keeping hundreds of papas away from little boys that were in just as big a hurry as Frankie for peace.

There was so much more about home than about his new quarters that both women agreed it was the most homesick letter of all.

Frank was lying on the sofa, too listless and sleepy to talk over the letter; he had come from school at noon feeling sick.

The next morning kind Mrs. March went for the doctor, who saw that the little fellow was sinking into a low fever.

Down, down he sank, so far below his old high spirits, that his mother was half palsied with despair of ever seeing him rise again.

One night, when Mrs. March lay upon the parlor sofa ready to wait on the poor tired mother if the boy roused from his stupid sleep beside her, there was a sudden step down the street. A man ran from door to door jerking each door-bell as he shouted, "Lee has surrendered."

The watchers were shivering at the windows; bells waking up in one steeple after another, and people running as if the city were on fire. Excited voices in the next doorway made them raise the window to ask what had happened. Tommy's uncle answered:

"Lee has surrendered! Telegrams came late, but folks can't

wait till morning to be glad. The whole city is out-of-doors, houses are illuminated, women and children are out, and the steam fire-engines, and everything anybody can think of to make a demonstration on short notice. I've come to take Sister Jones and Tommy down to see the fun."

On they went, joined by other groups, chattering down the street.

The bells clanged louder in the midnight; the cannons banged, and the awful shriek of the fire-engines went up through all the other unwonted sounds, all seeming supernatural to the watchers.

Mrs. March paced the room with her hands clasped at the back of her head, crying for joy.

"The end has come. Heaven is kind; and although my George cannot come, your Rodney will come, and Tom Jones will come back, and thousands of wives will begin to live again. Oh, if George only could come back to me!"

As for Mrs. Bruce she was dumb with the dread that peace had been paid for by the life most precious to her.

After awhile even Frankie's weak mind was roused.

"What's the bells ringing for, mamma dear?"

"For good news, Frankie."

"'Cause I'm going to be a soldier, mamma, in the army of the Lord! Didn't you see that angel that went out just now? He came to tell me papa said I could go to Sunday-school with Tommy. 'We'll rally at his word,' won't we, mamma dear?"

"Take a drink, little soldier," said Mrs. March, as the poor mother sank to the floor, distressed.

Then as Frankie dozed that good friend tried to come nearer to that sorrowing heart—but those spiritual ears were not yet open to hear a loving Father, that night of all others, and only spiritual eyes could see aught but darkness about that weary woman's way.

Why must the city go mad with joy and mock her so—she moaned—with her husband on the battle-field and her boy on his deathbed!

Returning footsteps, and a gradual subsiding of noises, showed at last that the city had tired itself out, and in its reaction that sad woman slept, exhausted, in Susie March's loving arms.

The next day Frank awoke quite rational, to ask at noon why the bells rang so wildly.

The good old doctor was there, and ventured to tell him that peace was restored, and the soldiers would soon come home rejoicing.

"Will my papa come, doctor?"

"I hope so, my little soldier. Why do you sigh like an old man?"

"Oh, it seems like I've been dreaming a month—I'm so all-tired-out 'bout his being in the army of the Lord."

"Tut, tut! Don't dream any more; and don't talk any more now. Mind mother and me, and try to get well before your father gets here!"

Days went on. The boy-soldiers drummed and pattered along under Frank's window almost unheard. Prince lay for hours stretched beside his master's little bed, while the boy's strength came slowly.

Having been assured he should go to Sunday-school as soon as he was strong, and having had sundry visits from Tommy and his mother, and one from the teacher who had yearned for him in his disappointment, he had but one wish.

Day after day he tortured his poor mother asking, "Why don't papa come?" "Any letter from papa this morning?" "Don't you believe he'll come to-morrow, mamma dear?" till at night there was no sound in the mother's ears but the echo of his wanderings, "Why don't he come?"

Slowly the days went by. The army was making its lists complete of the dead and wounded in the taking of the South-side Railroad, when it rescued from uncertainty the name of Rodney Bruce. Dead! And she found it in the cruel, staring print.

It was the last she saw that day.

Oh the weary time she had coming to life again, and taking up the routine of living—of rising to light a fire and get breakfast for Frankie—and forcing herself to some decency in her dress and habit for his sake! Dear, loving, little Frankie! He was her only earthly tie, leading her unawares along with him in the new paths he loved.

When the call for army-clothes ceased, Mrs. March wondered what her work would be—but a way opened for herself and her friend.

Seeing how aimless Martha's life was, she planned a work for the two together—ten years ago already, so fast time flies!

You know them as the best dressmakers in town. The little house in High street was soon too small to accommodate their work-women, and a larger one was leased, in which they have achieved a success.

Tommy Jones' father came home, and is now in flourishing business with Tommy's uncle.

This summer Tommy and Frank have left the High School, and have been taken as clerk and book-keeper into the store, happy to drill in one company still, and still proud to sing their first enlisting song.

Mrs. Bruce will never be as happy as her dear companion Mrs. March; the one submits humbly, while the other rejoices after her equal chastening.—*Christian Weekly*.

TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

The year 1875 has been one of increased activity for the promotion of the temperance reform. Many important meetings and conventions have been held, and much earnest work done. The eighth anniversary of the National Temperance Society, celebrated in May last, was a memorable occasion alike for the immense attendance, the enthusiastic interest, the excellence of the addresses, and the importance of the record of work, especially through the Temperance Publication House. The work of the Society enlarges continually, and has rapidly increased in its scope and influence the past year.

The Eighth National Temperance Convention, called by the National Temperance Society, held in Chicago in June was an occasion of great interest. Representatives of all the leading temperance organizations and of nearly every religious denomination were in attendance from all parts of the Union. Its proceedings were harmonious and very pronounced concerning the duty of total abstinence and the importance of uncompromising opposition to the liquor-traffic, socially, educationally, religiously, and politically.

The "Woman's Crusade" has continued through the year with increased power. It has been thoroughly organized, not only as a National movement, but with auxiliary State associations in a majority of the States of the Union. Prayer, appeal, and temperance literature are its weapons of effective warfare.

Several very largely-attended and deeply interesting temperance camp-meetings have been held in different portions of the country. In these Christian women, many clergymen, and representative temperance workers have done most effective service.

The Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, Templars of Honor, and other kindred temperance orders have held many and important meetings and steadily advanced their lines of work.

The friends of the liquor-traffic, too, alarmed for the safety of what they call their "vested rights," have been tireless and vigilant in organizing for defensive and offensive warfare. They tighten their grasp upon parties and politicians.

While in the sphere of legislation the liquor fraternity have won victories, even these have wrought powerfully for their ultimate destruction. Christian men, as never before, have been made to feel the necessity of organized political effort for the absolute prohibition of the liquor-traffic. Clergymen and members of Christian churches, with devout consecration, are enlisting for a destructive warfare against the threatening drink-demon.

Work among and for the children, the hope of the future, has been prosecuted with a thoroughness and to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of the temperance reform.

We enter upon the nation's centennial year under auspices most hopeful and cheering.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of great minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—*Lacon*.

COLUMBIA WELCOMING THE NATIONS.

"Now welcome to these Western shores!" behold, Columbia cries;

A glory round her star-girt brow and in her beaming eyes,
Her arms outstretched, her head upraised, her banner high unfurled,

She greets the nations as they come—a congress of the world!

She waits in gentle majesty upon the soil where Penn
First taught the troubled Western World the brotherhood of men.

His spirit lingers in her look, his tones within her voice,
That calls aloud throughout the earth, "Come ye, with me rejoice!"

Come ye like armies, but without the slow and measured tramp,
Nor rank nor file; forgotten all the insignia of the camp.

Come ye in peace; no war cloud now casts shadow o'er the land;
No thought of strife; like host and guest, we meet with clasped hand."

Behold! they come; their steeds are fire, outspread the swelling sail;

Their footsteps touch our eager shores; the nation cries, "All hail!"

A shout of rapture cleaves the air; a thousand welcomes sound:

They come! the stranger's foot is set on friendship's hallowed ground.

Behold our lands, their wide extent; and yet from sea to sea
Our steeds of fire on paths of steel sweep on triumphantly.

Behold the lightning chained and bound, whose flash can well reveal

Each impulse at the nation's heart that guides the common weal.
And threaded by the silver streams traced out by man's own hand,

The produce of our prairies wide flows forth to all the land.
A thousand cities flock the plain; their towers and steeples high,

They shimmer in the glittering sun, and point toward the sky.
Our ships ride on the swelling wave, and each one as it goes

Reveals the story of the wealth with which our land o'erflows.
Our tasks were homely; but when sure the firm foundation lies,

Naught lacks but time; the years shall see the glorious fabric rise.

A hundred years of weal and woe; and thus our work has sped;

And yet within the century that o'er her life has fled,
Three times Columbia bared her breast to meet a mortal shock;

Three times her pure and peaceful brow the war god rose to mock.

She bent beneath the discipline of blood and fire and sword;
And, purified like saints of old, her voice rings out abroad,

"Send forth your suffering and your poor!" To them the summons goes;

Behold! to them the wilderness shall blossom as the rose;
The forests yield, the wheat fields rise, the rocks retire apace,

And richest harvests crown the land in Freedom's dwelling place;

Our sons, like Judah's, sit beneath the fig tree and the vine;
The Olive and the Sharon Rose around our homes entwine.

O ye that journey from afar, from every clime of earth,
Who come to join a sister land in her centennial mirth,

Take to your heart the welcoming that, heartfelt, we extend,
And hail the auspicious reign of peace, God grant may never end!

Hushed be the brazen throat of war; the battle flags lie furled;
The light that beamed from Bethlehem's star shine over all the world;

The gracious message that was heard of old in Galilee,
Re-echo now from pole to pole, and ring from sea to sea!

United now as ne'er before, since Time's first cycles ran,
Earth learns the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man!

—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1876.



ANNUAL REPORT.

The Directors of the American Peace Society, in submitting their Forty-eighth Annual Report, would gratefully recognize the Divine blessing vouchsafed to the fathers in their self-denying toils to awaken in the public mind an interest in what is now regarded a most hopeful reform, the ultimate success of which is only a question of time. It is also grateful to record, that, during the past year, the peace of the world has remained almost unbroken. The Centennial of our beloved country comes to a great and prosperous people freighted with memories, inspirations and hopes, in an era of peace and good will. Much, beyond question, will appear in military parade and speech for the aggrandizement of war, yet we clearly see, that in the inception and progress of this year's doings in the "City of brotherly love," the outcome of great good to the cause of peace.

THE PAST YEAR.

We lament to say that since our last annual meeting, the work of the Society has been materially interrupted by the sad and sudden death of its honored Secretary. The late Dr. Miles had but just returned from the Conference at The Hague, when he ceased at once to work and live. At that Conference it is pleasant to record, the attendance was larger than either at Brussels or Geneva. America sent eleven representatives, England twenty-two. The local arrangements were in every respect admirable. The sessions were held in the hall of the second chamber of the States-general, which, with all its committee-rooms, was placed at the service of the Conference. The high officers of the government showed the members distinguished attention, and the entertainment was splendid and hospitable. The Queen of the Netherlands showed her interest in many ways, giving a grand reception at the palace and attending also the reception given by the minister of justice. Her courtesy and intelligence charmed every one. She conversed freely with the representatives of various countries, and showed herself accomplished in nearly every language spoken by them. The friends of the peace movement consider that the Conference has been productive of important advantages, and feel much encouraged with their prospects in the future.

While much has been accomplished abroad to magnify and extend the cause of international peace, our home work has been carried on with encouraging success. The publications of the Society, *THE ADVOCATE* and *ANGEL OF PEACE*, have been issued with as much promptness as possible under the circumstances, and are well received by our patrons. Important papers and items, first appearing in our columns, are reprinted in the secular and religious papers.

The press of the country can be used to any extent for the diffusion of peace principles, and the same may be said of the pulpit. There is a constant demand for our books, tracts, etc., showing that a pure and elevated peace literature is a necessity of the times, and may be made a power to create and mould

public sentiment in this great reform of the age. It is but just to say our office has been conducted on principles of rigid economy. Our noble cause is sustained by the voluntary offerings, often from scanty resources, of men, women and children who believe in peace. The times have been unpropitious. All good causes suffer. The cause of peace is no exception, yet with a limited income our work has been carried on, all our bills have been promptly paid, and our Treasurer in his report will show a balance on the right side. Rev. H. C. Dunham, our office agent, on whom has devolved much of the work of the Society, looking after its manifold interests, and promoting its general objects, has attended to his duties with accustomed fidelity.

KINDRED ASSOCIATIONS.

The London Peace Society, nearly coeval with ours, is a time-honored institution, and, under the leadership of its able Secretary, Henry Richard, Esq., M. P. is doing an influential work, especially on the line of international arbitration and disarmament, two important steps towards permanent and universal peace.

The Liverpool Peace Society is a small but vigorous body of earnest workers in our common cause. The same may be said of the Peace societies on the continent of Europe. While many influential women are organized for peace, the working-men of Europe, on whom the burdens of war bear almost beyond endurance, are uttering their solemn protests and making their influence felt in the right direction; and it is safe to predict that when they shall have the ballot given them, there will be no more wars, and an armed peace will be among the things of the past.

The Friends' Peace Association of America with Publishing House at New Vienna, Ohio, Daniel Hill, its efficient Secretary, largely engaged in spreading a pure peace literature over the land, is doing a laudable work and is well sustained.

The Universal Peace Union, with head-quarters at Philadelphia, is composed of excellent men and women, devoted to the most radical peace principles. The Iowa and South Carolina Peace Societies are doing in their respective commonwealths what should be done in every State in the Union, rallying around a common standard the friends of peace. While these Societies are in friendly sympathy and co-operation, it is a question of significant importance whether in the near future there should not be a more perfect union effected bringing all peace friends in this country into one grand organization, thus by concerted influence and action, seek to make America, what we soberly believe Divine Providence indicates, *the peacemaker among the nations*.

The appointment of A. P. Sprague, Esq., of Troy, N. Y., author of *Prize Essay on International Law*, and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, Corresponding Secretary of The International Code Committee, is a sufficient guarantee, that the work so auspiciously begun by our late Secretary Rev. Dr. Miles, will be carried forward towards final success.

DEATH OF FRIENDS.

It is our painful duty to record that early in the year we were called to mourn the death of Hon. Amasa Walker. Mr. Walker, in the days of William Ladd, became identified with the cause of peace, and for many years was one of its most active friends and supporters, doing much with tongue and pen and purse to hasten the reign of peace among all nations. He was a delegate to the first International Peace Convention and

at his death the oldest officer of the American Peace Society. Our venerable friend and coadjutor was a *Christian* in the ennobling sense of that term. He quietly passed away to the world of peace.

James Browning Miles, D. D., after a brief illness, departed this life in Worcester, Nov. 13th. Dr. Miles was the worthy successor of Ladd and Beckwith, and most ably served the cause, journeying by sea and land 50,000 miles, securing the respect and support of the leading men of the nations, and accomplishing a work that will not perish from the earth. A comprehensive paper, on the life and life work of our late Secretary, prepared by Rev. Dr. Dorus Clarke, appeared in the December *ADVOCATE*.

We mourn the loss also of Hon. Reverdy Johnson of Baltimore, and Hon. H. P. Haven of New London, Conn., both officers of our Society and supporters of our cause.

In conclusion, we review past successes with gratitude to the God of peace. Nor would we be unmindful of the responsibilities imposed upon us by the exigencies of the work we have in trust. Be it our motto that "nothing is done while anything remains to be done." The future is full of hope and promise. Well does Emerson say, "Universal peace is as sure as the prevalence of civilization over barbarism, of liberal government over feudal forms;" and Dr. Stevens affirms, that, "The questions of permanent peace can no longer be looked upon as a fancy of religious enthusiasts, or impractical philanthropists, it has become a grave and grand theme of the legal science of Christendom. Wars have never been greater than in our age, but ideas against war have also never been greater. The converse facts are not inexplicable and the logical inference from them is one of hope, if not assurance, to all good men. God speed the right."

TREASURER'S REPORT.

D. Patten, Treasurer, in account with American Peace Society.

DR.

May 1, 1875.	Balance, cash on hand,	\$338 89
May 1, 1876.	To cash from donations,	1,278 18
	" " publications,	582 63
	" " legacies,	150 00
	" " rent,	46 25
	" " Permanent Peace Fund,	500 00
	" " Murray Fund,	100 00

\$2,975 95

CR.

By cash, paid Rev. H. C. Dunham,	office agent,	\$554 00
By cash, paid J. E. Farwell & Co.,	printing,	1,113 66
By cash, paid publications,		106 50
" " postage,		136 19
" " office furniture,		24 25
" " rent,		218 75
" " Amasa Lord, Murray	Fund,	50 00
By cash, paid clerk hire, etc.,		54 84
" " incidentals,		57 22
Cash on hand, to new account,		
May 1, 1876,		660 54
		\$2,975 95

THE CENTENNIAL AND PEACE.

It is pleasant to echo the notes of peace coming from the opening exercises of the Centennial exhibition in the city of William Penn. The key note was grandly struck in the

CENTENNIAL HYMN

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

Oh! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

In invoking the blessing of the God of peace, Bishop Simpson devoutly said,

May thy special blessing, O thou God of all the nations of the earth, rest upon our national guests and our visitors from distant lands. We welcome them to our shores and we rejoice in their presence among us, whether they represent thrones, or culture, or research, or whether they come to exhibit the triumphs of genius and art in the development of industry and in the progress of civilization. Preserve thou them, we beseech thee, in health and safety, and in due time may they be welcomed by loved ones again to their own native lands. Let thy blessing rest richly on the Centennial Exhibition; may the lives and health of all interested be preserved in thy sight. Preside in its assemblage.

Grant that the association in effort may bind more closely every part of our great republic, so that our union may be perpetual and indissoluble. Let its influence draw the nations of the earth into a happy unity. Hereafter, we pray thee, may all disputed questions be settled by arbitration, and not by the sword, and may wars forever cease among the nations of the earth.

May the new century be better than the past; more radiant with the light of true philosophy, warmer with emanations of a world under sympathy with thee. May capital, gains and

labor be freed from all antagonisms, by establishment and application of such principles of justice and equity as shall reconcile diversified interests, and bind in imperishable bonds all parts of society.

Mr. John Welch, President of the Centennial Board of Finance gave utterance to these noble sentiments :

We congratulate you on the occurrences of the day. Many of the nations have assembled here to-day in peaceful competition, and may each profit by the association. The Exhibition is but a school. The more thoroughly its lessons are learned the greater will be the gain, and when it shall have closed, if by that study the nations engaged in it shall have learned respect for each other, then it may be hoped that veneration for Him who rules on high, will become universal, and the angels' song once more be heard "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Gen. Hawley, President of the United States Commission, in addressing the President of the United States, spoke as follows :

It has been the fervent hope of the commission that during this festival year the people from all States and sections, of all creeds and churches, all parties and classes, burying all resentments, would come up together to this birthplace of our liberties, to study the evidence of our resources, to measure the progress of an hundred years, and to examine to our profit the wonderful products of other lands, but especially to join hands in perfect fraternity, promise the God of our fathers that the new century shall surpass the old in the true glories of civilization, and furthermore that from the association here of welcome visitors from all nations, there may result, not alone great benefits to invention, manufactures, agriculture, trade, and commerce, but also stronger international friendships, and more lasting peace.

Thus reporting to you, Mr. President, under the laws of the Government, and the usages of similar occasions, in the name of the Centennial Commission, I present to your view the International Exhibition of 1876.

President Grant responded and in closing said,

And now fellow citizens, I hope a careful examination of what is about to be exhibited to you will not only inspire you with a profound respect for the skill and taste of our friends from other nations, but also satisfy you with the attainments made by our own people during the past one hundred years. I invoke your generous co-operation with the worthy commissioners to secure a brilliant success to this International Exhibition, and to make the stay of our foreign visitors, to whom we extend a hearty welcome, both profitable and pleasant to them. I declare the International Exhibition now open.

THE CENTENNIAL OPENING.

The great Exhibition is an occasion of vast national importance. It celebrates the close of the most remarkable century of industrial and social progress in the history of civilized man. More inventions and discoveries have been made, more useful arts have brought their services to bear on human comfort and power, more has been done to ameliorate human conditions and enrich human life during this period than in any five preceding centuries. The Exhibition is itself a splendid illustration of the genius of our age. It is scientific and artistic and industrial. It represents the developments of the arts of human welfare. The spirit of our time is no longer military, though there still are wars and rumors of war. The power of nations no longer culminates in arms, though it uses arms on occasion. It is in the ability to support life, to develop intelligence, to enhance comfort, to increase property, to create wealth, to excel in the splendid rivalries of industry, art and intellect. These international expositions are new illustrations of the true wealth and grandeur of nations.

This Centennial Exhibition illustrates our national achievement in a hundred years. It will show our growth as a nation, our mechanical and artistic and social progress as a people. The Exhibition is not yet complete, yet enough is already done

to furnish ample grounds for national congratulation. A hundred years ago the colonies were dependent on the Old World for everything. To-day the nation they have become takes its place by the richest and most powerful of the earth, and vies with them all in its mechanical skill and the triumphs of its ingenuity and art. In some departments its achievements will surpass anything the artisans and skill of the Old World have accomplished. But the Exhibition is significant in illustrating the effect of republican institutions on the inventive powers and industrial resources and commercial enterprise of a people. The peculiarity and glory of America are that it is an industrial nation. Its ambition is pacific and humane. Its instincts blossom in the enterprises and arts and comforts and culture which differentiate modern civilization from that of all former periods.

This Centennial shows the real life of our people and the elements which republican institutions foster. And it is with peculiar appropriateness that the President of the nation, with the high officers of State, take part in the opening ceremonies. At a given signal the President lays his finger on a spring, and the immense engine that carries all the mechanism of the Exhibition, spread out over fourteen acres, will start every wheel in the vast collection as by magic. The act is symbolic of the working of the great republican idea of human liberty and equality which touches the creativeness of man like the wand of a magician and sets unimagined faculties into operation and brings out unsuspected possibilities.

In the other international exhibitions America occupied a creditable place. She showed the Old World nations what she could do. The important thing in this Centennial Exhibition is that they will show our people what they can do. They will be our teachers in the arts and industries in which they excel. And it is impossible to calculate the benefit that may come to us as a nation from thus seeing our own artistic and industrial deficiencies, and studying the highest models Europe can offer. But America will teach her transatlantic visitors what a republic can do in a century of national life, and how congenial republican institutions are to the industry and enterprise, the science and art and intelligence, which give comfort and honor and dignity to a people. And thus both will gain by ranging their products side by side, and the exhibition of competing nations in a spirit of friendship will promote the peace and welfare of the world.—*New York Graphic*.

THE STRIFE IN MEXICO.

The revolution in Mexico seems to be gaining in force and intensity, and it is not at all improbable that this unhappy country is to be torn and distracted through its whole extent by the contests of rival factions. Intelligence comes to us by the way of New Orleans that General Diaz, the leader of the insurgents, has divulged his plans to a friend in that city, and that his purpose is to unite his forces with those of Trivino and Naranjo, and advance upon the City of Mexico by the way of Monterey, Saltillo and San-Luis. Diaz is a half-breed, Indian and Spanish, but liberally educated. He has had much experience as a soldier, and held high command under the present Emperor Juarez, as has also his second in command, General Lerdo de Tejada, who was formerly Chief Justice and at one time Vice-President of the Republic. At last accounts General Diaz had about 3000 men, and was pushing toward Monterey, recruiting his forces from the "border ruffians" of the country, and levying contributions in the way of forced loans. General Escobedo, in command of the Government forces who will oppose his advance, is one of the best officers in the Mexican service, and although his present force is not so large, it is well supplied and under good discipline. It is hard to tell what is the real object of the revolt other than to further the ambitious aspirations of Diaz to be at the head of the republic. We might suppose that there was a religious element at the bottom of the movement from the fact that the present Government is strongly Catholic and a majority of the people are also Catholics, while Diaz is known to be a free-thinker in religion and an ardent Democrat, but it is reported that the clergy strongly support the pretensions of Diaz. Since 1868 the Mexican republic has enjoyed a season of repose

unknown to its inhabitants for many years, and considerable progress has been made in developing the arts of peace. Schools have been established in some of the States, distant places have been connected by telegraph, 200 miles of railroad have been built and the financial condition of the country has been improved. What the result of the present contest will be no person can predict, any further than a general disturbance of all business and a still further impoverishment of the people.

PEACE IN LIBERIA.

The Treaty of Peace between the Republic of Liberia and the native kings and chiefs of the Grebo tribe, near Cape Palmas, in West Africa, was signed on the 1st of March. The treaty was very just, both to the Liberians and to the natives. There were ten articles by which it was agreed:—First. "That perpetual peace shall exist." Second. "To acknowledge the supremacy of the Government of Liberia, and to submit to its laws." Third. "To surrender all artillery, whether captured or purchased." Fourth. "To withdraw from any connection with the Gedebo reunited kingdom in a political point of view." Fifth. "To acknowledge that the Liberian Government owns the land, holding it alike for the Americo-Liberians and for the native Liberians." Sixth. "To renew their allegiance to the Liberian Government." Seventh. "The Liberian Government promises equal rights and recommends the natives to become citizens." Eighth. "The Liberian Government agrees that the natives shall have the same privileges in the use of the public lands as the Americo-Liberians." Ninth. "All Liberians, native and Americo-Liberians, shall have the same rights in foreign and domestic trade. Foreign trade is allowed only at ports of entry." Tenth. "A full and complete amnesty is granted for all past political offences growing out of or resulting from the war which is settled by this treaty, except the liability to which the Liberian Government may be held by foreign nations for depredations committed upon foreign commerce."

Captain Alexander A. Semmes, commanding the United States steamer "Alaska," deserves great praise for his promptitude in bringing about a treaty of peace without force. He entered the naval service in 1841. The instructions of our government were most honorably carried out. We hope that our flag may always promote peace and good will in all parts of the world.

A new era now opens before the young Republic of Liberia. Thousands of our freedmen are anxious to become citizens of the nation founded in the land of their ancestors. A new impulse will also be given to the operations of the Missionary Societies, for the native tribes in Liberia are desirous of learning the English language and of securing Christian education for their children.

THOMAS S. MALCOM.

WESLEYANS ON ARBITRATION.

A leading article in the *London Watchman*, the chief organ of the Wesleyan Methodist body, says:—

"Whatever others may think of the prospects of universal peace and the way that leads to it, we cast in our lot with the enthusiasts of the Hague and of Paris so far as their wish to do away with war is concerned; and in this line we consider ourselves to be much nearer the spirit of the Gospel of Christ than those plotting statesmen and hiring soldiers, who are always on the look-out for the glories of war and the wind-fall which comes after it. In the light of Christianity the glories of war are very inglorious, and in its perquisites are the enrichment of the few to the poverty of the many, besides being stained with blood. The International Law Congress at the Hague, has been very wisely and benevolently employed, especially with respect to their intentions to lessen war. A like compliment must be paid to the Congress of English and other workmen recently assembled at Paris in the interests of peace. It is not for us to say what class can do most to bring war to an end, but unquestionably, and in all countries the poor are the first to suffer by it; taxation is increased, trade is stagnant, and all the means of living go up in cost. But instead of speculating what class of society, and what countries, can

do most for the prevention of war, it is best to call upon all Christians of every creed and clime, and upon the humanitarians of every land, to join in the accomplishment of an object which ought to be equally dear to man and the Gospel.

"But when it comes to be considered in what way the causes of war shall be effectually dealt with so as to prevent it, a thousand difficulties start up, and the further the question is gone into the greater the difficulties appear. Narrow the question down to defensive war, and how will you ever get a civilized and nominally Christian nation to admit that the particular war in which it engages is aggressive? The misfortune is that no nation can be got to admit that their war is aggressive. According to the belligerents, it is a war of defence with all of them, from the defunct brigades of the Vatican to the Ashantee blacks. They have all some territory to protect, some rights to assert, some boundary to redress, some invasion to prevent, or some insult to avenge.

"International Law as it is at present, may be roughly defined as consisting of *treaties and usages*; or in other words, they are matters of mutual arrangement and mutual consent, and cease to have any authority, except such as can be enforced by the sword, whenever either of the contracting parties withdraws from the agreement. If an English judge delivers sentence it is carried out by the strength of the nation, and it is useless for the condemned to resist. But how can a court of arbitration arrest a whole nation, sentence it to a term of imprisonment, and then actually incarcerate it? A nation has no superior, and therefore a sentence cannot be enforced upon it except by war. Great as it is the difficulty is not insuperable; and it is possible to have such a code of international laws, and such a court for the trial and settlement of disputes with regard to them, as shall render war practically impossible among Christian nations. But there are many years of preliminary work to be done before the code is agreed upon and the court is constituted. Christians must preach peace, justice, and mercy; humanitarians must urge the blessings of industry and the majesty of reason; public opinion must be moulded to hate war in the brotherhood of the future; and the time will come when the nations of the earth shall learn war no more.

"Already the principle of reference to arbitration before proceeding to extremities is inserted in many treaties. England and America have set a noble example in the case of the Alabama and the Geneva Arbitration, and we hope for the time when the example will be followed by every nation under heaven in all cases of international dispute."

"A PROPHET OF THE PEOPLE."

BY C. G. BAYLOR.

Under this title the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contained a paper on Buddha and Buddhism. The writer, in this article, seeks to revive the claims of antique Oriental mysticism as entitled to a place among the recognized schools of modern religious thought. It is very difficult to determine with accuracy the true value of this Oriental thought to our civilization, but it is not so difficult to determine the place to which the modern element of cultured, rational, moral intuition is entitled, in promoting the progress of the race and the unfolding and demonstration of truth. The modern artist and poet, for instance, do certainly represent the prophetic spirit in their art conceptions. Indeed, the producer of the beautiful in music is so nearly identified with government itself that some one has said, "Let me but make the songs of the people and I care not who make their laws." Who will question the influence wielded over public political sentiment and public political action, even in matter-of-fact New England, by Longfellow, by Whittier, by Nast, and by the sculptor Rogers? The finer lines of thought, feeling and "ideas," as reflected upon the world by the prophets of the people in all ages, have more to do with the progress of the race than most persons are willing to admit, and America, like all other countries, has produced her representative men and women, who take rightful rank among these

"Immortal few who were not born to die."

The political character of our institutions, and the sacred and vital relation of politics to the cause of humanity, have devel-

oped with us, naturally, the school of thought known as political prophecy. Conspicuous among these seers is Charles Sumner, and conspicuous among his contributions to the political literature of the republic is his volume entitled "Prophetic Voices Concerning America," a work which is destined to hold the same place in the political faith of the lovers of republican institutions that the prophecies of Buddha do to the aspirations of the Hindoo. In this work, Mr. Sumner deals partly with the ideal in politics, and yet he never for one moment lets go of the real. His book, even like his own character, has a granite foundation, although the superstructure is grand, luminous and castle-like. He has taken the thoughts which the spirit of moral intuition has unfolded through the finer minds of all ages, as these minds have foreseen America, and he shows that here truth and justice are to meet at last, never to be separated, and that mercy and peace shall finally kiss each other on the shores of the New World. Out of this ideal America, as the political prophets of all ages have seen us, is to come, according to Sumner, the dawn of a new day for mankind, bringing in a new light and life and hope for the world that shall never pass away.

Tender as is the spirit of this little volume, nevertheless the strong touch of a master hand is clearly felt in its composition, and thus, in his "Prophetic Voices," Mr. Sumner takes his rightful position as the prophet of the republican mission of America, as that mission realizes the hopes and desires of all mankind. This one book is a priceless contribution to the world's thought. For America, it possesses an exceptional and permanent interest and value. The speeches, State papers and orations of the great Senator apply as well to France, or Switzerland, or England, or Germany, as to the United States, but the "Prophetic Voices" apply only to America, and only to free America, because upon the truth of Pilgrim faith which animates every page of this little volume depends the question whether America shall, after all, be monarchical, or the world republican.

In this connection we cannot better exhibit Mr. Sumner's own estimate of his "Prophetic Voices," than by reproducing the preface with which he sent the "Voices" forth as his dying legacy to his countrymen. In this preface Mr. Sumner says: "In the celebration of our hundredth birthday as a nation, now fast approaching, these 'Prophetic Voices' will be heard, teaching how much of present fame and power was foreseen, also what remains to be accomplished."

From the New York Tribune.

THOMAS PAINE.

In the journal of Stephen Grellet, a noted and most worthy minister of the Society of Friends, I find the following record, made in the Fall of 1809:

I may not omit recording here the death of Thomas Paine. A few days previous to my leaving home on my last religious visit, on hearing he was ill and in a very destitute condition, I went to see him, and found him in a wretched state; for he had been so neglected and forsaken by his pretended friends that the common attentions to a sick man had been withheld from him. The skin of his body was in some places worn off, which greatly increased his sufferings. A nurse was provided for him, and some needful comforts were supplied. He was mostly in a state of stupor, but something that had passed between us had made such an impression upon him that some time after my departure he sent for me, and on being told I was gone from home, he sent for another friend. This induced a valuable young friend (Mary Rascoe), who had resided in my family and continued at Greenwich during a part of my absence, frequently to go and take him some little refreshment suitable for an invalid. Once when she was there, three of his deistical associates came to the door, and in a loud, unfeeling manner, said: "Tom Paine, it is said you are turning Christian, but we hope you will die as you have lived;" and then went away. On which, turning to Mary Rascoe, he said, "You see what miserable comforters they are." Once he asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and on being told she had read but very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding, "From such a one as you I expect a

correct answer." She told him that when very young his "Age of Reason" was put into her hands, but that the more she read it the more dark and distressed she felt, and she threw the book in the fire. "I wish all had done as you," he replied; "for if the devil has ever had any agency in any work, he has had it in my writing that book." When going to carry him some refreshments, she repeatedly heard him uttering the language, "Oh, Lord," "Lord God," or "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me!"

Thus the poor infidel, wretched in body and mind, received at the last his only ministrations of comfort from hands prompted by hearts filled with the love of the Lord Jesus, whom he had denied and reviled. Very truly, etc.,

W. H. LADD.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Is the world growing better or worse? There are certainly some indications that it is advancing in the line of a Christian civilization. One hundred years ago, it did not seem possible that the wilful and rebellious child, whom it was sought to bring to terms by force of arms, could ever receive from the angry mother, as was the case the other day, special recognition as a great and powerful nation, with whom she was on terms of perfect amity.

One of the most graceful episodes in the Centennial opening festivities, was the banquet given by Sir Edward Thornton. That the British Minister should be the first to display the highest and kindest appreciation of the occasion and to testify his good feeling and that of his sovereign and country, by bringing around him at dinner the President of the United States and the Cabinet and other distinguished American citizens, is a charming indication of the fraternal international spirit with which the celebration opens. That Great Britain and the United States have long ago learned their true interests in the arts of peace and in mutual help, we may well believe, while the power of the Christian religion and the elements of true civilization ought to make it now a certainty that the two peoples are to be associated and related *only* as kindred nations, having the same ends in view and accomplishing those ends by the common culture of peace and good will.

This Exhibition, in the Centennial year, bringing so many nations into harmonious intercourse on soil so recently rescued from barbarism and now covered with the highest products of the Old World's Art, ought to be the means of perpetuating amity among nations, and advancing the welfare of mankind.

DISARMAMENT.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes:—"I spent an evening recently with a few gentlemen who met to discuss the question of disarmament, and the conditions of general peace. No one pretended, of course, that the question has as yet any practical bearing, but the value and opportunity of a vigorous agitation were held to be beyond dispute. Among other plans suggested was that of the simultaneous introduction of the subject in the leading Parliaments of Europe. It was thought that if Mr. Richard should renew his motion in the House of Commons, while M. Gambetta should present a similar one in the French Assembly, some German gentleman in the Reichstag, an Austrian at Vienna, an Italian at Rome, etc., the moral effect would be not insignificant. For the Reichstag here the choice has been made and accepted, but I am not at liberty to make it public. It was inquired whether M. Gambetta would be likely to sympathize with the plan, and I was gratified at the confidence which all the Germans present seemed to feel in the great Frenchman's peaceful views and general moderation. The time and place of the next meeting of the International Peace Conference have not yet been selected. These will be fixed, I believe, by the permanent committee, which meets in May in London. The death of Dr. Miles, of New York, the Secretary, leaves that office vacant, and one of the duties of the committee will be to fill that honorable but not lucrative position.—*London Peace Herald*."

Children always turn towards the light. Oh, that grown-up people in this world become like little children.—*Julius C. Hare*.



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HOW TO LIVE.

He liveth long who liveth well !
All other life is short and vain.
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !
All else is being flung away :
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give ;
Else is that being but a dream—
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well ;
Who wisely speaks must live it too.
He is wisest who can tell
How first he *lived*, then *spoke* the true.

Be what thou seemest ; live thy creed ;
Hold up to earth the torch divine ;
Be what thou prayest to be made ;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;
Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the truth would'st reap ;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find the harvest-home of light.

Who will aid in scattering the *Angel of Peace* this centennial year ? Who ?

HOW A BEETLE SAVED A PRINCE.

"Once upon a time—"

"O, that is nice," quoth Queen Mab, "all the best stories begin in that way."

"Once upon a time," repeated Frank with a smile, "there was an Eastern prince, about eighteen years of age, who had offended the king his uncle. So he was shut up in a very high tower, and in three days he was to be put to death. Now there was a beautiful Arab maiden that dearly loved him, and she went and sat at the foot of the tower, trying in vain to find some way by which she could set him free. At last she went to an old hermit, who was said to be a very wise man, and asked him, with many tears, how she might save her lover. The hermit stroked his beard, and thought a little while ; then he gave her a big black beetle, and told her what to do. So next morning, about sunrise, she came to the foot of the tower, and having tied a small green thread around the beetle, she set him clinging to the wall with his head looking upward. She then touched the nose of the beetle with one single drop of honey, and sat down with folded arms, and watched to see what the beetle would do. Now the first thing the beetle did was to smell the honey. 'I wonder where that honey is,' said the beetle to himself ; 'somewhere above me, I know.' So off he set, literally following his nose, straight up the side of the tower. He crawled slowly and steadily for a long while, and then stopped, sadly disappointed that he had not got to the honey yet. But as often as he stopped, the smell of the sweet prize came fresh and strong. So off he went again, dragging after him the fine silk thread, and at last reached the parapet, when the young prince seized the thread with trembling hands, and commenced to wind it up. Now the Arab maiden had tied to the other end a strong cord ; he pulled that up by the thread ; with the cord he pulled up a rope, and with the rope a ladder. Having made the ladder fast to the parapet of the tower, he came down in safety, and he and the Arab maiden fled to another country, and lived a long time in happiness and peace."

"Do you think that is a true story, Uncle ?" said Ida.

"Well, my beauty, I think it is quite as true as most stories that begin with 'once upon a time' are, and whether or no, there is something good to be got out of it for those who know how. Now, here's a round half-a-dozen of you who have heard it, and if it be a fable, it must have a moral. Who can find it out ? Master Harry, what say you ?"

"Well," said Harry; "it teaches that young folks do well to take advice from old folks, for the maiden got counsel from the old hermit."

"Well spoken, Middy. Years should teach wisdom, and good boys will listen to grey beards. Now, Miss Marion, give us your opinion."

"I think," said Marion, "it teaches the value of contrivance, and shows what may be done by a little wit in finding a way out of a difficulty."

"Very well said, little sweetheart. That's the lesson taught by the fable of the 'Crow and the Pitcher.' If you can't do a thing one way, try another. Master Frank, what say you?"

"I think the story shows how everybody has to depend on everybody, and that none of us can do without our neighbors. The maiden had to depend upon the hermit, and the prince had to be helped by the maiden, and even the beetle could not be spared."

"Very true, Master Frank," said Uncle Charlie. "The peer would get on badly without the ploughman, and we could not enjoy this cosy fire without the collier and the chimney-sweep. That is the idea of true brotherhood. Now, Miss Ida, point your moral."

"Well," said Ida, "I think it teaches the value of perseverance, for by creeping and keeping at it, the beetle reached the top, though I'm sorry he found no honey when he got there; he certainly deserved it."

"That he did," said Uncle Charlie, "and your moral is very sound, for 'at it and keeping at it' is the way to reach the top of any tower that duty bids us climb. Now, Master Tom, squeeze another drop of honey out of Frank's story."

"I think it is intended to teach that a small fault, like a small thread, may one day become a strong rope that can't be broken, and also that a feeble effort to do right, if carried out, will end in strong principle and power for good."

"Hear! hear! my boy. If we suffer ourselves to go wrong, it may become a habit so strong that we cannot break it, and good beginnings, however feeble, make a man strong as Sampson in the end. Queen Mab, what have you to say?"

"Well, Uncle, I think it teaches that the littlest of us may be very useful, and that however small we are, we may do big things, for it was a little beetle that saved the prince."

"Bless your little majesty's heart; that's as clear as daylight," said Uncle Charlie. "Little seeds bring great harvests; little strokes fell great oaks; and the mouse in the fable set the lion free."

"Now, Uncle Charlie," was said in chorus, "What moral can you get out of it?"

"Why this, my bairns," said the old man solemnly, "the poor beetle teaches us how Satan tempts us by sweet and lying promises to seek for pleasure and happiness where it can't be found, and poor foolish mortals find that the honey is all delusion when it's too late to untie the thread which binds them to his will. Let my precious bairns remember that all the devil's promises are lies. However bright and sweet may seem the prize he offers, be sure you *will never get it*. So let us give him and his temptations a wide berth, and turn our eyes to Jesus. Let us climb Christward and heavenward, for in His presence is fulness of joy, and at his Right Hand are pleasures for ever more."

The evening hymn was sung, and then kneeling down, Uncle Charlie prayed for his darlings, that they might be kept from all the wiles of the "wicked one," and find a true and lasting peace in the arms of the Children's Friend.—*The Christian Globe*.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.

One day Robert's father saw him playing with some boys, who were rude and unmannerly. He had observed for some time a change for the worse in his son, and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry, but he said nothing to Robert at the time. In the evening he brought from the garden six rosy cheeked apples, put them on a plate, and presented them to Robert. He was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him. "You must lay them aside for a few days, that they may become mellow," said the father; and Robert cheerfully placed the plate with the apples in his mother's store-

room. Just as he was putting them aside, his father laid on the plate a seventh apple, which was quite rotten, and desired him to allow it to remain there. "But, father," said Robert, "the rotten apple will spoil all the others!" "Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh?" said his father. And with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterwards he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples which had been so round and rosy-cheeked were now quite rotten, and spread a bad smell through the room. "Father," cried he, "did I not tell you that the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? You did not listen to me." "My boy," said the father, "have I not told you often that the company of bad children will make you bad? Yet you do not listen to me. See in the state of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys." Robert did not forget the lesson. When any bad boys asked him to play with them, he thought of the rotten apples, and kept himself apart from them.

"FEED MY LAMBS."

BY E. H. SEARS.

Ho! ye that rest beneath the rock,
On pastures gently growing,
Or roam at will, a favored flock,
By waters gently flowing;
Hear ye upon the desert air
A voice of woe come crying,
Where, cold upon the barren moor,
God's little lambs are dying!

See the great Shepherd bend and call
From fields of light and glory,
"Go, feed my lambs, and bring them all
From moor and mountain hoary!"
Ye favored flock, the call obey,
And from the desert dreary
Lead those who faint along the way,
Or wander, lost and weary.

HASTE AND HEALTH.

It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile a minute for short distances. But locomotives have often come to grief for such great rapidity. Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life; people who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post. Foot races are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive exercises; steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world. Either labor or exercise, carried to exhaustion or prostration, or even great tiredness, expressed by "fagged out," always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running up stairs, or to catch up with a vehicle or ferry boat, is extremely injurious to every age, sex and condition in life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run over twelve or fifteen yards. Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise without "sleeping over it," and who perform all the every-day acts with kindness. Quakers are proverbially calm, quiet people; and they are a thrifty folk, the world over.

See the fell monster, War! But who can describe the complicated misery which is contained in this! Hark! the cannon's roar! A pitchy cloud covers the face of the sky. Noise, confusion, terror, reign over all! Dying groans are heard on every side. The bodies of men are pierced, torn, hewn in pieces; their blood is poured on the earth like water! Their souls take their flight into the eternal world, perhaps into everlasting misery. The ministers of grace turn away from the horrid scene; the ministers of vengeance triumph.—*Wesley*.



DINAH'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

BY LOUISA J. KIRKWOOD

The guest table stood deserted, and only a confused array of dirty dishes met the eyes of Dinah, the cook, as she surveyed the chaos out of which she must bring order before she could give herself rest. She had been toiling all day, and her successful cooking had proved her rare skill. The evident appreciation of it by the company had seemed to compensate her for her exertions; but now the excitement of preparation was all over, the words of praise all spoken, and nothing remained but the discouraging task of gathering up the fragments and washing up the heaps of dishes. No wonder she sighed, and said: "Dis nigger dreful tired; dunno whar she git de strength to wash dese heap of dishes." Then kneeling down, quite as if it were a wonted habit, she prayed: "O, Lord, jes give me strength to wash dese yer dishes, *jes dis onct*. I'se dretul tired and 'scouraged. Rosy's dun got sick and can't do nuffin, Lord. So jes please help me dis time to wash dese yere dishes. Dinah don't spect de Lord to send down an angel to help. Dinah nose dey spile der clare white dresses a mussin' in de kitchen. Dis nigger is willin' to do de dirty work, ef yer jes please, Lord, to give her strength to wash dese dishes." Then opening her eyes she gazed around, and said in a tone of returning cheerfulness, "I 'spose de Lord expects me to pick dese yer dishes up fust."

"I'll help you, Dinah," said a little girl behind her, who came into the room in time to hear the last few words of the prayer.

"No, no," said Dinah, "I don't want none of yer help, you will spile your pretty clothes. Jes yer go where de fine company is; you is made for de parlor. Dinah 'longs to de kitchen. Go back, honey, you pretty flower. Dinah asked de Lord to help her, and he will, *shore*."

But Miss Flo had her way. With swift and even skilful hands she gathered up the cups and saucers, forks and spoons. Back and forth she flew from the table to the kitchen, her dainty dress well covered with one of Dinah's big aprons. As she stood piling the plates she heard a low "He, he, he!" from the kitchen.

"What are you laughing at, Dinah?" she called out.

"I'se only praisin' de Lord," said Dinah.

"O, Dinah, you must not laugh when you are praying."

"But, Miss Flo, I aint a *prayin'*, I'se a *praisin'*. Dinah nose the difference 'tween prayin' and praisin'. When I'se a prayin' I wants something from de Lord, but when I'se a praisin' I'se got it."

"What have you got now, Dinah?"

"I'se got an angel from de Lord."

"Where?" said Miss Flo, coming into the kitchen with a startled look.

"Don't yer be scared, Miss Flo; de angel looks jes like yer own pretty self, all dressed up in Dinah's big apron."

When the child comprehended, used as she was to Dinah's flattery, she joined her in a merry laugh.

"De Lord is allers better nor we spects, Miss Flo. Dinah never spected de Lord would sen' an angel to help her; but de good, kind Lord took de hint and sen' you right along, and den dis chile was near a pushin' de answer to de prayer right out of de room. Lor', what a foolish critter dis chile is. She don't know nuffin, only what the good Lord teach her."

Yet how much wiser with all her ignorance, was poor, hard-working Dinah than many of her white sisters, who bear their own heavy burdens, instead of taking them to the Lord, and in a simple confidence like hers, asking for his help and strength. In ways they do not expect he often answers speedily.

Dinah had her answer before she knew it. While she was saying, "De Lord help me, *shore*," the help had come, though only by the feeble hand of a child. Yet it was all she needed of both help and cheer.

GOD'S ETERNAL GOODNESS.

BY I. G. WHITTIER.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care.

A BETTER WARFARE.

"Mamma," said Frank Ashley, looking up from the book he had been reading, "how I do wish you and papa would let me be a soldier when I grow up; there is nothing I wish for so much. I have been reading about Edward III, and the Black Prince. What a brave boy he was! Do you know, mamma, he rode at the head of his father's army when he was only fifteen, and what great victories he won! Oh! how I should like to be a soldier."

"I do, indeed; but, Frank, I am not thinking of the kind of battles fought by the brave young prince and his father. I wish you to be engaged in a far nobler and better warfare."

"I know what you mean, mamma," said Frank in a disappointed tone; "but see what a great many years I must wait, and how much I must learn, before I can be a clergyman like papa."

"It is not necessary that you should be one to engage in the conflict I mean," replied his mother. "Listen, Frank: in this parish and in others throughout our country thousands of human beings are losing their health and strength, their time, talents, and friends, and homes, and every blessing God has

bestowed upon them, through the power of that great tyrant and enemy, Strong Drink; and now your papa and many others of God's people have resolved, with His help, by giving up its use themselves, to persuade others to do so, and thus save themselves from the drunkard's lot, and become again sober and right-minded, the children of our Heavenly Father. Surely this is an end worth striving for, a victory worth gaining; and it is a work in which children may engage and hope to be very useful. When a fellow-creature is rescued from the power of drink, and taught by self-denying example to walk in the right path, I consider it a far nobler victory than even that of Cressy. Will not you fight in this battle, my dear little Frank?"

"Do you think, mamma, that I could save big men like Stiles and Williams from getting drunk?"

"Yes, you could, my child; little as you are, you could speak a word to them. You could tell them of the meetings; you could read them a temperance story; you could be like David, and help them against the Philistine."

"Then, indeed, mamma, I will be a temperance soldier, and try to win some one from being killed by drink. I will begin this very day."

"Do so, my dear boy, and may our Father crown your efforts in His cause with the success He alone can give!"

THE LITTLE PEACE-MAKER.

BY L. B. GORDON.

"Eddie," said Henry, "come over to my house this afternoon! Frankie and Charlie are coming, and we will have a grand time, for father and mother and all the folks are going away, and there will be no one in the house but us boys, and we will have lots of fun."

"I will," said Eddie, who was delighted with the idea of going over to Henry's.

Early in the afternoon Henry saw them coming over the hill, and he said, "Hallo, there they are! What rare fun we shall have, and how we will make the old house ring with our noise!"

They had scarcely entered the house, when Henry said, "Boys, let's play menagerie. We will have lots of wild animals and birds, and everything that belongs to one."

They were playing very pleasantly together, when all at once Charlie and Frankie had a quarrel. It appeared that Frankie had done something Charlie did not like, and they were talking in loud, angry tones, and, sad to say, once in a while a blow was given.

Eddie, who was in the other room, and who had been taught by his dear mamma and Sunday School teacher that it was wrong to quarrel with his little friends, rushed out, and said, "Now see here, boys, you must stop that fighting, for God will not love you. You know He says, 'Blessed are the peace-makers,' not blessed are the fighters. Now come, boys, make up, and you will feel better, for God did not make your little hands for you to scratch each other's eyes out, but He gave them to you to do good with."

So Charlie and Frankie made up, and became fast friends again through the influence of the dear little peace-maker, Eddie.

Now, all my little readers can be peace-makers by striving to make peace between their little friends when they quarrel, which, I am sorry to say, happens frequently among little folks.

THE SUPPLIES STOPPED.—"You have stopped the supplies," said a poor workingman to a gentleman whom he met on the street.

"Why, how?" inquired he.

"Well, you see, sir, since my little girls and boys have been going to your Sunday-school, they have promised to have nothing to do with liquor or tobacco, and I can't get them to go and buy either for me."

"I am glad to hear that," said the friend; "but what will you do now?"

"Why, I have thrown my pipe away, and the children have coaxed me so hard that I have promised not to smoke or chew again, and to give up my daily drams."—*Temperance Banner*.

UNCLE TOM'S BUZZARD.

Uncle Tom was a good, pious old negro, who was loved by all the neighborhood, and though he was often teased and worried by some of the heedless, thoughtless young men of the place, his good sense and piety brought him out of all their traps and pitfalls which they set for him in word or deed. There was one thing Uncle Tom hated particularly, and that was to hear church members abused, and many a time was his heart pained by the light remarks made against Christians, by those who knew how sensitive Tom was about them, and who said them merely to hear Tom defend his brethren in the church.

One day some of the young men were unusually hard in their strictures, and brought forward as an argument, the case of a man who had just been exposed in some fraud, and who had run away. Old Tom heard their tirade till he could stand it no longer, so when they paused, purposely to give him a chance to answer them, after thinking a moment he said, "Young masters, you makes me think of a flock of buzzards." "How so, Uncle Tom?" asked the young men. "Well," said Tom solemnly, "when der is a big pastur full of great fat cattle, de buzzards fly way off, up high; but let a little, lean, sickly calf fall into de ditch, and de buzzards is ready to pick out de eyes before he's dead."—*The Christian*.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT. In this city, on Thursday last, two little orphan boys, brothers, named respectively Patrick and Peter Handly, were accused of attempting to pick pockets in Chatham street. They are newsboys, the older ten and the younger eight years old. The former was held and the latter discharged. As the brothers were about to be parted they embraced each other, and, bursting into tears, cried aloud as if their hearts would break. Judge Flammer and all the spectators in court were visibly affected by the touching scene. "We were never parted before, Petie," the elder brother said, sobbing, "since poor mother died." Then, as the officer was about taking him down stairs, Patrick said, with a tone of real tenderness, "Here, Bubby," (and he took off his overcoat,) "you will want this, for it's cold outside." The little fellows separated, and little Petie left the court room for the wide, wide world alone.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate*.

HONESTY AND INTEGRITY.—Rabbi Simon once bought a camel of an Ishmaelite. His disciples took it home, and on removing the saddle discovered a band of diamonds concealed under it. "Rabbi, rabbi!" they exclaimed, "the blessing of God maketh rich," intimating that it was a godsend. "Take the diamonds back to the man of whom I purchased the camel," said the rabbi, "he sold me a camel, not precious stones." The diamonds were accordingly returned, to the no small surprise of the owner, but the rabbi preserved the much more valuable jewels, honesty and integrity.

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MAY THERE BE PEACE!

Feeling the time to be appropriate for a Convention of the *Friends of Peace*, we cordially extend to you, and through you, to the Administration of your Nation, State or City; your Peace Society; your Statesmen, Jurists or Friends of International Arbitration and Disarmament, an invitation to meet with us during this Centennial year in the city of Philadelphia.

We have been granted the use of old Carpenters' Hall, where the first Continental Congress met in 1774 and made a Declaration of War. We propose to hold a series of meetings therein, continuing through five or six days, and to make at the same time a *Declaration of Peace*.

After the lapse of a hundred years, characterized by the experience of history, the advancement of civilization and the better understanding of the Christian doctrine, we feel that something should be done to establish a system of *Arbitration*, through International Law, and universal good will, that shall take the place of war and lead to a general Disarmament, in the interest of economy, life, happiness and a common brotherhood.

The Hall is in Carpenters' Court, from the south side of Chestnut street, east of Fourth street.

The meetings will commence on MONDAY, JULY 10th, and continue until the 14th, appropriating the 10th and 11th, to English; 12th, to French; 13th, to German; 14th, to other nationalities and the closing services.

The sessions will be from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

It is desirable that every Government, Peace Society or organization having *Peace* as its object, be represented by one or more Delegates, and that the names of such be forwarded as early as possible, to our resident Secretary, Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Should any one wish to deliver an address, or contribute an essay, on Arbitration, Disarmament or any of the means whereby Peace may be promoted and secured, the name of such should be reported early, in order that the Programme may be arranged.

We recommend and will be pleased to receive appropriate Mottoes, to be placed in the Hall; and suggest that each Delegation shall bring a Motto of its own.

Suitable Mementos, Memorials and Contributions will be gratefully received.

Interpreters will be present; among them Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has kindly volunteered to serve.

A Declaration of Peace will be upon the table, to receive the signatures of those affirming to the principles of Peace, and as a register of those attending this Convention.

On behalf of the Universal Peace Union.

ALFRED H. LOVE, President,

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary.

Philadelphia, May, 1876.

NOTE.—We are desired by Friend Love to state that the "*Centennial Peace Forge*," which has already been noticed in the *ADVOCATE*, was proposed by the *workingmen* and if carried out by them due notice will be given. Friends, let us make the *Centennial* a grand era for peace. H. C. D.

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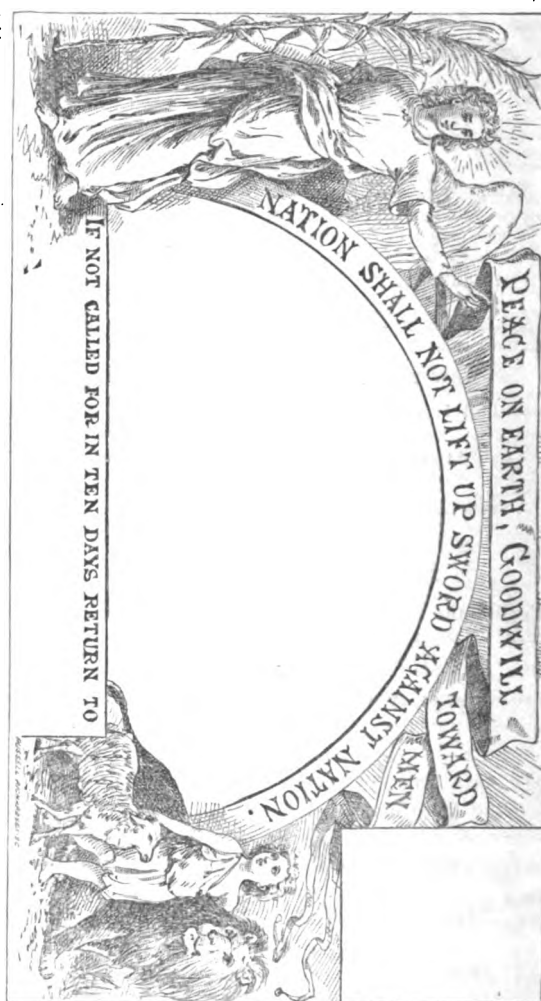
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OUR NEWLY ELECTED SECRETARY.

We are most happy to announce to our friends and patrons, that, at our late annual meeting, the Rev Charles Howard Malcom, of Newport, R. I., was elected corresponding secretary of the American Peace Society, to fill the place made vacant by the death of the lamented Dr. James B. Miles. Mr. Malcom is a son of Rev. Howard Malcom, D D., many years a president of our time honored society, and will bring to the position (if accepted by him) the prime of an active life, various learning, broad and catholic views and a heart deeply imbued with the spirit of the "Prince of Peace" We congratulate ourselves in the belief, that the mantle of a Ladd, a Beckwith, a Miles, will fall worthily on this favored son of peace, and that under his wise and vigorous administration, the cause of universal peace will rapidly advance towards ultimate triumph.

On the election of secretary and other officers of the society, Hon. Emory Washburn offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved—That in view of having satisfactorily supplied the place so ably filled by their late secretary, the Rev James B. Miles, the American Peace Society is encouraged to hope that it may ere long attain to a state of more distinguished success than has hitherto crowned its efforts in the cause of Peace.

That the condition of the world is an earnest that the principles for which it is contending, are winning their way into the counsels and hearts of the nations, and will in due time lead them to substitute arbitration for brute force, and the thrift and blessings of peace for the ravages and desolation of war.

That with unshrinking confidence, they call upon the friends of Peace everywhere for a new consecration to the work, in the final success of which they have the assurance of Him whose promises cannot fail, that the day is not far distant, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

If you are desirous that the principles of peace should be inculcated in the minds of the young, get subscribers for the "ANGEL," the only peace paper for children in the world.

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The payment of any sum between \$2.00 and \$20.00 constitutes a person a member of the American Peace Society for one year, \$20.00 a life member, \$50.00 a life director, and \$100.00 an honorary member.

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We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for the *Advocate of Peace*, who are earnestly invited to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

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ON EARTH PEACE . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

NEW SERIES.

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VOL. VII. Nos. 7 & 8.

A LESSON ON WAR.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

Children reared and educated entirely under a mother's loving care invariably make the best men and women in the world. It was the knowledge of this fact that induced Mrs. Harfleur, when left a widow, to instruct her own daughters three in number, and named respectively, Clara, Lucy and Helen. Had she chosen she could have had the best masters and mistresses for her girls, for she had wealth at her command; but having received herself a very liberal education, she resolved to combine it with a mother's influence for the benefit of her children.

Her plan succeeded admirably. The daily task set with loving care was a pleasure to the youthful students, and the daily routine of study never assumed any other form than that of a meeting of a family thoroughly united in all their hopes, desires and aspirations. So the time passed and the girls grew near womanhood; but with the change of years came the longing to see a little more of the outer world, which up to the present had been kept entirely hidden, or only revealed in very partial glimpses. This desire was not, however gratified, for Mrs. Harfleur was no woman of fashion. Although she was, as the phrase goes, "well connected," she had learnt the holiness of the world, and sought to wean her daughters from its allurements and snares.

But the girls were young, and their eyes and ears were easily caught by pleasing sights and sounds. A band of music, or a pageant, oft disturbed their studies, and drew the students to the window, when after gazing or listening, as the case might be, they would talk the subject over for awhile and return to their work. Mrs. Harfleur seldom forbade the exercise of their curiosity; but she sought at all times to turn it to a good account, and drew sermons from little and great things—from the staggering feet and hoarse unmeaning cry of the drunkard, the pitiful faces of homeless children, and the shouts of mobs of angry men who sought redress for the wrongs of ages.

Those were troublesome times; there were wars abroad and disturbances at home. All Europe rocked with the internal convulsions of nations, and the fierce struggles of country against country. The plains that should have gleamed with golden corn ran with the ghastly gore which flowed from the wounds of the dying. The reaping-hook was cast aside, the ploughshare hidden in the barn, and the reaper and ploughman, with angry face, went forth to fight. Wives and children remained at home trembling and praying for the men—a few of whom only returned unhurt, while thousands crawled back with shattered limbs, and untold numbers crumbled to dust upon the battle-fields.

Such was the state of things when, one morning, the now familiar sound of fife and drum fell upon the ears of the mother and her three daughters. In a moment the latter were at the window, looking down with admiration upon the red-coated warriors marching toward the coast, there to embark for a foreign land and meet the foe. As a sight, it was attractive enough; the young officers with swords drawn, the men with sloping bayonets, the strains of martial music, and the cheering crowd. The hearts of the young girls beat high, and a flush spread over their cheeks, which Mrs. Harfleur marked with a little apprehension, for she knew the value of that passing show; but she said nothing until the sound of music and

steady tramp of men had died away, and the street was still again. Then pointing to the table, she said,

"You may put these books away, my dears. I will give you another lesson this morning—a lesson on war."

The girls looked surprised, and Clara, who was the most impulsive of the three, exclaimed,

"A lesson on war—oh, how delightful!"

"Wait until you hear my story," said Mrs. Harfleur; "then give me your opinion on the beauty of war."

The table was soon cleared, and the eager students having settled themselves, Mrs. Harfleur, after a moment's thinking, began her story.

"You must know, my dears," she said, "that what I am about to relate is no fancy of mine, but the plain, sober, earnest truth, just as I received it from my brother, who died when you were quite young."

"I can just remember him," said Helen; "he used to be here very often, and his kind patient face always drew me towards him."

"He was noble, generous, and all that we can look for in a man," returned her mother; "but his good qualities were partially hidden in his youth by an impulsive leaning towards the shows and pageants of the world. You need not blush, my dears, as this remark was made without my intending it to bear upon you; but if you wish to accept it with the object of avoiding his errors, I shall be very pleased indeed. In boyhood Arthur was fond of playing the soldier. To have a red cap on his head and get a drum slung about his neck was his greatest joy; and I can see him now—a fair-haired child—strutting up and down the passages, beating out his childish martial music, and giving the word of command to shadowy hosts behind him. Would that all had remained a day-dream; but as he grew older his desire to enter the army became so great that it was plain he would never settle to anything else, and a commission, much against the will of his mother, was obtained for him."

"He had barely joined," continued Mrs. Harfleur, "when war was declared, and his regiment was ordered abroad to fight, what our rulers were pleased to call, the battles of our country. He—an only son—put on his scarlet coat and girded his sword upon his side, and went forth with the rest, leaving a sorrowing sister and a broken-hearted mother behind him. He bade us adieu early in the morning, and later on he passed by with his regiment, just as those soldiers passed half an hour ago. My mother dared not trust herself to look upon him again for fear that her cries might unman him before his comrades; but I crept to the window, and, looking out, saw him marching steadily with his eyes to the front, boldly and fearlessly. Close behind him came just such another, Gerald Norton, his great friend and companion, who joined the regiment at the same time. I could see the people pointing at the two handsome boys—some in pity, some with admiration; but all lent their voices to urge them on to bloodshed. Not one man or woman seemed to remember the Divine command, 'Love one another.' No! Kings had quarrelled—ambition had aroused mistrust, and the word had gone forth to kill and maim, to burn, rob and destroy, and the people seemed content."

"The regiment embarked, and half-way across the sea fell in with an enemy's vessel. A desperate fight ensued, and the enemy's magazine blew up, sending nine-tenths of the officers and crew into eternity. A few were taken on board, but numbers, after a brief struggle for their lives, sank to rise no more."

Here was Arthur's first taste of the glory of war, and with a troubled soul he awoke from his boyish dream, and saw how ghastly was the awful work. But he had entered the lists as a soldier, and he could not leave them with a good name; so he went forward as a matter of honor, and in due time was landed in an enemy's country. Then began forced marches, short rations, sleepless nights, with the scouts of the foe around him. The chill evenings of autumn, giving promise of the winter, gave out their share of misery to men whose only couch was the bare ground, and only covering the canopy of heaven.

"But the men bore up bravely, and no grumbling voice was heard. Some of the weaker succumbed to fatigue, and were left behind to be picked up by the next advancing party. Beyond this they had suffered no loss, when they joined the main army. There was all bustle and apparent confusion; *aides-de-camp* hurrying hither and thither, men cleaning their arms, others drilling, and many falling into marching order. A few inquiries sufficed to inform Arthur that the enemy in strong numbers was approaching, and that a battle on the morrow was imminent.

"And a tough battle it will be," said an old soldier, whose weather-beaten face had many a scar upon it; "when the sun goes down to-morrow evening, twenty thousand men will have seen the last of him."

"Arthur had never taken this view of a battle before; he had looked only upon the victor's side, and never contemplated the other part of the question. No more had Gerald Norton; and as each thought of such a mighty host of men, now alive and well, to be to-morrow laid low in the dust, they shuddered; but both had been brought up in the one true faith, and commending their souls to God's care they lay down to rest. For a little while the noise and commotion around them kept their eyes open; but fatigue at last mastered them, and they fell asleep.

"In the morning they were awoke by the roll of the drum and the sound of distant firing. 'Outposts already engaged,' was passed from mouth to mouth, and pieces of bread—the only meal which could be obtained—were passed from hand to hand. Then word was given to fall in, and Arthur and Gerald took their places. Who can wonder if these young men—but little more than boys—were pale; but it was with excitement not fear; both voice and step were firm.

"The enemy was posted on the other side of a river crossed by a bridge—both bridge and river being hidden from the majority of the soldiers by a long high ridge of land. It was over this ridge that the men were now ordered to advance. Arthur and Gerald saw the front regiment go up the slope, march steadily over the summit, and almost every soul disappear—for ever. The enemy, posted on vantage ground, rained such a fire of shot and bullets upon them that but few escaped. But still others moved steadily forward, and went to their death; rank after rank was shattered. Men lay in heaps—the dead and dying together; shrieks filled the air, and groans of anguish mingled with the roar of the cannon. The shouts of command, the neighing of steeds, and the rumble of the artillery, as it moved along, were heard on every side, while great clouds of smoke hid many a desperate struggle from view. When Arthur arrived upon the summit of the ridge, an awful scene opened out before him.

"Below was the river; on the other side a host of armed men, pouring a deadly fire upon the English army struggling across the shallows. On the bridge the struggle was desperate indeed; piles of men still in death, or writhing in untold agonies, overtopped the parapet, and climbing over them were other men, yelling like wolves, and thirsting for each other's blood. But he had no time to pause. 'Forward!' was the word, and the regiment dashed on. A deadly fire was opened upon it, and half its number fell—among them Arthur and Gerald, who each received a desperate wound, and fell a few paces apart from each other, suffering intolerable agony.

"There they lay, helpless upon the slope, while their friends hurried on unheeding, and other troops passed by, disregarding their cries of pain. Not one ear was open to their groans; not one eye fixed upon their quivering limbs; and there the boys lay weltering in their blood, as much alone, for all the sympathy they got, as if they had been upon a desert waste. The din

and roar of the battle increased, victory leaning now on this side and now on that. Long lines of men were swept away as chaff before the wind, and horses lay scattered about like unripe fruit when autumn is at its full. The work of carnage increased as the sun rose up the sky, looking through the smoke as if that bright ruler of the day was also stained with blood.

"After a while the first great agony of their wounds subsided into numbness, and the two poor lads were able to exchange a few words. They tried to soothe each other with well-remembered words of comfort from the Word of God, and Gerald bade Arthur not to repine. 'God's will be done in all things,' he said, and then the rattle of approaching artillery was heard.

"The reserves are coming up," cried Arthur. "I wonder if the day is going against us."

"Before Gerald could reply the guns came over the ridge, drawn by horses white with foam—the drivers hot and furious with the frenzy of war. The men had no eyes for the wounded on the ground, and drove straight on. The horses, with a wondrous instinct, leaped over them, but the guns, alas! having no life, rolled heavily over many a wounded man. Arthur escaped by a hair's breadth; but poor Gerald—my very soul sickens as I repeat the story—was remorselessly crushed. Arthur beheld the horses leap over him, heard his cry, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' and then the guns rolled on, leaving the mangled, lifeless form of the boy behind them.

"Would that I could even faintly depict the horror which fell upon the surviving friend, for then I would cause you, my children, to loathe the pageant of war and its so-called *glory*. Arthur had seen enough, and as he lay behind the din of battle he vowed that should he survive he would put on other armor and fight other battles than those designed by man.—He lived, as you know, for victory favored our countrymen; and at night they returned, and removed the wounded from the field. Arthur was sent home, where he lay for many months, shattered in mind and body: but life and strength came back at last, and then he sent in his resignation.

"This brought on a great battle within himself for his motives were misinterpreted by men, who declared that he was guided by fear, and pride urged him to renew the profession of arms. But his better spirit guided him in the end, and he kept firm to his resolve to have no more to do with the cruel art of war. He had thus early learnt the lesson that the martial music, the gay coat and glittering arms, are but the masks which hide the most terrible and brutal passions of men; and that the word 'glory' is but the password to gaping wounds, deadly injuries, and awful endings, for men who were led away by the cry of it.

"He could not reconcile it with the teachings of the Saviour, and failing that, he knew it must be wrong; so he devoted himself thenceforth to the preaching of peace. As for his courage, that was not long in doubt: for thrice in two years did he risk his life for others—once for a drowning madman, who had cast himself from a bridge, and twice when others were threatened with death by fire. These acts of bravery silenced his calumniators, and those who had reviled him most, frankly acknowledged their errors, and became his fastest friends. This is my story, my dear children, and I trust that you have learnt the lesson I intended to teach."

The faces of all showed that they had taken it to heart. Lucy alone gave vent to her feelings in words.

"I shall never look upon a soldier again," she said, "without thinking that it is the business of his life to *kill*; or listen to martial music again without fancying that every note is a wail of the wounded and dying."

If all the world would look upon armies with the same eyes, and listen to martial music with the same ears, the profession of the soldier would soon come to an end.—*Weekly Welcome*.

A man who shows no defect is a fool or a hypocrite, whom we should mistrust. There are defects found to fine qualities that they announce them—defects which it is not well to correct.—*Joubert*.

The thing which an active mind most needs is a purpose and direction worthy of its activity.—*Bovee*.

Everything good in man leans on something higher.—*Emerson*.

HYMN FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

At the great national celebration on the Fourth in Philadelphia, the chorus sang the following original hymn, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes —

WELCOME TO THE NATIONS.

Bright on the banners of lily and rose
Lo! the last sun of our century sets!
Wreath the black cannon that scowled on our foes,
All but her friendships the nation forgets!
All but her friends and their welcome forgets!
These are around her; but where are her foes?
Lo! while the sun of her century sets,
Peace with her garlands of lily and rose!

Welcome! a shout like the war trumpet swell
Wakes the wild echoes that slumber aroused!
Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's bell;
Welcome! the walls of her temple resound!
Hark! the gray walls of her temple resound!
Fare the far voices o'er hillside and dell;
Welcome! still whisper the echoes around;
Welcome! still trembles on Liberty's bell!

Thrones of the continents! isles of the sea!
Yours are the garlands of peace we entwine;
Welcome, once more to the land of the free,
Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine;
Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine;
"Hushed is our strife, in the land of the free;"
Over your children their branches entwine,
Thrones of the continents! isles of the sea!

THE SAVAGE PRISONER TAMED.

He was sent to Sing Sing, branded not only for immediate crime, but as a desperate character, who would be certain to tax the constant vigilance of the authorities, and give them trouble.

In prison he became known as one who knew well how to seize secret opportunities, and would stop at nothing to aid his escape back to his old sinful life. Once he actually did escape, and carried out his plan so shrewdly that he arrived in New York, nailed up in a shoe-box, on board one of the Hudson sloops.

Some time after his capture and return to his old quarters, new officers were appointed over the prison, and the severity of its discipline was greatly increased. This convict, being already a marked man, seemed to be singled out as a special subject for punishment, and sometimes received the lash without mercy for disorders or offences against prison rules which others had committed. Any fault or provocation which the keepers could not trace they laid to him, and made him suffer accordingly.

Bad as he was, this persecution made him worse. All the demon in him awoke. When they tried to break his rebellious spirit by harsher inflictions, he only grew more ferocious, and at last, when, one day, a squad of keepers, armed with implements of punishment, approached the forge where he was at work, he attacked them with his red-hot iron, wounded two, and drove the rest away.

By the help of several fellow-convicts he was finally overpowered and secured, and then followed the inevitable lash. He was whipped until he could not stand, and then confined till he should recover, only to be taken out and whipped again.

But before this sentence could be carried out, the prison inspectors inquired into the case, and found that the blame had been misplaced. The result was another change in the prison government, and keepers who treated the old offender with fairness and mercy.

Under this management he improved so much that, from being the continual object of dread and suspicion, and almost a wild beast in ferocity, he became a favorite with all, gentle, tractable, quiet and obedient.

As a reward for his good behavior, the warden promoted him, gave him a little garden to cultivate in the prison yard,

and allowed him to raise chickens. The chaplain warmly befriended him, and ere long had the pleasure of seeing him deeply interested in religious things.

Before the term of his sentence expired he became a decided Christian, and asked for baptism. Within the walls of Sing Sing a new life opened to the hardened transgressor, who had grown up from a neglected street boy, and had never known, till he became a convict, the teachings of the Gospel.

The gentleness which that Gospel inspires first softened his heart, and made him listen to truths that saved his soul.

The above is, in brief, the story of "Jim the desperado," first published in the columns of the *Outlook*, a religious paper of New York. Jim was released, and became a preacher of righteousness to the wicked class among whom he had once been a fellow-criminal and ring-leader.—*The Companion*.

A TEETOTAL VILLAGE.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, speaking of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, a teetotal village, remarked: St. Johnsbury is a garden. Yet the physical beauty of the place is less engaging than the moral order. No loafer hangs about the curb-stones. Not a beggar can be seen. No drunkards reel along the street. You find no dirty nooks and smell no hidden filth. There seem to be no poor. I have not seen, in the two days wandering up and down, one child in rags, one woman looking like a slattern. They are all at work, the boys and girls at school. Each cottage stands apart, with grass and space, each painted either white or brown. White is the costlier and most cheery color, and the test of order and respectability is a white front. Few of the cottages are brown. I see no broken panes of glass, no shingles hanging from the roof. No yard is left in an untidy state.

St. Johnsbury is a working village, and the people in it mainly working men. It is a village such as we are striving after in our Shafsbury Parks and other experiments in providing cheap and wholesome lodgings for our laboring classes, in the hope that they may be persuaded, first, to save their money, and then put it into four classes; those that can't work; those that won't work; those that do work, and those that don't need to work. These last are apt to be supposed to be the happy few, and by many is the effort made to get into the favored class. Science, however, is reversing the popular impression. We are learning from experience what was so long ago shown in the case of Sodom, that fulness of bread and abundance of idleness are too often parents of grievous evil. "Better to wear out than to rust out" is finding a new verification. If it were for nothing higher, our flower missions and singing missions are doing important service to the health of many a hitherto unoccupied girl. The dignity of labor is getting a fresh illustration, and we may quote with increasing confidence the line of a song of labor—

"Oh, while we feel 'tis hard to toil,
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do."

A WORD TO GRUMBLERS.—Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners, and find out all the disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind to begin with that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your share of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be very sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other boy who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the jobs that others leave undone—they are true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

A very interesting article, written by Col. C. G. Baylor, entitled "The Negro and the Cause of Peace," is crowded out this month. It will appear in our next issue.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, JULY AND AUGUST, 1876.



THE EASTERN QUESTION.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

We cheerfully give our editorial columns to forcible and comprehensive statements of the press on the Eastern Question now demanding public attention. What is to be the solution of this difficult problem? Will the war-cloud arising in the East overspread Europe, drenching its fair portions in human blood? May the God of peace avert the fearful calamity. The assurance given by Lord Derby is a most grateful relief and satisfaction to the friends of peace on both continents.

There is one government for whose overthrow good men round the world are ceaselessly praying to God. Not that anarchy would be better than misrule, even in Turkey, but because the Ottoman empire of to-day is not properly a nation. It consists of various populations, distinct from each other in race, language, religion and social customs, held together by the external bond of the despotic authority of the Sultan. If broken up, these portions would be erected into independent states or would coalesce with adjoining powers less iniquitous and tyrannical than the Sublime Porte.

Soon after the insurrection in Herzegovina began, six months ago, confident assurances were received from Constantinople that it had been effectually suppressed. Since that time it has raged unceasingly, and to-day the solution of the troubles in the interest of Turkey seems farther distant than ever. One fact, and a fact of great significance, has become manifest. England has abandoned the policy of active intervention in behalf of Turkey, and will only interfere for the protection of British interests. The leading continental powers have addressed a note to the Sultan proposing certain administrative reforms in the insurrectionary provinces as a basis for the restoration of peace. It is reported that the Porte complies with this proposal and promises these reforms. But will the insurgents accept the promises of the Turkish government and lay down their arms? That is another and very different question. These Christian provinces have been subjected to the most odious misgovernment. Unjust and oppressive taxation, illegal conscriptions, the refusal of Christian testimony in the Turkish courts, so that the Mussulman's fanatic hatred of Christians finds constant and safe occasion for venting itself,—these are but a part of the catalogue of their grievances. The Christian in Turkey has no secure civil rights. "He cannot even buy land," says a late Tribune correspondent, "without the risk of losing both the land and its price." This horrible misrule has driven the oppressed provinces to arms. They have thus brought their grievances to the attention of the civilized world. It is reasonably certain that the prolongation of the struggle will secure their independence, or at least their separation from Turkey. The indefinite continuance of the war would hardly be a greater evil than those under which they lay before. Under these circumstances it is hardly probable that they will lay down their arms on the strength of mere promises, for the fulfilment of which no satisfactory guarantees can possibly be given. And it is probable that the attempt of the great powers to force them back under the rule of the Sultan would kindle a flame of opposition along the whole border of European Turkey which would hasten the inevitable downfall of Turkish power.—*Christian Statesman*.

What is called the "Eastern Question" is threatening, and includes in it much more than meets the eye. It is an old sore,

and, like a cancer, is incurable except by utter extirpation. It is really the Mohammedan question. It is a question whether a barbarous and an unimprovable race shall be allowed to arrest the progress of Christianity and civilization in a large part of the earth. Politics have failed to settle the question, and will always fail, because politics have no religious principles, no moral standard, and no foresight of the future. The world does not turn upon the balance of power between the "Great Powers" of Europe. While they have been balancing power and endeavoring to maintain the old and rotten systems of monarchy and aristocracy, the great working masses of mankind have been moving on. It is impossible to suppress the growth of race and of empire, any more than of ideas and freedom, by any system of artificial politics. The Turk "encamped" in Europe, said John Randolph. So did the Hun—the original Magyar—but the practical difference between them was very great. The Turk adhered with fanatical enthusiasm to the religion of the False Prophet, while the Magyar became Christian, and was swallowed up in the European nations. The source and present cause of all the difficulties of the Eastern Question is in the difference of religion. Let us see then what Mohammedanism is. Propagandism was, as in Christianity, the essential element of Mohammedan success. But the mode of propagandism made it at once the terror of the earth and its own final failure. The propagandism of Mohammed was by the sword. There were many virtues inculcated, and to this day the traveller will say that there is more honesty and temperance in Constantinople than there is here. But the essential idea of its growth was conquest. To the soldier Mohammed promised all the joys of Paradise. Fallen upon the field, his soul passed to the Elysium of the blest, bright houries received him, his brow was crowned with vermillion hues, and the cup of nectar pressed to his lips. The fiery Arabian received such a religion with enthusiasm, and moved with resistless force to successful conquest. Arabia, Armenia, Palestine, Northern Africa, and a large part of Europe, tell before the Mohammedan. From the Euphrates to the Danube, from Jerusalem to Babylon, from Constantinople to Cordova, the Turk ruled supreme.

Here comes in the main point of this whole question. Had the conquered provinces on the Danube been of the same race, the same religion, the same civilization, or in any way correlative, no great harm could have come of it, and the Christian world might be content to let things stand. The population and religion of the Turkish provinces from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, stand about thus: Mohammedans, 6,000,000; Christians, 11,000,000; Jews, 80,000. We find then that Turkish despotism is ruling Christians—not Mohammedans. And how do they rule them? To say that they rule as the white Democrats of Mississippi ruled the blacks, is nothing. To stand the chance of being occasionally murdered, or tied up and whipped, is a small matter compared with what the Turks do. They tax the Christians to death. They prevent them from all freedom of action. They oppress them in every way. Hence it is that Herzegovina and Bosnia are in insurrection. They will not be able, it is probable, to resist the Turkish Empire. But they are raising a question which must be answered. Is the Christian world prepared to stand idly by and see fifteen millions of Christians, inhabiting the fairest portions of the earth, absorbed by a Mohammedan race filled with cruelty and oppression, incapable of progress, and imbecile in all political reforms?—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

Dead men may tell no tales, but they frequently leave unwelcome legacies behind them to perplex those who have spread them on their way out of the world. Of this the late Sultan, who was dethroned and a dead man in one short week, has been a most significant example.

It was supposed for a while that this tragic deed would soon be forgotten; but not so! The terrible fate of the ruler of all the faithful has thrown a fire-brand into the whole European situation, and has, perhaps, entirely changed the Oriental question. It is no longer a question of Bosnia and Herzegovina; indeed one scarcely speaks of them now; the arena of interest has been transferred to the great capitals of Europe—to Berlin, Paris, London, Vienna. The three empires of the continent—Germany, Russia and Austria—now stand in direct

opposition to England and France, and the fact that the "memorandum" of the three Emperors in Berlin was rejected by England, proves the temper of the Powers in contrast to one another.

The great query for the future now is: How will they group in this new aspect of the Oriental question?

As regards the conflict between Russia and England, it has certainly stepped into the foreground again by these violent revolutions in Turkey. It is now generally believed in Europe that this was hastened by the influence of England. The influence of Russia with the Porte is now certainly greatly weakened, while England seems to hasten to lend Turkey essential aid. English vessels are hastening to the coasts of the Adriatic, and English arms are landed on the shores of Albania. Whether this support will be strong enough to be of any practical use in the present violent uprising of Servia is doubtful but it is certain that it will make Turkey an ally of England in sympathy, for her army and her treasury are now both too weak to make them of any importance.

This new outbreak of some of the provinces against Turkey will greatly complicate matters for the diplomats, and probably precipitate grave results. All the great Powers favor a temporizing policy, with a view to gain time to arrange the plans and to take advantage of contingencies when they arise. The position of the insurgents is very different in making, as they now threaten a direct attack on the Turkish army, from an internecine conflict among themselves. If this matter is carried too far it may give to Russia the best pretext to hurry to the rescue of Turkey with a pretence of sustaining the *status quo*, with the real object of plausibly gaining a foothold for her troops before those of England in any force can be on the ground.

In a few days the Emperors of the three Powers are again to meet in conference at Ems on the Rhine, and that union may result in a new programme for the crisis. If they can make one that will meet the views of Turkey, it may change the whole situation, and so modify the state of things as to avoid the now seeming crisis: for it does not yet appear evident that either England or Russia is ready to push matters to the last extremity. One thing is clear: If Turkey allows this conflict to come to a direct collision between Russia and England, it will imperil the condition of all Europe.—*Zion's Herald*.

The Eastern Sky is, politically speaking, still heavy with thick clouds; and if for a while they may appear to roll away in one direction, others equally dark presently follow in constant succession. The nations of Europe are thus kept in perpetual condition of grave suspense and anxiety; and he must be a sanguine man who can assume as probable any finally pacific issue to the complex difficulties in which the situation of Turkey, with its European and Asiatic Provinces, has become involved. Ever since the time of the Crimean War, the cancer of moral corruption and arbitrary misgovernment has been slowly but surely making its progress throughout the body politic of the Ottoman Empire, and has at length come to the surface in so many ways and places as to betray too unmistakably the complete disorganization of the whole of the Sultan's dominions. Chronic bankruptcy and profligacy at the Court of Constantinople; the deposition and violent death of one Sultan; the assassination of the chief ministers of his successor; the ceaseless repentation, in almost every province, by brutal officials, of those outrages upon the hearths and homes of the people which drive even the meekest of men to desperation—these and similar evils of the greatest magnitude prove too plainly how far, beyond any ordinary means of cure, the dissolution of Turkey has already proceeded. And they proclaim, also, that the vast sacrifices made by England in the Crimean War are to be numbered amongst those almost incredible blunders of which the poet speaks as—

"Man's miraculous mistakes."

For it is indeed a mistake of extreme fatuity, when any human governments, or individuals, deliberately set themselves to support and perpetuate any system of wholesale wickedness manifestly contrary to the laws and Providence of God. Even though the effort may seem to prosper for a while, its

ultimate failure and punishment are certain. Forty years before the final overthrow of American slavery, and while the slave-holding party were apparently in the height of their triumph and audacity. Dr. Channing, with his habitual clearness of moral vision, wrote to Henry Clay, of Kentucky, the amiable but mistaken upholder of the "patriarchal institution,"—"the downfall of slavery is as sure as the descent of your own Ohio." And so it proved, though many years rolled away before the prediction became fulfilled. Again, at the lowest ebb of the Northern fortunes, during the American Civil War, a bold friend of freedom deliberately invested his money in the Federal Government bonds, exclaiming, "I am willing to stake all I possess on the certainty of the ultimate triumph of the justice of Almighty God," feeling that the cause of freedom must, by a moral and Divine necessity, ultimately triumph over evil as embodied in the slave cause; and the event, of course, proved him right.

Can it be then that the British Government, with all the lessons of the past, and the incubus of the one hundred million sterling of its debt for the Crimean War—can it be that this Government can contemplate, even under any contingency, the extreme folly of again going to war with Russia on behalf of Turkey?

For if ever there was a "manifest destiny," it is the approaching downfall of that Mohammedan Turkish rule whose sway has everywhere been marked by deeds of horror, from the Asian plains, where piles twenty feet high of the skulls of its wretched victims whiten in the sun, to the banks of the Danube, whose Christian Slavonian population (so habitually patient as to have given their very name to *slaves*) have been frenzied by it into chronic rebellion. Are there no Gamaliels in the English Cabinet to raise a protest, "lest we be found fighting even against God," at the merest mention of the policy of again defending such a vile despotism as Turkey by means of the blood and treasure of Christian England?—*London Herald of Peace*.

ENGLAND AND THE EAST.

LONDON, July 14, 1876.

Lord Derby to-day received the deputation on the Eastern question, consisting of forty members of Parliament and 571 gentlemen from all parts of the kingdom. John Bright presented a memorial in favor of strict neutrality except when it may be possible to interpose friendly offices to mitigate the horrors and to hasten the close of the conflict.

Earl Derby, in response, said that although he might not indorse the exact expression of the memorial, he agreed absolutely and entirely in its object. He had refused to adhere to the Berlin memorandum because it was a compromise between the powers, who were desirous of acting together yet not agreeing. He did not think, therefore, that a compromise would ultimately work. He felt sure that the Porte would not accept it, nor even the insurgents. The rendezvous of the fleet in Besika Bay was not England's initiative, but that of all the ambassadors at Constantinople, who wanted to be arrived against eventualities and against the massacre of British and other subjects. So far as human foresight could discern, a general war was a most unlikely result from the present conflict. France and Italy, for other reasons, do not desire war. Germany has no direct interest in the question. England will not make war, and Austria, though peculiarly placed, will not break the peace for reasons of self-interest. A powerful party in Russia sympathizes with the Sufavomans, and desires the erection of a Slavonic empire, under Russian guidance and influence, but that party is not in power. The Czar is a sincere lover of peace, and Russia has other reasons—her finances and the extent of the Asian conquests—for not wishing war. The understanding reached at Reichstadt was on the basis of absolute non-interference during the conflict, not excluding efforts in favor of peace; but if any steps should be taken, they would be in concert with all the powers. England's endeavor is to keep the conflict within its present limits, and to impress that view upon others. Lord Derby said that he had no doubt of England's success, and continued: "All we desire is to see fair play. If Turkey is decayed we cannot help it. We have guaranteed Turkey against murder, but not against

suicide or sudden death. If an opportunity of mediation offers, which opportunity may even now be at hand, we shall avail of it."

Lord Derby afterwards received the deputation of the Christian League on the same subject, which was introduced by Mr. Morley, and Earl Russell's memorial was read. It recites that the Porte has been free from all foreign interference for the last twenty years, and has received financial support to the amount of a billion dollars, yet now the Ottoman integrity is a delusion. England's support has only resulted in bringing misery and want into English homes, and riveting the chains more firmly about the necks of the Porte's Christian subjects. During the same twenty years the Porte's reform edicts have remained ineffectual. All Europe sympathizes with the oppressed Christians, while England stands alone in supporting the oppressors. The religious feelings of a great part of the English people are shocked at being made to appear before the world as upholders of Islamism, thus meriting the taunt that their Christianity is only a profession and not a belief, and their love of liberty nothing but an empty boast. The petitioners, therefore, pray that Lord Derby, in the interest of peace, will withhold support, both moral and political, from the Sultan's government, and permit the Christians of European Turkey to carve out their future destiny without any external interferences whatever.

Lord Derby severely criticised the memorial, though in the main he sympathized with the objects of the memorialists. In regard to the atrocities, he said that doubtless both sides had committed them.

LETTER FROM EMPEROR WILLIAM TO PRESIDENT GRANT, JULY 4, 1876.

Among the numerous causes for satisfaction afforded by the recurrence of our hundredth year of national life and vigor, not the least significant was the receipt by the President of the United States of a letter from the Emperor of Germany, in which, in words few but terse, he congratulates America in the name of old and historic Germany.

"**GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND:** It has been vouchsafed to you to celebrate the Centennial festival of the day upon which the great Republic over which you preside entered the rank of independent nations. The purposes of its founders have, by a wise application of the teachings of the history of the foundation of nations, and, with insight into the distant future, been realized by a development without a parallel. To congratulate you and the American people upon the occasion affords me so much the greater pleasure because since the treaty of friendship which my ancestor of glorious memory, King Frederick II., who now rests with God, concluded with the United States, undisturbed friendship has continually existed between Germany and America, and has been developed and strengthened by the ever-increasing importance of their mutual relations, and by an intercourse becoming more and more fruitful in every domain of commerce and science. That the welfare of the United States and the friendship of the two countries may continue to increase, is my sincere desire and confident hope. Accept the renewed assurance of my unqualified esteem."

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LONDON PEACE SOCIETY.

LOSS OF MEMBERS.

Once more the committee have to begin their Report by referring to the losses they have sustained by death during the past year. In the United States, especially, the cause of Peace has sustained very severe privation by the decrease of two of its most prominent and important advocates; one, Mr. AMASA WALKER, tried through forty years of vicissitudes, and never found wanting in good report and in evil report. Twice did he cross the Atlantic to attend Peace Conferences in Europe—once in London, in 1843, and once in Paris, in 1849—while in his own country he was, by his high character, his great ability, and his unswerving fidelity to principle, one of the pillars of the cause; the other, Rev. Dr. MILES, a more recent adherent, but who, during his comparatively short connection

with the Peace enterprise, rendered to it most important service both in Europe and in America. The one passing away in a good old age, like a stack of corn, in his season, the other stricken down in the midst of his days, with the prospect and probability of long years of usefulness and activity, and both leaving a void in the ranks of our pacific army which it will be very difficult to supply. At home we have to lament the loss of Mr. ROBERT ALSOP, who for more than twenty years was a valued member of the Committee, and of Mr. THOMAS THOMASSEN, of Bolton, who by personal influence, public advocacy, and generous contributions, often helped the Society in the prosecution of its objects.

GENERAL OPERATIONS.

The ordinary operations of the Society in the way of meetings and lectures, and the circulation of literature, have been carried on during the past year with undiminished activity.

PROGRESS OF ARBITRATION.

The committee rejoice to observe that the principle of Arbitration is being applied more and more to the settlement of disputes between nations which otherwise might have led, as in former times precisely similar disputes did lead, to sanguinary and desolating wars. During the last year, several cases have been added to the already long list of successful arbitrations. One of these related to a question between England and Portugal, as to the possession of Delagoa Bay and certain adjacent territories on the Eastern Coast of Africa. The matter was referred to the adjudication of the French Government, and in July last Marshal McMahon, the President of the French Republic, delivered his decision in favor of Portugal, for reasons so clearly and conclusively given, as to carry conviction, as to the substantial justice of his judgment, to the minds of the great majority even of our own countrymen. It is indeed highly honorable to the British public, that when, as on several recent occasions, the award of the arbitrators has gone against them, they have nevertheless accepted the decision with unhesitating and all but universal loyalty. Another remarkable case was that of a difference between Japan and Peru arising from the seizure by the former Power of a Peruvian barque engaged in the coal trade. This was submitted to the arbitration of the Emperor of Russia, who has given judgment in favor of Japan. It is stated, also, that Russia, in concert with Austria and Germany has proposed European arbitration to Turkey and Persia in respect to the difficulties that have arisen between them as to the regulation of their frontiers. Every instance of this kind must be hailed by the friends of Peace with unqualified satisfaction, because first it implies, on the part of the rulers of mankind, a growing recognition of the fact that there is a more excellent way of adjusting disputes between States than by an appeal to the wager of battle, and secondly, because every new precedent is a new illustration of the practicability of arbitration; and by degrees, precedent will pass into custom, and custom develop into law.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

And this, indeed, should be a constant aim of the friends of Peace. While strenuously urging the use of arbitration as an admirable expedient, which has seldom failed, when adopted honestly and in good faith, to solve difficulties as they arise, without having recourse to the sword, they should also keep before them, and constantly labor for it as their ultimate object, the establishment of a permanent law of nations, whose authority shall be recognized by all states, and which may form the basis for a system of international jurisdiction, which shall place the relations of nations under the dominion of law and justice, as the relations of individuals are in all civilized communities. The committee therefore hail with cordial satisfaction the labors of two societies formed three years ago, namely, the INSTITUTE, and the ASSOCIATION OF INTERNATIONAL LAW, both of them aiming at substantially the same object. The meeting of these societies, held at The Hague in September, were eminently interesting and successful. They were attended by many distinguished men from almost every country in Europe as well as from the United States. As was to be expected in the country of Grotius, the conferences were received with the most generous hospitality by all classes of the community at The Hague, from Her Majesty the Queen of Holland down-

wards. The Chamber of the House of Representatives was placed at the disposal of the Associations for holding their meetings, and the Ministers of the King, by their presence at the assemblies, and by their personal attention to the members of the conferences, testified the interest they felt in the object in view. Many questions of grave importance connected with both public and private international law were discussed with learning and ability by some of the most eminent jurists and publicists of Europe, and it cannot be doubted that though the process may be slow, such deliberations and discussions must contribute in an important degree to bring about that clearness and consolidation of the law of nations which is the indispensable preliminary to the establishment of a permanent International Tribunal, the existence of which, as the present Lord Derby has said, would be a great benefit to the civilized world.

DON ARTURO DE MARCOARTU.

The committee desire to refer with pleasure and gratitude to the excellent service rendered to the cause of Peace by Don Arturo De Marcoartu, an honorable Spanish gentleman, formerly a member of the Cortes, who for many years has labored in this field of philanthropy. Some time ago he offered a prize of £300 for the best essay on the Constitution of an International Assembly for the formation of a Code of Public International Law. The adjudicators divided the prize between two competitors, one an American, and the other a French gentleman, assigning £200 to the former, and £100 to the latter. These have been now published together, with an admirable introductory essay by Don Marcoartu himself, in a goodly volume, under the title of "Internationalism," which is cordially commended to the attention of the friends of Peace. After the publication of the volume, Don Marcoartu undertook a mission in Europe, with a view to promulgate the same ideas by his personal advocacy. In pursuance of this object he has visited Italy, Germany, Austria and France, and has everywhere received the kindly welcome which his benevolent object deserved. By private intercourse, and by public conference with eminent and influential men in these countries, he has done much to promote those ideas of Arbitration and Disarmament, and International Peace, which, in common with ourselves, he has so much at heart. The committee sincerely congratulate Don Marcoartu on the success of his mission, and offer him a cordial welcome on his return again to this country.

AUSTRIA AND GERMANY—DR. FISCHHOF'S PROPOSALS.

The intolerable oppression of the armaments under which the Continental nations are groaning, has given rise to a movement, full of significance and hope among the friends of Peace in Germany and Italy. The idea of a mutual and simultaneous reduction of armaments has for many years been put forward by the Peace Society as one of the practical objects which it was seeking to attain. In 1851, Mr. Cobden submitted a motion to the British Parliament which was a partial embodiment of that idea. In 1859 the Secretary visited several Continental countries with a view to promote some concerted action in this matter among the members of the various representative assemblies of Europe. The suggestion was received with favor by many, and a motion to that effect was proposed in the German Parliament and supported by 99 votes. This was to have been followed by similar motions in other legislatures, when unhappily the Franco-German war came to afford an awful practical illustration of the urgent necessity of such a measure as a security for the peace of the world, for beyond all doubt it was the existence of enormous armies as ready tools for the ambition of rulers, which led to that deplorable conflict. But recently the committee rejoice to learn that the idea of mutual reduction has sprung up quite spontaneously in another part of Europe. In October last two remarkable articles appeared in the *Neue Freie Presse*, the most important journal of Vienna, from the pen of Dr. Adolphus Fischhof, a distinguished member of the Austrian House of Representatives, calling attention to the enormous warlike preparations which are exhausting the resources and disturbing the tranquillity of Europe. He points out that at present the Parliaments elected by the people, who might be expected to impose some check upon this ruinous extravagance, in the interests of their constituents, are powerless to do anything effectual, because the Gov-

ernments meet all proposals for reduction by saying—"We cannot help ourselves; other countries are adding to their armaments, and we must therefore add to ours." This impotence he ascribes to the isolation from each other of the various representative assemblies of the world, and he therefore proposes a conference of members of all European legislative bodies to concert means of united action on this subject, with a view to bring simultaneous proposals before their respective assemblies in favor of proportional disarmament. These letters were translated and printed in the *Herald of Peace* for October and November last, and a second and separate translation was published in the form of a pamphlet by Mr. H. W. Freeland, formerly member of Parliament for Chichester, with valuable introductory matter from Mr. Freeland's own pen. Dr. Fischhof's letter immediately attracted great attention in Austria, and the suggestions they contained were taken up with great earnestness by Mr. Fux, another eminent member of the Assembly, who first brought the matter before the Progressionist Club in Vienna, which is an important association of members of Parliament, representing a powerful political party. He submitted to that body a series of resolutions such as he thought ought to be proposed to the House of Representatives. The committee think these of sufficient interest to be introduced here:—

"1. The House of Representatives hereby declares that it looks upon a reduction of armies, and a retrenchment of military expenditure as a general and urgent requirement in the interests of the better security of peace, and of the unrestricted development of civilization, and in the interest of the better regulations of the finances of the State, and of a sound national economy.

"2. The House of Representatives expresses the expectation that the Imperial and Royal Government will show its disposition in favor of peace, so frequently expressed, by using its best endeavors for the sake of the general welfare, to promote the idea of such a general, proportionate and simultaneous reduction of armies, as would not affect the balance of power of the various States.

"3. The House of Representatives expresses its strongest approval of the idea of holding a Conference of European Representatives, to discuss the best means to bring about a proportionate and simultaneous reduction of armies, as well as a retrenchment of the military expenditure of the various States.

"The Imperial and Royal Government is requested to communicate the first and second paragraphs of this resolution to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs.

"The preliminary consideration of this resolution is to be entrusted to a Special Committee, consisting of fifteen members to be elected by the whole House."

These resolutions were adopted all but unanimously by the Progressist Association, and subsequently were in substance embodied in a motion of which Mr. Fux gave notice in the Lower House of the Reichsrath. But as the session was already near its close, there was no opportunity for its discussion before the House was prorogued. Meanwhile the matter was taken up and supported by the municipality of Vienna as well as by the municipal representatives of Graz, Linz and Teplitz, and by demonstrations of various political societies in Austria. Still more recently, on occasion of the visit of Don Marcoartu to Vienna, an important conference was held, attended by upwards of fifty members of both Houses of Parliament, who adopted a resolution in favor of Arbitration and Disarmament, and the calling of a conference of members of legislative bodies to further these objects. To which must be added that a resolution, conceived in the same spirit and expressed in similar language to that of Mr. Fux, has been introduced into the Hungarian Parliaments, and now awaits discussion.

But the interest excited by this movement is not limited to Austria and Hungary. It was taken up warmly by Baron Ducker, a member of the German Parliament, who brought the matter before his colleagues, and nearly fifty deputies of all parties, about a sixth of the whole House, immediately declared their willingness to unite in Dr. Fischhof's proposal for an international conference to promote a reduction of armaments. The same idea soon awoke an echo in Italy, and Professor Sbarbaro and General Garibaldi wrote to Dr. Fischhof, warmly applauding his project; and at an important meeting,

recently held at Rome, to receive Don Marcoartu, the same ideas were cordially approved. It is probable—nay, almost certain—that this will be abundantly assailed with ridicule by the mockers. But then, what scheme for the correction of evil and the improvement of mankind, from the beginning of the world until now, has not been assailed with ridicule by the mockers? We have, however, this consolation that, after all, it is the workers and not the mockers that, in the long run, govern the world.

THE BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.

We have the melancholy intelligence that our troops have suffered a terrible defeat at the hands of the Sioux, whom they attacked, and Gen. Custer and two hundred and sixty other brave men have perished. The disaster produces the greatest excitement throughout the West, and is a painful shock to our whole country.

Deplorable as was the tragedy by which they died, let us not misrepresent it. We observe that many papers call it a massacre, and thus put it upon the same level as the most fiendish atrocities of savage warfare. It was not a massacre; it was the fortune of open battle, in which the enemy, whatever may be said of his cause, did but use the means of defence and aggression common to all armies in action. We suppose that many persons at the West are talking of exterminating the Indians in return for the sorrow they have caused us; and even here in the East, there are some who are catching the murderous infection of revenge. At such times we need to remember that it is as great a crime in the sight of God to kill an Indian wrongfully as to kill a white man wrongfully, and that He will exact as severe judgment for the life we hold cheapest, if it is taken without just cause, as for the life whose termination is mourned by the whole civilized world. The wholesale slaughter of the Indians would merit His eternal execration; He is the God of the poor and ignorant and weak, rather than of the proud and the strong.

Moreover, we are not quite sure that our war with the Sioux is warranted. Now that they have taken arms, and, as is their custom, threaten the whole frontier, confounding the innocent and the guilty, even as our harsher spirits confound the innocent and the guilty of their tribes, we are bound to protect our settlements as best we can. But if we seek the cause of their hostility, we shall blush that we have given them occasion for hatred. We had no business in the Black Hills and, having solemnly promised to preserve this district from the intrusion of our people, we are guilty of breaking our treaty, and of permitting a host of miners to invade and appropriate lands to which they had no more right than to the Dominion of Canada. We should have used our troops in the expulsion of these pirates rather than in the chastisement of those who resented their crime. We have paid dearly for our sin; and we have yet to sacrifice many lives before it shall be expiated. The Sioux must be crushed, of course, in order to protect citizens who are guiltless from their violence; but let us limit our hostilities by the rules of civilized warfare, lest we add sin to sin, and lest a worst thing come upon us.—*The Watchman*.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

A recent dispatch from San Francisco says:—

"At a meeting of the anti-Chinese Centennial Union, last night, a communication was received from the California anti-Coolie secret organization, threatening both the Chinese and those who employ them with the utmost vengeance and stating that the organization had spread throughout the entire State."

A later dispatch from Carson, Nevada, respecting some of the operations of this secret organization says that

"From sixty to a hundred armed men, supposed to be the anti-Coolie club of that town, stopped a gravel train near the tunnel a mile west of the town, on the Virginia and Truckee railroad, and ordered back the Chinese laborers on the train. They would not allow them to work. All kinds of rumors are afloat reporting both parties arming in anticipation of a fight. Chinatown is in danger of being burnt. The excitement is intense."

Since God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the whole earth, how can any man, or class of men, not already utterly perverse, and hopelessly corrupt, deem it

just, to drive by brute force, the unoffending and helpless children of a foreign shore away from our soil, and the homes to which we have invited them.

Americans have been mobbed in China and Japan and a few Englishmen have been killed. How the Saxon blood boiled though, when these nations heard of it! But is it worse for the heathenish government of China to allow its subjects to mob and kill foreigners than for the enlightened sons of America to do the same thing? Besides we have reached out our hands for a hundred years, to welcome all nations, oppressed or benighted, to find an asylum and refuge among us. These men have come. They are a quiet, temperate, harmless, industrious, ingenious and frugal race, and capable of outstripping in many kinds of business the European nations themselves. But as "might is right," (!) and as on the side of the oppressor there is power and the oppressed have no comfort, they can be abused, and burnt, and butchered to any extent, by this secret conclave, and have no recourse to protection.

THE AIM OF THE PEACE SOCIETY.

BY HOWARD MALCOM, D. D.

Not in measure to diminish or cripple any nation's internal government. Not in any degree to abolish the penalty of death. The sole object is to *abolish war*. Not to render it less frequent, less savage, less costly.

We insist that contentions between nations may be composed easier, cheaper, surer, sooner, and without exciting or prolonging hatred or jealousy. We insist that the immense cost of fleets, forts and standing armies may be avoided. We work with cheer and confidence, for the Almighty tells us that a period is before us when war shall be no more on earth, and when swords and spears shall be converted into aids to honest labor.

How strange it is that any sensible man can glorify the trade of a soldier—the trade of deliberate murder, making widows, orphans, cripples, paupers. How strange that such men parade in the highways, decorated with gorgeous uniform, excited by military music, and when dead, honored by costly monuments.

Surely it is time for reason, kindness, dignity, tranquillity, and common sense to rule the world.

Great Britain has not only forgiven our naughtiness a hundred years ago but rejoices in our independence and prosperity. France joins in the friendly greeting, and, what is more gratifying, embodies it in a popular, rather than national expression of good will. We refer of course to the colossal statue of Liberty (for which collections are being made all over France, to make up \$360 000), to be erected on Bedloe's island, in the harbor of New York. Thiers, Waddington, Laboulaye, and many other distinguished Frenchmen, are much interested in it. M. Laboulaye, in a late address, felicitously said: "The proposed monument symbolizes American freedom, which bears peace and enlightenment everywhere. It will be an eternal monument of the friendship of France and America, ever recalling the united names of Washington and Lafayette, and the union of two peoples, who formerly united to found independence, and now unite to cement fraternity." May the day be hastened when all nations shall unite in mutual greetings, not only in the name of freedom and civilization, but of a common Christianity! That day is coming.

We would call special attention to "Wright's Principia" (see advertisement), a superb volume on "Social and Political Science." We are gratified to learn that this invaluable work has passed to a third edition. This book embraces the whole field of social science, elaborated by a master's hand, and not the least important and valuable, are the author's suggestions on *arbitration*, as a just and humane method of settling international difficulties without resort to the barbarism of war. We hesitate not to say that this great treatise should go into the hands of all thoughtful readers, as well as all the libraries, public and private, in the land. *It is a centennial offering on the altar of peace.*



A SONG OF PEACE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

I.

The grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The waters sweet in Brandywine;
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
The farmer keeps his flock and vine;
Then, who would mar the scene to-day
With vaunt of battlefield or fray!

II.

The brave corn lifts in regiments
Ten thousand sabres in the sun;
The ricks replace the battle tents,
The bannered tassels toss and run,
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast,
These be but stories of the past.

III.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannons plough the field no more;
The heroes rest! Oh, let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore!
They fought for peace, for peace they fell;
They sleep in peace, and all is well.

IV.

The fields forget the battles fought,
The trenches wave in golden grain:
Shall we neglect the lessons taught
And tear the wounds agape again?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land,
And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

V.

Lo! peace on earth. Lo! flock and fold,
Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,
And valleys clad in sheen of gold,
Oh, rise and sing a song of peace!
For Theseus roams the land no more,
And Janus rests with rusted door.

THE ANT AND THE DOVE.

An ant went to a fountain to quench her thirst, and, tumbling in, was almost drowned. A dove that happened to be sitting on a neighboring tree saw the danger in which the ant was placed, and plucking off a leaf, let it drop into the water, close by the side of the struggling insect, and the ant getting upon it was soon wafted safe ashore. Just at that time a fowler was spreading his net, and was in the very act of ensnaring the dove, when the ant, perceiving his object, bit him in the heel. The start which the man gave made him drop his net, and the dove, made aware of her danger, flew safe away. "One good turn deserves another," and a kindly favor gets like behavior, "Curses," they say, "like chickens, come home to roost," and so do blessings, and bring a bonny brood along with them. The luxury of doing good, unlike other luxuries, brings neither headache nor heartache, and the evening's indulgence brings no morning's repentance. The leaf which the dove dropped upon the waters, like "bread cast upon the water," was "found again," not "after many days," but within the hour in which the helpful deed was done.

One night an Indian came to an inn in Lichfield, Massachusetts, and begged for a night's shelter, saying that he had nothing wherewith to pay. The hostess drove him away, but a man who was sitting by, told her to supply his wants, and promised to pay the necessary charges. The Indian thanked his benefactor, and in the morning went his way. Some months after the Indian's friend in need was taken prisoner by a hostile tribe and carried off to Canada. One day an Indian came to the white man, and, giving him a musket, bade him follow him. Day after day the captive followed his mysterious guide, till one day they came to a cultivated hill overlooking a number of houses. "Do you know that place?" said the Indian. "Ah, yes; it's Lichfield!" was the joyful answer. "And I," said his guide, "am the starving Indian on whom you took pity. Thus I thankfully pay for my supper," and bounding into the bush, he suddenly disappeared. How many volumes might be filled with similar illustrations of the plentiful crops they reap who "scatter seeds of kindness!" "A kindly loan comes laughing home;" a timely dole, though it be but small, will go before increase of store; for the generous soul has God for his treasurer and his providence for his bank. Quintus Quarles would urge the example of the dove in the fable to all and sundry, for there's a blessing in it. Doing good is a capital cure for the headache, and it's a grand specific

for a "fit of the blues." "In the Holy Land," says an old Rabbinical story, "there lived a man called Eliab, whom God had blessed with earthly goods, and who was also cunning in all the wisdom of the East. But all this could not bring peace to his heart; he was often full of sorrow and wished to die. Then a man of God came to him and showed him a leaf possessed of wonderful powers of healing; but Eliab said, 'What is that to me? My body lacks not health; my soul is diseased; it were better for me to die.' 'The leaf will do thy heart good,' said the man of God. 'Take it and heal seven sick men, and then thou mayest die.' Eliab did as he was desired and sought out misery in its hiding places and healed it. Then the man of God came again to him and said, 'Here is an herb of death: now thou mayest die.' But Eliab cried, 'God forbid! my soul longeth no more for death, for now I understand the true meaning and value of life.' We, like Eliab and like the dove in the fable, may pluck that 'leaf;' it is called charity. Let us carry it hither and thither in the name of Him who brought it all the way from heaven that He might heal a sick and sorrowing world.

"When thy 'to-morrows' all have died
Kind actions will appear
Like angels waiting at thy side
To bless thee and to cheer."

—*Quintus Quares in Christian Globe.*

PEACE CELEBRATION.

BY OLIVE F. CHANDLER.

Immortal Host, of everlasting Peace!
Spread your celestial ensign to mankind;
And let the nations from all strife now cease
And hail the reign of peace, so *gentle, kind*.
Come nations, *come*, and celebrate this theme,
The most illustrious earth has ever shown;
The song of peace is breathed o'er every scene,
A peaceful banner over all is thrown
First *angel corps*, whose *song* was peace and love,
Now join in concert with this finite throng.
And touch the lyre on earth with those above
And in one voice the harmony prolong.
This exhibition, grandest earth has known
Cannot compare with the celestial host.
Their ensign, by the Prince of Peace is borne,
A grandeur which no regal power can boast!
O join the chorus of good will to man,
Let the refrain be hailed in heaven and earth!
Lay by your *swords*, be gentle as a lamb,
Let *justice, love and peace* be brought to earth.

"A TOUCHING INCIDENT."

New York, July 9, 1876.

REV. H. C. DUNHAM,

Sir:—Having just read "A Touching Incident" in the *ANGEL OF PEACE* for June, I thought your readers might be interested in the sequel.

One of the managers of the New York Juvenile Asylum heard the story of the two little brothers, and took immediate measures for the removal of both boys to that institution. After a few months training they, with a number of other children, were sent under the care of an officer of the Juvenile Asylum to homes in Illinois, and a month since I had the pleasure of listening to a letter written by Patrick Handly to one of the managers, describing his new home and expressing his gratitude to those who had befriended them. He says that Petie lives close by and he sees him very often.

Respectfully yours, M. C.

We republish the "Incident" referred to in the above letter, showing, that there is "No cloud without a silver lining."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT. In this city, on Thursday last, two little orphan boys, brothers, named respectively Patrick and Peter Handly, were accused of attempting to pick pockets in Chatham Street. They are newsboys, the older ten and the younger eight years old. The former was held and the latter

discharged. As the brothers were about to be parted they embraced each other, and, bursting into tears, cried aloud as if their hearts would break. Judge Flammer and all the spectators in court were visibly affected by the touching scene. "We were never parted before, Petie," the elder brother said, sobbing, "since poor mother died." Then, as the officer was about taking him down stairs, Patrick said, with a tone of real tenderness, "Here, Bubby," (and he took off his overcoat,) "you will want this, for it's cold outside." The little fellows separated, and little Petie left the court room for the wide, wide world alone.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

MURTIE'S "PREACH."

Four-year-old Murtie watched papa go down the street to church as far as she could see him, with a great lump in her throat and a rebellious little thought in her heart that God should let it rain Sunday. But in a minute more her face was all sunshine again, for she had a "think," as she called it.

"O, baby, we'll have a preach all to ourselves. I guess 'taint wicked to play meetin' Sunday." So she turned one chair up-side-down and put it on top of another, so that the four legs should be like a pulpit.

"An' you can be the congr'ation, baby, an' I'll be the min'ister."

So she put a row of chairs along in front and baby in one of them; then with mamma's hymn-book climbed into her pulpit.

"If you please, we'll sing on page 'leventy-one. Congr'ation please to com'ence."

Then Murtie sang "Jesus loves me," while baby looked on highly delighted.

"Now, if you please, we'll have a preach. I'll say the verse that mamma taught us: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, an' forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' An' mamma said if Jesus was here He'd put His hand on our heads and pat down our curls this way, an' we'd see Him some day if we're good. Congr'ation can sing."

And again the little voice sang very sweetly, "Jesus loves me."

J. E. M.

AN OLD LEGEND.

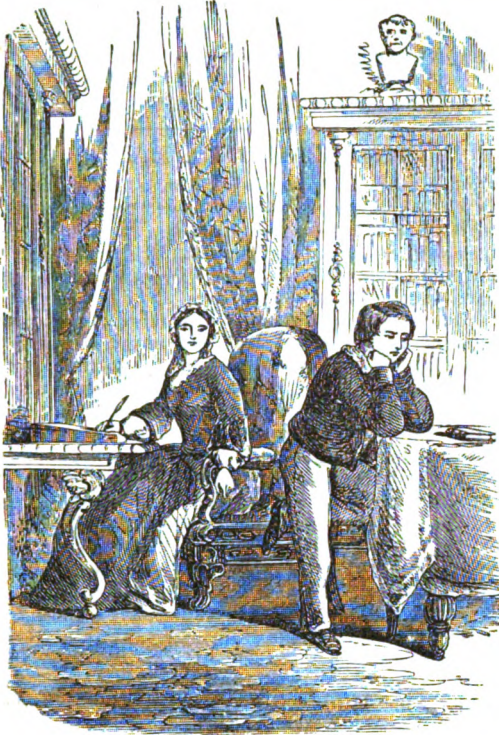
There is a quaint Scotch Legend, that every one who finds a four leaf clover will have health, ease and happiness. A young man heard the story. He had a family. Now, thought he, if I could *only* find a four leaf clover I could make myself and family happy. All his leisure time he spent in looking for it. At last he concluded he would go in search of it. So, without a farewell to his family, he wandered forth. Years passed. The strong young man was old. He still continued his fruitless search. A longing desire to visit the scenes of his youth possessed him. After a long and weary search he reached what was once his home. But what a change! The walk was overgrown with weeds and the house was in ruins. He sat down on what was once his happy threshold, and there among the weeds he saw the four leaf clover.

"Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

A LITTLE DAUGHTER'S LETTER.—The following letter was found crumpled in the hand of a French captain who died on the field of battle:

"My dear papa,—Since you went I have done nothing but think of you. I am so sad that I cannot see you and kiss you every morning, but I hope God will preserve you in health and safety, and that you will soon come back to embrace your little daughter. I have been very good in order to console mamma a little for your absence. Adieu, my dearest papa. I send you a thousand kisses. Your loving daughter, Marguerite." Alas! how many Marguerites have written such letters!—how many locks of hair have stiffened in the blood of the beloved!—how many tender memorials have been torn away by the hands of the spoiler, or trampled into a hasty grave!

Love never reasons, but profusely gives, like a thoughtless prodigal, its all, and trembles then lest it has done too little.



WHAT A LITTLE BOY DID.

"Just think, mother! a man named Hansburg has rented the vacant store at the corner, and intends opening a bar-room. I heard him tell a man that he was going to get the people about here to sign his petition to-morrow. We don't want a grog-shop so near us: can't we head him off in some way, mother dear?" And George Payne looked anxiously into his mother's face.

"I should be very sorry to have a bar-room opened there," she replied; "but if a majority of the residents and property-owners on this square sign his petition, he will get his license."

"You and I have been fighting old Alcohol for a long time, mother. Can't you fix some plan to get a big victory over him now? What can we do?" he asked eagerly.

The mother looked proudly on the face of her handsome boy, whom she had taught from earliest childhood to hate the liquor-traffic, and to be a brave little champion of total abstinence. He did not know that his father, who died while he was an infant, went into eternity shrieking and cursing with the awful horrors of delirium tremens; yet it could scarcely have made him more earnest in the temperance work.

"We can draw up a paper called a 'protest,' or an objection to this man opening a shop at this place; and if you can get more names than he can, he will be prevented from obtaining a license. But you will have to visit all the people living on both sides of the street. Are you willing to do so?"

"Certainly I will. You fix the document while I put on my best jacket." And he rushed up stairs.

Mrs. Payne wrote the protest on a long sheet of paper, leaving ample space for the signers; and then writing her own name, enclosed the whole in a large envelope and gave it to George, telling him "not be discouraged if any should fail to receive him kindly."

"I'll ask Mr. Hill first; for I know he will sign, because he is a Christian man and goes to church every Sunday with a prayer-book," said George, as he ran to the opposite corner, rang the bell, was admitted to the owner's presence and stated his business. For a moment the gentleman looked astonished, then angry.

"I will not sign such a paper," said he. "What right have we to interfere with the man's business?"

"Don't you think it is a very bad business, and will make somebody unhappy?" asked George.

"That's nothing to us. If men will drink, they must take the consequences." And our young friend left, murmuring, "I wouldn't have believed it."

On the steps of the next house stood two gentlemen talking, and to one of them George presented his paper, asking, "Will you sign it?"

"Of course I will," was the hearty answer. "Neighbor Jones and I were just bewailing the coming calamity without making an effort to help it; and here you are, a bit of a boy, making battle against it. Come in, and we'll both sign."

It was quickly done, and the next man to visit was a German tailor.

"Donder and blitzen! I no signs mit your papers. Vat ish dish? You pe tryin' to prake up de pishness of honest mens. Shust you gets away quick as von vinks, if you don't want to go out mit de boots of mine toe, you little rascal!"

George did not wait for the "boots of mine toe," but hastened into the shop of the milliner with a request for her to sign. But she refused, saying that "the saloon would not disturb her, as it was at the other corner, and she had no boys to be tempted in to drink."

"But other people have boys, ma'am," pleaded George.

"Well, they must take care of them, then," was the heartless reply, and our young friend marched out in disgust.

Mrs. Flannigan, who kept the cake and pie shop, was indignant when he visited her.

"An' it's the likes of you would be afther askin' me to sign forinist a gintleman as want's to make an honest livin'? It's mesilf sure, will be glad when there's a dacint place nigh where a lonely widdy can get a drop of the crather when it's nadeiful for sickness and the like. Be off wid yez protestins, or Biddy Flannigan's big dog shall ate the very bones of ye!"

George hurried out and rang the bell of the next house. The lady who opened the door had been crying, and when he explained what he wished, she said her husband would not sign it, for he had promised to sign Hansburg's license. "But, dear child, I do hope you will get enough of names," she said earnestly, "for we have suffered enough without a grog-shop so near us." And George knew what she meant, he saw her husband staggering towards them. It would occupy too much time to tell all that happened to George; but he carried his protest to the police commissioners next day. Two days after, an item in the papers stated that Hansburg's license had been refused, and while he and a friend stood on the steps of the vacant house and got up a furious swearing duet in Dutch, George was dancing around the parlor, exclaiming, "We got ahead of him, didn't we, mother?"

And Mrs. Payne smiled fondly on her young temperance champion.—*Temperance Banner.*

APPEAL FOR THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small Island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from War. No hostile foot ever sought to press this kindly soil; and citizens of all countries met here, in common worship, beneath the ægis of inviolable Peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country; and may the blessed consecration be felt in all its parts, everywhere throughout its ample domain! The TEMPLE OF HONOR shall be surrounded by the Temple of Concord, that it may never more be entered through any portal of War; the horn of Abundance shall overflow at its gates: the angel of Religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within its enraptured courts, purged of Violence and Wrong, Justice, returned to the earth from long exile in the skies, with mighty scales for Nations as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front; and by her side, greatest of all, CHARITY, sublime in meekness, hoping all and enduring all, shall divinely temper every righteous decree and, with words of infinite cheer, inspire those Good Works that cannot vanish away. And the future chiefs of the Republic, destined to uphold the Glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be "the first in PEACE, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen."

While seeking these blissful Glories for ourselves, let us strive for their extension to other lands. Let the bugles sound the *Truce of God* to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of War, which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden cestus of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage bestowed, by massacring soldiers, upon the spot occupied by the Sepulchre of the Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mould! The whole earth is the Sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Recognizing this truth, I would now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand Temple of Universal Peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of Heaven, and as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.—*Charles Sumner*.

"I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT."

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it and it did not hurt her much. But the duck said, "I'll pay you for that!" So the duck flew at the hen; but as she did so her wing struck an old goose who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she flew at the goose; but as she did so her tail brushed the eye of a sheep who was near.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and he ran at the cat; but as he did so his foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the sheep; but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the cow. What a run there was! The horse flew at the cow; and the cow at the dog; and the dog at the cat; and the cat at the goose; and the goose at the duck; and the duck at the hen. What a noise they made to be sure!

"Hi, hi! What is all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "I cannot have this noise. You may stay here," he said to the hen. But he drove the duck to the pond, and the goose to the field, and the cat to the barn, and the sheep to her fold, and the dog to his house, and the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. "I'll pay you for that!" said the man.—*Nursery*.

MY CHARM STRING.

"Many men of many minds,
Many birds of many kinds,"

Such shall be the buttons on my string. I hope to make the old and the young, the wise and the simple, enjoy their charm. Judge a man by the company he keeps, if not like them, he soon will be. Women, girls, boys, babies and boobies may judge in the same way, crying babies make poor music and ugly faces. It is even so with pouting, whining boys and girls, with growling men and scolding women. A kind and thankful spirit, makes lovely the homeliest face.

A sour temper mars the prettiest features. The Christian girl that keeps a clean trunk, is apt to keep a clean heart, and make a good housekeeper.

A disobedient child is out with all the world and is its own worst enemy. So are all evil doers. Kind, obedient children are as bright sweet flowers. So are God's obedient children unto him. Pound-cake, preserves, honey and candy are sweet to the taste, but they make sour tempers and weak minds. It is the same with false praise.

The boy that takes good care of his nails and hammer, his ball and kite, will be ready to take care of ploughs and harrows, dimes and dollars. A faithful efficient business man,

may be an efficient worker for God. The woman that can with true taste and economy adorn her house, her person, may so let her light shine as to win many souls to Christ. A meek and quiet spirit is above price, and the most beautiful button and the sweetest charm on any string, is the Spirit of Christ.

THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.

Three fair young girls were seated on a mossy bank by the borders of a rippling stream which flowed in silver beauty at their feet. It was a beautiful picture. The sun was gilding all things with a golden brightness and lighting up the features of the young and mirthful damsels who were merrily engaged in wreathing garlands of wild flowers, and decking each other with the garlands twined by their own fairy fingers. By-and-by they began to compare the size and beauty of their hands, and each disputed with others that hers was the loveliest of all. One washed her hands in the limpid stream; another plucked the wild strawberries and stained her finger-tips a ruddy pink; the third gathered sweet violets until her hands were redolent with their fragrance. An aged and haggard woman, clad in the garb of meanest poverty, drew near, saying "Give me of your charity; I am very poor." All three denied her, but a fourth girl who sat close by, unwashed in the brook, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave the poor woman a little gift and received her grateful thanks. The daughter of poverty asked them the subject of their dispute, and they told her, lifting the while their beautiful hands. "Beautiful indeed!" said she. But when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said, "it is not the hand that was washed in the stream, it is not the hand that is tipped with red, it is not the hand with the fragrant flowers, but it is the hand that gives to the poor which is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and a beautiful angel stood before them. "The loving heart and the kindly hand," said she, "are always beautiful, and where these are not, there is no beauty left," and straightway she vanished out of their sight.

"Right," said Uncle Charlie, "beauty is but skin deep, and I would rather have the rough brown fist and iron hook of kind-hearted Sailor Jack, than the fairest hand that ever wore diamonds, with a proud unfeeling heart behind it. The Good Book tells us of One whose hands were pierced with nails and whose 'visage was more marred than any man's;' and yet He was the 'fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely,' and the more we are like Him, however plain in feature, rude in form, or coarse in raiment, the more truly beautiful we are.—*London Christian Globe*.

Many thanks are due to our friends for the interest taken and aid given to the circulation of the ANGEL OF PEACE. We believe it is a work on which the angels delight to smile and which must meet the Divine approval. Let none who read this be weary in well-doing, but work on while the day lasts.

H. C. D.

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ESTABLISHED }
JUNE, 1837. }

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1876.

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VOL. VII. NO. 9

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CONFERENCE FOR A CALL OF CHRISTIANS TO CONSIDER WHAT ACTION THE CHURCH OF CHRIST SHOULD TAKE TO PREVENT WAR.

The undersigned, members of the Church of Christ, and many of us ministers of his Gospel of Peace, believing that the time has fully come for Christians, as such, to speak out more clearly and distinctly against War, and in favor of Peace, than has been our wont in time past; and, as the subject is one of great magnitude, requiring prayerful consideration, and deep and earnest deliberation, seeking to know the will of God and the duty of the Church in the matter, we hereby issue this call for a meeting of voluntary or appointed delegates from all religious denominations, to meet in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., on Tuesday, October 17, 1876, at 2 P. M.

The object is not to organize another Peace Association, but to consider and recommend to the Church of Christ what action it should take as the light of the world for hastening the day clearly seen by the prophet and proclaimed in the name of the Lord, when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Statesmen and philanthropists are moving in this great work both in this country and Europe, and the Church of Christ should not lag but lead in this grand and glorious object.

NEW VIENNA, OHIO, Eighth mo. 8. 1876.

DEAR BROTHER:

I send thee the enclosed call in the hope that thou wilt approve of the object, attach thy name to the call with liberty to publish the same in religious and secular papers, and that thou wilt give thy presence at the Convention, and prayerful co-operation in the work. Please call the attention of thy friends to the subject, and see that a strong delegation goes to the meeting from the church with which thou art connected.

Please sign, and return to me promptly by mail at this place, and I will have the call printed and sent to the different papers throughout the country, and otherwise spread the information as widely as possible.

May the Lord incline thy heart to this work, and may his blessing rest upon our efforts for the promotion of peace on earth.

The Reformed and United Presbyterian General Assemblies, which met in Philadelphia in May last, adopted resolutions in favor of such a conference.

DANIEL HILL,
Secretary Peace Association of Friends in America.

I heartily concur in this movement. H. C. DUNHAM,
American Peace Society, Boston, Mass.

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If one is not able to give the full amount of a membership, or directorship at once, he can apply whatever he does give on it, with the understanding that the remainder is to be paid at one or more times in the future.

The Advocate is sent gratuitously to the reading rooms of Colleges and Theological Seminaries—to Young Men's Christian Associations—to every pastor who preaches on the Cause of Peace and takes a collection for it. Also, to prominent individuals, both ministers and laymen, with the hope that they will become subscribers or donors, and induce others to become such. To subscribers it is sent until a request to discontinue is received with the payment of all arrearages.

We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for the *Advocate of Peace*, who are earnestly invited to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

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"The cause of Peace we regard as an eminently philanthropic and Christian enterprise of great importance, and worthy of sympathy and support. It has already accomplished much good, and would doubtless accomplish vastly more, if it possessed adequate means. We think it deserves, as it certainly needs, a large increase of funds. The American Peace Society, charged with the care of this cause in our own country, and whose management has deservedly secured very general approbation, we cordially commend to the liberal patronage of the benevolent."

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NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1876.

VOL. VII. No. 9.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

BY S. W. B.

I am sitting in my room at the hotel, with a delicious view of the peaceful lake, stretching away on the north to the horizon. Last evening my host, a man now thirty-three years of age, came in, and, as the sun sunk behind the reddening west, began to speak of his army experiences. His eye kindled, his face glowed; his wife in vain called us to tea; "In a minute," he said, and continued his exciting narrative. He lived over again the fearful days of his life from nineteen to twenty-two years of age,—from Harper's Ferry to Appomattox Court House. A strange fascination, a remembered horror, holds the survivor as he relates how brothers, cousins, comrades, fell here and there in battle.

This was his account of his part at Gettysburg.

"We had been hurried on by forced marches," says a survivor of that field, "till we arrived at Gettysburg, on the evening of July 2, 1863, nearly exhausted, and were posted on Cemetery Hill.

"The rebel assault of that afternoon was repulsed, and the decisive attack of Lee's well-generalized army was reserved for another day. On Sunday, July 3, suddenly a signal gun opened a fire of two hundred and fifty cannon upon our position. Seven shots were fired by one cannon in a minute. The air was full of shot and of exploding shells. We were ordered to lie prostrate upon the ground. Many of our men were killed or wounded,—some companies were annihilated. After more than two hours' shelling, the rebels advanced from the woods, in four lines of infantry, officers and men moving out in regular order, as if on parade. Through a most destructive fire they came on, till they were in hand-to-hand fight with us. The destruction of their first line did not arrest their second, nor of the second their third. We were nearly exhausted. I said to a comrade, 'We cannot endure this. It is well that we gave to the chaplain our farewell letters for our friends.' He replied, 'We will do what we can.' Our colonel, now a member of Congress, had been carried off wounded. But three officers, of whom I was one, remained in our regiment. A rebel flag was flaunted in our faces. A Union soldier rushed forward and seized it, and bore it back to our general, who was afterwards killed. He took it, and rode along our line, trailing it in the dust and calling our men to renewed courage. It was the decisive moment. Our army raised a shout which rang along our line for miles. We were almost defeated; we were as badly exhausted as the rebels; but that shout saved us. It turned the tide. If the rebel fourth line had come on as the others did, we could not have withstood them. Neither side could bring further reinforcements. But the failure of their first three lines, and that shout of our almost exhausted men, disheartened them, and they broke and retreated. Our own killed and wounded were rapidly removed, but the rebels lay for two days where they fell. Lee could not remove them, and did not allow our men upon the exposed ground between the two armies. After their final retreat what a field was left to us! Their dead lay in heaps,—finely-built, noble-looking officers and men. The dying, long neglected, without food or care, exposed to the July sun, presented a scene which beggars all description. No tongue or pen can ever depict it. A North Carolina colonel, in extreme torture, begged us, if we had any mercy, to end his misery. Many, on every side, besought us to send their dying messages to their friends. But it was impossible: we had too much else to do, and were too

nearly exhausted ourselves. Two young lieutenants begged me to write to their friends. I took their names, and thought I would, but never did. 'Tell my mother,' said one of them, 'that I died in good faith.'

"I was one of those detailed, with a hundred men, to aid in burying twenty thousand dead. We could only dig trenches about a foot in depth, lay them in rows, and cover them with a little earth. We were obliged to open passage-ways for the wagons, by removing the crowded bodies to the right and left, and thus clearing the way. The hopelessly wounded, who were nearly dead, were left to expire; while the ambulances hastened to pick up such as were still able to be removed. At one time during the battle, it seemed impossible to live in the hail of bullets; nor could I, but by piling several dead bodies upon one another, and lying prostrate behind them. At one time, within fifteen minutes, our regiment lost over fifty killed, and over two hundred wounded. Of one hundred who went out in our company, only three remained when we were mustered out three years afterward. Over fifty had died from that company, which had been from time to time replenished with fresh recruits."

Such is war. Happy the day when they learn war no more; when Christ shall reign the Prince of Peace, and "of his kingdom and Peace there shall be no end."

VICTOR HUGO ON PEACE AND PROGRESS.

Last month a very large public meeting was held in Paris, at the Theatre du Chateau d'Eau, a place which will be easily remembered by our friends who attended the Paris Conference. The meeting was convened in support of the proposal for sending a number of French Workmen to the Philadelphia Exhibition. M. Louis Blanc and Victor Hugo, who were the principal speakers, received a perfect ovation from the thousands who had assembled both inside and outside the building. A noteworthy fact being the enthusiasm with which every reference to peace was greeted, M. Hugo said,—"What we celebrate to-day is the communion of nations. We come here confident and peaceable; we are a new France. What do we want now? Peace. (Cries of "Yes, yes.") Peace between nations by fruitful labor, and peace between men by accomplished duty. We enter resolutely into the proud and peaceful life of peoples who have attained their majority. (Cheers.) Citizens, we are in the right path; let us continue. To persevere is to conquer. The men of the past are engaged in a terrible work. While we try to create life, they make war; that is, they kill. What sombre madness! They have also their fruitfulness, which is destruction, they have their inventions, their perfections, their discoveries; they invent—what? the Krupp cannon; they perfect what? the mitrailleuse; they discover—what? the Syllabus. (Approving cries.) They have power for a sword, and ignorance for a helmet; they turn in the vicious circle of battles; they seek the philosopher's stone of an invincible and definitive armament; they spend millions to make a ship which no projectile can injure. Then they spend millions to make projectiles which will destroy any vessel. (Laughter and cheers.) That done, they recommence their struggles, and their carnage extends from the Crimea to Mexico and China. They have their Inkerman, Balaclava and Sadowa; they have their Roshach, which is replied to by Jena, and Jena, which is replied to by Sedan. (Sensation and bravos.) A sorrowful chain of victories, that is to say, catastrophes. They seize upon provinces,

they crush armies by armies. They multiply frontiers, prohibitions, prejudices and obstacles. They build wall upon wall between man and man—here the old Roman wall, there the Germanic; here Peter, there Cæsar; and when they have beaten back the Revolution, when they are satisfied and triumphant in the certainty of eternal war, when they think it is all finished, two immense hands start up—one in the east and the other in the west—and close in a friendly embrace across the ocean. It is Europe that fraternizes with America. It is human to say, Let us love each other. The future is already dawning, and it clearly belongs to democracy, which is purely pacific. Your own delegates at the Philadelphia Exhibition are the dim outline of a remarkable fact—the unification of the United States of America and of the United States of Europe. (Prolonged and repeated applause greeted these words.) May you be followed and blessed by human acclamation—you who after so many disasters and so much violence are going with the torch of civilization from the land where Jesus Christ was born to that which beheld the birth of John Brown. (Prolonged applause.) The union of the two great Republics will not be lost—our politics will be better for the fact. Let peace be among men.”—*London Arbitrator*.

A MORTIFYING CONTRAST.

Here are two pictures: On one side of the line a nation has spent \$500,000,000 in Indian wars; a people who have not one 100 miles between the Atlantic and the Pacific which has not been the scene of an Indian massacre; a government which has not passed twenty years without an Indian war; not one Indian tribe to whom it has given Christian civilization, and which celebrates its Centennial year by another bloody Indian war. On the other side of the line there is the same greedy dominant Anglo-Saxon race and the same heathen. They have not spent one dollar in Indian war; they have had no Indian massacre. Why? In Canada the Indian treaty calls these men “the Indian subjects of her Majesty.” When civilization approaches them they are placed on ample reservations; they receive aid in civilization; they have personal rights of property; they are amenable to law and are protected by law; they have schools, and Christian people delight to give them their best men to teach them the religion of Christ. We expend more than \$100 to their one in caring for Indian wards.—*Examiner and Chronicle, New York*.

THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.

According to trustworthy accounts published by the *London Daily News* and *Times*, the atrocities committed by the Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria are terrible in the extreme. The *Times* correspondent reports that these savages have destroyed more than a hundred Bulgarian villages, although no pretext of revolutionary movements existed in regard to more than five or six of them. At least 25,000 unarmed and inoffensive people (the Constantinople papers place the number at 40,000) have been massacred in cold blood, and horrible tortures have been inflicted on thousands of those not murdered. Not less than 10,000 Bulgarians have been imprisoned, and are undergoing sufferings from tortures such as have not been known in Europe since the Middle Ages. The outrages upon women have been general, and brutal beyond expression. These outrages are the more terrible, the correspondent says, because the Bulgarian women have higher ideas of virtue and chastity than those of any other nationality in the East. “If,” he adds, “the women of England could know the facts, such a cry of indignation would go up as would arouse all Europe to action.” For these atrocities the Turkish Government is directly responsible, because it ordered the disarming of the whole Bulgarian population, and then armed the Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks, and turned them loose upon the defenceless people, well knowing what the result would be.

A lawyer, being sick, made his last will and gave all his estate to fools and madmen. Being asked the reason for his so doing, “From such,” said he, “I had it, and to such I give it again.”

THE SONG OF PEACE.

BY R. G.

Awake the song of peace,
Let nations join the strain;
The march of blood and pomp of war
We will not have again!
Let fruit-trees crown our fields,
And flowers our valleys fair;
And on our mountain steep, the songs
Of happy swains be there!

Too long the man of blood
Hath ruled without control;
Nor widow's tears, nor orphan's sighs,
Could touch his iron soul!
But, lo! the mighty's fallen,
And from his lofty brow
The chaplet fades that circled there,
Where are his trophies now!

Look to the countless graves,
Where sleep the thousands slain;
The morning songs no more call forth
The stirring bands again!
The din, the strife is past
Of foe with falling foe;
The grassy leaves wave o'er their heads,
They quiet rest below!

Sound high the harp of song,
And raise the joyous strain;
But never let war's note be heard
To swell the chords again;
Put all its trappings by,
Vain pomp of bygone years;
To plowshares beat the pointed swords,
To pruning-hooks the spears!

Come, man to brother man,
Come in the bond of peace;
Then strife and war, with all their train
Of dark'ning woe shall cease;
Come, with that spirit free,
That art and science give;
Come with that patient mind for truth,
Seek it, and ye shall live!

The earth shall yield her fruit,
The seasons forth shall bring;
And Summer fair shall pour her sweets
Into the lap of Spring:
While Autumn, mellow, comes
With full and liberal hand;
And gladness then shall fill each heart
Through all this happy land.

AN APPEAL

TO MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL OF ALL DENOMINATIONS IN
BEHALF OF THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

Dear Friends and Brethren:

We feel constrained, in the love of the everlasting Gospel of Christ, to appeal to you, to enlist your sympathy and co-operation in efforts to overthrow and banish from earth the barbarous and heathen custom of War.

Thomas Dick says: “War has been the delight and employment of man in every age; and under this term may be included everything that is base and execrable in moral conduct.”

Napoleon said: “War is the business of barbarians.”

The Duke of Wellington: “Men who have nice notions of religion have no business to be soldiers.”

Sir Harry Smith: “The profession of a soldier is a damnable profession.”

Sir Charles Napier: “To overcome all feelings of religion is generally the means of making a warrior.”

Lord Bacon: “I am of the opinion that, unless you could

bray Christianity in a mortar, and mould it into a new paste, there is no possibility of a holy war."

Lord Clarendon: "We can not make a more lively representation and emblem to ourselves of hell than by a view of a kingdom in war."

Burke: "War suspends all the rules of moral obligation."

Lord Brougham: "I abominate war as unchristian. I hold it the greatest of human crimes. I deem it to include all others—violence, blood, rapine, fraud, everything which can deform the character, alter the nature, and debase the name of man."

Such is War, as defined by warriors and statesmen. Many other similar testimonies might be quoted from the same source but we have no room for them.

We will now quote from the precepts of Christ and the Apostles, and place upon the witness stand a few of the many prominent religious teachers, whose voices ring out above the horrid din of war in unmistakable condemnation of it.

Jesus said: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."—Matt. vi: 14-15. "For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."—Luke ix: 56.

Paul says: "Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—Rom. xii: 20-21. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds," etc.—II Cor. x: 4-5.

Justin Martyr, who was born about A. D. 114, says: "We, who were filled with war and mutual slaughter, and every wickedness, have each through the whole earth changed our warlike weapons—our swords into plowshares, and our spears into implements of tillage—and we cultivate piety, righteousness, philanthropy, faith and hope, which we have from the Father himself through him who was crucified."

Athenagoras, in his plea for the Christians, written about A. D. 177, speaking of the Christians, says: "When struck, they do not strike again; when robbed, they do not go to law. They give to those who ask of them and love their neighbors as themselves."

Clement of Alexandria says: "For it is not in war, but in peace, that we are trained. War needs great preparation, and luxury craves profusion; but Peace and Love, simple and quiet sisters, require no arms or excessive preparation."

Cyprian says: "The whole world is wet with mutual blood and murder, which, in the case of an individual, is admitted to be a crime, is called a virtue when it is committed wholesale." He warns the persecutors that God's vengeance will overtake them unless they repent, and says: "For this reason it is that none of us, when apprehended, make resistance, or avenge ourselves against your unrighteous violence, although our people are numerous and plentiful."

Tertullian: "No one gives the name of sheep to those who fall in battle with arms in hand, and while repelling force with force, but only to those who are slain yielding themselves up in their own place of duty with patience, rather than fighting in self-defence."

Much more might be quoted from the early Christians, but we forbear, and make a few extracts from more modern lights.

Bishop Warburton says: "I look upon war as the blackest mischief ever breathed from hell upon the fair face of this creation."

Archbishop Whateley: "War is a great disgrace to civilized men and Christians."

John Wesley: "Shall Christians assist the Prince of Hell, who was a murderer from the beginning, by telling the world of the benefit of war? Shall Protestant publications proclaim to the nations that war is a blessing of Providence?"

Ward, the Missionary: "Either our religion is a fable, or there are unanswerable arguments against war and the profession of arms."

Adam Clark: "War is as contrary to the spirit of Christianity, as murder; nothing can justify nations in shedding each other's blood."

John Angell James: "A hatred of war is an essential feature of practical Christianity; and it is a shame upon what is called the Christian world that it has not long since borne universal and indignant testimony against this enormous evil."

We have made these quotations to show that the views which we are endeavoring to propagate have been held and advocated by some of the wisest and best men that ever lived.

War is an evil of gigantic proportions. Fifty years ago, Thomas Dick estimated that the victims of war numbered eighteen times the then population of the earth.

Never before in the world's history were the preparations for war so stupendous as in professedly Christian Europe today. A recent number of the *Quarterly Review* (England) says: "Arrangements are in progress by which it is intended that, in the event of a war, Russia should be able, at short notice, to command the services of upward of 2,000,000 soldiers, France of nearly 1,500,000, Germany of above 1,300,000, and Austria of above 1,000,000. Similar preparations are being made by other Continental nations. Thus there will be in training about 7,000,000 of armed men! Who can reckon the evils thus inflicted on the world?"

Elihu Burritt says: "It is a fact that ought to startle people of this country, that, with all our boasted enlightenment and progress in civilization, with 3,000 miles of sea between us and the nearest European power, our armed peace establishments have grown at a more rapid rate than those of any other nation in Christendom! In 1854, the cost of the army and navy was \$22,500,000. In 1874, it had increased to \$73,000,000, or at the rate of more than 300 per cent. in twenty years."

And yet, with these facts staring us in the face, perhaps nine tenths of all the pulpits and religious papers in Christendom more frequently defend or apologize for war than protest against it.

Dear brethren, these things ought not so to be. You may not all be ready to endorse the views which we hold—that all fighting with carnal weapons is wrong for Christians. Still, we think that all who call on the name of the Lord should, at all times, be ready to throw their influence in favor of Peace. We firmly believe that if the ministers of the Gospel of Christ throughout Christendom would earnestly pray, and preach, and write against War, that it would soon disappear from all Christian nations. No Government would dare go to war in the face of the earnest protest of all the ministers of the Gospel within its jurisdiction.

We appeal to you, dear brethren, in no spirit of dictation, but prompted, as we believe, by the constraining love of Christ, and a desire for the spread of his peaceful kingdom, that you labor earnestly to overthrow war and the spirit of it. Bring the subject before your General and Annual Conferences, Assemblies, Synods and Associations, and may God, the very God of Peace, so endue you with wisdom, that your action may tend to the speedy overthrow of war.

Many prominent statesmen, both in this country and Europe, are looking to other means than war for the settlement of international difficulties, and would be greatly aided and encouraged by the earnest efforts of the ministers of the Gospel.

Let the Church and ministry bestir themselves. Rest not until you can, with confidence, stand before the Judge and hear Him say, they have done what they could.

May grace, mercy, and peace abound unto you through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Signed on behalf of THE PEACE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS IN AMERICA, representing the Orthodox Yearly Meetings of New York, Baltimore, North Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, Western Iowa and Kansas.

EMMOR HAINES, of Buffalo, N. Y., President.

DANIEL HILL, of New Vienna, O., Secretary.

NEW VIENNA, Clinton Co., O., Fourth month, 1876.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls, and the most massive minds are seamed with scars; martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire, and through their tears have the sorrowful first seen the gates of heaven.

A wound from the tongue is worse than a wound from the sword; for the latter affects only the body, the former the spirit—the soul.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1876.



THE WAR IN TURKEY.

The eyes of the civilized world are at present turned toward Turkey. For many years that country has occupied an unusual share of the attention of mankind. Statesmen have often called Turkey the "sick man" of Europe. Yet, somehow, the sick man has continued to live. England and France proved good physicians during the Crimean War. Indeed, of late years, it seemed as if a new and more vigorous lease of life was given to the sick man, in place of the death predicted by many. Modern ideas were adopted by the Turkish government in various departments; lavish expenditures were made; an army and navy of wonderful proportions and equipment were constructed; certain reforms were promised; and a future, dawning with a new daybreak, seemed to brighten over that land, shadowed by corruption and superstition during many centuries. Suddenly, however, this apparent progress is interrupted by the breaking out of war. One sultan is deposed, and another sultan is put in his place. The present sultan is said to be an enervated and profligate man. Disorders break out upon every side, and war adds its horror to the general confusion.

The causes leading to the war are variously estimated, as stated by the Turks or the Servians. It is interesting to have, however, the official statement of the Turkish government on this point. This has been made in a document issued last month at Constantinople, and repeated in our country by Aristarchi Bey, Turkish minister at Washington. From this source we learn that the Turkish government considers that Serbia has failed in her duties as vassal of the sultan, has broken the obligations imposed upon her by treaties, and has sought to invade the Ottoman provinces on the frontiers. The government of Turkey considers that great privileges have been granted to Serbia by the Sublime Porte; that opportunity to attain important progress had been granted to the population of Serbia; that a few ambitious men excited the Servian people to false ideas of liberty; and that guilty men, from the beginning of the insurrection in Herzegovina, have, by the gift of money, arms and recruits, changed Serbia into a rebellious State. The Sublime Porte, under these circumstances, sent a corps of observation to the frontiers of Serbia and Montenegro for the purpose of restoring tranquillity. Upon the other hand the prince of Serbia seeks to justify his conduct, and charges the responsibility of war upon the Turkish government.

Upon whichever side the moral responsibility of commencing the war may rest, it is evident that the Servians invaded a part of the provinces of Turkey; and that upon the same day this was done Prince Nicholas of Montenegro telegraphed to the Sublime Porte declaring hostilities. Thus Prince Milan of Serbia and Prince Nicholas of Montenegro together commenced acts of rebellion, judged from the Turkish view; or acts of just defence, according to their own view, and after this fierce battles, and a fearful loss of property and life, followed in quick succession.

It is difficult to tell which way the tide of fortune will turn. Sometimes it seems to drift in favor of Turkey, and sometimes in favor of the insurgents. Ahmed Mukhtar Pasha, the commander-in-chief in the Herzegovina, sustained a crushing defeat in his province, for out of sixteen battalions forming his army only four saved themselves by flight. At Urbitza, also, the Turks were put to flight after hard fighting. Upon the other side, the Turks have gained some very important victories. If the ultimate result of the war should be the destruction of the Turkish government the world will not mourn. Sooner or later, the Mohammedan power must perish. Twenty years have passed since the Crimean War. Turkey was then saved by England and France and Italy; but that endeavor will not be made now. It is within the range of possibility that Russia may now seize upon the opportunity of marching upon Turkey, and of possessing that long-wished-for prize.

The horrors of war are illustrated in the behavior both of the Turkish and the insurgent armies. If the Peace policy needs a new argument, it is found here. We cannot attempt to rehearse the terrible cruelties practised upon unarmed men, and even upon women and children. If half the statements made in the daily journals are true, the Turkish soldiers are more fiends than men. As the advocates of Peace, we look upon this strife as one more example of the horrible results of the war system. By it we are taught, with more emphasis than ever, that the blessed doctrine of Peace needs to be proclaimed, and that international law and arbitration must take the place of murder and battle.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is not often that the American Peace Society is called, within the limits of one short month, to mourn the loss of three such distinguished friends of the cause it represents, as Dr. Walter Channing, of Boston, Samuel Rodman, of New Bedford, and Deacon John Field, of Arlington. Were the cause of Peace dependent merely upon human instrumentalities, losses so exceptionally severe, and occurring with such unusual frequency, might well shake the faith of its most sanguine supporters in its ultimate success. But that cause originated in celestial wisdom, is guarded by celestial agencies, and its final triumph is guaranteed by Him who has all "power in heaven and on earth." Despondency as to its success has no part in the programme of its proceedings, but invincible faith should animate and inspirit its friends, even in its darkest hours.

Doctor Walter Channing died in Brookline, at the advanced age of ninety-one years. He had been so long retired from public view, that his death startled this community, not because it was unexpected, but because the multitude supposed that he died long ago. He was for many years one of the most eminent physicians in this city, and such were his tenderness and sympathy, that it was sometimes difficult to say whether his medical skill, or his attentions as a nurse, contributed the most largely to his success. He was a brother of the late Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing, and was the author of the well-worn *bon mot*, "My brother preaches but I practice." He was an active and munificent advocate of the cause of Peace in the days of Dr. Noah Worcester, and did it excellent service when its friends were few, and when it commanded but a small share of the public confidence.

Samuel Rodman died at the age of eighty-four years. He

was a highly respected member of the Society of Friends, who have been from the beginning among the most liberal supporters of this Institution. He was a man of the most correct habits and of a very blameless life. For forty years he kept an exact record of the state of the weather at New Bedford, which was regularly transmitted to the meteorological bureau at Washington, where it was highly valued and published. He was a warm advocate and a munificent supporter of many of the charities of the day, but the cause of Temperance and the cause of Peace enlisted his most active sympathies, and his most generous aid.

Deacon John Field died at the age of sixty-five. He was one of the oldest, most successful, and most respected merchants of Boston. He became interested in the cause of Peace in early life, and has long been one of its firmest friends and most liberal supporters. He was for many years the treasurer and one of the directors of this Society.

In view of these facts, the Executive Committee of the American Peace Society, adopt and place on record the following resolutions :

Resolved. That the afflictive dispensations of an All-wise Providence, now rehearsed, are not to be regarded as any evidence that the universal pacification of the nations of earth is impracticable, or any proof of the unwisdom of the means which are used by the friends of Peace to secure that beneficent and sublime result; that they are designed rather to lift us up to a higher plane of observation, where we can see that apparently adverse events are oftentimes "blessings in disguise;" that they are subordinate and necessary parts of that "stupendous whole" of the Divine proceedings, which is always advancing towards the completion of the designs of Infinite Mercy, just as a mighty river sweeps on through all its backward eddies, and makes those eddies themselves contribute to its volume and its power; and that though it is our duty to "lay our hand upon our mouth," it is also our duty to redouble our zeal in the cause of Peace, when so many of its standard bearers have fallen by the way.

Resolved. That a copy of this preamble and these resolutions be forwarded by the Recording Secretary to the families of our departed friends, as a slight testimonial of their worth and of our condolence with the bereaved relatives, and published in THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

We trust our readers will give the attention, which the importance of this subject demands, to the "Call for a Conference of Christians to consider what action the Church of Christ should take to prevent War," to be held in Philadelphia in October next. The call is most opportune and needful. Christian people are still pained with the "rude alarms of war." Christians are being slaughtered by the thousand under the iron heel of war. How long, O Lord, how long! What is the voice of the Christian Church to-day? What ought it to be? The jarring nations are armed for conflict and bloody strife; they should feel the pulsations of the Church of Christ, the *Prince of Peace*. Not too soon is this "call" issued. Not too soberly and earnestly can it be heeded. We hope that the Conference soon to meet in the city of William Penn will be largely attended, that its deliberations will call forth the best thought of the Christian mind, and the conclusions reached, by the blessing of God, will give the cause a new impulse and vantage ground for future success.

Cicero calls gratitude the mother of virtues, reckons it as the most capital of all duties, and uses the words "grateful" and "good" as synonymous terms, inseparably united in the same character.

THE NEGRO AND THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

BY COL. C. G. BAYLOR.

The relation of the American negro to the cause of peace is vital and possesses at this time peculiar interest.

First.—This relation connects the negro with the principles involved in the policy of peace. *Second.*—It connects him with the cause of domestic peace, as this "domestic" peace embraces not only harmony within our own Union, but as it embraces the future relations between the Protestant civilization of North America and the Catholic civilization of South America. *Third.*—The negro in America is connected with the cause of universal peace.

First, of the relation of the negro in America to the "principles" of peace: Peace represents love, divine guidance and faith. War represents hate, force and self-providence. The spirit of war and force and hate established and maintained slaves. The spirit of love, antagonizing these Satanic forces, finally overthrew slavery. In this conflict the enslaved race occupied the position of a helpless child. Its earthly friends were at first but few and almost as weak as itself. Its most earnest, steadfast and devoted friends deprecated war or force in any form as the solution of the slave problem. And yet, the God of Peace and Love so directed the forces of human selfishness and evil as to make them work out the liberation of the slave in America. In the United States the ambition of parties, the prejudices of society, the narrow sentiment of a mere national selfishness, were all combined on the side of the "helpless child" and made tributary to its weakness, to its needs and its final liberation from bondage.

The history of the emancipation of the negro will, therefore, remain a part of the life and literature of the American portion of the race, even as the wonderful deliverance of the Jews from bondage will remain forever a part of the history of that race. The negro will thus recognize, as does the Jew, that his Creator is his Redeemer and Emancipator—his one Almighty Friend. The American negro will also recognize the forces used and the principles involved in his emancipation. He will realize with a reverent consciousness that the Divine Author of his liberty will surely be its FINISHER. He will realize that in the future as in the past his sure, his *only* trust is in God. He will accept the methods of guidance for his race which faith in and obedience to the Divine Will teach him is true wisdom. He will in all this recognize a wisdom and a power greater than man's and mightier than armies. And so the negro will commit himself to the protection of Providence, do his duty, bear his burdens with faith. Doing this, all will end right and well for him and his.

To this wonderful Providential training and guidance of this peaceful race is to be added the nature of the negro. He is possessed of strong domestic affections, is fond of agricultural pursuits and possesses a marvellous taste for the mechanical arts. He loves home, loves country, and has demonstrated his love of education. From such elements as these, associated with the miraculous planting and growth and final emancipation of the negro in America, the Christian world has the right to expect great things. We have the right to expect that from this new race life will develop on the side of peace, of love, of faith in God, and of all those influences which bring rest and light and sweetness into the world.

Secondly.—The American negro as connected with the cause of peace, as this effects the domestic interests of the United States and the future relations between Catholic South America and Protestant North America. The source of all our national disquiet, from the early days of our political life down to this day, can be traced to the negro question as it effects the social life of our people, and as it effects the distribution and control of political power. Under these influences we have race antagonism to allay; we have sectional antagonism to overcome; the resentments of civil war to obliterate, and long alienated and divided churches to re-unite in the bonds of Christian fellowship and love. This four-fold work of reconciliation depends for its success chiefly upon the policy and influences of peace, and in this work, the negro is to play a leading part. Looking beyond our own boundaries as a nation we see looming up as a future power in the new world, the Catholic Empire of Brazil. This Catholic power will in time absorb

the entire Southern Continent. It now embraces nearly three-fourths of that continent. The territory already under the rule of Dom Pedro (and acquired chiefly by conquest) is nearly equal to that of the Russian Empire. Such a power cannot long exist side by side with a Protestant republic like that of the United States without producing conflict. Wedged in between these two hostile and antagonistic forces, is the negro power of America. I say negro power, because in the international aspects of the question, we must embrace in our view the black population of the West Indies and Central America, as well as the same population in Brazil. How is this negro power to effect the future of Spanish America? What is to be its future relations to Anglo-Saxon America? How will it effect a peaceful solution of the antagonism which the juxtaposition of Catholic South America to Protestant North America will finally develop?

Be the future of the new world what it may, either Protestant or Catholic, Republican or Monarchical, the friends of peace desire to see all these questions settled "through peace unto peace," in God's own good time and way, and the negro as a freeman will have much to do with determining not only the manner of solution to be applied to the problem before us, but the final result of that solution also.

Thirdly.—As the American negro is connected with the cause of universal civilization. The two human influences which are to chiefly determine the future of the negro as he stands related to universal civilization are his connection with New England on the one hand and with the cotton zone of America on the other. Through his connection with New England the negro will be for generations the chief object of the educational missionary spirit of the land of the Pilgrims. This educational interest in the freed-people will increase just in proportion as the churches of New England see that peaceful methods must take the place of political pressure in finishing the work of emancipation. Under the era of moral reconstruction, upon which we as a people have entered, the contributions of New England to the work of education at the South will increase year by year. The character of this New England education of the negro will be potential in forming the character of the race not only here but in Africa. We know what its character will be, for New England to thus stamp the spirit of her individuality on the malleable material which the American negro here represents, is to make an impress which can never be removed from the race. It will become ingrained into every atom of the race. It will form *self-respecting* men and women out of those so long degraded by slavery, and send them forth as the teachers and leaders of their race, not only in America, but in the mother-land of this people.

The ownership by the negro of the cotton zone of the United States (embracing the Gulf States of the Union) is but a question of time. Thus through the cotton interest and a world-wide cotton trade the negro will be brought in contact with the culture and refinements of all lands. In this contact he will give and receive of the things which make for peace. It is certainly remarkable that this peace-loving and affectionate race, should, in the ordering of Providence be thus placed in possession of the monopoly of a staple which furnishes the basis for the world's raiment, and which directly or indirectly connects itself with the textile industries of Europe and America. (The only portions of the earth where the "cotton of commerce" can be produced are in the Cotton States of the American Union and on the eastern coast of Africa).

With these facts before us we see what a duty America owes to the cause of humanity as we stand related to this negro question. The negro power should be dedicated to peace. The rising generation of the emancipated race should be conscientiously instructed, and with the most pains-taking care, in the principles of peace, and taught to desire the glories and achievements of peace. They should be made to feel that through the spirit and agencies of peace only can the race attain its true destiny. They should be turned from war with its barbarities and cruelties and folly. If as a nation we are wise in this matter, we shall thereby promote peace at home, and at the same time build on the ruins of slavery a new and a mighty and permanent influence on the side of universal peace.

LIVING FOR THE MILLENNIUM.

BY REV. DANIEL SAWYER.

To do this effectually, there must be some ideal of it in the mind. A picturesque view must be exhibited, before the eye of the mind, of the character of that happy period of a thousand years.

Such a view is attainable. It is clearly portrayed in the prophetic writings, setting forth righteousness and peace in the most beautiful coalescence, melted together in a fusion of love to a world-wide extent.

This must be the true character of the Millennium, the happy union of hearts, such as the world has never yet seen. A bond of love, such as filled the heart of Jesus, leaving no room for discordant feelings to exist among men.

But we are not to look for this union of hearts down in the vale of sin, where the waters of strife congeal, and eradicate all geniality of feeling. We must come up from the "rivers of Babylon," and take down the long neglected harp; and tune it anew to the praise of God, and ascend to the heights of Zion, where the warming rays of the sun of righteousness overarch the whole.

The vale of sin is full of strife,
There union cannot dwell;
Warring elements are rife,
And mischievous as hell.

But peace and love and lowliness,
Prepare the soul to rise;
Freed from sin—in holiness
We mount above the skies.

Then, let us on this plain unite,
And on millennial ground;
One in Christ, in dear delight,
Let love and peace abound.

EXTERMINATION.

The repulse of CROOK, the defeat of RENO, and the slaughter of CUSTER and his men, have profoundly stirred the nation. It is natural that we should smart under the victories of a foe whom we had despised. It is right that we should mourn with the sincerest sorrow the gallant men who died with the dauntless CUSTER. But it is neither just nor decent that a Christian nation should yield itself to homicidal frenzy, and clamor for the instant extermination of the savages by whose unexpected bravery we have been so sadly baffled.

The press echoes with more or less shamelessness the frontier theory that the only use to which an Indian can be put is to kill him. From all sides come denunciations of what is called in terms of ascending sarcasm, "the peace policy," "the Quaker policy," and "the Sunday-school policy." Volunteers are eagerly offering their services "to avenge CUSTER and exterminate the Sioux," and public opinion not only in the West, but to some extent in the East, has apparently decided that the Indians have exhausted the forbearance of heaven and earth, and must now be exterminated as though they were so many mad dogs.

What is meant by "the Quaker policy," which is thus being assailed? If it means anything, it means the policy of justice and humanity. Whatever may have been the faults of the present Administration, history will credit it with having at least made the attempt to treat the Indians fairly. Where we have become involved in war with the Modocs or the Sioux, the cause is to be found not in the maligned "Quaker policy," but in occasional acts of wilful or ignorant injustice, which were so many deviations from the very policy to which the present Indian war is falsely imputed. We ordered the Modocs to remove to a barren reservation in Oregon, where they were in absolute danger of starvation. They left the reservation, preferring, as they expressed it, to die in battle in their own country rather than starve in a strange and sterile land. The facts in the case have been fully set forth by Mr. MEACHAM, a man who bears the scars of Modoc rifle-bullets, but who still advocates the "Quaker policy," and who maintains that the

Modoc war was in no possible sense the result of that policy. Neither was the Sioux war brought about by peace men, or Quakers, or Sunday-school sentimentalists. We bound ourselves by treaty with the Sioux to prevent white men from entering the Black Hills country, which we had ceded to them forever. We then sent CUSTER to explore the country at the head of a column of troops, and his report of the discovery of gold mines was followed by a rush of reckless gold-hunters. These acts, which were in direct violation of our solemn treaty obligations, were surely not the outgrowth of a peace policy. CUSTER's troopers were not Quakers, nor were the Black Hills miners Sunday school superintendents. The one bright feature in this miserable business was the long forbearance of the savages to attack either the exploring expedition or the miners, and the loyal bearing of "Young Man Afraid of his Horses," who, at the council where the Sioux declined to sell a territory as large as the State of Michigan for fifty thousand dollars, saved the Commissioners from the massacre meditated by the wilder tribes. It was not until after we had failed to cajole the Sioux into a sale, and had openly abandoned all pretence of observing our treaty obligations, that the Indians attacked the miners, and with the aid of outlying clans like the band of "Sitting Bull," renewed the fight of centuries against white aggression. This is the true and shameful origin of the Sioux war; and had the Quaker policy of justice been faithfully and intelligently carried out, neither the Modocs nor the Sioux would have been provoked into hostility.

If it is unreasonable to lay at the door of the peace policy results due strictly to deviations from it, there is a like lack of reason in the anger which styles "Sitting Bull's" recent victory a "fiendish massacre." CUSTER went out to beat the Sioux. Had he succeeded, would he have been guilty of a "fiendish massacre"? The soldier has blows to take as well as to give, and there is no justice in styling the defeat of an attacking force "a fiendish massacre," when its success would have been called a glorious victory. We did not fancy the Southern people deserved extermination because we were beaten at Bull Run, nor did the rebels call the defeat at Gettysburg a "fiendish massacre."

Over the border the Indians and the colonists live in peace. The peace policy which we have tried as a new thing — dropping it now and then through weariness or inadvertence — has there proved so complete a success that its wisdom is conclusively demonstrated. Is there a strange and baleful magic in the invisible boundary line whereby the Indians who, on the other side of it are peaceable and trustworthy, become on this side utterly treacherous and bloodthirsty? If not, there must be some mistake in the theory that extermination is the only policy which should be pursued towards the Indians of the United States. — *N. Y. Times.*

DECLARATION OF PEACE PRINCIPLES.

The Universal Peace Union at its late meetings in Philadelphia, set forth the following admirable declarations of principles, which were read by the Secretary, Dr. Henry T. Child. Among the declarations made are the following:—

We declare that the establishment and maintenance of peace is essential to the welfare and highest interests of society, and that so great a blessing is to be merited and obtained individually by never giving occasion for war and by ever refusing to go to war, and collectively by removing its causes and abolishing its customs.

We declare that the appeal to the Father of Mankind as the "God of Battles" is a reproach to his nature by those who claim allegiance to the "Prince of Peace."

We declare that war is premeditated and legalized murder, and "nations being of one blood" and "mankind created free and equal," all laws and constitutional provisions which give a right to any man or body of men to declare war, all standing armies, fortifications and military trainings are a constant menace of war, contrary to the gospel of peace, and retard the fulfilment of the prophetic declarations that "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting and destruction within thy borders," "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

We declare that with the conspicuous and significant in-

stances of the happy results of arbitration, both national and international, we are unworthy the opportunity we possess, the blessings we enjoy, and the opening of a new American century, if we do not make every effort for the establishment of such a tribunal, through international law and fraternal relation, for some general system of disarmament by which no nation shall be weakened, but all made relatively stronger, financially sounder, and morally greater, and the millions of soldiers now in arms returned to the employments and industries of peace.

We declare that the decrease of wars can only be in proportion to the increase of correct public sentiment, and, as a means to this end, a general and complete treaty among nations, embodying the rules of their intercourse and an agreement to submit to arbitration any and all difficulties that may arise, and to abide unconditionally by the decision of such tribunal.

We declare that it is with abhorrence and regret that we behold the violent conflicts that still continue even among nations that claim to lead the van of progress; that the use of brute force in settling difficulties is no more honorable or reasonable among nations than individuals; and that the same causes operate to produce bloodshed and violence, and that wars are the result of avarice, revenge, ambition and misunderstanding.

We declare that all heads of government, all ministers of foreign affairs and diplomatists, all representatives in parliamentary bodies, all statesmen, jurists, publicists and philanthropists should exert their influence to bring about the simplification and codification of the laws of nations, to the end that nations may better understand their relations and regulate their conduct; that as they cannot dispose of the property of their subjects, except by the consent of their own representatives in legislative council, they should not have the disposal of the lives of subjects; that neither do the heads of the State nor society possess any just right to compel a people to fight who refuse voluntarily to offer their lives for that purpose.

We declare that, by means of that education which elevates and enriches a people, by the development of the means of communication and intercourse, by doing away with the trammels that oppress free thought and material progress, by a better understanding of true religion and a practical application of the golden rule, war will become more and more difficult, and until it shall be regarded as a barbarism of the past and a monstrous iniquity of the present, and mankind shall hear the bells

"Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

Letters were read from President Grant, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir Charles Reed, Peter Cooper, Wm. Cullen Bryant and A. P. Sprague.

TAXATION AND PEACE.

At the recent meeting at Saratoga, of the American Social Science Association, the President, David A. Wells, delivered an address upon "The Present Industrial, Commercial and Financial Depression," and he concluded his address with a discussion of remedies, one of which we commend to the special consideration of all the friends of Peace. He first made the proposition that out of a number of countries experiencing a depression of business, a return to prosperity ought to come first to those enjoying the maximum of natural advantages. This balance was in favor of the United States. The popular opinion that the resumption of specie payments would alone suffice to bring back prosperity was a mistake. There had got to be a complete and radical change, however, in the entire fiscal policy of the nation. To begin with, there has got to be a great and speedy reduction in all public expenditures, — Federal, State and Municipal, — but reform in this direction had not, thus far, been very encouraging. The enormous expenditures for war purposes in Europe were an opportunity for the United States. But for the United States to reap the maximum of advantage from this great disadvantage which Europe voluntarily imposed upon itself, it was necessary that we should in the future adopt a different policy in respect to war expenditures from what we now had. We professed to be a Christian nation. Why should we not really be so in respect to war, especially when it was for our material interest to

have peace, and when our geographical situation prevented us from having any foreign war, except by our deliberate choosing? The speaker referred to the enormous expenditure for our last war, and since then for forts and fortifications, \$300,000,000 in all, for which we had little of consequence now to show. Now, said he, if the workingmen and women of this country could truly understand that the wealth thus expended was the result of labor which somebody performed; that its expenditure represented little or nothing but expenditure; and that if the taxes of which it was made up had been left to fructify in the pockets of the people from whom they were taken, it would have resulted in larger opportunities for employment and larger abundance,—if the masses of the people of this republic could once understand these propositions fully, the mission of the Peace society would, so far as the United States were concerned, be very summarily ended.

THE EXHIBITION IN THE INTERESTS OF PEACE.

Man is a quarrelsome animal. The history of the race is largely a history of its wars. Ever since they parted at Babel, the families of men have seldom come together except to fight. This feeling crops out in the race hatreds which are everywhere indulged. The ancient Greek acknowledged no kindred and had no intercourse, except in strife, with the barbarians outside of his own land. How much better has been the spirit of civilized and Christian America toward the negro, the Indian, the Chinaman. The old ferocity has been mitigated by Christianity, and it is among the least Christian portion of our population that the savage feeling lingers most, but Christianity has a large work still to do in this same direction.

In contrast with this marked feature of almost all human history, the industrial exhibitions of modern times bring all nations together to join in a peaceful display of their various industries and arts. In the halls of the International Exhibition at Fairmount Park may be heard all the principal languages of the earth. The representatives of distant China and Japan, of sturdy England and patient Germany, and mercurial France, of Egypt rising again from the tomb of ages like one of her own mummies suddenly instinct with life, and of the land of the reindeer and of perpetual snows, jostle each other peacefully in the crowded isles. No such amicable intercourse was possible in less favored days. It is possible to day only because the influence of Christianity is silently revealing the odiousness and folly of war, and subduing all Christendom more perfectly to the dominion of the Prince of Peace. The International Exhibition affords an imperfect type, in this respect, of what the world will be during the millennium.

[Extracted from the Baptist Record, Philadelphia, March, 1844.]

TESTIMONIES AGAINST WAR.

BY BENJAMIN RUSH, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The name of Doctor Rush is deservedly dear to science and philosophy, to patriotism, philanthropy and religion. Prominent among the fathers of our Revolution, associated with Franklin in the earliest efforts made to abolish the system of domestic slavery in this country, the first to suggest the idea of a Society for the gratuitous distribution of the Bible, the pioneer and patriarch of the temperance reform, he was a man whom any cause might well be proud to claim as its patron or friend. And such he was to the cause of Peace. During our hostilities with the Indians near the close of the last century, he wrote a very original and striking essay, under the title of *A plan for a Peace Office for the United States*; an essay in which he seems to have anticipated the measures now adopted by the Peace Societies of Europe and America.

"Among the defects," says Doctor Rush, "which have been pointed out in the Federal Constitution, it is much to be lamented, that no person has taken notice of its total silence respecting an office of the utmost importance to the welfare of the United States, that is, *an office for promoting and preserving perpetual peace in our country.*"

It is hoped, that no objection will be made to the establishment of such an office while we are engaged in a war with the

Indians; for as the War-Office was established in time of peace, it is equally reasonable, that a Peace-Office should be established in a time of war.

He then proceeds through seven articles, to specify the details of his plan. He proposes, that "a Secretary of Peace be appointed to preside at this office, who shall be perfectly free from all the present absurd and vulgar European prejudices on the subject of government. Let him be a genuine Republican, and a sincere Christian; for the principles of republicanism and Christianity are not less friendly to universal and perpetual peace, than they are to universal and perpetual liberty."

He would moreover endeavor "to subdue the passion for war which education, conspiring with depravity, has made universal. A familiarity with the instruments of death, as well as all military shows, should be carefully avoided. For this reason military laws should everywhere be repealed, and military dress and titles be laid aside. Reviews tend to lessen the horrors of battle by connecting them with the charms of order. Militia laws, generating idleness and vice, produce the wars they are said to prevent. Military dresses fascinate the minds of young men, and lead them from serious and useful professions. *Were there no uniforms, there would probably be no armies.* Lastly, militia titles feed vanity and keep up ideas in the mind which lessen a sense of the follies and miseries of war."

Dr. Rush would also have sanguinary laws repealed, and "the following sentence inscribed in letters of gold over the doors of every State and Court House in the United States:—*THE SON OF MAN CAME NOT INTO THE WORLD TO DESTROY MEN'S LIVES, BUT TO SAVE THEM.*"

"In the last place let a large room adjoining the Federal Hall;"—so the capitol used to be called,—"be appropriated for transacting the business, and preserving the records of this office. Over the door of this room, let there be a sign on which the figure of a lamb, a dove, and an olive-branch shall be painted, together with the following inscription in letters of gold:—*PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MAN.—Ah! why will men forget that they are brethren.*"

"In order the more deeply to affect the minds of the citizens of the United States with the blessings of peace by contrasting them with the evils of war, let the following inscriptions be painted on the sign over the door of the War-Office:

1. An office for butchering the human species.
2. A widow and orphan-making office.
3. A broken bone making office.
4. A wooden leg-making office.
5. An office for creating private and public vices.
6. An office for creating public debt.
7. An office for creating speculators, stock jobbers and bankrupts.
8. An office for creating famine.
9. An office for creating political diseases.
10. An office for creating poverty, and destroying liberty and national happiness."

"In the lobby of this office, let there be painted representations of all the common military instruments of death; and also human skulls; broken bones; unburied and putrifying dead bodies; hospitals crowded with sick and wounded soldiers; villages on fire; mothers in besieged towns eating the flesh of their own children; ships sinking in the ocean; rivers dyed in blood; extensive plains without a tree or fence, or any object but the ruins of deserted farm houses. Above all this group of woful figures, let the following words be inserted in red characters, to represent human blood:—*NATIONAL GLORY!!*"

CONTINUED LIABILITIES TO WAR. — Many suppose that we are now safe from all danger of war, and need no more efforts in the cause of peace; but we might as well say there is no need of any more exertions for temperance until we see all around us actually reeling into the gutter. The custom of using ardent spirits, the source of intemperance, still continues; and until that ceases we must labor in the cause of temperance. So of war. The principle of settling national disputes by the sword, is yet retained through Christendom itself; the entire war-system is now ready any moment for its work of blood; and, so long as this system continues, we cannot with safety suspend or relax our exertions in this cause.



PEACE OF CHRIST.

BY REV. S. H. BEALE.

When proudly the waves raise their voices on high,
And frown in their anger so dark,
The dove o'er the waters then calmly will fly
With emblems of peace to the ark.
When back to their caverns the billows have fled,
And the tumult of waters shall cease.
The Lord on the cloud for a token will spread
The bow of His promise of peace.

"Whenever My people will hearken to Me,
Their peace like a river will flow,
And righteousness, grand as the waves of the sea,
A mighty salvation shall show.
Great peace to them all who will keep My command,
And safety when dangers assail."
These truths of our Lord shall eternally stand;
And none of His promises fail.

The waves and the billows may over me sweep,
And bear me away on their tides;
But surely my God doth his covenant keep,
My ark in security rides.
The future need bring me no shadow of dread,
Nor cause me in terror to start,
Since Peace, the fair angel, her pinions hath spread,
And warbled her song in my heart.

THE LAST WORD.

"Oh, mother," cried Will Fletcher, "Rodney Brown's uncle has given him a beautiful white calf for his very own."
"Yes, I've seen it," said Carry. "Jennie Brown showed it to me. But, Will, it isn't white; it is red."
"No, it isn't red, either."
"'Tis," "'tisn't," "'tis," "'tisn't," "'tis," "'tisn't," and so they continued till the dinner-bell rang
"And how do you like the new teacher?" inquired Mr. Fletcher, after they were seated at the table.
"Splendidly," said Carry.
"Tip top," said Will; "but she's young; only seventeen years old."
"She is nineteen," said Carry, "for Julia Bishop told me so."

"She is only seventeen," said Will positively. "Rodney Brown told me."

"Seventeen," "nineteen," "seventeen," "nineteen," they kept muttering to each other all the time they were at table, each being determined to have the last word.

As you have already guessed, Carry was a very rude girl, and that afternoon at recess she asked the new teacher how old she was.

"Eighteen," answered Miss Dunham, with a smile.

After school Will went over and took another look at Rodney's present, and found it was a spotted calf, with the red and white about equally mixed. So they were neither of them right after all.

I wonder if Will and Carry will feel a little bit ashamed when they see how their conversation looks in print. If they will read what the Bible says about one man's last words, I think they will begin to realize that he might have meant them when he said: "But the man who shall touch them must be fenced with iron and the staff of a spear." and perhaps if they finish the verse, they may try to break off this bad habit of saying "'tis, 'tisn't, 'tis, 'tisn't."

A CAPITAL STORY.

BY MASTER FRANK.

The great park of Vienna was gaily dressed in all the brightness of its summer glory. It was a national fête day, and the beautiful greensward was covered with people who were gathered to keep festive holiday and to enjoy the sunny weather. They were seeking pleasure, and by their merry laughter and jocund mirth, they had evidently found it. There was one man, however, in the crowd who was seeking food. He was an aged soldier—that you could tell by his bearing and his worn uniform. His face was scarred with the wounds he had received in battle, one leg had been shot away, and two of his fingers had been severed by a sabre cut. The old man did not sing for his supper, but he fiddled for it, and a faithful dog sat at his feet with a hat in his mouth for chance pennies which might be dropped into it by charitable passers-by. These were sadly few, however, and as the sun declined, and the park began to be empty of its visitors, the poor old fellow, weary, hungry and despairing, put down his fiddle and wept in silence. The giddy multitude, who would not hear him play did not see his tears, but a tall, handsome-looking gentleman saw the tears stealing down his aged cheeks.

"My good friend," said he, "why do you not play any longer?"

"O, sir," said the old soldier, "my arm is so tired that I cannot hold the bow; besides, I have had no dinner, and I have little prospect of getting any supper."

The gentleman said, as he gave him a piece of silver, "Lend me your fiddle for an hour. Now, you take the money, and I'll play. I'm sure the people will give us something."

He *did* play; and the old fiddle seemed to have got into the hands of a magician, and the sweet music so thrilled the ears of the listeners that they gathered round by hundreds. Standing with his back against a tree, the stranger handled the bow as only a genius can do, and the money fell into the old soldier's hat until it was full, and when he emptied it, it was speedily filled again. The crowd cheered, demanded an *encore*, and were driven half out of their wits with delight. At length, handing the fiddle back to its owner, who was positively laden with gold and silver, he said: "Good-by, old comrade," and disappeared in the crowd.

"Who is he?" "What is his name?" "Where does he come from?" was asked on every side.

The old soldier did not know, but he thought he must be an angel from heaven.

"I know," said a gentleman who had been listening as he sat in an open carriage "It is ALEXANDER BOUCHER, the first violinist in Europe, and it's just like his kindly heart. He has helped the poor soldier to some purpose."

"God bless him," said the old soldier, richer than he had ever been in his life. And the admiring multitude gave expression to their admiration in "three cheers for BOUCHER."

THE BREAD OF IODOKUS.

Iodokus, a servant of the Lord, lived in the second century, in Syria. A great famine ravaged the country. To test his servant's purity, the Lord sent his poor to Iodokus to implore his charity.

"A poor man is at the door, steward; he is hungry and asks for bread," was Iodokus' summons to the housekeeper.

"Master, but one loaf remains of all our store."

"Give always," says the Abbee; "the Lord will provide—he who feeds the raven. Divide the loaf into four. Feed the poor man, and there remains a piece for you and one for me and one for our faithful dog."

And the steward gave it. Soon another beggar came, hungry, naked and bare.

"Give him my morsel, good steward; the Lord will provide, who feeds the ravens."

And the steward gave it. And again God sent the poor, forlorn and given to extremities.

"Give always, good steward, give him your piece; the Lord is good, he will provide."

And the steward gave his piece.

And the fourth time, starving, sick and cold, the beggar made his appearance.

"Good steward, give him the dog's piece. Give always, and put your trust in God; he will never forsake us."

And the steward gave the last piece of bread.

Iodokus spent the night wakeful with his God alone. With the light of morning he saw two boats laden with bread, and fruit and oil and wine lying in the river, on whose banks his cabin stood. On the beach stood planted a white flag, inscribed in gilt letters with these words: "Four times thou hast fed me on thy last loaf. Trust in him who feeds the raven."

HOMES DESOLATED BY WAR.

But wasted lands, famished cities, and slaughtered armies are only a part of "the purple testament of bleeding war." Every soldier is connected with others, as all of you by dear ties of kindred, love and friendship. He has been sternly summoned from the embrace of family. To him, there is, perhaps, an aged mother, who has fondly hoped to lean her decaying frame upon his more youthful form: perhaps a wife, whose life has been just entwined inseparably with his, now condemned to wasting despair; perhaps sisters, brothers. As he falls on the

field of war, must not all these rush with his blood? But who can measure the distress that radiates as from a bloody sun, penetrating innumerable homes! Who can give the gauge and dimensions of this incalculable sorrow! Tell me, ye who feel the bitterness of parting with dear friends and kindred, whom you watch tenderly till the last golden sands are run out and the great hour-glass is turned, what is the measure of your anguish! Your friend departs, soothed by kindness and in the arms of Love; the soldier gasps out his life with no friend near, while the scowl of Hate darkens all that he beholds, darkens his own departing soul — *Charles Sumner.*

TOMMY AND THE ROBIN.

Little robin redbreast
Sat upon a tree,
Singing "Here are cherries,
They are nice for me!"
"Stop," cried little Tommy,
Don't you think I know?
These are papa's cherries—
So you'd better go!"

"Did your papa make them?"
Sang the robin red.
"No!" cried little Tommy,
Hanging down his head;
"Come back, little robin,
You may have a few;
There's enough for robin,
And for Tommy too." — *The Nursery.*

ANGRY BEN.

Little Ben was very angry one day, and what do you think he did? He threw a vase on the floor, struck poor quiet pussy with his small hammer, and made up ugly faces at the dear baby. Then he pulled his own hair, and rubbed his hands all over it to spoil his pretty curls.

Ben's mother saw all this through the open door. He pulled his curls and pinched his cheeks a little too hard; and then he began to cry. His mother asked in a soft voice, "What is the matter, Bennie?" Then he felt ashamed.

"I'm bad, mamma. I didn't obey the hymn."

"What hymn, Bennie?" She asked.

"'Little children you should never
Let your angry passions rise,'

and I did let 'em rise, 'cause I couldn't spin my top! I throwed it in the fire; and pounded pussy, and hurted my own self. Give me some me-cine to cure this 'angry passions' 'cause it hurts me in here," — putting his chubby hand on his breast — "oo, oo," he sobbed out, "whip me, mamma; maybe that'll make me feel better."

"No, Bennie, I will not give you medicine, nor yet whip you," said his kind mother. "I will wash your hot little face, and smooth your curls, and take you on my knee, and sing,

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild."

He was never angry, never cruel, never unkind. He was like a lamb or a dove, both when He was a child and when He was a man. And now that he is on His throne in heaven, He hears all little ones who pray for a new heart like His own, without any 'angry passions' in them to make them unhappy. He can take away all this trouble and make you a good and happy little boy."

A little girl who frequently read her Bible came one day delighted to her mother, showing her some plums that a friend had given her. The mother said, "It was very kind."
"Yes," said the child, "very kind indeed; and the lady gave me more than these, but I have given some away."

The mother asked to whom she had given them.

The child replied, "I gave them to a girl who pushed me off the path and makes faces at me. Because I thought it would make her know that I wished to be kind to her, and she will not perhaps be unkind or rude to me again."



THE CENTENNIAL RAINBOW.

BY MAUD MANNING.

Who will ever forget, I thought, as we seated ourselves on the lawn the evening of the Fourth, — who will ever forget this memorable day!

The children were very weary with the day's joyousness. Fire-crackers and torpedoes were all spent, so all were glad for a little quiet talk. "Just to make the day still more memorable," John said, "by deepening our impressions of it." Chairs were rejected by the younger ones, who preferred their own attitudes on the lawn.

"Well, children," said their father, "what do you think of the Fourth of July? — has it met your anticipations? — have you been just as happy as you thought to be?"

There was but one reply, save Henry's, who thought if he had been allowed a pistol his day would have been complete.

When the day's oration was discussed; the music criticised, and the decorations of different houses compared, Mary suggested that next year they should save their money for flags, which she thought more refined and elegant, and that one could show his patriotism just as well as by such loud, noisy explosions.

"That will do very well for girls' talk," said Harry; "but it won't suit boys; the idea of refinement and elegance on Fourth of July! Is it refined and elegant to go to war? Don't they shoot and make a big noise there, and isn't this day kept in the remembrance of war!"

"Yes; but war is over now, and we won't have any more, so let us do away with all that suggests it," replied his sister.

Harry continued: "You are always talking about nature — imitating that in one way or another, especially in color, — why not take its noise, and come as near to nature in that as possible! Is it inelegant to thunder! How that cracks and roars in the sky!"

His eloquence had a touch of the Fourth in it. As he ges-

ticated and looked upward, all eyes followed him and thought was suddenly diverted from the subject under discussion by the unusual appearance of the sky. One burst of admiration succeeded, as a sight such as is never witnessed but once met the gaze of all. Such gorgeous clouds, such masses of crimson and gold, both in the east and west!

"What a fitting sunset to this glorious day!" said my husband.

"The rainbow! the rainbow!" exclaimed one of the younger ones; and truly there in its beauty hung a rainbow, — not a perfect one, for part of it was cut off by the masses of golden clouds above and below; but there, against the deep blue, between them, it stood in its splendor, with every color distinct. So majestic and even gorgeous was the scene, we were dumb with awe and thrilled with admiration. The silent gaze of all attested its influence. We may learn something from this scene, I thought, and was pleased to have Harry break the silence as he did, by saying:

"Well, I always said I never could see the moral of anything; but I do believe I see one in this sunset, and especially in that rainbow."

"Tell us what, Harry; let us have the moral — the lesson," came from several voices.

"It's a promise to our country for the future," continued Harry; "mother perceives it and can explain it better than I can."

Questioning looks were turned toward me, and I said, "Harry's thought must be this. We have been celebrating the close of the first hundred years of our republic: we have reviewed God's doings with us all these past years: how he has carried us through trials and tribulations; led us through great difficulties, and brought us to our present estate — a great and glorious people. And now, at the close of a most memorable day, when our hearts are full of thankfulness for the past, happiness in the present, and hope for the future, as if to crown it all, our Father sends this token. There it is, a promise to us that as He has been with us in the past, so we may trust Him for our future as a nation. He seems to say to us from yonder sky, 'I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and you.'"

"Thank you, mother," said Harry; "I couldn't have said it half so well."

The clouds gradually lost their brilliancy and faded away. We were reminded of the lateness of the hour by innumerable rockets which appeared in every direction. All agreed that the ending of the day was the glory of it, and we should ever remember the rainbow of July 4th, 1876. — *Observer*.

ROSY'S GOOD FORTUNE.

BY SCOTCH GRANITE.

A golden guinea rolled out of a rich man's pocket-book one day into the street. Lying down by the curbstone hid from sight by a little old withered brown leaf the guinea reflected: "Most of the people who have possessed me since I came from the mint have been rich. I have alternated principally between wealthy men's pockets and fashionable tailor shops; or between fine ladies' portemonnaies and the shops where elegant goods are sold. Once a rich old uncle did 'tip' me to a school boy and I found my way in an incredibly short time into the till of a man who sold Japanese kites, and another time an old gentleman put me in a Christmas-box for a boarding school miss and I found myself speedily in the money-drawer of a confectioner. Now I should like to circulate a little bit among the people who do not have guineas for pleasures but only for necessities. What a place the gutter is to behold life from. It is like being in a new world. Dear! dear! I hope that old fellow with a red nose won't spy me. As sure as fate he'd spend me for rum — and I couldn't endure to be shut up in a liquor store — it smells so dreadfully, and there are such fearful things done in those places. Dear me! I'm getting very tired of this view of life. I wish some one who needs me would come by and see me!"

Just then a little girl with her school books on her arm hurried by. She was very neatly but very poorly dressed, and her little face looked wan and sad. She didn't see the gold piece that peeped so wistfully out from under the brown cap at her —

how it would have lightened her heart if she had! But when she had passed on the guinea was gone.

As Rosy—she was a pale little rose—Dalton entered the school house one of the girls said: "There comes Rose, though its examination day, in the same old calico gown, and I declare I believe she's worn those shoes four months. I say, Rose, why don't you have new clothes like the rest of us?"

"Because, Jennie, I haven't any father and mother like you, and grandmother is old and sick, and has hard work to get along. By-and-by when I know enough, I shall earn money for us both and then I'll have shoes when I need them."

Rosy answered pleasantly enough, but there was a quiet dignity in her manner that repelled rudeness. In a minute or two one of the girls said: "I believe, Rose Dalton, if you had five dollars this minute you'd spend it for your grandmother before you'd get yourself what you need."

This time Rosy said nothing, but she thought: "Yes, indeed, I would, grandmother should have a new gown to go to church in, and an easy pair of low shoes; and I'd wait a little longer for mine."

If guineas ever laugh the one that had lain in the gutter half an hour ago, laughed when the little girl said that, and it said: "Well, well, who ever would have thought that her shoe would have picked me up in that fashion, and here I am as snug as possible between the insole and the lining. I hope I shan't fall out."

The examination was passed, and Rosy won the premium for arithmetic which was a bright new five dollar gold piece. Dear child, how she hurried home, holding the precious treasure tight in her hand, and when she entered the little dingy room where her grandmother was getting supper, her happiness made the whole room bright.

"See, grandmother, you can go to church now, for here is the money that Mr. Winslow promised the best scholar in arithmetic, and now you can have a new dress and shoes."

"No, dearie, you must spend that for yourself. I'm turning the old gown, and the shoes will do a while yet. See, your shoes are all worn out, lassie."

"But if they are, I cannot get new ones till the dear old granny is fixed," said Rosy. "See here, I guess I can fix these with some tacks, and she raised her foot to look, and out rolled the old English guinea on the floor.

"O grandmother! What is this!" exclaimed the child.

Grandmother took it in her hand and examined it. Why, Rosy, it is a guinea, and is worth just as much as your five dollar gold piece.

"And now," said Rosy, "we can both have new gowns and new shoes! I am so glad."

If you had heard those two gold pieces jingle together in Rosy's pocket you'd have known they were laughing for very happiness at Rosy's good fortune."—*Intelligencer*.

INDIANS AFTER AN HONEST MAN.

Indians may be treacherous, but they can be just, and they can be honest, and who shall say how far the dishonesty of others has led to their treachery. They know when they are cheated, as our government has found to its cost. An old trader, who had established himself at what happened to be a favorable locality among the Northern Indians, tells a good story of his first trials with his red customers. Other traders had located in the same place before, but had not remained long. The Indians, who evidently wanted goods, and had money and furs, flocked about the store of the new trader and carefully examined his goods, but offered to buy nothing. Finally their chief, with a large number of their tribe, visited him.

"How do, John?" said the chief. "Show me goods. Aha! I take that blanket for me and that calico for squaw—three other skins for blanket and one for calico. Ugh! pay you by'm by—to morrow."

He received his goods and left. On the following day he returned with a large part of his band, his blanket well stuffed with skins of various kinds. "Now, John, I pay."

And with this he drew an otter skin from his blanket and laid it on the counter. Then he drew a second, a third and a fourth. A moment's hesitation, as though calculating, and he drew out a fifth skin—a rich and rare one, and passed it over.

"That's right, John," said the Indian chief.

The trader instantly pushed back the last skin with—

"You owe me but four. I want only my just dues."

The chief refused to take it, and they passed it several times back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At length the dusky chieftain appeared to be satisfied. He gave a scrutinizing look, and put the skin back into the blanket. Then he stepped to the door, and gave a yell and cried out to his followers—

"Come—come, and trade with the pale face, John. He no cheat Indian. His heart big!"

Then turning to the trader said:

"Suppose you take last skin. I tell my people no trade with you. We drive off others; but now you be Indian's friend and we be yours."

Before dark the trader was waist deep in furs and loaded down with cash. He found that honesty had a commercial value with these Indians. — *N. Y. Witness*.

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Bring love out of hatred as mete,
The wind of each passion to still;
Your bravery and earnest desire,
Deep struggles and efforts anew,
Do even the angels inspire,
Creating a heaven that's new.
Press on, noble veterans, press on;
The walls from each Babel of strife,
Will fall by your trumpets anon;
The music of peace shall be rife.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

REV. H. C. DUNHAM,

Dear Sir:—Your little friends in King Street organized a small circle, and we call ourselves the Centennial Peace Club. Ma let us hold our meetings in our house and gave us some good advice. Each boy contributed two cents a week, our object being to make you a small centennial donation. Our circle has disbanded for the summer, as some of the boys have gone in the country.

Enclosed please find one dollar, with many good wishes from your little friends.

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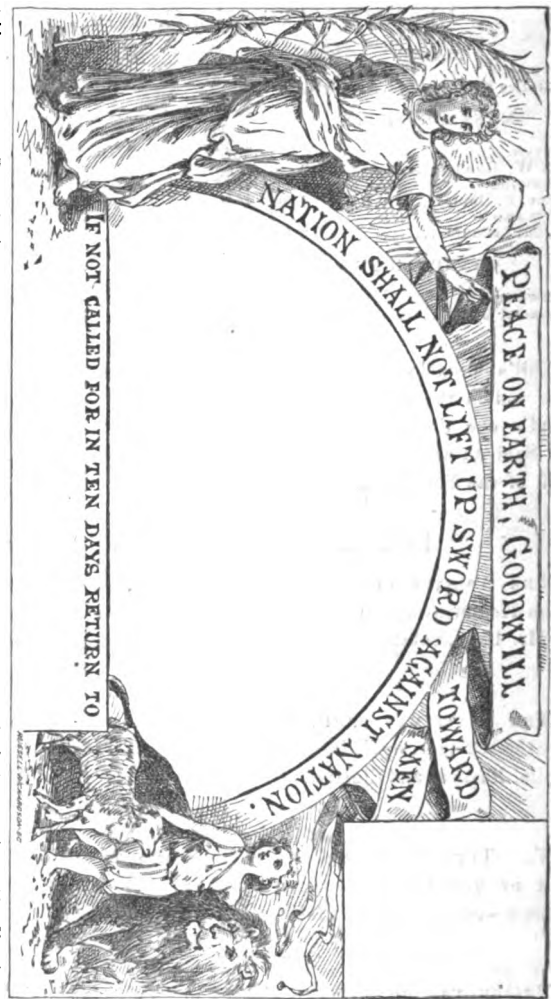
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BOSTON, OCT. & NOV., 1876.

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UNIVERSAL PEACE.

The conference of Christians, a notice of which was given in our last issue, to consider what action the Church of Christ should take in relation to war, was held at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, October 17th and 18th, and was well attended by representatives of the various religious denominations. The meeting was opened by reading the scriptures and prayer.

Howard Malcom, D.D., was chosen to preside. Remarks were made on the importance of the objects of the meeting, by the President and others.

Letters were read from John Bright, Elihu Burritt and Howard Crosby; and addresses delivered by Wm. E. Dodge, Prof. B. C. Hubbs, Prof. E. A. Lawrence and William G. Hubbard.

The resolutions adopted were vital to the cause and comprehensive in their scope.

A Committee of five was appointed, consisting of Geo. W. Taylor, Thomas H. Leggett, Wm. B. Orvis, Geo. H. Pool and Charles Howard Malcom, to nominate officers and an Executive Committee, and arrange for a meeting of the Conference next autumn. It is confidently believed that a good beginning has been made, and that the work inaugurated should, and will be carried on with energy and perseverance, until the Church of Christ, as in its primitive convictions and practice, shall be right on the momentous questions of peace and war, and the nations feel its mighty pulsations, and then will come salvation and honor.

It will be seen from "Official Correspondence," that Charles Howard Malcom, D.D., has accepted the position of Recording Secretary, to which he was elected at the last Annual Meeting of our Society, and has entered on his important duties. The editorials in this number are from his graceful pen, and are an earnest of good things to come. The war-cloud, portending the waste of treasure and blood, is settling down over Europe, making it obvious that the friends of peace have work yet to do. Our excellent Secretary will need, and must receive the hearty co-operation of all the patrons of our time-honored Society, and indeed of all the friends of the Prince of Peace. May God give peace in our time.

MEMBERSHIP.

The payment of any sum between \$2.00 and \$20.00 constitutes a person a member of the American Peace Society for one year, \$20.00 a life member, \$50.00 a life director, and \$100.00 an honorary member.

The Advocate of Peace is sent free to annual members for one year, and to life members and directors during life.

If one is *not able* to give the full amount of a membership, or directorship at once, he can apply whatever he does give on it, with the understanding that the remainder is to be paid at one or more times in the future.

The Advocate is sent gratuitously to the reading rooms of Colleges and Theological Seminaries—to Young Men's Christian Associations—to every pastor who preaches on the Cause of Peace and takes a collection for it. Also, to prominent individuals, both ministers and laymen, with the hope that they will become subscribers or donors, and induce others to become such. To subscribers it is sent until a request to discontinue is received with the payment of all arrearages.

We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for the *Advocate of Peace*, who are earnestly invited to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

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"The cause of Peace we regard as an eminently philanthropic and Christian enterprise of great importance, and worthy of sympathy and support. It has already accomplished much good, and would doubtless accomplish vastly more, if it possessed adequate means. We think it deserves, as it certainly needs, a large increase of funds. The American Peace Society, charged with the care of this cause in our own country, and whose management has deservedly secured very general approbation, we cordially commend to the liberal patronage of the benevolent."

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BOSTON, OCT. AND NOV., 1876.

VOL. VII. Nos. 10 & 11.

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Newport, Rhode Island, Sept. 20, 1876.

HON. EDWARD S. TOBEY, HON. G. WASHINGTON WARREN,
PROF. EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, *Committee of the American Peace Society, etc.*

GENTLEMEN:—Your communication of June 23d, informing me that I had been unanimously elected Corresponding Secretary of the American Peace Society, at the annual meeting, held June 19th, is before me. I answered upon June 27th, asking time for deliberation. This morning I sent you a telegram, accepting the position, my acceptance to take effect officially this day, and saying that I now await further instruction. I now write merely to give more formal expression to my telegram.

I am astonished as I look at the date of your letter, and of this reply, to think that three months have passed by. Yet, you are aware that this time has passed not because of any neglect or thoughtlessness upon my part; but, upon the contrary, because of the extraordinary religious work going on in my congregation, and because of the most careful and painstaking desire upon my part not to take a step of such profound importance, affecting the history, both of my church and of your society, and changing the whole sphere of my life, unless I was first certified that the Lord, by His clear providences, called me to obey your request. I could not lightly break up a pastorate of twenty years' standing; and that, too, at a time when conversions were occurring in my congregation every week, and when a remarkable religious life was animating my whole church. Upon the other hand, I could not accept your call, till, like the man in the Gospel who wished to build a tower, I should first sit down and count the cost, lest entering upon the momentous work you propose for me, I should come short of its accomplishment.

Upon reaching the conclusion to which I have now come, I at once send you my acceptance of your call. I did not delay even an hour after it once became clear to my soul that God spoke to me by your voice. You will let me say that I have reached this conclusion only after profound reflection, after advice with wise and pious friends, after many prayers and tears, and after an earnest study of all the providences in the case. Every step of the way along which I have walked in reaching this conclusion, has been to me both an astonishment and a pain. From the visit to me of Mr. John Hemmenway, who seemed to speak to me as a prophet of the Lord, upon the first day of December last, telling me God had called me to this work, to the letter of Rev. Dr. Clarke, received a few days ago, telling me of a certain recent incident as "certainly another Divine Indication" that you ought to accept our appointment," tokens have multiplied, seeming to show to me that the Lord has called me to this work. Yet, these incidents have astonished me. So, too, have they given me pain, because they call me from a beloved congregation, from a pastoral work for which I have an ardent passion, from a church where I am perfectly happy, from the care of souls that I love as I love my own life, and from the midst of pastoral usefulness never equalled during my whole ministry.

Yet, in obedience to your Society, which I regard as one of the most important of all our national societies, and in obedience to what many providences make me believe to be the call of God, I now give myself to your service. My heart is filled with a sense of the magnitude and sublimity of the work upon the

one side, and with a sentiment of humility and my own nothingness upon the other; but, at the same moment, if the Lord has really called me to this work, He will endow me with strength and grace to perform it; for He who made Moses, though slow of speech, fit for his task, and who raised up David, though a shepherd boy, to perform his mission, can bestow upon me power for this great undertaking. While, therefore, Europe and America are this day disturbed by wars, while the spirit of violence still animates the nations, I enter in the love of God, upon this work, not as a man enters an office, but as one who consecrates himself to a mission, praying that the mantle of a Ladd, a Beckwith, and a Miles may fall upon my shoulders.

Beloved brethren, you will receive me to co-operate with you in a spirit of sympathy. In a certain sense I put my life in your hands. The very marked trust, affection, and courteous behavior you have thus far shown me, receives my gratitude, and is a prophecy of your generous consideration in times to come. And may the Lord approve and bless this step!

Yours, in Christian fellowship,

CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM.

Boston, Sept. 27, 1876.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your formal acceptance of the office of Corresponding Secretary of the American Peace Society, as communicated by telegram, and confirmed by your letter of September 20th, addressed to the committee. Allow me for myself, and I feel authorized to add in behalf of the committee, to express our sincere satisfaction at the result at which you have arrived. We can quite appreciate the struggle which it must have cost you to sever your connection with your beloved church to whom you have so satisfactorily and successfully ministered for twenty years. I cannot but hope that neither we nor you have misapprehended the purposes of Divine Providence, and that your new relations to the Peace Society will be found not only congenial, but in the highest degree useful.

I am also in receipt of yours of September 21st, and am glad to learn that you have accepted an invitation to attend the meeting of the International Code Committee in Philadelphia, on Thursday next. Of course, I venture to presume that the Peace Society will regard you as its official representative, not, however, expecting thereby to be formally committed to any particular line of policy, as you are perhaps aware while the relations between the Peace Society and the International Code Committee are sympathetic, and we trust mutually so, in a common object, they are entirely independent of each other.

In hope to see you here soon after your return from Philadelphia,

I remain very respectfully yours,

E. S. TOBEY,

President, American Peace Society.

REV. CHAS. HOWARD MALCOM, D. D., No. 1520 Mt. Vernon St., Phila.

The London Peace Society have issued a circular in regard to the atrocities committed by Turkish officials in the Provinces, in which they say:—

"The wholesale cruelties perpetrated in the Netherlands by the Spanish Duke of Alva, three hundred years ago also the martyrdoms in England by Queen Mary, two series of atrocities which have justly branded their authors with the abiding execration of mankind, have been far exceeded in enormity by

the unspeakable horrors inflicted on Christians of the Danubian provinces by the Turks in 1876. The excellent Bishop of Manchester, truly expressing the national mind, protests against the slightest shadow of sympathy or friendship for so vile and cruel a Government as that of Turkey, which has thus placed itself beyond the pale of civilization. The possession of the Turkish Empire by the insurgents, or by Russia, would be an unspeakable gain to humanity, compared with the existing Mohammedan savagery."

The following is the President's reply to the Emperor of Germany, who sent a letter of congratulation on the occasion of the Centenary of American independence :—

ULYSSES S. GRANT, *President of the United States of America,*
to WILLIAM I., *Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia,*
 &c., &c.

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND: Your letter of June 9th, in which you were pleased to offer your cordial congratulations upon the occasion of the Centennial anniversary which we have recently celebrated, was placed in my hands on the 4th of July, and its contents were perused with unfeigned satisfaction.

Such expressions of sympathy for the past progress of this country and of good wishes for its future welfare as are contained in that communication, are the more gratifying because they proceed from the head of a great empire with which this Republic during the whole century of its existence has maintained relations of peace and friendship which have been conspicuous alike in prosperity and in adversity, and have become continually firmer with the increasing progress and prosperity of both countries. It is my sincere desire that this mutual cordiality and this prosperity, which have been the lot of the two countries during the first century of our independence, may be vouchsafed to them during the century which is to come.

Wishing you a long reign of health and happiness, I pray God that He may have your Majesty in His safe and holy keeping.

U. S. GRANT.

By the President.

HAMILTON FISH, *Secretary of State.*

WASHINGTON, July 18, 1876.

METHODIST REUNION.

An address of unusual importance has just been issued by the joint committee of the Methodist Episcopal Churches, North and South, preliminary to a more complete announcement of the proposed terms of reunion between those two greatest branches of the Methodist family in the United States. This document presents the basis of fraternal relations upon which it is expected that organic reunion will be effected. It relates principally to the restoration of good feeling, the conditions of fellowship and the adjustment of questions of property by arbitration. Should these negotiations be ratified by the two Churches, their reconciliation and unification will have a national significance which will be quite equal to the ecclesiastical importance of that event. The disruption of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States in 1844, upon the question of slavery, was the first great breach of national unity, and was the forerunner of the civil war which broke out seventeen years later. The healing of that wound has been only too long delayed, but it may be more thorough when it shall be actually accomplished. Religious and ecclesiastical differences are always more slowly reconciled, because they involve so many points of asserted principle and conscience, but when they are once overcome the period of peace is likely to be the more durable.

We sincerely hope that the consummation of this event may be speedy and upon terms which shall be worthy of the two Churches and of this national centenary. The spirit of its accomplishment cannot but have a powerful influence upon the reunion of other long separated Christian bodies and upon the peace and prosperity of the whole country.—*Exchange.*

FAIRMOUNT PARK. — 1876.

BY CHARLES E. KEITH.

Again, the mighty pendulum of time,
Has marked an epoch in the world's career,
Which gives the Great Republic's hundredth year,
A grand memorial of an age sublime.
Columbia's flag of welcome is unfurled,
Inviting all the nations of the earth,
To make the first centennial of her birth,
A year of peace and good will to the world.
And in the Exposition now begun,
The glories of the earth before her lie,
To educate the mind and please the eye,
The world into a grand mosaic run.

The sombre city, of a peaceful race,
Has dyed her garments in the rainbow's hue,
And reared upon her Park, a city new,
With magnitudes of wisdom, power and grace.
Beneath these lofty pinnacles and domes,
In peaceful strife, the nations of the earth
Have brought their works of beauty, strength and worth,
Like one great army in their tented homes.
What exhibitions of the powers of man,
What combinations of the human will,
What marks of ingenuity and skill,
Appear in all this great and wondrous plan!

How full of promise to the human race,
This army of the whole great working world,
With flags of recognition here unfurled
Marching to conquer honors and a place;
And is it not a sign of peace and love
That people of a cold and frigid birth,
And nations from the torrid zones of earth,
Can meet and one great human accord prove
Who would not traverse leagues of land and sea,
To ramble o'er this mundane paradise,
And study all these things of man's device,
This beautiful world in miniature to see!

This vast exhibit of a world combined,
Imagination falters to define;
No poem e'er can span the vast design,
And cold description palls upon the mind.
No roll of rhyme was ever yet designed
To ring description's detail into verse,
For that would bring a storm of words, or worse
A jingling mass of wind and hail combined.
And yet we'll say to all the race, come see,
The world into a single focus brought,
The greatest miracle the age has wrought,
This royal triumph of humanity.

SOUTH CAROLINA PEACE SOCIETY.

Columbia, S. C., October 3, 1876.

The fourth annual session of the South Carolina Peace Society was held in the Washington Street Chapel this evening, at half-past seven o'clock; President Sidi H. Browne in the chair.

The meeting was opened with devotion, conducted by Vice-President E. A. Bolles.

A communication was read from Rev. Mr. Dunham, Secretary of the American Peace Society. He says: "I send a cordial word of greeting to the friends of a noble cause associated for the purpose of diffusing the sentiments of peace and good will in the sunny South. We are pained with the 'rude alarms of war,' making it evident that Peace societies and Peace workers have work to do, and will have for many years to come. With the consciousness of serving a truly Christian cause and the constant benediction of the Prince of Peace, do not abate one iota of zeal in disarming bloody Mars and exalting the cross of Jesus."

The President announced in fitting terms the death of two members of this Society—Dr. Jasper Browne, of Anderson,

and Mrs. A. B. Derreck, of Columbia. The following resolutions were thereupon introduced and adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That by the death of Dr. Jasper Browne and Mrs. Ann B. Derrick, this Society has lost two worthy and beloved members and the cause of Peace two ardent supporters.

2. *Resolved*, That while our hearts are sad because of their departure, we rejoice in the belief that they are safe in that place where there is no strife, and that they now experience the blessing of the peacemakers and the pure in heart.

The President explained, briefly and clearly, the objects of the Society: It is undenominational; male and female are admitted as members; no admission fee or dues are charged. The preamble to the Constitution reads: "Knowing that war causes a vast amount of expense, cruelty, suffering, destruction of property and life, vice and crime, and believing war to be directly contrary to the gentle, meek, compassionate and peaceful spirit and gospel of our Divine Saviour, the Prince of Peace, and that it is his will that war should cease throughout the world, and also believing that it is the immediate duty of all men to be co-workers with God in extending the kingdom of peace among men, do form ourselves into a Society for the Promotion of Peace."

An opportunity was here given for those who wished to become members to do so, and eleven names were enrolled.

The following officers were elected:—President, Sidi H. Browne; Vice-Presidents, E. A. Bolles, J. H. Kinsler; Rec Sec., John A. Elkins; Cor. Sec. and Treas., C. D. Stanley.

The following Standing Committees were appointed: Arrangements—D. D. Finley, J. A. Elkins, S. T. Browne. Peace Tracts and Literature—C. D. Stanley, E. A. Bolles, J. H. Kinsler.

Finance—R. H. Jennings, J. H. Kinsler, J. P. Williams. Columbia was selected as the place for holding next session.

Thanks were returned for the use of the chapel. After which the meeting adjourned with prayer by the President.

LIVERPOOL PEACE SOCIETY.

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE, 1876-7.

- 1.—Would England be justified in REFUSING to take up arms for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire against Russian aggression?
- 2.—Is a JUST settlement of International Disputes unattainable SUBSEQUENTLY to conflict?
- 3.—Do Military Systems OBSTRUCT and retard genuine civilization?
- 4.—Is all war a violation of the PRECEPTS and PRACTICES of Christ and His Apostles?
- 5.—Can a nation, adopting an unvarying Peace Policy, maintain and increase its INFLUENCE in the World?
- 6.—Are the FUNCTIONS of the Policeman and the Soldier ultimately and essentially DIVERGENT?
- 7.—Is the maintenance of a Military System UNNECESSARY to the safety of a Nation?
- 8.—Could a Nation, without loss of HONOR, decline War under ALL circumstances?
- 9.—Does the Volunteer System tend to REPRESS the TRUE manhood of Great Britain?
- 10.—Can any Wars between races or nations be designated RIGHTEOUS Wars?
- 11.—Is Defensive War TOTALLY unjustifiable?
- 12.—Is War always DISASTROUS, DISGRACEFUL and DISHONORABLE?

A. B. HAYWARD, Hon. Sec.
Liverpool Peace Society.

TURKISH ATROCITIES.

The following extract from a letter to the London *News* gives terrible testimony to the truth about the fierceness of the unregenerate nature of man. Man by nature, is worse than a wild beast. He is more savage, bloodthirsty and cruel. Wild beasts do not torture and kill for the love of it, or from a desire to inflict pain. But savage men do. We cannot form a true idea of the ferocious and cruel nature of man from society in its common states, because we are so hedged in by restraints. It is only when those restraints are removed and there is no

fear of punishment that human nature manifests itself in all its fierceness and cruelty. It is useful sometimes to look upon such pictures, repulsive and terrible as they are, because they show us the infernal possibilities of man's perverted nature. The writer says:

We were shown in the yard of a neat little cottage, embowered in trees, a grave, beside which a woman was kneeling as we passed. It was the grave of a young man of eighteen, who had just returned home from school when the troubles began, after an absence of two years, and who had taken no part in the outbreak. They had seized him and in mere sport cut off his hands, one by one, in the presence of his mother, then killed him. What makes these acts more terrible was that many of them were committed in the presence of the weeping relatives—wife, mother, brothers, sisters of the victims. And they were repeated by the hundred. It would take a volume to tell all the stories that were related to us. But it was not only old and young men that suffered; women, young girls, children, infants, were ruthlessly slaughtered. These Turks have no pity, no compassion, no bowels. They have not even the generosity, the pity of wild beasts. Even the tiger will not slay the young of its own species. But these Turks—these strong bearded men—picked infants up out of their cradles with their bayonets, tossed them in the air, caught them again and flung them at the heads of the shrieking mother. They carried little babes about the streets on the points of their bayonets, with the poor little heads and arms drooping around the barrels of their guns, and the blood streaming down over their hands. They cut off the heads of children and compelled other children to carry the still bleeding heads about in their arms.

These atrocities were not so brutal and fiendish as the nameless ones they inflicted upon women and girls. It will be a disgrace to the nations which call themselves Christian if they permit such outrages to go unredressed.

A BLUNDER AND CRIME.

The Crimean war is now almost universally conceded to have been, on the part of England, both a blunder and a crime. It is with no small degree of satisfaction we remember that the *New York Observer* so pronounced it at the time, and, so far as we know, we stood alone among newspapers in holding that opinion. What John Bright says of his position in England, we may say of ourselves here; and his figures we are pleased to quote, for if nations will do wrong, they deserve to suffer. At a meeting held on the 4th of September, at the Town Hall, Shoreditch, London, letters were read from several eminent men. Among others, one was read from Mr. Bright on the Bulgarian atrocities. Referring first to the Crimean war, he said:

"Some of the results we now know. It is said to have cost England 40,000 lives and £100,000,000 of money. It cost to all the parties to the war more than 500,000 lives; since then it has cost us £10,000,000 a year in increased military expense, or £200,000,000 in all, and in loans to the Turkish Sultan it has probably cost England another £100,000,000. The money account thus comes to £400,000,000. The loss of life is enormous. The policy of the day was popular, and the result is what I have described. I was assailed and insulted in and by almost all the newspapers in the kingdom because I condemned the war and the policy that led to it."

We need to labor with our minds and hearts as well as with our hands, in order to develop what is within us, to make the most of our possibilities and to enable us to live nobly and worthily. We need a careful balancing of our duties and relations in life and a due allotment of time and energy to each, that we may not develop into one-sided and unshapely characters, but attain the symmetry and beauty of true excellence.

Sunny Christians are very much needed. We are not cheerful enough in domestic life—in our social circles. There is great power in a happy life, that goes through the labor of the day, singing as it goes. We do not sing enough out of prayer meeting and without a hymn book. Oh, for an increase of sunny Christians!

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, OCT. AND NOV., 1876.



INTERNATIONAL CODE.

The late honored and lamented Corresponding Secretary of the American Peace Society, the Rev. James B. Miles, D. D., performed an extraordinary service for the Society and for humanity by organizing an International Code Committee, having for its purpose the reform and codification of the law of nations. Mr. Miles was the secretary of this committee.

The American branch of this committee held a conference in Philadelphia recently, the sessions of which we attended, and some account of which we desire to furnish our readers.

The first meeting of the International Code Committee of America commenced at two o'clock, upon the afternoon of Thursday, September 28th, in the Judge's Pavilion, upon the grounds of the Centennial Exhibition. It was "Pennsylvania Day," when about two hundred and thirty thousand persons were upon the Centennial Grounds; and, as we took our seat in the Pavilion, and waited some moments for the opening of the meeting, we heard the roll of drums without, and the confused noise of the multitude, in marked contrast with the small attendance of two or three dozens, and the quiet seriousness of those within the hall. However, a meeting is not to be judged by its number so much as by its character; and, upon looking over the meeting, we saw that those present were men of ability, well qualified to deliberate upon the momentous theme of the conference. Amongst the gentlemen present were, Mr. David Dudley Field, the President of the Committee; Mr. Abram P. Sprague, the Secretary of the Committee; Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, of New York; Signor Garcia, of the Argentine Republic; Judge Pierce, of Philadelphia; the Rev. Howard Malcom, D. D., LL. D., of Philadelphia; Sir Redwood Barry, Justice of the Supreme Court of Victoria; Samuel Davenport, of Australia; Judge Field, of the United States Supreme Court; ex-Governor Washburn, of Massachusetts; Hon. John Jay, ex-Minister to Vienna; Granville Malcom, M. D., of Washington; and Mr. William Ashburner, of California.

Mr. Field, the President, called the meeting to order at two o'clock, and said that the committee would only organize that day, and listen to a brief statement from himself of the history and purpose of the association. Mr. Field stated that the International Code Committee was established by the suggestion of the late Rev. Dr. Miles, at a meeting held in New York, in May, 1873. Dr Miles had visited Europe in the interests of the American Peace Society, and as its Secretary; he had obtained the views of many distinguished jurists on the subject of an International Code; and he bent his strong and fervent mind to the carrying out of that lofty project. The meeting in New York appointed a committee of five to call a meeting in Brussels, in October of the same year; and, when that meeting assembled, its delegates were received by the Municipality of Brussels in the Hotel de Ville, and the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations was

formed. At that meeting, also, composed of representatives from various European countries as well as from America, resolutions were passed in favor of arbitration and of codification. The next conference was held at Geneva, in September, 1874, and was honored with attentions from the government of the Canton. The next conference was held at The Hague, in September, 1875, when the visitors were received by the government of Holland, and by invitation held their meeting in the Hall of the States General. A fourth congress commenced its sessions upon Monday, September 25th, at Bremen, and is holding its deliberations while the Philadelphia Conference is assembled. The American Code Committee acts in unison with the Association now meeting at Bremen. Its chief purpose is to define the rights and obligations of nations by a treaty, and by this code or treaty to bind the nations to submit their disputes to the arbitration of an impartial tribunal rather than to the chance of battle.

The above is an imperfect outline of the address of Mr. Field, which was listened to with marked attention. Upon its conclusion, the conference adjourned until the next morning at eleven o'clock. The next day, therefore, found us promptly in the Judge's Pavilion, awaiting the opening of the conference. This session was devoted chiefly to the reading of papers, as follows:

"The Feasibility of a Code Substituting Arbitration for War, and how and by whom this may be accomplished," by ex-Governor Emory Washburn of Massachusetts; "History of the Arbitration Movement," by Elihu Burritt; "Causes which promote International Law, Reform, Codification and Arbitration," by A. P. Sprague, of Troy; "American Contributions to International Law," by David Dudley Field; and "The People the Real Arbitrators," by Alfred H. Love. It is, of course, impossible for us to give even an abstract of these papers, within the circumscribed limits of this article; but we may say of them that they were masterly productions, giving evidence of vigorous grasp of thought, and of thorough information. Mr. Washburn read his paper, written with admirable thought and expression, with marked unction. Mr. Burritt not being present, his paper was read by Dr. Child; and, in the course of the essay, a tribute was paid to the extraordinary work accomplished by the late Dr. Miles. The paper of Mr. Sprague exhibited the legal information possessed by that gentleman, who a few years ago received the prize offered in Europe for the best dissertation upon international law. The papers of Mr. Field, and of Mr. Love, were valuable contributions.

After the papers had been read, Judge Joseph Allison offered a resolution concerning the duty of the United States towards international peace; Rev. Dr. Malcom, of Philadelphia, offered a resolution concerning the formation of local committees in different parts of the country; Rev. Dr. Prime, of New York, offered a resolution concerning the horrible cruelties perpetrated by the Turkish forces; and these resolutions, together with several others, were passed.

The conference then closed its sessions, and adjourned.

The influence of this conference upon public opinion, and in helping on the cause of peace, will be marked. The fact of men of eminent character and learning assembling for the consideration of the theme of Peace, is an inspiration. The papers read—preserved by publication—will prove a mine of knowledge to all who desire information concerning the character and history of international law. Yet, while we speak of

these admirable features, we advise that certain improvements be made in future meetings of the conference. First, if the meetings are to be popular and public in their character, get the people to attend them. We think twenty-four persons were present the second day. Why not have twenty-four hundred persons present, to listen to these papers? As we heard ex-Gov. Washburn, we were reminded of the thrilling address of Theodore Christlieb, which we heard made before the Evangelical Alliance, and we thought Mr. Washburn's paper worthy of an equally large and brilliant audience. Indeed, all the papers deserved a hearing in the presence of a vast, as well as a cultivated, congregation.

Second, if the meetings are not to be public, but private and deliberative in their character, then allow an opportunity for deliberation. One paper followed after another instantly, without opportunity for discussion. Instead of this, let the commercial, legal and moral views of the subject be considered, in a free conference. Let such questions pass under review as these: "What Questions of International Law have the Association Agreed Upon?" "After the Association have come to an Agreement, how shall the Code be presented to the Nations?" "What Particular Branches of the Subject are now of Chief Importance?" "What Men are Giving their Especial Attention to this Matter?" "What Country seems most Ripe for the Acceptance of an International Code?" Many other questions will suggest themselves. We are solicitous not to be misunderstood. The fact that we were obedient to the Secretary of the Committee, who wrote inviting us to attend its sessions, that we represented the American Peace Society, and that we speak in high praise of the meetings, shows that we appreciate the work of the committee; but, for this very reason, we desire that, if possible, even additional emphasis and scope may be given to this important department in carrying on the blessed mission of good-will amongst men.

OUR INDIAN POLICY.

What shall we do with the Indian tribes? This is a question which has been asked by statesmen and philanthropists, and by citizens of all classes, from the earliest history of our country. It is a question eagerly asked to-day in our halls of national legislation, and in the homes of the people. It is easy to ask this question, but it is very difficult to give it a satisfactory answer. Nevertheless, we will modestly attempt our solution of this difficult problem.

It seems to have been the policy of the United States Government to regard the Indians as independent nationalities. Each tribe, with its chief, its braves, and its women and children, with its territory and possessions, has been looked upon as a sovereign power. As such, the government holds with it a council, sends to it commissioners, receives from it delegations, makes with it terms of peace, or with it enters upon a course of war. Thus, the tribal relations of the Indians are recognized. Now, it is not for us to say the whole national policy towards the Indians has been wrong. We do not wish to make any improper criticisms upon the course of our government, yet it has long seemed to us that this policy is not wise, and that a far better one could be pursued. The present system was criticised a few days ago by the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, in presence of the American Board of Missions, as incorrect, saying, "it is as absurd for the government to make a treaty with the Indians as for Massachusetts to make a treaty with

tramps." We are not ready to adopt this language; but, at the same moment, we think a better way than the making of treaties can be established.

Another policy towards the Indians, pursued with much vigor in certain directions, is that of extermination. Indeed, this seems to have been the popular policy, and to have been accompanied by the most extraordinary success. This policy, commenced upon the Atlantic coast, has been steadily followed for more than two centuries, until for the most part the Indians have disappeared east of the Rocky Mountains. This policy is one of terrible violence and cruelty. If we may call the treaty policy unwise, then, by a gradation of epithets, we may call the extermination policy devilish. We are perfectly aware of the excuses given for this policy. We are told that the Indians are bloodthirsty savages; that they are treacherous; that they cannot be civilized; and that the march of progress must sweep them away. This policy found expression in a terse and forcible saying imputed to Gen. Custer, "There ought to be only one more Indian war, and then,—no more Indians!" Was it this spirit that animated Gen. Custer when he went to fight the Indians? If so, was there a mysterious and awful retribution which led the General and his soldiers to receive massacre at the hands of the Indians? These are serious questions. We do not hesitate to say that we appreciate the courage of Gen. Custer, and his devoted companions in arms; and we express profound sorrow for his, and their untimely death. According to the fashion of the world, Gen. Custer is now a hero, and monuments will be built to his memory; but at the same moment, we may consider whether he was not the victim of a mistaken though sincere theory, and whether the policy of extermination is not pursued at too much cost both of justice and of life.

The remaining policy suggested for observance towards the Indians, is to treat them just as all other residents of our country are treated. This is the policy to which we give our approbation. This policy has already been foreshadowed by the admirable course pursued by President Grant, in decreasing the military rule, and increasing the civil rule, over the Indians. The Society of Friends, and other religious bodies, have already accomplished marked results in their labors amongst the Indians; and we believe that if our government will be patient and just, and will send amongst the Indians the arts of peace rather than the havoc of military forces, a better day will dawn for our Indian policy. Instead of gathering the Indians upon reservations, and keeping them in a territory by themselves, and governing them by military authority, is it not possible to make them citizens? May they not be tamed by Christian influence? May they not be taught various branches of industry? Indeed, this has already been done with certain tribes. May not that which has worked well upon a small scale prove equally successful when carried out with much grander magnitude?

At any rate, whatever policy may be used towards the Indians, we are well certified of one thing, namely, that God requires at our hands the exercise of justice and goodness. Without these qualities all our labor will be in vain. With them, whatever method may be pursued, the ends thereof will be those of blessing both to the Indians and the whites.

As we go to press another great European war, arising from the Eastern difficulty, seems inevitable.

THE INDIAN COUNCIL.

THE COMMISSION EFFECT A TREATY.

RED CLOUD AGENCY, Sept. 20, via FORT LARAMIE, Sept. 22. At half-past ten this morning the Indians sent word to the commission, that they were ready for another council, and the commission at once prepared for a talk. The attendance of the Indians was much larger than yesterday.

Little Wound said he heard something yesterday which made him almost cry. He has always considered that when the Great Father made arrangements for the railroad through the Indian country he would pay for it. For fifty years he has always considered this his own country, and when it was told him yesterday that he was to be made like a man without a country, it made him cry. The different kind of animals he wanted was not for one band, but for all the bands, for all time. He wanted the President to give them each year three kinds of wagons.

He wishes all white men who have married into his tribe to live with them always, and that it be not possible to send them away any time. Whenever you have set bounds to our reservation, you make a law that we shall not go beyond them. We wish you to give twenty-five dollars each year to each of our women and children. He wished the white men who were living among the Brules and married to Ogalalla women to come and live with them.

He was willing to sign the papers the commissioners had brought here on condition that while the young men were gone to the Indian country those who stayed here should be fed and that the commissioners should see to it that rations are brought here until spring. He wanted the annuity goods issued to them before the end of the present new moon, as the weather would soon be cold and you have forbidden us to hunt buffalo.

He understood there was \$25 each to be given them in addition to the \$25,000 they had already received for hunting privileges in Nebraska; when the agency was established there they had the right to go and hunt. They understood when the new agency was established that they would be deprived of the right to hunt. He wanted an annuity of \$25 a head in place of it.

Bishop Whipple replied that with reference to the things he asked for, they are and more too provided for in the paper they are asked to sign. This commission will use all their power to secure their rations for them through the winter, and he himself would promise to go to the great council in Washington to do all he could in behalf of their people. With reference to the annuity goods the commission could not say what time they would get here.

The commissioner of Indian affairs had gone to New York to purchase them. They might now be on the way, and the commission would write a letter to-day about the matter. As for the white men married into the tribe they would not be interfered with, but the white men who come here to stay a few days and do the Indians injury, could not be allowed to stay.

Little Wound then said he wanted the commission to make haste and lay the matter before the great council, and the Indians themselves desired to go to Washington and see the Great Father. They also wished a copy of everything said here given to them, so they could take it to Washington and there be no mistake.

A TREATY CONSUMMATED.

This evening the commission consummated a treaty with the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes at this agency, the Indians agreeing to the propositions made to them on the 7th inst., without the change of a single word. The propositions have already been published in full. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes will not sign until to-morrow, after which the commission starts at once for the Spotted Tail Agency to consummate a treaty there. To the surprise of the commissioners, after the Indians had offered their signatures to the treaty, they hung back, and speeches were made by a number of them before they would touch the pen and make their marks.

Red Cloud said, "I am a friend of the President, and you men who have come here to see me are chief men and men of influence. You have come here with the words of the Great Father. Therefore, because I am his friend, I have said 'yes' to what he has said to me, and I suppose that makes you

happy. I don't like it that we have a soldier here to give us food. It makes our children's hearts go back and forth. I wish to have Major Howard for my agent. I want to have you send word to Washington, so he can come here very soon. If my young men come back and say that the country is bad, it will not be possible for me to go there.

"As for the Missouri River country, I think if my people should move there to live they would all be destroyed. There is a great many bad men there, and bad whiskey, therefore I don't want to go there. A great many of my white relatives have no money. If they are employed to go to the Indian Territory to look at the country I hope they will be paid out of the money of the Great Father that you have with you. In addition to this, I mentioned yesterday that I want to go with my young men. They are Mr. Foot, Charles Guerque, W. E. Raymond, Austin Leander and Sam Dow."

Young Man Afraid said, "This is the country where I was born. I have never made any man's heart feel bad. I have thought the Great Spirit intended that I should live here and raise my children here. I wish the Great Father would take care of me, and I could live here with my children. I give notice that it would take me a long time to learn to labor, and I expect the President will feed me for a hundred years, and perhaps a great deal longer. The promises that have been made by the Great Father heretofore have not been carried out, therefore I have been unwilling to go and see him, though I have been often invited. Dr. Daniels will remember bringing back from Washington the word that here was where we were to raise our children. I have been appointed to live here, therefore I have never travelled about to see other countries. You never hear of me behaving badly."

With this he took the pen in hand, and as he made his mark said that "A" is to signify that the Great Father has fed and clothed me a hundred years and given me wagons and cattle.

Red Dog said, "I want the Great Father to make haste and send me that man [pointing to Major Howard] for an agent; also Bennett and Daniels to assist me."

Little Wound said, "I told you before I must have my annuities within two months and provisions to last us until the spring."

American Horse said, "In regard to this arrangement about the Black Hills, it is to last as long as we last."

Man Afraid of the Bear took hold of the pen, saying, "The others have said enough," and signed and returned to his seat.

Three Bears inquired how many years they should sign for. He thought it should be for five generations.

Fire Thunder came up, holding his blanket before his eyes, and signed blindfolded, returning to his place in silence.

Big Foot, who had been engaged in agriculture for several years, said, "I am a farmer. I wanted a hundred wagons, but have never seen them yet. I am the man that is going down to see that country."

Crow with a Good Voice refused to sign the treaty, and walked away with quite a show of indignation; but all the others who had been selected and were present affixed their cross to the paper, a copy of which was given them at their request.

JEFFERSON AND JOHN ADAMS.

TWO INTERESTING LETTERS WRITTEN IN THEIR EXTREME OLD AGE.

Two letters which passed between Thomas Jefferson and John Adams in their extreme old age, four years before their death on the same day (the semi-centennial Fourth of July), have been exhumed from an old file of the *Christian Register*, of Boston, in which they were printed "by permission of their venerable authors," December 6, 1822; and are sent us by C. B. Allen, of East Brimfield. They are not, we are told, included in the biographies of either of the distinguished men. They will be found of genuine interest; at this day and at any day, the grave thoughts of great men, on age and death, when they wait for death, cannot be otherwise. The talk about oriental affairs, then, as now, threatening, is also interesting. Jefferson was in his eightieth, Adams in his eighty-seventh year, when these letters were written, and as the editor of the *Register* said in introducing them,—

"It is delightful to witness this kind of correspondence

between these two distinguished men, the asperities of party, by which they were at one time separated, worn down, and nothing remaining but the interchange of sentiments of unfeigned kindness and respect. It is charming to see an old age like this retaining, even under its decays and infirmities, the intellectual vigor unimpaired, and displaying, amidst its snows, the greenness and freshness of the summer life. It is an enviable and privileged height to which these great men have attained, from which they are permitted to look down upon an extensive and eminently happy country, enjoying the fruit of their labors and sacrifices, more than realizing their boldest anticipations, and regarding them with that gratitude and respect to which their magnanimity and distinguished patriotism so emphatically entitle them."

The letter of Mr. Jefferson was written soon after an attack upon him by the "Native Virginian," and when there was a strong expectation of a war between Russia and Turkey. This will explain some allusions:—

MR. JEFFERSON TO MR. ADAMS.

Monticello, June 1, 1822.

It is very long, my dear sir, since I have written to you. My dislocated wrist is now become so stiff that I write slowly and with pain; and therefore I write as little as I can. Yet it is due to mutual friendship to ask once in a while how we do. The papers tell us that Gen. Stark is off at the age of ninety-three. — still lives at about the same age, cheerful, slender as a grasshopper, and so much without memory that he scarcely recognizes the members of his household. An intimate friend of his called on him not long since. It was difficult to make him recollect who he was, and, sitting one hour, he told the same story four times over. Is this life!—

With lab'ring step
To tread our former footsteps? pace the round
Eternal? to beat and beat
The beaten track, to see what we have seen
To taste the tasted, o'er our palates to decant
Another vintage?

It is, at most, but the life of a cabbage, surely not worth a wish. When all our faculties have left, or are leaving, us one by one, sight, hearing, memory, every avenue of pleasing sensation closed, and atrophy, debility, and *malaise* left in their places, when the friends of our youth are all gone, and a generation is risen around us whom we know not, is death an evil?

When one by one our ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
When man is left alone to mourn,
Oh, then how sweet it is to die!

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
When clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's kindest boon to die.

I really think so. I have ever dreaded a doating old age; and my health has been generally so good that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter has made me hope sometimes that I see land. During summer, I enjoy its temperature, but I shudder at the approach of winter, and wish I could sleep through it with the dormouse, and only to wake with him in spring, if ever. They say that Stark could walk about his room. I am told you walk well and firmly. I can only reach my garden, and that with sensible fatigue. I ride, however, daily, but reading is my delight. I should never put my pen to paper; and the more because of the treacherous practice some people have of publishing one's letters without leave. Lord Mansfield declared it breach of trust, and punishable at law. I think it should be a penitentiary felony, yet you will have seen that they have drawn me out into the arena of the newspapers. Although I know it is too late for me to buckle on the armor of youth, yet my indignation would not permit me passively to receive the kick of an ass.

To turn to the news of the day, it seems the cannibals of Europe are going to eating one another again. A war between Russia and Turkey is like the battle of the kite and snake; whichever destroys the other leaves a destroyer the less for the world. This pugnacious humor of mankind seems to be the law of his nature, one of the obstacles to too great multiplication provided in the mechanism of the universe. The cocks of the henyard kill one another; bears, bulls, rams, do the same, and the horse, in his wild state, kills all the young

males, until, worn down by age and war, some vigorous youth kills him. . . . I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the feeder is better than that of the fighter; and it is some consolation that the desolation by these maniacs of one part of the earth is the means of improving in other parts. Let the latter be our office; and let us milk the cow, while Russians hold her by the horns and the Turk by the tail.

God bless you, and give you health, strength, good spirits, and as much of life as you think worth having.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

MR. ADAMS' REPLY.

Montezillo, June 11, 1822.

Dear Sir,—Half an hour ago I received, and this moment have heard read for the third or fourth time, the best letter that ever was written by an octogenarian, dated June 1st.

I have not sprained my wrist; but both my arms and hands are so overstrained that I cannot write a line. Poor Stark remembered nothing and could talk of nothing but the battle of Bennington. — is not quite so reduced. I cannot mount my horse, but I can walk three miles over a rugged, rocky mountain, and have done it within a month; yet I feel, when sitting in my chair, as if I could not rise out of it; and, when risen, as if I could not walk across the room; my sight is very dim, hearing pretty good, memory poor enough. In answer to your question, Is death an evil? it is a blessing to the individual and to the world; and yet we ought not to wish for it until life becomes insupportable. We must wait the pleasure and convenience of the Great Teacher. Winter is as terrible to me as to you. I am almost reduced in it to the life of a bear or a torpid swallow. I cannot read, but my delight is to hear others read; and I tax all my friends most unmercifully and tyrannically against their consent. The ass has kicked in vain; all men say the dull animal has missed his mark.

This globe is a theatre of war; its inhabitants are all heroes. The little eels in vinegar, and the animalcules in pepper-water, I believe, are quarrelsome. The bees are as warlike as Romans, Britons or Frenchmen. Ants, caterpillars and canker-worms are the only tribes among whom I have not seen battles; and heaven itself, if we believe Hindoos, Jews, Christians and Mohammedans, has not always been at peace. We need not trouble ourselves about these things, nor fret ourselves because of evil-doers, but safely trust the "Ruler with his skies." Nor need we dread the approach of dotage; let it come, if it must. —, it seems, still delights in his four stories; and Stark remembered to the last his Bennington, and exulted in his glory. The worst of the evil is that our friends will suffer more by our imbecility than we ourselves.

In wishing for your health and happiness I am very selfish; for I hope for more letters; this is worth more than five hundred dollars to me, for it has already given me, and it will continue to give me, more pleasure than a thousand. Mr. Jay, who is about your age, I am told, experiences more decay than you do.

I am your old friend, JOHN ADAMS.

—Springfield Republican.

THE BEAUTY OF PEACE.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Power it-elf has not half the might
Of Gentleness.—LEIGH HUNT.

Men listen more coldly to the advocacy of peace principles than to other wise words. Few professing to believe the Christian religion, venture to deny their truth, while at the same time all agree in giving them a sort of moonlight reputation, a will-o'-the-wisp foundation, as beautiful but impracticable theories. I cannot help feeling a strong hope, amounting to faith, that the world will be at last redeemed from the frightful vortex of sin and misery in which it has been drawn by the prevailing law of force. And surely it is a mission worth living for, that the Christian doctrine of overcoming evil with good, is not merely a beautiful sentiment, as becoming to the religious soul as pearls to the maiden's bosom, but that it is really the highest reason, the bravest manliness, the most comprehensive philosophy, the wisest political economy.

The amount of proof that it is so, seems abundant enough

to warrant the belief that a practical adoption of peace principles would be *always* safe, even with the most savage men, and under the most desperate circumstances, provided there was a chance to have it distinctly understood that such a course was not based on cowardice, but on principle.

When Captain Back went to the Polar regions in search of Captain Ross, he fell in with a band of Esquimaux, who had never seen a white man. The chief raised his spear to hurl it at the stranger's head; but when Captain Back approached calmly and unarmed, the spear dropped, and the rude savage gladly welcomed the brother man who had trusted in him. Had Captain Back adopted the usual maxim that it is necessary to carry arms in such emergencies, he would probably have occasioned his own death, and that of his companions.

Raymond, in his travels, says: "The assassin has been my guide in the defiles of Italy, the smuggler of the Pyrenees has received me with a welcome in his secret paths. Armed, I should have been the enemy of both; unarmed, they have alike respected me. In such expectation, I have long since laid aside all menacing apparatus whatever. Arms may indeed be employed against wild beasts; but men should never forget that they are no defence against the traitor. They may irritate the wicked, and intimidate the simple. The man of peace has a much more sacred defence—his character."

Perhaps the severest test to which the peace principles were ever put, was in Ireland during the memorable rebellion of 1786. During the terrible conflict, the Irish Quakers were continually between two fires. The Protestant party viewed them with suspicion and dislike, because they refused to fight or pay military taxes; and the fierce multitude of insurgents deemed it sufficient cause for death, that they would neither profess belief in the Catholic religion nor help to fight for Irish freedom. Victory alternated between the two contending parties; and, as usual in civil war, the victors made almost indiscriminate havoc of those who did not march under their banners. It was a perilous time for all men; but the Quakers alone were liable to a raking fire from both sides. Foreseeing calamity, they had destroyed all their guns and other weapons used for game. But this pledge of pacific intentions was not sufficient to satisfy the government, which required warlike assistance at their hands. Threats and insults were heaped upon them from all quarters; but they steadfastly adhered to their resolution of doing good to both parties and harm to neither. Their houses were filled with widows and orphans, with the sick, the wounded and the dying, belonging both to the loyalists and the rebels. Sometimes, when the Catholic soldiers were victorious, they would be greatly enraged to find Quaker houses filled with Protestant families. They would point their pistols at their enemies, and threatened, if they were not immediately turned into the street, to be massacred. But the pistol dropped when the Christian mildly replied, "Friend, do what thou wilt, I will not harm thee, nor any other human-being." Not even amid the savage fierceness of civil war, could men fire at one who spoke such words as these. They saw that this was not cowardice, but bravery much higher than their own.

On one occasion an insurgent threatened to burn down a Quaker house, unless the owner expelled the Protestant women and children, who had taken refuge there. "I cannot help it," replied the Friend; "so long as I have a house, I will keep it open to succor the helpless and distressed, whether they belong to thy ranks, or to those of thine enemies. If my house is burned, I must be turned out with them, and share their affliction." The fighter turned away, and did the Christian no harm.

The Protestant party seized the Quaker schoolmaster of Baltimore, saying they could not see any reason why he should stay at home in quiet, while they were obliged to fight to defend his property. "Friends, I have asked no man to fight for me," replied the schoolmaster. But they dragged him along, swearing that he should stand in front of the army, and, if he would not fight, he should at least stop a bullet. His house and schoolhouse were filled with women and children, who had taken refuge there; for it was an instructive fact, throughout this bloody contest, that *the houses of men of peace were the only places of safety*. Some of the women followed the soldiers begging them not to take away their friend and pro-

tector, a man who expended more for the sick and starving than others did for arms and ammunition. The schoolmaster said, "Do not be distressed, my friends; I forgive these neighbors for what they do in ignorance of my principles and feelings. They may take my life, but they cannot force me to do injury to one of my fellow-creatures." As the Catholics had done, so did the Protestants; they went away, and left the man of peace safe in his divine armor.

The flames of bigotry were of course fanned by civil war. On one occasion the insurgents seized a wealthy old Quaker, in very feeble health, and threatened to shoot him, if he did not go with them to a Catholic priest and be christened. They had not led him far before he sank down, from extreme weakness. "What do you say to our proposition?" asked one of the soldiers, handling his gun significantly. The old man quietly replied, "It thou art permitted to take my life, I hope our heavenly Father will forgive thee." The insurgents talked apart for a few moments, and then went away, restrained by a power they did not understand.

Deeds of kindness added strength to the influence of gentle words. The officers and soldiers of both parties had had some dying brothers tended by the Quakers, or some starving mother who had been fed, or some desolate little ones that had been cherished. Whichever party marched into a village victorious, the cry was, "Spare the Quakers! They have done good to all, and harm to none." While flames were raging and blood flowing in every direction, the houses of the peacemakers stood uninjured.

It is a circumstance worthy to be recorded, that during the fierce and terrible struggle, even in counties where the Quakers were most numerous, but one of their society fell a sacrifice. That one was a young man, who, being afraid to trust to peace principles, put on a military uniform, and went to the garrison for protection. The garrison was taken by the insurgents, and he was killed. "His dress and arms spoke the language of hostility," says the historian, "and therefore they invited it."

During that troubled period, no armed citizen could travel without peril of his life; but the Quakers regularly attended their Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, going miles across the country, often through an armed and furious multitude, and sometimes obliged to stop and remove corpses from their path. The Catholics, angry at Protestant meetings being thus openly held, but unwilling to harm the Quakers, advised them to avoid the public road, and go by private ways. But they, in their quiet, innocent way, answered that they did not feel clear it would be right for them to go by any other path than the usual high road. And by the high road they went, unmolested; even their young women, unattended by protectors, passed without insult.

Glory to the nation that first ventures to set an example at once so gentle and so brave! And our wars—are they brave or beautiful, even if judged of according to the maxims of the world? The secrets of our cowardly encroachments on Mexico, and of Indian wars, would secure a unanimous verdict in the negative, could they ever be even half revealed to posterity.

DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE OF WAR.—"P. has not recovered, nor never will, from the effects of our last war. A pious physician in the neighborhood, an eye-witness of its progress and results, told me that all its other evils were not to be named in comparison with its demoralizing influences. His wife, a great grand-daughter of old Cotton Mather, related to me many instances of its moral results; but I will record only one.

"It was that of a young man naturally amiable, and religiously educated, but converted by war-influences into a kind of a monster. He saw and confessed the change. 'I am,' said he, 'the son of pious parents; but I care not now for any thing they taught me. I was trained to reverence God and his Sabbath; but now I can trample without remorse on his name and his day. Once I was so tender-hearted, I could not bear to see a lamb or an ox killed; but now, the sight of a regiment weltering in their own blood would scarcely move me. Once I could not stay in a room where there was a corpse; but now I could go into my tent with half a dozen of my comrades lying there dead, and pillow my head upon one of the ^{four} ~~four~~ ^{men}, I could sleep as sweetly as ever.'"



VOL. VI.

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No. 11.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Through storm and calm the years have led
Our nation on from stage to stage
A century's space, until we tread
The threshold of another age.

We see thee o'er our pathway swept,
A torrent stream of blood and fire;
And thank the ruling power who kept
Our sacred league of States entire.

Oh! checkered train of years, farewell,
With all thy strifes and hopes and fears;
But with us let thy memories dwell,
To warn and lead the coming years.

And thou, the new beginning age,
Warned by the past and not in vain,
Write on a fairer, whiter page
The record of thy happier reign.

LOVE'S DEVICE.

The following is an old story which went the rounds of the papers long before our young readers were born. As it will be new to them we give it as we find it pleasantly written in an exchange.

Jessie McDonald was hard at work at the washtub one day, when her little son Fergus came rushing into the room, crying as if his heart would break.

"Daddy'll die up there," he sobbed; "they can't get him down."

"Die! up where?" exclaimed Jessie, wringing the soap off her hands and wiping them on her apron.

"On top of the factory chimney; the rope has slipped down, and they can't get up another, and the ladders are all too short."

Jessie flew out of the house and ran to the foot of the factory chimney. She covered her eyes with her hands. "Lord, help me!" she prayed from the depths of her anxious heart. A sudden thought came as an answer to her prayer.

"Angus," she called, "unravel your stocking, man, and tie a bit of mortar to the yarn, and let it down to me."

Off came one of Angus' blue socks, knitted of the best yarn spun by Jessie herself. He unravelled it out, tied on the mortar, and let it down to the ground.

Meanwhile Jessie had sent for a ball of stout twine. The end of the twine she tied to the end of the yarn.

"Now, draw the yarn up slowly," she said. Angus followed her directions. As the yarn went higher and higher she let out more twine from the ball in her hands. What steady hands they were! no tangling of the twine or dropping of the ball. If she had been unrolling a clothes-line, she could not have done it more quietly. At last Angus called out, "All right; I've got the twine; now, what are you going to do?"

"Tie on the rope," exclaimed Jessie.

There was not a sound among the crowd; you could have heard a pin drop. As, with breathless interest, they watched Jessie at her work.

She tied the rope and the twine together as firmly as a sailor could have done. Eager eyes watched it ascend higher, higher, until Angus called out, "All right, I've got the rope; stand from under!"

He secured the rope, came down hand over hand—ah! one can't tell about such a thing! The workmen cried like children, and pressed around Angus and Jessie with words of praise and affection. Then some one wiser than the rest said, "Let them go home alone." And in the little kitchen, the husband, wife and child knelt, and thanked God that their hearth was not made desolate.

"I DON'T LIKE TO."

Little Ben was always saying "I don't like to," when told to do anything which did not please him.

One day his mamma said, "Now, my dear little boy, if you will tell me all the things you don't like, I will not ask one of them,—if that seems wise."

Ben smiled all over, from the curls on his forehead to the little round dimple on his chin, as he replied, "Well, I'll tell you, dear, kind mamma. I don't like to go to bed. I don't like to go to school. I don't like to come in from play when the dark comes. I don't like to be washed. I don't like to—go—to—church—I guess I don't. I don't like to learn my Sunday-school lesson. I don't like to eat oatmeal and drink milk. I don't—"

"That will answer for 'don'ts,' now tell me what you do like, and we will see what is best for you," said Ben's mother.

"Well," cried Ben, laughing aloud in his joy, "dear, good mamma, I like to sit up till the company all go, and the big folks go to bed. I like to play out-doors all the time, in the light and in the dark too. I like to play—just a little, easy—on Sunday, too, and study 'Mother Goose,' and 'The Three Little Bears,' 'stead of my lesson paper. I like to eat cake and candy and ice cream, and drink coffee for breakfast. I like to have my face washed and my hair brushed 'Thanksgivin' and Fo'th July, and—to have my own way all the time, and—"

"There, Ben, that will do. My little boy would very soon be like a wild Arab child, worse than the young gypsy that you saw—for I think his hair is brushed and his face washed more than twice a year. I should soon have a dirty, wrinkled, little old man, suffering for sleep, and crying with dyspepsia, and a heathen, instead of my sweet, clean little Ben. Boys would not play with you, or ask you into their houses. Papa would say 'Go away, child,' when you climbed on his knee, and I am sure even your own mother could not let such a child creep from his crib into her clean bed at daybreak, as you now do. No, no, Ben, you are too young to do as you like, and must be a happy, cheerful boy, and obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing to the Lord," said the mother.

"I guess so," replied Ben, putting his arm around his mother's neck, and kissing her lips and cheek.

A STARTLING NARRATIVE.

A young man of excellent reputation in the city of New York, a clerk in a responsible position, recently was promoted, and asked by his employer to provide a substitute for the place vacated. It was a requisite that the person should be a man of strictly total-abstinence habits.

He knew of such a young man in Cleveland, and asked permission to go out and see if he could be obtained. Mr. — was sure of his man, but to his dismay, upon arriving at Cleveland, he found his young friend had gone down in dissipation, a wreck, the victim of strong drink.

He then thought of another friend in Chicago, and went on for him. What! was his friend to find that this second friend of his earlier days also had become within three years a victim of strong drink, and was altogether disqualified for the place, though in need of assistance? Pondering a while over these strange revelations, our friend in search of an occupant for a lucrative position, recollected that a little farther west there lived a comrade of former days, whom he was sure would respond to his application. So taking the train he proceeded to the city and found the young man. Imagine his horror on discovering in his friend another victim of intemperance.

He had travelled more than a thousand miles in search of a man for a fine clerkship without success. But even this was not to be the end of wonder to him. While he tarried in this western city, a friend took him to see an elegant opera-house, just built by a body of professed Christians of the place. Coming out, our friend caught sight of a modest-looking door, and inquired where that led. After some hesitation the door was opened, and he entered a magnificently appointed bar-room. With a sad heart our friend turned his steps towards home, and on arriving in New York, he at once consecrated himself to the work of temperance reform, and is now an earnest advocate, not of "consistent and intelligent temperance," but total abstinence and legal prohibition.—*Rev. W. H. Boole*

CHARLIE'S QUESTIONS.

"How many bones have I in my whole body, mother?" asked Charlie one day.

Charlie was washing his hands at that moment, and as he washed them he kept opening and shutting them, and twisting them about in all sorts of ways; and as he did this he couldn't help seeing that the hand was not one single piece, but was made up of a good many pieces. And from that he began to feel his head and body, and to look at his feet and his legs, and he saw that he was all made up of little pieces. That was what led him to ask the question.

"You would be surprised if I should tell you," answered his mother; "will you try to remember?"

"Yes'm, indeed I will," said he. "Just let me see if I can guess—as many as fifty, I do believe."

"More than that, my dear son; two hundred and eight."

"Two hundred and eight! I can hardly believe it. There's one great round one for my head, and—"

"Stop, my dear. Instead of that great round one, it takes thirty small bones to make a head. Then there are fifty-four in the body, thirty-two from the shoulder to the finger-tips, and thirty from the thigh to the ends of the toes. The hand is a most wonderful little machine, and so is the foot. See how you can move them about. How many things they will do for you! I hope you will never let your hand or foot, or any other part of this body which God has so wonderfully and beautifully made, be used to commit sin."—*Child's Own*.

LOVE OVER HATE.

In the last age, Dr. Johnson uttered the detestable sentiment, that he liked "a good Hater." The man of this age must say that he likes "a good Lover." Thus reversing the objects of regard, he follows a higher wisdom and a purer religion than the renowned moralist knew. He recognizes that peculiar Christian sentiment, the brotherhood of man, soon to become the decisive touchstone of human institutions. He confesses the power of Love, destined to enter, more and more, into the concerns of life. And as Love is more Heavenly than Hate, so must its influence redound more to the true glory of man and to the approval of God. A Christian poet—whose few verses bear him with unflagging wing on his immortal flight—has joined this sentiment in prayer. Thus he speaks in words of uncommon pathos and power:—

He prayeth well who loveth well
All things, both great and small.

He prayeth best who loveth best
Both man and bird and beast,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Surely the ancient Law of Hate is yielding to the Law of Love. It is seen in the manifold labors of philanthropy and in the missions of charity. It is seen in institutions for the insane, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the poor, the outcast; in generous efforts to relieve those who are in prison; in public schools, opening the gates of knowledge to all the children of the land. It is seen in the diffusive amenities of social life, and in the increasing fellowship of nations. It is seen in the rising opposition to slavery and to war.—*Charles Sumner*.

TWELVE WITNESSES.

"Matthew suffered martyrdom by the sword, in Ethiopia. Mark died in Alexandria after being dragged through the streets. Luke was hanged on an olive-tree in Greece. John, it is said, was put into a cauldron of boiling oil, but escaped death, and was banished to Patmos. Peter was crucified at Rome, with his head downward. He was put in this position at his own request, because he did not deem himself worthy to be crucified in the same way that Christ was. James was beheaded at Jerusalem. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle of the temple, and beaten to death below. Philip was hanged against a pillar at Phrygia. Bartholomew was flayed alive. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to his persecutors till he died. Jude was shot to death with arrows. Thomas was run through the body, in India. Matthias was first stoned, then beheaded. Barnabas was stored to death by the Jews at Salonica. Paul, 'in deaths oft,' was beheaded at Rome, by Nero."

Sterne says in his *Koran*, "I never drink—I cannot do it on equal terms with others. It costs them only one day, but me three; the first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting."

Voltaire said of the treaty between Penn and the Indians, that it was "the only league between Indians and Christians that was never sworn to, and never broken."

A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters, and if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust.



DICK AND THE FIGHTING COCKS.

One day, as Celestine was riding on her white pony through the village, she saw a crowd of people who seemed to be in a state of great excitement and delight. There was the butcher, and the blacksmith and even the quiet old shoemaker, with a shoe in his hand which he had been mending, besides numbers of boys, and all looked amused and eager; and one shouted, "Pitch into him, Dick!" and another, "Pitch into him, Bill!" "There's a little hero!" shouted one, and "There's a regular fighting cock!" shouted another.

Celestine rode quietly up to the crowd, and, looking over the shoulders of the boys, saw to her inexpressible horror and surprise, little Dick, and Bill, the wheelwright's youngest son, with their jackets off, having a pitched battle, and all the men and boys that stood round, thinking it was excellent sport, encouraging them with all their might.

Celestine said nothing, but, pushing into the ring, leaped lightly from her pony, and stepping between the two combatants, held them at arm's length. She was but a child, of a slight figure; but letting the skirts of her riding-habit fall, and with a glow upon her usually pale countenance, and her fair hair with a golden light upon it, bound loosely under her riding hat, she looked as she stood there with a hand upon the shoulder of each boy, like a commanding angel. "Boys," said she, "if you have nothing better to do than to fight, come home with me." And, raising her face to the crowd and looking round with tears in her eyes she said, "Men, if you have nothing better to do than to make these boys fight, I am sorry for you."

The words were simple enough in themselves, but there was not a man to whom they were addressed who did not feel ashamed of deserving such a reproof.

The blacksmith, who was Bill's uncle, drew him out of the ring, helped him on with his jacket, and bade him go home; the butcher, feeling that Celestine's saddle was loose, tightened the girths and then held the pony's rein; the blacksmith helped Dick with his old jacket on, and Celestine, bidding him follow her, and thanking the men for their attention, sprang again on her pony, and rode slowly away, Dick walking beside her.

Celestine left Dick in the farmer's yard while she changed her riding-dress, and coming back, heard from him a cry of terror. Dick was frightened at two of farmer Gilliflower's cocks that were fighting in a furious manner, and pecking one another as if they would peck each other to death.

"It's a dreadful sight, Dick," said she, "but not as dreadful as the one I saw in the village street. And Dick," she continued, "perhaps the angry passions which were just now raging in your breast may have entered, in some mysterious manner, into the breasts of these foolish creatures, as the devils entered into the herd of swine in the Gospel."

At that moment stout farmer Gilliflower came and parted the fighting birds, as Celestine had parted the fighting boys before.

"Of course, I do not know of a certainty," continued Celestine, "but I sometimes think that if human beings, boys and girls as well as men and women, would be good, and kind, and helpful to one another, and try to get rid of the evil that is in them, that then, perhaps, the cruelty and the savage passion that is in animals would cease, too. And the world would be very lovely, would it not, Dick, if it were full of love?"

Dick felt that it would; and at that moment he sincerely desired to help in making it so.—*Pictures for the Young.*

TWO PICTURES.

An old farmhouse with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes, his one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I would be!"

Amid the city's constant din
A man who round the world had been
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh! if I could only trace once more
The field-path to the farmhouse door;
The old green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I would be!"

GOD'S SUNSHINE.

"Well, Aunt Polly, here you are again on the doorsteps. It seems to me you almost live on them."

Old Polly raised her faded eyes to the face of her friend, and laughing, said:

"Yes, dear, dat's jus' so! Jim says, 'We mout build a house all doo' steps, and nothin' else, fo' granny, 'cause she lives dar an' nowhar else.'"

"I suppose you like to see the people, and to hear the children prattle as they go by to school," said the lady.

"Well, yes: I likes to see folks, 'cause my Fader up dar made 'em all; but it's most fo' de sunshine dat I stays out here. O! God's sunshine's a powerful blessin', dear. When I's cold I comes out and sits in it, and I grows warm; when I's a hungry, and Jim's wife's got nothin' to eat, I comes out here and 'pears like I'd had my dinner; when I's in pain, and 'scrutiated all over wid de rhumatiz, I comes out into the sunshine, and de pain skulks off; when Jim don't be good, and 'pears like he was goin' to 'struction, and my heart is bustin' like, I comes out and sits in God's sunshine, and peace comes through his beam into my soul; when old Death comes and star's in my face, and say, 'I'm comin' arter ye soon, to take ye into de dark grave,' den I comes out into God's sunshine, and dares him to frighten my soul! Says I to him, 'Ye hasn't power in ye to throw one shadow into my last pillow, for my Blessed Jesus, de Sun of Righteousness, He been down dar before me, and He left it full, heaped up, and runnin' over wid God's sunshine. I shall rest sweet in dat warm place while waitin' patient, and in hope for de 'ternal sunshine dat shall magnify and multiply and glorify all as loves de shinin' Jesus.'"

"Auntie," said her friend, who always felt that she could

sit at the feet of this humble saint and learn of Jesus, "that is very lovely. But there come days when there is no sunshine — when the clouds gather, and the rains fall, and the snows come, and the winds blow. What do you do then?"

"O la, honey, by de time de storms come, I've got my soul so full ob sunshine dat it lasts a heap o' time. Dem times Jim scolds, and his poor wife's 'scouraged, and de child'n a' cross, and de stove smokes and de kittle wont bile; but I never knows it. God's sunshine is in my soul, and I tries to spread it round, and sometimes Jim's wife feel it, and she say (O she's a good daughter-law) "Long as I keeps close to granny, 'pears like my heart's held up."

"Well, well, dear, yo can teach me somthin', and ye can fetch me nice things to make me mo' sunshine; but I can teach ye what ye never thought on — dat God's sunshine's 'nough for rich and poor, and dem dat thank Him for it, and sit in it, and work in it, and let it into dar heart, will soon go where it's all sunshine. Try to make folks live in God's sunshine, and get it into dar hearts, honey."

A FABLE APPLIED TO THE PEACE CAUSE.

Hopkinton, N. H., Oct. 10, 1876.

REV. H. C. DUNHAM.

Dear Brother: — I noticed in the June number of the *ANGEL OF PEACE*, a fable of a Beetle saving a Prince. Permit me to send you an application of it to the Peace Cause, with permission to publish, if you think proper, as found in the accompanying sheet. With true respects, yours,

DANIEL SAWYER.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Tower. | Strifes of men. |
| 2. Prince. | Peace. |
| 3. Beetle. | Peace Society. |
| 4. Honey. | Hope. |
| 5. Incentive. | Faith. |
| 6. Green Thread. | Peace Literature. |
| 7. Rope. | Peace Efforts. |
| 8. Ladder. | Changed Public Opinion. |
| 9. Deliverance. | Peace Triumphant. |

The strifes of men have become a tower of strength with a base encircling the earth, and reaching to the skies. Its walls are built of huge blocks of concrete, human opinions crystallized, running up from individuals to International Arbitrary Power, combating with carnal weapons, cemented with the woes of widowhood and orphanage. Thus, proving that "the whole world lieth in wickedness."

In the Tower of Strife, Peace may be personified as the Prince, shut up by the prejudices and indifferences of a swarming world.

The Peace Society, which may be denominated the Beetle, inspired by the honey of Hope, as taken its upward aim; urged onward by Faith, drawing the green thread of Peace literature, to which is attached the Rope of Peace efforts, drawing after it the Ladder of changed Public Opinion, giving complete deliverance to the Prince.

Then will wave the banner of Peace over all lands, proclaiming victory by this Prince. Oh! how will earth echo back the Advent song, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men."

Let the friends of Peace work on, assured of glorious results; and the "Prince of Peace" will, ere long, be enthroned in the hearts of his people, and the highest praise be given to the Most High God.

VULGAR WORDS.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course we cannot think of girls being so much exposed to the peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Young reader! keep your mouth free from all impurity and your "tongue from evil," for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

BLUE AND GRAY.

"Oh, mother, what do they mean by blue!"

And what do they mean by gray?

Was heard from the lips of a little child

As she bounded in from play.

The mother's eyes filled up with tears;

She turned to her darling fair,

And smoothed away from the sunny brow

Its treasures of golden hair.

"Why, mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,

And Grandpa's hair is gray,

And the love we bear our darling child

Grows stronger every day."

"But what did they mean?" persisted the child;

"For I saw two cripples to-day,

And one of them said he fought for the blue;

The other, he fought for the gray.

"Now he of the blue had lost a leg,

And the other had but one arm,

And both seemed worn and weary and sad,

Yet their greeting was kind and warm.

They told of battles in days gone by,

Till it made my young blood thrill;

The leg was lost in the Wilderness fight,

And the arm on Malvern Hill.

"They sat on the stone by the farmyard gate,

And talked for an hour or more,

Till their eyes grew bright and their hearts seemed warm

With fighting their battles o'er.

And parting at last with a friendly grasp,

In a kindly, brotherly way,

Each calling on God to speed the time

Uniting the blue and the gray."

Then the mother thought of other days —

Two stalwart boys from her riven;

How they knelt at her side and, lisping, prayed

"Our Father which art in Heaven;"

How one wore the gray and the other the blue;

How they passed away from sight,

And had gone to the land where gray and blue

Are merged in colors of light.

And she answered her darling with golden hair,

While her heart was sadly wrung

With the thoughts awakened in that sad hour

By her innocent, prattling tongue:

"The blue and the gray are the colors of God;

They are seen in the sky at even,

And many a noble, gallant soul

Has passed them from earth to heaven."

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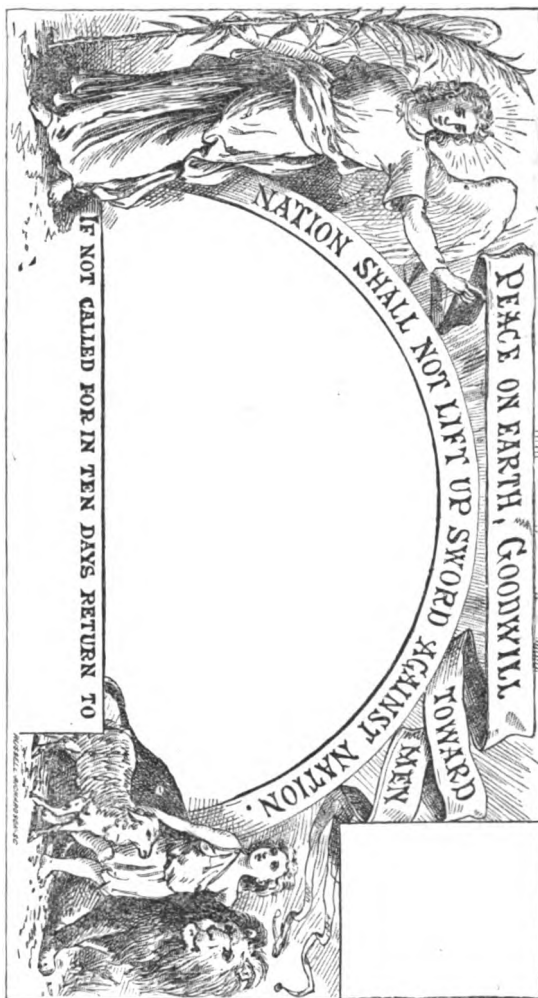
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Amid wars and rumors of wars, the American Peace Society keeps vigorously at work, and has just made an important step in securing as its corresponding secretary, one of our Rhode Island clergymen, the Rev. Dr. Charles Howard Malcom, of Newport. The Society elected Mr Malcom to this office three months ago, but only now has he accepted it, having at a meeting of his church held Tuesday evening, again asked that he might be released from his pastorate for this purpose. This request he made a week or two ago, but the church had, through attachment to their pastor, declined to accept his resignation. Mr. Malcom succeeds in his new office the Rev. James B. Miles, D. D., a man of eminent ability, who was very prominent in forming the international congress for arbitration, and in developing a code of international law. Mr. Malcom's work for the peace cause will bring him into relationship with the foremost men, statesmen and philanthropists, of this country and Europe, while his work will be exceedingly important and far-reaching. We have no doubt but that he will carry to his new task the industry, ability and devoted Christian character which has marked his long pastorate at Newport.—*Providence Journal.*

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1876.

VOL. VII. No. 12

A CONFESSION OF FAITH IN PEACE PRINCIPLES.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD A. LAWRENCE.

[Read before the Christian Conference, held in Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, October, 1876.]

I believe, with Napoleon I, that "War is the business of barbarians;" with Edward Burke, that "it suspends all the rules of moral obligation;" with Gen. Sherman, that "it is cruelty and you cannot refine it;" with John Bright, that "it may be summed up as the combination and concentration of all the horrors, atrocities, crimes and sufferings of which human nature on this globe is capable;" that the popular maxim, "In peace, prepare for war," is a mischievous fallacy that leads to standing armies and iron-clad navies, and makes wars easier and more frequent, since, when one prepares, all prepare, and often fight for no other reason, than that they are ready;—with the apostle James, that "wars and fightings" come from the lusts of men "that war in their members;" military and national ambition, greed of empire and gain, sectional jealousies, animosities and resentments, religious feuds, ecclesiastical dogmas, papal arrogance and priestly despotism; that they are a waste of property and life, and, on one side or both, a grievous wrong and sin;—with Paul, that, as the followers of the Prince of Peace, God has called Christians of all names and creeds to be at peace one with another, and as far as in them lies to "live peaceably with all men;" and with Him whom we hail as Master, that we should love our enemies, bless them that curse us, and do good to them that hate us; who rebuked a fractious, self-conceited disciple for a hasty misuse of a sword, and bade him put it up, and never after gave permission to draw it; who came to save men's lives and not destroy them, who never resented an insult, but bore injuries and ignominy, torture and death, with a patient love that conquered his enemies, won them to truth and right, and has been winning them ever since.

I believe that peace among nations is as plain and imperative a duty, and as wise a policy as between individuals and families; that there is nothing more hostile to the teachings and spirit of Christ than the war-spirit; that there is nothing which the nations more need than righteous concord, and that nothing leads more certainly to true greatness than the principles of humanity, justice and love: that the Gospel—"the white horse" of Peace, on which sits the Faithful and True, is able to abolish war with its iniquities and atrocities, and will do it by extinguishing the lusts of the flesh which lead to it, and bring to the bleeding nations the peace and good will of which the angels sang at the birth of Christ; who will so breathe His spirit of love into the war-wolf, that he will dwell with the pacific lamb, and make the wild leopard lie down with the amicable kid, and the ravening lion eat straw with the patient ox; when the nations shall beat their swords into plowshares, their spears into pruning-hooks, their bomb-shells and cannon into church bells, and turn their arsenals into Museums of Natural History, and their naval and military schools into agricultural colleges, academies of science, philosophy and theology.

I believe that in all international difficulties, reason and experience show that the decision of impartial judges, agreed on for the occasion or made permanent as a High Court of Appeal—a Parliament of Nations, as proposed by William Penn nearly two hundred years ago—is vastly better for contending

parties than any issues of the sword, which decides who is strongest, but never what is right;—as much better than war for nations as the jury trial is for neighbors than pistols, bow-knives and duels; that the introduction of a system of International Law, based on right and reciprocity, is as much needed now by the nations as a civil code ever was by the people of a city or a state, and for the same reasons,—the administration of justice and the arts and industries of Peace;—that all branches of the Christian church are called on to set their faces like a flint against "the terrible scourge of a Continental war," which Cardinal Manning says now menaces Europe, and which he thinks is the only way whereby reparation can be made to Pius IX, for the sacrilege inflicted on him in taking away his crown and for the spoiliations of the Romish Church in the loss of its temporal sovereignty; for relief in which tribulation his Holiness has been engaged in fervent but vain prayers,—"*Domine, salva nos, perimus*,"—and against which he makes petulant and equally vain protests.

I believe that the church and the civilized world ought to utter a firm remonstrance against the savagery of Turkish soldiers, in the atrocities perpetrated on foreign consuls and defenceless men and women, and upon new-born and unborn babes—outrages in some cases worse than death, so black and diabolical, that one blushes to think that they could happen in this nineteenth century, even in benighted Turkey; and also to importune the Christian powers of Europe and America to withhold all military support,* and to withdraw their moral and material aid from a government so faithless and cruel, and that, if neither the Gospel nor reason can restrain him from such barbarities, they let the "sick man" die, and "go to his own place."

I believe that the Christians of these United States ought to protest most persistently against the recurrence of the army policy pursued by the government, with slight exceptions, for half a century towards the original and rightful owners of the soil, a policy that cost the nation in forty years—from 1828 to 1868—five hundred thousand millions of dollars, and tens of thousands of human lives, in quelling troubles with the army that were occasioned by white trespassers and the army; that declares the tribal sovereignty which the President and Senate of the United States for a century have regarded as reasonable and just, and acted on in numberless treaties, a "blundering and mischievous fiction," and compacts based on it, absurd as treaties made with tramps; which now proposes to reduce the Indians to subjection by trickery, fraud or force, with their consent or without it,—a policy that tends to brutalize the army more than to civilize the Indians; which, through dishonesty of public agents, greed of gold-hunters and violation of treaties—the pledged faith of the nation—has kept us in almost constant war with them, and which looks to the extinction of their just rights to the soil as fast as the white man's cupidity demands and the War Department can achieve it,—the animus of which comes out in Gen. Custer's exterminating dictum:—"There ought to be but one more Indian war, and then—no more Indians,"—bloody words worthy an Alexander or a Cæsar. There is now one more war, provoked by his belligerent policy. He was outgeneralled in open campaign in his own tactics by those whom he contemned and would have exterminated. The Indians remain, but Custer is no more. Swift

* Fifteen millions of cartridges have gone in the last few months from a single city in Christian New England, to enforce such Moslem tyranny over Christian Serbia and Bulgaria.

retribution upon one who had massacred at midnight a group of unarmed Cheyenne villagers, wards of the government, shooting them down as if beasts of prey!

The inception of this tyrannous policy—the right of the strongest, led Gen. Harrison, as early as 1807, to say, “The utmost efforts to induce the Indians to take up arms against us would have been unavailing, if only one of the many persons who have committed murder upon their people could be brought to punishment;” and Gen. Harney to write, after forty years’ experience in governmental Indian affairs,—“I have never known an Indian tribe to break its word to our government, and I have never known the government to keep its faith with the Indian tribes;” and a notable French writer to say of William Penn’s compact under the elm, “It is the only treaty between those nations and the Christians which was never sworn to and never broken;—a policy in the execution of which Georgia, in 1827, boldly assumed that all the lands of the Cherokees, within the ‘conventional limits of the state, belong to her absolutely;” that she “*must and will have them*,” but that she “will not attempt to enforce her rights by violence until all other means of redress fail.”—lands that had been sacredly guaranteed to the Indians by fourteen distinct treaties of the United States, signed successively by Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison, and which the sixth article of the Constitution proclaims to be always and everywhere “the supreme law of the land.”

I believe that peace is political wisdom, national strength and moral beauty, and that the war spirit is folly and weakness, and moral ugliness, though the nations are strangely drawn by the weakness and folly, and enamored with the ugliness; that secretaries of war and soldiers are not good cultivators of the amenities and industries of peace, war being their profession and passion.

“To be tender-minded
Does not become a sword.”

I believe that the aboriginal red man is as capable of improvement and civilization as the enslaved, transported black man; that the peaceful, renovating Gospel, consistently applied, would save a people that has been wasting away before our growing greatness, and elevate them and make them sharers in our national life and prosperity: that the ages are growing more pacific and humane as Christianity is diffused and comes more into the hearts of men; as petty, contending provinces are drawn into consolidated nationalities; as commerce, rapid transits and international visitations and Expositions make nations better friends by making them nearer neighbors; that prayer to the God of nations, in whose providence we trust, and the inculcation of these peaceful principles in the pulpit and on the platform, through the press and by example, in our own land and all lands, is *the thing* which the church, by its ministers and by its laymen and laywomen, is called on to do, and to keep doing until the nations shall learn war no more; that it should protest, with all its voices, against all the usages and implements, all the maxims and schools of war, and whatever else tends to foment or countenance it; that there is no consistent attitude for the church but this of positive, persistent hostility, with the “sword of the Spirit” in its hand, which is the “Word of God,” and that, before this Divine weapon, in this conflict, the gory demon will gradually retire from the earth, and behind the ægis of Right shall sit smiling Peace in holy concord with Truth and Love.

THE DUTIES OF THE FUTURE.

We come then, to-day, Fellow Citizens, with hearts full of gratitude to God and man, to pass down our country and its institutions,—not wholly without scars and blemishes upon their front,—not without shadows on the past or clouds on the future,—but freed forever from at least one great stain, and firmly rooted in the love and loyalty of a United People—to the generations which are to succeed us.

And what shall we say to those succeeding generations, as we commit the sacred trust to their keeping and guardianship?

If I could hope, without presumption, that any humble counsels of mine, on this hallowed anniversary, could be remembered beyond the hour of their utterance, and reach the

ears of my countrymen in future days; if I could borrow “the masterly pen” of Jefferson, and produce words which should partake of the immortality of those which he wrote on this little desk; if I could command the matchless tongue of John Adams, when he poured out appeals and arguments which moved men from their seats, and settled the destinies of a Nation; if I could catch but a single spark of those electric fires which Franklin wrested from the skies, and flash down a phrase, a word, a thought, along the magic chords, which stretch across the ocean of the future,—what could I, what would I, say?

I could not omit, certainly, to reiterate the solemn obligations which rest on every citizen of this Republic to cherish and enforce the great principles of our Colonial and Revolutionary Fathers,—the principles of Liberty and Law, one and inseparable,—the principles of the Constitution and the Union.

I could not omit to urge on every man to remember that self-government politically can only be successful, if it be accompanied by self-government personally; that there must be government somewhere; and that, if the people are indeed to be sovereigns, they must exercise their sovereignty over themselves individually, as well as over themselves in the aggregate,—regulating their own lives, resisting their own temptations, subduing their own passions, and voluntarily imposing upon themselves some measure of that restraint and discipline, which, under other systems, is supplied from the armorie of arbitrary power,—the discipline of virtue, in the place of the discipline of slavery.

I could not omit to caution them against the corrupting influences of intemperance, extravagance and luxury. I could not omit to warn them against political intrigue, as well as against personal licentiousness; and to implore them to regard principle and character, rather than mere party allegiance, in the choice of men to rule over them.

I could not omit to call upon them to foster and further the cause of universal Education; to give a liberal support to our Schools and Colleges, to promote the advancement of Science and of Art, in all their multiplied divisions and relations; and to encourage and sustain all those noble institutions of Charity, which, in our own land above all others, have given the crowning grace and glory to modern civilization.

I could not refrain from pressing upon them a just and generous consideration for the interests and the rights of their fellow men everywhere, and an earnest effort to promote Peace and Good Will among the Nations of the earth.—*Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.*

MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.

In the early part of this year, we copied into this paper a report, the correctness of which has never been called in question, of remarks made by General Custer, of the United States army, on the best mode of dealing with our North American Indians. As those remarks were hostile to the sentiments expressed by the *New York Observer* for fifty years past, we censured them with severity, and as unworthy of Christian civilization, and impolitic as well as impossible. We now repeat Gen. Custer’s remarks, that they may be read in the light of his own sad fate, his rash and perhaps unauthorized exposure of himself and his men, of his evident undervaluing of the power of his enemy, and, above all, in the light of the fact that the campaign, opened by his fatal and fearful fight, is now said to be closed, leaving the victory so far entirely with the Indians, and nothing for us but to mourn the loss of a gallant, intrepid general and his followers, to pay the cost of the war and to prepare for its renewal when spring returns again. Speaking of Gen. Sherman as a possible candidate for the presidency, Gen. Custer said:—

“As for Gen. Sherman’s Indian policy, there would be one grand Indian war, and then there would be no more Indians. It would settle the Indian question beyond the tomfoolery of Quakers and sentimentalists, who don’t seem to know that every Indian, everywhere, is simply a brute. You can’t civilize an Indian any more than you can teach a rooster to lay goose-eggs.”—*New York Observer.*

Peace in her palace over the Atlantic,
From the New World deals her awards around,
While war's leashed hounds, a strain for bloodshed frantic,
In our Old World can scarce be held in bound.
Lo! here, each nation armed against its neighbor,
Cross in the face of crescent reared for fight;
There, to the blessed battle-fields of labor
United States that all the world invite.
For a far different shock from the impingings
Of broadsides 'twixt a Chesapeake and Shannon.
The strife of Corliss and his monster engines
With Cyclops Krupp and Essen's monster cannon.
Happy young Titan, that between two oceans,
Thy guardian Atlantic and Pacific,
Growest apart from our Old World's commotions,
With room to spread and space for powers prolific—
Wisely exchanging rifles, swords and rammers,
For spades and plowshares, axes, saws and treadles.
Thou put'st thy strength in engines and steam-hammers,
And thy gun-metal mouldest into medals—
Earth has no clime, no sky, but thou commandest;
No growth but thy wide-spreading soil can bear;
No ore, but the rich ground on which thou standest
Somewhere or other bids thee stoop and share;
No height thou hast but all thy sons may reach;
No good but all are free to reap its profit;
No truth but all thy race may learn and teach;
No lie, but whose lifts its mask may scoff it.
Oh happy in thy stars, still rising higher,
Happy e'en in thy stripes so lightly borne,
How far may thy meridian growth aspire
That showest so majestic in thy morn!
To what height may not Heaven's high favor lead thee,
In cycle of the ages yet to be.
When these first hundred years of life have made thee
For Arts and Strength, the Giant that we see!
—London P

—*London Punch.*

BY REV. J. MC ANULTY.

Yesterday we visited the spot where the famous elm tree stood under which Penn made his treaty with the Indians. A sketch of this tree made by Benjamin West in 1775, is still in the possession of the Penn family, from which all the subsequent engravings have been made. It was near the close of November, 1762, that William Penn assembled the Indian chiefs, and that treaty of peace and comity was entered into, of which Voltaire said, "It is the only treaty between these nations and the Christians which was never sworn to and never broken."

From an early date a sacred halo gathered about this Elm and preserved it from harm. When the British took possession of Philadelphia, General Simcoe kept a sentinel under it, and insured its protection. The Methodists and Baptists frequently held their meetings in the Summer time under its wide spreading branches. It remained until 1810, when it was blown down in a storm, and it was ascertained to be about three hundred and eighty years old. The spot where it stood in Kensington, near the corner of Hanover and Beech streets, has been marked by the Penna society with a monument with appropriate historical inscriptions.

This treaty, the fame of which is world-wide, read as follows:—

“All William Penn's people are Christians, and all

This treaty, the fame of which is world-wide, read as follows:—

1. That all William Penn's people are Christians, and all the Indians shall be brethren, as the children of one father, joined together as with one heart, one head, and one body.
2. That all paths shall be free to both Christians and Indians.
3. That the doors of the Christians' houses shall be open to the Indians, and the houses of the Indians open to the Christians, and that they should make each other welcome as their friends
4. That the Christians should not believe any false rumors

or reports of the Indians, nor the Indians believe any such
rumore or reports of the Christians, but should first come as
brethren to inquire of each other; and that both Christians
and Indians, when they hear any such false reports of their
brethren they should bury them as in a bottomless pit.

5 That if the Christians hear any ill news that may be to the hurt of the Indians, or the Indians hear any such ill news that may be to the injury of the Christians, they should acquaint each other with it speedily as true friends and brethren. And the Indians should do no manner of harm to the

6 That the Indians should do no manner of harm to the Christians nor their creatures, nor the Christians do any hurt to any Indians, but each treat the other as brethren.

7. But there are wicked people in all nations; if either Indians or Christians should do any harm to each other, complaint should be made of it by the persons suffering, that right may be done, and when satisfaction is made, the injury or wrong should be forgotten and be buried as in a bottomless pit.

8. That the Indians should in all things assist the Christians and the Christians assist the Indians against all wicked people that would disturb them.

9. And lastly, that both Christians and Indians should acquaint their children with this league and firm chain of friendship made between them, and that it should always be made stronger and stronger, and be kept bright and clean, without rust or spot, between our children and children's children, while the creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon, and stars endure.

Prof. Elicott Evans tells a story concerning his grand-uncle, Joseph Elicott, and the chief Red Jacket: The two having met in a Tonawanda swamp, they sat down on a log which happened to be convenient, both being near the middle. Presently Red Jacket said, in his almost unintelligible English: "Move along, Jo." Elicott did so, and the sachem moved up to him. In a few minutes came another request, "Move along, Jo," and again the agent complied and the chief followed. Scarcely had this been done when Red Jacket again said, "Move along, Jo." Much annoyed, but willing to humor him, and not seeing what he meant, Elicott complied, this time reaching the end of the log. But that was not sufficient, and presently the request was repeated for the fourth time, "Move along, Jo." "Why, man," angrily replied the agent, "I can't move any further without getting off from the log into the mud." "Ugh! Just so white man. Want Indian move along—move along. Can't go no further, but he say—" Move along."

In a recent lecture, M. Leonce de Lavergne deplored the continuous decrease of the population in France. He said that the main cause was undoubtedly the warfare in which France was always involved. The first Napoleon had sacrificed two millions of French lives, and the second nearly as many. The fighting in Algiers was an incessant drain, and the large number of men with their colors even in times of peace delayed marriage. Then there was the increased taxation, which kept many too poor to allow them to marry, and the selfish objection in the higher classes to be burdened with children. Next to Spain, the most thinly populated country in Europe was France.

In commenting on the above, the New York Observer says: "War thus hinders marriage and also destroys life; so war is the great foe to the increase of the world's population. As it is the great curse of the world, is it not strange that the reason of men, even without the gospel, is inadequate to prevent it?"

DR SCHLIEHMANN'S DISCOVERIES at the tombs of Mycena are not less wonderful than the find of Cesnola. They confirm in a remarkable manner ancient history. They not only bring to light most extraordinary tokens of ancient civilization, but also show us how that civilization was hastened to destruction by the terrible results of war.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1876.



POSITION OF RUSSIA.

Voltaire, after many vicissitudes of fortune, having reached an advanced age, once more turned his steps towards Paris; and, when stopped by the officers of the customs, as he reached a gate of the city, with the inquiry if he had any contraband goods with him, he replied, "No, no, there is nothing contraband here but myself:" so when the Czar, Alexander II., made his recent memorable speech at Moscow, on the Turkish question, we imagine ourselves asking him, as to whether he intends war, and receiving for answer that the risks of war remain with himself. The speech of the Czar has created a profound sensation throughout Europe. He said, "My wish is to the uttermost to spare Russian blood. Therefore I have striven and will still strive to obtain a real improvement of the position of the Christians by peaceful means. In a few days negotiations will commence at Constantinople. My most ardent wish is that we may arrive at a general agreement. Should this, however, not be achieved, and should I see that we cannot obtain guaranties necessary for carrying out what we intended to demand from the Porte, I am convinced that the whole of Russia will respond to my summons should I consider it necessary, and Russia's honor requires it. Moscow will lead the van by its example. May God help us to carry out our sacred mission!"

This speech has awakened great enthusiasm throughout the whole empire of Russia. City and town councils, merchants' and tradesmen's guilds, diets, assemblies of the clergy, and all classes, have declared their readiness to fly to accomplish the demands of the Czar. Next come tidings that the Czar has ordered a part of the Russian army to prepare for military movements; then that these movements have commenced; and then that the probabilities of war have increased. True, Prince Gortschkoff has issued a circular to Russian representatives at foreign courts, saying that the Czar does not wish war, though he is determined that the principles of justice shall be carried out in Turkey under efficacious guaranties; but, we have learned from the history of kings and governments the painful lesson that high sounding phrases often conceal a deadly purpose, and the question of war or peace between Russia and Turkey now hinges upon the interpretation which the Czar may be pleased to give his own words.

The conference at Constantinople is very well. Suppose, however, that Turkey will not admit the demands of Russia, as made at that Conference. What then? Will Russia in that event call an international Conference, and submit the case to arbitration? Or will she rush to war? We have sorrowful apprehension that the latter course would be adopted. Besides, what is the temper of Turkey in this matter? All accounts assure us that enthusiasm rages at Constantinople as well as at Moscow. Will the Turks, moved by religious fanaticism, and aroused by intense fervor to fight, listen to the demands of Russia? These are the requests made of Turkey by the Czar:

1. The disarmament of the entire population of Bosnia, Herze-

- govina, and Bulgaria, without distinction of creed.
2. The abolition of irregular troops.
3. The transfer to Asia of the Circassians settled in Europe.
4. The language of the country to be introduced into the public offices and tribunals.
5. A native Christian to be appointed Governor by the Porte in each province, and the appointment of a permanent Commission of supervisors, composed of the Consuls of the Great Powers. It is almost certain that Turkey will not make all these concessions. If not, then the prospect is an awful one indeed. A war, in which religious fanaticism will give additional fury to political power, is liable to break forth.

Yet, those who pray and labor for peace must not lose heart. There are still left some barriers in the way of war. We may mention at least one of these obstructions.

The financial position of Russia is a powerful restraint upon her warlike ambition. Russia can ill afford to go to war. Notwithstanding her vast area, and ample resources, and great population, she groans now beneath an enormous debt. For years Russia has been sinking deeply into debt; her paper currency is depreciated so that a paper rouble is twenty-five per cent. below par; she owes now probably \$2,000,000,000; taxes are collected with difficulty; the mere rumor of war made Russian funds fall twenty per cent in one crash at London and Paris; and a war would impair, and possibly destroy, her credit with the capitalists of Europe, and bring on a financial depression the extent of which no human sagacity can foresee. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Russia will hesitate to embark upon a war certain to be very costly, and to add enormously to her present financial embarrassment. Indeed, if nations would simply consult their financial interests, wars would come to an end, peace societies would lose their vocation, and we would stand much nearer than now to the happy day of national disarmament and arbitration. C. H. M.

CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

In answer to a call signed by about forty gentlemen, amongst whom were the Corresponding and the Recording Secretaries of the American Peace Society, a Christian Conference was held at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, upon the 17th and 18th of last October. The gentlemen calling the meeting represented various religious denominations, and resided in various parts of our country. It was proposed to hold a meeting upon a comprehensive and generous platform, and to invite the co-operation of delegates from all evangelical denominations. The call was initiated, we believe, by Daniel Hill, of New Vienna, Ohio, who both deserves and receives the thanks of the friends of peace for his interest in this matter.

As we turned from the street, bright with sunlight, and gay with a moving throng, into the rather gloomy hall of the Franklin Institute, where only a small company had assembled, we were reminded by the contrast between the two scenes of the difference between secular and religious concerns. The world somehow rushes on with excitement and splendor; but the church of Christ gathers here and there its small and humble band of disciples for the consideration of holy things. The Lord, however, has promised to be present by His spirit with even the two or three who meet in His name, and this is an unfailing source of comfort and strength to all who undertake any work of philanthropy. This sentiment of hope and encouragement was expressed in the portion of the Holy Scriptures read, and in the prayer offered, at the opening of the meetings of the Christian Conference.

The Conference chose Rev. Howard Malcom, D.D., LL.D., of Philadelphia, as President; B. C. Hobbs, of Indiana, Vice-President; and Hiram Hadley, of Chicago, Secretary.

The President, of venerable appearance, now in his seventy-eighth year, a true apostle of peace, upon taking the chair, said: "I congratulate you upon this meeting. I am happy to take part in its deliberations. We know that our motives are right. God has a hand in this work. How glorious to be engaged in a cause that we *know* will succeed! He has promised that the sword shall be changed to the plowshare. We are workers together with God. This is a grand meeting because it is in accordance with divine will. The Lord is at the head of the movement."

Letters from several persons were then read. John Bright, of Rochdale, wrote, saying: "There seems nothing cheerful to write on the subject of Peace or War, except this,—that the influences in favor of peace are now becoming so strong that with millions of men in arms in Europe, still peace is the rule, and nations are not so much in the hands of monarchs and ministers as they have been in past times. When the boundaries of nations and races are well adjusted, and when the hindrances to trade created by hostile tariffs are removed, I think the time will have come when the intelligence and Christian feeling, and the true interests of nations, will overcome the motives and passions which lead to war. We may hope that in Europe there will arise some monarch or a statesman of sufficient authority and influence to lead his own country and to induce other countries to unite in some resolute effort for a great reduction of armaments. War is a practice fitted only for savage nations, and wholly disgraceful and infamous when waged by nations pretending to civilization and professing the religion of the Prince of Peace." A very interesting letter was read from Elihu Burritt, the eminent philanthropist; and, also, from Howard Crosby, of New York University. Mr Crosby said in his letter: "I am heartily in sympathy with every movement toward preventing war, and I fully believe that a nation need never engage in bloody conflict with another. There are ways of conference, arbitration, faith and prayer open to all by which to escape the horrors of brutal strife." A long letter was read from John H. Stotsenburg, of New Albany, Ind., in which by clear reasoning peace principles were recommended, and instructive practical suggestions were made.

Addresses were made by various gentlemen during the Conference. Rev. W. T. Feltwell, of the Reformed Episcopal Church spoke of the significance of the times, and of his interest in the peace cause. Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York, made an address of great power. He said:—"In the year 1806, in my sainted father's house, the first Peace Society was formed. The changes for the better during the past twenty years ought to give us faith that God is favoring our cause. The present is an auspicious time for the friends of peace. The intimate connection into which nations are brought by various facilities are favorable to our cause." Mr. Wm. F. Mitchell of Lynn, Mass., spoke on "The Miseries of War." B. C. Hobbs, of Indiana, read a paper on "War as seen in the Old Testament." Rev. Dr. Edward A. Lawrence, of Massachusetts, read an admirable paper entitled, "My Peace Confession of Faith." Rev. Thomas Dana, an Oneida Indian, a missionary in the Methodist Episcopal Church among the Indians in the Indian Territory, spoke upon the influence of

Christianity in turning his people from war to peace. Mr. Dana spoke with genuine eloquence. He said: "The aborigines of America received with cordial hospitality the European discoverers. But for kindness the Indians received persecution. Now the cry is for extermination. No instance exists in which a peaceable Christian has gone in simplicity among the Indians and sustained a quiet and peaceful character, and yet received harm from the Indian. War demoralizes the Indian, and then destroys him. It is a terrible thing to have soldiers thrust among us. They come among us with sword and gun; they introduce every species of immorality; they cheat and kill; and then the Indian takes revenge. I am an Indian. I was born in the woods. The wigwam was my home. I put on feathers and beads. I put war-paint on my face, and went out with bow and arrow to take the scalp of my enemy. But God converted me while I was praying to the Great Spirit in the hollow of a sycamore tree. Then I became peaceable. The Indians do not want war. But the white people provoke us by cruelty and injustice. They cannot civilize us by a jug of whiskey. May God hasten the day of universal peace!" Wm. G. Hubbard, of Ohio, made a speech of great ability, holding the audience in close attention for an hour on "The Folly of War."

Resolutions were passed requesting all ministers of the gospel to make renewed testimony against war; that parents and teachers exclude from the hands of youth books fostering a military spirit; that a conference be called next year; that efforts for arbitration are approved; and that the peace policy of our Government towards the Indians is commended.

We conveyed, as Corresponding Secretary of the American Peace Society, and as a delegate appointed, the greetings of that body, and made remarks suitable to the occasion.

An Appeal to Ministers was adopted, urging them to preach with increased fidelity the gospel of the Prince of Peace. A committee of five, consisting of George W. Taylor, G. H. Pool, Wm. B. Orvis, Thomas H. Leggett and Charles H. Malcom, was appointed to nominate an executive committee to have charge of calling another conference. Upon recommendation of the above committee, the following gentlemen were chosen with power to call another Christian Conference: Daniel Hill, F. Merrick, W. G. Hubbard, of Ohio; G. H. Pool, Lyman Whiting, Wm. B. Orvis, of Philadelphia; David Little of New York; Sidi H. Browne, of South Carolina; Hiram B. Hadley, E. O. Haven, of Illinois; and W. F. Mitchell of Mass. A Committee on Publications was appointed, consisting of Daniel Hill, B. C. Hobbs, Hiram Hadley and Charles Howard Malcom.

The Conference, which continued its sessions through two days, will have its portion of influence in promoting peace upon earth. We have given only a rapid sketch of its proceedings. The delegates represented largely the Society of Friends, and many of them ministers, or connected with institutions of learning, or with publications in that body. Indeed, out of about forty delegates, we believe about thirty were Friends. This fact is sufficient to indicate that the meetings were eminently devout, serious, earnest, intelligent, and seeking to be led by a truly Christian purpose. We regretted that the audiences were extremely small. Yet, we have long ago learned that not the crowded multitude, but the Spirit of the Lord, gives power to any meeting. With such a Divine presence realized in those meetings we are well assured that they accomplished a good result, and that influences for peace will follow after them for many days.

C. H. M.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

THE EDITOR desires to express his thanks for the generous co-operation which he has received in performing the duties of his new vocation. He has been enabled, in his office of Corresponding Secretary, to open an extensive correspondence with friends of the cause, both in this country and Europe; to attend two peace conventions in Philadelphia; to visit Worcester and Fitchburg in the interests of the society; to speak upon peace at public meetings in Holden, and in Winthrop; and to write six or eight leading articles upon the subject for the press.

AT A UNION MEETING for peace held at Holden, Mass., a very large audience, composed of the Baptist and Congregational churches, assembled, and much interest was shown. One young man walked ten miles to attend the meeting. Rev. J. K. Chase, the excellent pastor of the Baptist church in that place, by his kind interest particularly contributed to the success of the meeting.

PROF. LAWRENCE'S PAPER. Our readers will be happy to see in this number the valuable paper read by Prof. Edward A. Lawrence, of Marblehead, Mass., before the Christian Conference, at the meeting held in Philadelphia last month. We wish all men might make a like "Confession of Faith in Peace Principles."

GENERAL-CESNOLA'S CYPRIOTE ANTIQUITIES have been purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of New York. These curiosities are of extraordinary value, both for intrinsic worth, and as illustrating ancient civilization, dating back one or two thousand years before Christ. Miss Wolf, of New York, whose generous hand is open to many works of art and philanthropy, gave \$10,000 towards the purchase of this collection. We congratulate the Metropolitan Museum upon this most valuable addition to its treasures.

HON. EDWARD S. TOBEY, the esteemed President of our Society, has recently received to the hospitalities of his home in Cambridge a distinguished representative of the Russian government. So far as we are able to judge, the Czar of Russia desires to preserve the peace of Europe.

PEACEMAKING WITH THE SIOUX gets on favorably. Col. Boone, one of the Indian Commissioners sent out recently to negotiate a treaty with the Sioux, has gone to Washington, and reports success in arrangements for the peaceful removal of the Sioux to land on the North Canadian River.

FELLOWSHIP AMONGST NATIONS would be promoted, in our humble opinion, by free trade. Adam Smith, the gifted Scotch philosopher of the last century, did a great service for mankind by his book "Causes of the Wealth of Nations," in which he argued for the principles of commercial freedom. The other day, in New York, nearly a hundred eminent men, presidents and professors of colleges, poets and statesmen, editors and business men, met and dined together at Delmonico's in honor of free trade.

INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES were conspicuously illustrated a few days ago in Philadelphia, at a farewell dinner given to the British Centennial Commissioner. Many distinguished gentlemen were present. Eloquent and happy speeches were made on the many practical proofs of good will between Britain and America. Such a dinner and speech making are far more enjoyable, and certainly more Christian, than the war of the Revolution.

THE UNITED STATES CONSULAR AGENCY at Portsmouth in England has been discontinued, for the sake of economy. Portsmouth is England's greatest naval station, where a consular agency has resided for twenty-five years, and where ships of the United States frequently visit. Better keep up this port, and economize in the war department.

MR. ELIHU BURRITT published in 1871 a pamphlet on "The Western and Eastern Questions of Europe." We received from Mr. Burritt, a few days ago, a copy of this pamphlet, and upon reading it are surprised at the prophetic sagacity with which the author then foresaw some of the phases of the Russian and Turkish question which have recently taken place.

MRS. MARY E. BLAKE delivered the annual oration at the Quincy High School Reunion, held in the Town Hall of Quincy, Dec. 6th. The oration has been published in the *Quincy Patriot*, and evinces marked intellectual ability. In the course of it Mrs. Blake pays a tribute to the peace cause, saying: "Let us hope that men will come to see the wickedness of warfare. We have outgrown the barbarism of the duel. Still, when nations differ, back we go to the dark ages. A question, which should be decided by standards of law, is thrown upon the battle-field. Hecatombs of human lives are offered up; industry and happiness are ground to dust; and wailing rises in a tempest of anguish from torn hearts. And to what purpose? That might, not right, shall still rule. It is a fearful confusion of mind when the crime of murder, which we hold detestable in the individual, should lose its deadly significance in the mass."

CHRISTIAN AND NON-CHRISTIAN.

A beautiful illustration of Dr. J. P. Thompson's able paper "On the principles which should govern the intercourse of Christian peoples with non-Christian," may be found in the following article:

Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, whose letters from Berlin in this paper have been so highly esteemed by our readers, has been adding materially to his usefulness abroad, by preparing an essay on the principles which should govern the intercourse of Christian peoples with non-Christian. This important paper, he submitted to the recent International Law Convention in Bremen, and it was referred to a special Commission to report upon it next year.

Dr. Thompson refers to the course of the United States towards the Indians, and to Turkish barbarities in Bulgaria, and considers the duty of the nations of the world when such questions arise as are suggested by facts like them. The paper is one involving much research into national law and history. The writer reveals great logical force and intimate acquaintance with the subject, and his views will command profound attention. The purpose of the discussion will be gathered from these sentences:

"My inquiry has reference to the ripeness of Christian Nations for some concert of principles that shall govern their intercourse with all non-Christian peoples; not how far such peoples are qualified to accept the Law of Nations, as it is, but whether Christian Nations can agree upon certain just and equal rules of dealing with non-Christian peoples under all circumstances and conditions of intercourse with them. In other words, in what form shall Christian peoples put the Law of Nations before non-Christian peoples whom they would educate up to its level, and finally win to its authority? This question I shall not presume to answer to the extent of formulating principles as rules of action, but shall content myself with an essay toward such principles.

The subject divides itself into five categories.

1. *Territory.* Upon what principles should Christian Nations deal with non-Christian peoples in the acquisition of territory found in their occupation?

2. *Commerce.* What principles should regulate the commercial intercourse of Christian with non-Christian peoples?

3. *Humanity.* How far may Christian nations interfere in the affairs of non-Christian peoples to regulate or restrain their doings in the interest of humanity?

4. *Public peace and order.* To what extent may Christian nations undertake the police of the world, with a view to public safety and order?

5. *Religion.* To what extent and upon what grounds may Christian nations interfere with non-Christian peoples in matters of religion?"

Under each of these heads he states the law of nations as it is, and points out particulars in which improvement or advancement seems to be called for; ending with a summary of the principles upon which such reform should be based.

OPPOSITE FRUITS OF WAR AND PEACE.

BY REV. DANIEL SAWYER.

This subject demands the thorough examination of every person. Several weighty considerations exhibit the opposite fruits of war and peace.

1. War interrupts the commercial intercourse of nations. It destroys public confidence, and swallows the currency that is requisite to keep up a lively commercial influence. All friendship is destroyed, also, and the contending parties assume a defiant attitude. A deadly strife prevails, a determination on both sides to conquer, and in the end though the defeated party suffers most, yet both sustain a heavy loss. Not so where peace prevails, and nations are on friendly terms. A mutual regard for equal rights and privileges is favorable on either side, and all channels are open for a prosperous commerce, and wealth to carry it on increases, and the nations are blessed with a large increase.

2. War diminishes the productive labor of nations. The most robust young men enter the army, leaving the farm, the workshop and all places of industry to be carried on as best they can by those who are permitted to remain at home. This greatly hinders the prosperity of nations. Where nations are on peaceable terms, productive labor is pursued with no disturbing influences. In such circumstances wealth flows in from every healthful source.

3. War deranges the currency of nations. In examination of the history of wars, the mind is overwhelmed with the view of statistics. We see that the tide of wealth flows out like a flooded stream. Wasting of property appears at a fearful rate. Peace, on the contrary, causes wealth to flow in, instead of out. A few years ago our nation had a surplus revenue. Since then, we have suffered under a war with Mexico, and a fearful rebellion. Where, now, is our surplus revenue? Had we continued free from war, we might have increased our revenue, and saved an enormous debt.

4. War has a demoralizing effect upon character. War is a school of vice. The command to love one another is cast aside. Hatred and revenge burns within. The heart increases in hardness under the wholesale destruction of human life. The prevalence of peace has a tendency to beget kindly feelings. It enkindles pleasant emotions, and awakens good will. It binds society together in mutual friendship. Peace builds up a good character, and promotes morality.

5. War is destructive to life, health and happiness. Was it no loss to this nation to kill or cripple for life, nearly a million of able-bodied men by the late rebellion? Did it not cause much weeping by surviving friends? Had there been peace throughout our nation, instead of the five years of civil war, our country would have been filled with joyous emotions, and a high degree of prosperity would have been experienced.

6. War blocks the chariot wheels of the Gospel. The wealth that is needed to christianize the nations, is wasted by war. Could the expense that has been poured out for war have been turned into benevolent channels, who can estimate the value, going to christianize the nations? Had the labor and self-denial spent for war been used for benevolent purposes, our missionary operations, domestic and foreign, instead of being retarded for lack of funds, would have been abundantly supplied.

Do we not see from the above reasons, the importance of a general attention to the cause of peace?

PLAIN TALK BY MR. GLADSTONE.

THE BULGARIAN HORRORS AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

But I return to, and I end with, that which is the Omega as well as the Alpha of this great and most mournful case. An old servant of the Crown and State, I entreat my countrymen, upon whom far more than perhaps any other people of Europe it depends, to require, and to insist, that our Government, which has been working in one direction, shall work in the other, and shall apply all its vigor to concur with the other states of Europe in obtaining the extinction of the Turkish executive power in Bulgaria. Let the Turks now carry away their abuses in the only possible manner, namely, by carrying off themselves. Their Zaptiehs and their Mudirs, their Bimbashis and their Yuzbachis, their Kaimakams and their Pachas, one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned. This thorough riddance, this most blessed deliverance, is the only reparation we can make to the memory of those heaps on heaps of dead; to the violated purity alike of matron, of maiden, and of child; to the civilization which has been affronted and shamed; to the laws of God, or, if you like, of Allah; to the moral sense of mankind at large. There is not a criminal in a European jail, there is not a cannibal in the South Sea Islands, whose indignation would not rise and overboil at the recital of that which has been done, which has too late been examined, but which remains unavenged; which has left behind all the foul and all the fierce passions that produced it, and which may again spring up, in another murderous harvest, from the soil soaked and reeking with blood, and in the air tainted with every imaginable deed of crime and shame.

That such things should be done once, is a damning disgrace to the portion of our race which did them; that a door should be left open for their ever-so-barely possible repetition would spread that shame over the whole. Better, we may justly tell the Sultan, almost any inconvenience, difficulty, or loss associated with Bulgaria,

"Than thou resented in thy place of light,
The mockery of thy people, and their bane."

We may ransack the annals of the world, but I know not what research can furnish us with so portentous an example of the fiendish misuse of the powers established by God "for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the encouragement of them that do well."

No government ever has so sinned; none has so proved itself incorrigible in sin, or, which is the same, so impotent for reformation. If it be allowable that the executive power of Turkey should renew at this great crisis, by permission or authority of Europe, the charter of its existence in Bulgaria, then there is not on record, since the beginning of political society, a protest that man has lodged against intolerable misgovernment, or a stroke he has dealt at loathsome tyranny, that ought not henceforward to be branded as a crime.

But we have not yet fallen to so low a depth of degradation; and it may cheerfully be hoped that, before many weeks have passed, the wise and energetic counsels of the Powers, again united, may have begun to afford relief to the overcharged emotion of a shuddering world.

The tenor of the news in regard to Turkey during the past week has been pacific. Russia still insists on a short armistice, while Turkey is willing to grant one covering the winter months in which she cannot prosecute the war to any advantage. France and Germany support the demand of Russia, but England does not take either side strongly. She is probably waiting for events. Every one of the larger Powers is preparing for war, but no one seems ready to take any action that shall be regarded as a cause of war. This is probably the explanation of the attitude of Russia, which is anxious to have opportunity for pouring her armies into Turkey, but not prepared to brave the public sentiment of Europe by opening the war herself. In her reluctance to commence the conflict we have an evidence of the growing sentiment of the world against aggressive war. Twenty-five or fifty years ago there would have been no such hesitation.—*New York Observer.*

PEACE THOUGHTS.

BY OLIVE F. CHANDLER.

Roll backward ye waters of strife!
O lave not my weary worn feet;
Your billows embitter all life,
All quiet and order defeat.
Your forming and surging must cease,
Your rudeness all concert destroys;
Your breezes so cruel to peace
Break fibres of love and its joys.

Come *Peace*, thou fair angel of bliss!
O bring the sweet waters of love;
Thy wand has a charm to enlist,
A power to chasten and soothe.
Peace breezes are fanning the earth,
They hail from the heaven of love;
Such triumph and heavenly mirth,
All kindreds and nations will move.

CHRISTMAS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

No trumpet blast profaned
The day on which the Prince of Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;
But o'er the peaceful plain
The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain.

The soldier had laid by
His sword, and stripped the corslet from his breast,
And hung his helm on high.
The sparrow's Winter home and Summer nest;
And with the same strong hand
That flung the barbed spear, he tilled the land.

Oh time for which we yearn!
Oh Sabbath of the nations, long foretold!
Season of peace, return!
Like a late Summer when the year grows old;
When its sweet sunny days
Steep mead and mountain-side in golden haze.

For now two rival kings
Flaunt o'er our bleeding land their hostile flags,
And every morning brings
The hovering vulture from the mountain crags
To where the battle plain
Is strewn with dead, the youth and flower of Spain.

Christ is not come while yet
O'er half the earth the threat of battle lowers,
And our own fields are wet,
Beneath the battle cloud, with crimson showers—
The life-blood of the slain,
Poured out where thousands die that one may reign.

Yet soon, o'er half the earth,
In every temple, crowds shall kneel again
To celebrate His birth,
Who brought the message of good will to men;
And burets of joyous song
Shall shake the roof above the prostrate throng.

Christ is not come while there
The men of blood, whose crimes affront the skies,
Kneel down in act of prayer,
Amid the joyous strains, and, when they rise,
Go forth, with sword and flame,
To waste the land in His most holy Name.

Oh when the day shall break
O'er realms unlearned in warfare's cruel arts,
And all their millions wake
To tasks of peaceful hands and loving hearts,
On such a blessed morn
Well may the nations say that Christ is born.

—William Cullen Bryant.

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RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.

The following oft-quoted lines of Tennyson find no fulfilment yet, as the years go by, but our faith accepts them as a cheerful declaration of a hope which is not doomed to disappointment :

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out wild-bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fallen minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold :
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LET THE GLAD TIDINGS GO FORTH.

Kind Friends and Patrons of the ANGEL OF PEACE :—

Our little Peace paper, for the old and young, was commenced five years ago, for the sole purpose of diffusing the noble sentiments of peace and good will everywhere. Too long has relentless and cruel war ravaged the fair portions of earth—wasting property and destroying life—and yet the fearful desolation goes on, even among civilized and Christian nations. The men, women and children of peace should earnestly work for the abolition of war and for the coming of the reign of “Peace on earth.”

God is pleased to bless even humble means for the advancement of His cause. The ANGEL has already performed a mission for good and has, we trust, long years of usefulness in the future. If so, it must receive the support of not a few, but of many in all parts of the land. We cannot afford to lose a single patron or friend, but must receive a large addition to our list, in order to ensure the success of this publication. We have earnestly desired to send it freighted with good things on peace, temperance, etc., to the millions scattered abroad ; but our means are not sufficient to do so.

Dear friends, we are grateful for the past (no paper has warmer or faster friends), but must urge each of you to put on the armor anew, and commencing at once, see what great things can be done to promote the circulation of the ANGEL in 1877. Its terms will remain the same, only covering cost. Its value will be increased from month to month. Please read carefully this number, and then say, what better or purer gem can be scattered broadcast over the land.

Friends of the good ANGEL OF PEACE, our appeal is to you. Let us have responses, both of good words and money. May God put it into the hearts of some faithful stewards of His earthly bounty, to contribute as the cause demands, to give the ANGEL to the hungry children in distant and destitute portions of our land. Who knows but a Ladd or Sumner may, through

its gentle teachings, be raised up!—able champions to combat the war system and hasten on the good time coming, when the song of the angels on the plains of Bethlehem shall be fulfilled, bringing “*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*”

Is it a good cause, a noble work? Then, friends, do yourselves the luxury, and cheer our hearts and strengthen our hands, by rolling up a large circulation of the ANGEL OF PEACE.

Your sincere well-wisher,

December, 1876.

H. C. DUNHAM.

STRAINING AT A GNAT.

Mother—Edward, my love, what are you doing with that fly?

Edward—Playing, Mother, see how he staggers.

Mother—Let me see, why Edward, two of its legs and one wing is gone, how happened this?

Edward—I pulled them off, Mother.

Mother—How could you do such a cruel thing? Did you not know that this insect feels pain as much as you do when you hurt yourself?

Edward—I didn't know that insects felt, Mother, they do not say anything nor make a noise like crying as we do!

Mother—I'hey try to get away from their tormentors. Do you know who made that fly, Edward?

Edward—Yes, Mother, I suppose God did, for the hymn says:

He who made the earth and sky,
Also made the little fly.

Mother—Yes, He can give life, but when you take it away, you cannot give it again; have you a right to take what does not belong to you?

Edward—No, Mother; but, Mother, what are the bells ringing for so merrily?

Mother—Because our army has obtained a glorious victory over the enemy!

Edward—What is a victory, Mother?

Mother—The two armies have fought and our soldiers have killed more than five thousand of the other side.

Edward—Are you glad, Mamma?

Mother—Yes, Edward, and you must be glad and rejoice too, you should hurrah and clap your hands, why do you look so sober about it?

Edward—I was thinking why I should be sorry when I kill a fly, and so merry when five thousand men are killed, does God care more for flies than for men, Mamma?

Mother—Come, my child, it is time for you to go to bed.

A LESSON OF GRATITUDE.

A gentleman once making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country, he was told that to entrap them, a pit was dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food was placed on the top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily fell into the snare.

“But,” he added, “if four or five happen to get in together, they will all get out again.”

“How is that?” asked the gentleman.

“They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape.”

“But how does the bottom one get out?”

“Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, yet can feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who had been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother enabling him to speedily join them in the freedom in which they rejoice.”

Sensible bears, we would say, are better than some people that we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.

Cross words are very sorrowful to think of. “Little children, love one another.”

A GOOD STORY.

From Ohio comes a capital temperance story Judge Quay, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts there, got off the following:

“All of those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whisky, at forty years will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whisky for years in moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose experience disputes this, let him make it known. I will account for it or acknowledge that I am mistaken.”

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, said:

“I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts the statement.”

“Are you a moderate drinker?” asked the judge.

“I am.”

“How long have you drunk in moderation?”

“Forty years.”

“And you were never intoxicated?”

“Never.”

“Well,” remarked the judge, scanning his subject close from head to foot, “yours is a singular case, yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story. A negro man, with a loaf of bread and a flask of whisky, sat down to dine by the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread, some of the crumbs dropped into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the dandy the idea of dipping the bread in the whisky and feeding it to them. He tried it; it worked well. Some of the fish ate it, became drunk, and floated helpless on the water. By this stroke of strategy he caught a great number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. He partook freely of the bread and whisky, but with no perceptible effect; he was shy of every effort of the dandy to take it.

“He resolved to have it at all hazards that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught it, carried it to a negro neighbor, and asked his opinion of the matter. The other surveyed the wonder for a moment, and then said: ‘Sambo, I understand dis case. Dat fish is a mullet-head; it han't got any brains.’

“In other words,” added the judge, “alcohol affects only the brain, and of course those having none may drink without injury!”

The storm of laughter that followed drove the moderate drinker suddenly from the house.

THE ANTS AND THE HONEY.

A lady once had a pot of honey, which she found often visited by ants. She tried various ways to keep them from getting at it, but all in vain. At last she fastened a cord round the vessel which held it, and let it hang down from a hook in the ceiling.

Now, it happened that there was just one single ant left upon that vessel. The lady thought she had swept them all off before she hung it up; but this little fellow had escaped her notice. When he found himself alone with that ocean of sweetmeats he ate as much as he wanted. Then he mounted the rope; climbed up to the ceiling; crossed the ceiling; marched down the wall, and made straight for home.

As soon as he arrived, he told his friends he knew how to find the honey, and was willing to show them the way. Directly a great company of them were ready to follow him. They formed in a line of march. He headed the line, and led them down that cord into the “happy valley” at the foot of it. At once they attacked the treasure. Each one took a load and started for home. Soon there were two lines of ants to be seen along that cord; one was going up full—the other was coming down empty. They never stopped till they had left the vessel perfectly clean of honey; and when the good lady came to take down her jar—behold, it was empty!

Of course ants never heard the eighth commandment. They know nothing about stealing, but lay their hands on everything they find that suits them. They are noble little fellows; they are always ready to help one another, and to share with others all the good things they get. Let us learn from the ants a lesson of kindness.



A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Christmas Eve, which brought so much mirth and so many happy hopes to most little children, was a time of great anxiety and concern to little Johnnie Crampton, for he had heard that Santa Claus loved none but good boys, and that only such might expect his annual visit. And now, as he was getting ready for bed and reflecting at the same time on his past conduct, he had to confess to himself that he had been anything but a good boy.

"Of all the bad things I've done!" said he to himself.—"Let's see, I chopped a piece of the cat's tail off; I broke three window panes with my ball; I stuck Jim Wilson with a pin in Sunday school; I got at mamma's preserves; I stole some peaches out of Mrs. Smith's garden; I kicked Mattie, the house-maid, and—and—"

He hung his head, for he was thinking of a falsehood he had told, when asked who plucked the solitary pear which the young pear tree in his father's yard had borne for the first time that year, and which his father had so carefully watched until it should be quite ripe. This falsehood troubled him more than all the rest of his misconduct, and made him very sorrowful indeed.

"The worst of it is," he continued, after a pause, "I can't remember any good things I've done; I must have been a *very* bad boy. Well, one thing is sure, there'll be no Santa Claus coming down *this* chimney to-night, and it's no use to hang up any stocking or basket."

In this mood the little fellow said his prayers and went to bed. It was long before he fell asleep. Indeed, we think he cried himself to sleep; and, even when he slept, his breathing was often broken by something between a sigh and a sob.

It must have been very late last night when a strange thing happened. It was never known just how it took place. Some said that Johnnie dreamed. But he always insisted (and of course he was the only one who could know) that he actually saw what happened with his own eyes. According to his story, he became aware of some one softly stroking his forehead, and though only half awake he could perceive the large form and the kind face of dear old Santa Claus bending over him.

"Poor boy! poor boy!" he heard the dear old Saint murmur to himself. "He does not *look* like a bad boy. He looks

as if he might become a good and noble man. If he would only learn to be more thoughtful, kind and obedient."

Here Johnnie fully awoke.—Strange to say, he was not a bit afraid, but quite at ease. So he sat up in the bed, and, looking into the visitor's face, made bold to say,

"Mr. Santa Claus, you came down the wrong chimney."

"I guess not," said Santa Claus.

"Yes, you did," said Johnnie; "you meant to go down the chimney of the next house. A good little boy lives there. But I am a bad boy, and you don't love bad boys."

"Don't love bad boys!" exclaimed the Saint, seeming to be quite horrified. "Who said so?"

"All the people say so," answered Johnnie.

"Then all the people are mistaken," said the good old man. "I do love bad boys; only I don't love their bad ways; and I think—"

Somehow, just at this point, Johnnie fell asleep again, and slept a sweet and peaceful sleep. But, when he awoke the next morning he found on the table beside his bed the very things he had wished for: an express wagon, a new hat, and many other things besides. With shouts of delight, he ran to exhibit his gifts and tell the tale of his adventure with Santa Claus.

But, all day long, he was thoughtful in the midst of his joy. He often thought of what Santa Claus had said about bad boys, and made up his mind the good friend of children was even much better than people believed him to be.

"But," he said to himself, "it seems to me it would be kind of mean to take these things and then go on being bad."

And so Johnnie, who at heart wished to be above everything mean, began from that day to be a more thoughtful, more obedient, and strictly truthful boy. Every one noticed the change, and the whole neighborhood, including cats and dogs, had reason to be thankful for the time when Johnnie Crampton found out that Santa Claus loved bad boys while he hated their bad ways. For after this Johnnie tried to live so that Santa Claus would not only love him but love his ways too, because he was a better boy.

A THOUGHT

As a child walking by its mother's side,
Letting her loving hand its footsteps guide,
Oft stumbles and perchance would fall at last,
Did not her tightening fingers hold him fast,
So would I walk along this world of strife,
Holding my Saviour's hand through all my life.
And should my own grow feeble in its grasp,
How sweet to feel that stronger, is His clasp,
As with each fall I come myself to doubt,
Clinging the firmer to that hand stretched out,
And learning soon its tender touch to know,
Tightening my hold and never letting go.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A WORD FOR BOYS.

Truth is one of the rarest gems. Many a youth has been lost in society by not allowing it to adorn his character, and foolishly throwing it away. If this gem still shines in your bosom, suffer nothing to displace or diminish its lustre.

Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us that man that commands much respect, an oath never trembles on his tongue. Read the catalogue of crime. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and don't let a vile word disgrace you.

Honesty, frankness, generosity, virtue—blessed traits! Be those yours, my boys, and I shall fear not. You are watched by your elders. Men, who are looking for clerks and apprentices have their eyes on you. If you are upright, steady and industrious, before long you will find good places, kind masters, and the prospects of a useful life before you.

The five largest nations, according to population, are in the order named, China, Great Britain, Russia, Germany, United States, Brazil; according to standing armies, Russia, Germany, France, Austria, Great Britain.

STONEHENGE AND THE DRUIDS.

The inhabitants of England, now so celebrated for their exertions in the cause of Christianity, were at the time of our Savior's birth idolatrous savages. Their religion was more cruel and more dreadful than that which is now professed by the heathen nations, among whom some of our missionaries are at present laboring.

They were extremely numerous, living together in small towns, consisting of rudely built huts, thatched with straw, and feeding large herds of cattle. Their towns were situated in immense forests, the entrance to which, in time of war, was stopped up by huge masses of felled timber. The chiefs adorn themselves with feathers and glittering ornaments. What clothes they wore were usually the skins of wild beasts, but the common people were entirely naked, and painted themselves blue. Their bodies were decorated with figures of the sun, stars, etc.

Their priests who were called Druids, lived in caves, woods and hollow trees. Their food was acorns and berries, and their drink water. They taught the people to worship the serpent, the sun, moon and stars, the ocean, rocks, mountains, and other beautiful objects of nature. Among other inhuman ceremonies they sacrificed their prisoners of war. They also made images in the shape of men, of a prodigious size, constructed of wicker-work, plained in the same way as our willow baskets. These they fill with children, and sometimes with men and women; after which they were publicly set on fire, and all who were within them burnt in honor of the goddess of victory!

Such was England once, and such she long remained—without God, without a knowledge of Jesus, without the Bible, and without Sunday Schools; though now, by the blessing of the Most High, she possesses all these, and has become a land distinguished for her civil and religious privileges. How happy is the change which has taken place since those days of ignorance and barbarous superstition!

The most interesting remains of the Druidical worship are found at Stonehenge, Wilts county, England, on Salisbury Plain. They are the ruins of a gigantic Druidic temple and consist of two circles of vast stones, partially remaining upright and partially lying prostrate, and which average fourteen feet in elevation, seven feet in breadth and three feet in thickness, generally estimated to weigh from ten to twelve tons, though some must exceed thirty tons in weight, and the two largest seventy tons each. The outer circle, of which seventeen out of thirty stones remain upright, is surrounded by a trench, and separated by an interval, eight feet across, from an inner circle of smaller upright stones, within which are two groups, having between them a large flat stone, termed the altar.

"ANYTHING TO START BUSINESS."

BY WILLIAM HAYES WARD, D. D.

It was on the Courtland street ferry that I noticed him. We were both standing close by the gate and had nearly reached the landing. He was a pleasant-looking gentleman, about forty-five years old, with a calm, placid face and a sedately-trimmed beard. His voice was gentle and pleasant, and he looked like a Sunday-school superintendent, or a Sunday-school teacher, at least. He held affectionately by the hand a little boy, four years old, whom I had not noticed at first, so still was he. The child felt subdued by the crowd and would have been frightened if he had not felt his father's hand.

"The news, to-day, is warlike," said a gentleman beside him. "It really looks as if Russia would declare war."

"I hope so," replied he, in the mildest tone. "It would be a great blessing to us. I have been saying these six months that there would be a war in Europe. We need it very much. Anything to start business. Anything! I don't care what it is!"

We had just reached the wharf, and my neighbor looked down and noticed that his little boy had put his hand on the iron gate which holds the passengers back until the boat is fastened.

"Take your hand off of the gate, my son," said he, "or you will get your fingers jammed. Anything," he repeated to

his companion—"anything to start business. I don't care what it is."

Meanwhile, he tenderly removed his boy's hand from the gate, and, as he caught my eye, I fancied that he thought I was staring at him rather rudely. But I don't believe that he had the least idea of what I was thinking of. Perhaps I would have told him, if the bars of the gate had not at that moment drawn together and let out the crowd, to hurry to the cars.

Dear little fingers, they must not get crushed. It would hurt the darling boy, and he would cry, and mother would be so sorry, and so would brothers and sisters, and so would father; for he loves his little boy and would not have him hurt for the world.

Father, what will you take for that little boy's fingers? Ten dollars? A hundred dollars? What will you take for the life of that dear girl of yours, who will run to the door to meet you with all her sweet maiden graces and welcome you home with a kiss? A thousand dollars? And? All the "business" you could do in a year? or in five years? flush times, such as a war in Europe would make?

Have you forgotten so soon what war does? Did you stay at home all through our war? In war they kill fathers with bullets and mothers with tears and hunger. They are bloody, cruel men, those Turks and Russians. Those Bash-Bazouks drive women and children into churches, and there they chop them in pieces with swords, and leave their bodies to rot unburied. Little boys, like yours, would have their fingers cut off, and their heads, too. Sweet girls, like yours at home, are barbarously tortured till mercifully killed. The Cossacks are savage, too. Oh, how horrible such a war would be! It would be a war without quarter or mercy, a war of extermination between Turks and Christians, a desperate Moslem war!

But it would "start business" here in these United States; and that would be such "a blessing." Little Johnny should have such lots of holiday gifts when the day comes around which celebrates "peace on earth, good will toward men;" and Grace should have a gold watch, with a beautiful chate-laine; and mother should have her new grand piano; and father would buy the Axminster carpet which they have wanted so long for the parlor; and there would be such a beautiful Christmas-tree at the Sunday-school, and they would sing their happy carols to the Prince of Peace.

"Anything to start business."

NOTE.—Our last word is this: Read our earnest appeal on the first page. Act at once. Let us receive a generous response from each friend. Please help send the ANGEL OF PEACE all over the land—flying in all directions—bearing the tidings of peace and joy to many homes and hearts, and the blessing of God will surely be given. D.

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DEAR FRIENDS:—An apology is due for the lateness of this issue of the *ADVOCATE*, which has been occasioned by removal of printing office; nor this alone, but the hardness of the times, and the very limited funds at our control, cripple our operations, at a time when, with redoubled zeal, we should prosecute our truly humane and Christian work. The American Peace Society has an honored history, and is entrusted with one of the greatest reforms of the age. We see the need and value of Peace principles in our own, and in other lands. A few years since, our beloved land was deluged in fraternal blood. A severe strain is upon us at this hour. The cry comes from all quarters, "Give us honest dealing and Peace."

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ON EARTH PEACE . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, JAN. AND FEB., 1877.

VOL. VIII. No. 1.

For the Advocate of Peace.

THE SIEGE OF SARAGOSSA.

BY GEORGE IDE MALCOM.

In judging of war it is sometimes well to narrow our vision to a circumscribed arena that we may there see at one glance the horror of this institution of barbarism. By examining a certain battle, or by marking the effect of war upon a particular city, we may often see, in miniature, portrayed the dreadfulness of the whole system of international strife. In this manner, as well as by argument or by an appeal to the moral sentiment of men, we may make a plea for the cause of peace. To portray an evil is sometimes to half correct it, and we are sure that if the masses of men could actually see the woe of bloody strife it would constrain them to an advocacy of peace. For this purpose, we endeavor to portray in a few touches one of the sad pictures of war. Saragossa, built on the site of a Roman colony founded by Cæsar Augustus, from him derived its name; for several ages it was the flourishing seat of a line of Mohammedan princes, in the twelfth century, passing into the hands of the Spaniards, Alfonso II there established the capital of his kingdom, and thus it became one of the prominent cities of Spain, beautiful for location, and the seat of wealth and religion. Yet, the miserable destruction of this fair city is not an exaggerated picture of the evil of war.

On the morning of the 20th of December, 1808, Saragossa, about to become the scene of one of the most terrific struggles of the world's history, presented an appearance of strange activity. Upon the plain around the city, extending some miles to the mountains beyond, were numerous encampments of French forces, and troops moving in various directions; while, within the city, soldiers and peasants were at work with the utmost industry, adding to the strength of the defences. The defensive resources of Saragossa consisted of thirty thousand regular troops, together with several thousand cannoneers, sappers and miners, and nearly twenty thousand citizens and peasantry. Thus, about fifty thousand persons were in the city, all excited by courage and fanaticism to defend themselves against the French forces. As to fortifications and defences, Saragossa was strongly protected on every side. The level country around the city, from which the trees and buildings had been removed, afforded small protection for the besiegers. The bend of the rivers nearly surrounding the city, and the nature of the houses and streets gave particular protection; while forts and ramparts, built with the aid of science, added further strength to the defences of the city. Upon the other hand, the united corps of the French, besieging the city, consisted of thirty-five thousand men of all arms. This force was officered by generals of skill and courage, and thoroughly equipped with all the munitions of war.

The siege fairly commenced on the evening of the 20th of December, when the French advanced in three columns against Saragossa. That evening they drove back the Spanish advanced guards, occupied both sides of the river Huerba, seized the aqueduct, and began to plan an immediate assault upon some of the out-works. The next morning, as the first blush of day dappled the eastern horizon, the French made a vigorous attack upon Monto Tonero, one of the defences of Saragossa, penetrated between the city and the fort, stormed the works protecting the sluices, and threw the Spaniards into such confusion that they withdrew into the city. Several days passed, while the fortunes of war alternated between the con-

tending forces; but after that, under the direction of Gen. La Costo, a distinguished engineer, the investment of Saragossa was speedily completed, though not without great loss to the French troops. Soon after this the city was summoned to surrender, but Palafox, the leader of the besieged, rejected this summons with scorn, answering, "Saragossa will neither be sold nor surrender." Stung by this haughty reply, the French redoubled their efforts, working day and night, now making an attack upon the castle of Abpafina, now against the convent of San Joseph, and now against the bridge over the Huerba; and in each case gaining some fresh advantage. Following up these advantages the besiegers planted a battery of thirty-two pieces of artillery over against the convent of San Joseph, at the same time bombarding the city. As the result of this attack, the convent was taken and its defenders either slain or captured. After many extraordinary incidents, both to those in the plains and those in the city; after extravagant hope and boasting amongst the Spaniards, and increasing difficulties and despondency among the French; and, after the destruction of much property and life, the walls of Saragossa were at length broken, and four chosen columns rushed over their ruins and endeavored to enter the town. In this they were only partially successful, owing to the resistance made by the Spaniards with grape and musketry; but they were enabled to establish themselves within the walls.

The mode of attack and defence now changed. The French general, La Costo, and also the Spanish colonel, San Genis, had died. With these engineers seemed to pass away the science of war, and in its place sprang up the fury and undisciplined courage of the people. The walls having fallen, the French possessed themselves of the suburbs and the war was transferred to the streets of the city. Now commenced a most extraordinary scene and one happily not often repeated in civilized warfare. The Spaniards threw barricades across the chief streets; mines were planted in the public squares; each great church and convent became a fortress; private houses were turned into garrisons; the church bells sent forth their deep voices calling the populace to arms; and the whole city became one battle-ground. The discipline of regular warfare having ceased, the French soldiers gave themselves to every excess and spared neither the rights of convents, of age or sex. As to the Spaniards they were ruled by Palafox and his junta with a rod of iron. This man, not then thirty years of age, and with small military knowledge, yet with a certain energy and courage, governed the chaos about him, and out of it brought forth for the Spaniards, at least, a terrible and furious resistance. Any citizen who manifested a symptom of insubordination against the power of Palafox forfeited his life, and daily executions upon the gibbet occurred. The besieged resisted the enemy street by street and house by house. Old men, women and children, all aided in trying to arrest the progress of the besiegers. The scene of dismay and ruin was terrible. Mines exploded with awful havoc to buildings and lives. The air was rent with the rattle of musketry, the shouts of the multitude, the crash of falling houses and the clangor of bells. Clouds of dust and smoke rolled over the city. Wounds and death were upon every side, yet, Saragossa was unconquered. At length a new terror arose in the shape of a dreadful pestilence. Soldiers in the garrison, citizens in the streets, and women and children in the houses, alike fell victims to this new scourge. Nearly five hundred deaths a day took place. Thousands of dead bodies were unburied.

The odor of corruption filled the air. The plebeian chiefs lost heart, and the pestilence destroyed the remnant of strength and courage spared by war. Only then, the Spaniards surrendered and the siege of Saragossa was finished.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, PROVIDENCE, Feb., 1877.

THE SILVER BIRD'S NEST.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Founded on the singular incident of finding the nest of a hanging bird, in a sycamore tree, formed entirely of silver wires, plucked from a soldier's epaulet.

A stranded soldier's epaulet
The waters cast ashore ;
A little winged rover met,
And eyed it o'er and o'er.
The silver bright so pleased her sight,
On that lone idle vest,
She knew not why she should deny
Herself a silver nest.

The shining wire she pecked and twirled,
Then bore it to her bough,
Where on a flowery twig 'twas curled,—
'The bird can show you how.
But when enough of that bright stuff,
The cunning builder bore
Her house to make, she would not take,
Nor did she covet more.

And when the little artisan
With neither pride nor guilt,
Had entered in her pretty plan,
Her resting place had built ;
With here and there a plume to spare,
About her own light form,
Of these, inlaid with skill, she made
A lining soft and warm.

But do you think the tender brood
She fondled there and fed,
Were prouder when they understood
'The sheen about their bed ?
Do you suppose they ever rose
Of higher powers possessed,
Because they knew they peeped and grew
Within a silver nest? —Selected.

PEACE.

O, Peace ! thou source and soul of social life :
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports ;
Blest be the man divine who gives us thee !
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;
Who sheaths the murderous blade ; the deadly gun
Into the well-piled armory returns ;
And every vigor, from the work of death,
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Unviolated, him the virgin sings ;
And him the smiling mother to her train.
Of him, the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chants : and the treasures of his labor sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the sailor soothes,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave ;
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.
Nor joys one land alone ; his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day ;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the song.

—Thompson.

A PLEA FOR PEACE.

BY COL. C. G. BAYLOR, OF GEORGIA.

The alternative of the Southern situation can be briefly stated.

(1) Either the late slave states of the Union must be placed under martial law, or,

(2) The people of these states of both races must now be left entirely free to adjust their own relations — educational, social and political.

For the last eight years we have had at the South a condition of things which has promoted race conflict and sectional alienation, because the policy of reconstruction adopted at Washington was wrong, or, because the Government was powerless to protect the rights of citizenship in those states, and enforce its own authority there. In either case we had irritation, agitation and antagonism, without any corresponding benefit whatever. The helpless Negro has been placed between two fires, as it were, in this matter. He has worn a very bloody shirt, and worn it for naught. Five thousand political murders have been perpetrated at the South among the colored citizens within this period of eight years ; and yet the law has been powerless to vindicate the sacredness of human life, the nation has been powerless to protect its citizens, and the North has during all this time been a comparatively helpless, if not indifferent, spectator of this bloody business. During all this time we have had a Republican Congress and a Republican President at Washington.

With such facts as these before us, what right have we to suppose that four more years of the same policy, under Governor Hayes as President, will produce different results ? The choice of the alternatives stated at the beginning of this article is, therefore, evidently a plain one. Congressional intervention in Southern affairs should now be terminated. Military intervention in the local politics of the South should cease. The policy of peace should be inaugurated under President Hayes and the new era of moral reconstruction entered on, as offering the true solution of the Southern problem. The Southern people, colored and white alike, should be left entirely free to adjust their own affairs. For the rest, we must rely on time, education, and the advancing influences of civilization.

Either this or territorial reconstruction and military government for every state which formed a part of the Confederacy.

The peaceful solution of the Southern question needs the presence of Governor Hayes at Washington as President for the next four years. A Confederate-Democratic restoration, under Governor Tilden, would only prolong the conflict. To prolong this sectional and race conflict is an evil of such magnitude that every lover of peace and civilization should strive to deliver the country from its blighting influences.

I have very strong reasons for believing that the leading statesmen of the South are prepared for this peace policy under Governor Hayes. The old Whig leaders of the South, without regard to present party relations, would sustain his administration. In my recent interviews with Mr. Stephens and Mr. Gordon, of Georgia, and Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, I was satisfied that these gentlemen were sincere in their devotion to the cause of peace and to American nationality. According to these gentlemen, under no possible circumstances will the South become a party to any armed conflict over the presidential question. Her policy is that of peace, and peace only. Thus the South is now in a position to be once more "united to the Union" (if I may use the expression) in a new bond, which nothing can ever break. The opportunity should not be lost. For with this political reunion will come church reunion, and with this social reconciliation, and so the heaven will work gradually until the end we all desire is reached.

This peaceful treatment of the Southern question throws a heavy burthen of moral responsibility in regard to the emancipated race on its friends North, as well as South. The colored people will now require all the aid their friends can give them in the education of their children. They will need more than ever the practical and effective sympathy in this direction which money alone can supply. With freedom and education, nothing can prevent the steady advance of the Negro in culture and power. He may drop out of our politics, for a time, at

least; but he will not drop out of himself. The divine life-instinct which liberty has breathed into him will do its perfect work sooner or later. The Southern Negro feels this already, and he will work out his own salvation, in the face of all the difficulties, which now confront him in the future. What that future is to be involves a question which no human reason can answer. We can only—North and South alike—do our duty in this sacred matter and commit our motives and the future to Him whose almighty hand can alone guide aright, whether the guidance be for the individual, for a race, or for a nation.—*The Independent.*

MR. BRIGHT ON A GREAT QUESTION.

BY REV. ABEL STEVENS, LL. D.

Mr. Bright has delivered an important speech on the Eastern question. The English journals report it fully, and, we doubt not, it will have a powerful influence on public opinion. Mr. Bright is acknowledged to be one of the most eloquent of English statesmen. Impartial Englishmen hardly hesitate to accord him superiority above all their other "leaders of opinion" as an orator, and not merely as a popular orator. For why such a distinction? Is not the public conscience the best criterion of a statesman's character and talent? He that can most effectively move the popular mind of a nation should be most powerful in its senate. Mr. Bright cannot be surpassed by Disraeli or Gladstone. The nation feels that he is one of its few supreme men, and every thing he says is seriously pondered. If it is asked Why? we reply that it is because the moral sense of the man predominates in all that he utters. He is a good "stylist," notably terse, direct and patent. He is practical in his logic, dealing in matters of fact, and, when occasion requires, in statistical facts—a quality that Englishmen hugely admire; but above all other British statesmen his *morale* is accredited by the people. He believes thoroughly in Christian civilization, and takes his stand before the senate and before the people on this belief. He is a striking example of Cicero's precept, that the orator should be a good man, because the confidence of the people is the chief secret of success in eloquence, and the popular mind, however corrupt it may be, instinctively recognizes and submits to the dictatorship of an orator whose moral integrity is not doubted.

Mr. Bright never hesitates to take his stand before the people on some grand moral principle. He believes that men have consciences, and that to touch the underlying moral sense of a nation is the most effectual means of compelling and fashioning its policy—if not immediately, yet in the long run; and to the genuine statesman (we speak not of the mere politician) success in "the long run" is the only success. This late speech is an admirable example. Though he discusses with commanding good sense the minor questions of expediency as involved in the designs of Russia, the interests of England as connected with the control of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, etc., yet his chief postulate is the moral wrong of war on the part of England for Turkey; and as an essential preliminary to this, the moral inexpediency of war in general. His speech is so constructed that no mere politician, no pettifogger, can gainsay it. After freely dealing with the questions of practical policy involved in the discussion, he lifts the minds of his hearers to the loftiest ethical views of the subject, and leaves it at last to the instincts of their conscience. This we call the highest possible logic. And while the highest for cultivated minds, it is also the most comprehensible, the most intelligible, and the most effectual to the popular mind.

For example, after showing that the war with the American Colonies was, according to the present unanimous judgment of Englishmen, wrong and useless; that the war with the French Republic and with Napoleon I. was equally so; and that the Crimean War was utterly so—as Kinglake has shown—he rises into a high moral generalization on war itself, and utters this striking passage. "Now, can it be possible that any thing like this can be necessary? It seems to me that the whole world is wrong, that every thing is wrong in the creation and arrangement of the conditions under which men live on this earth, if man himself is not very wrong in having brought matters to this dreadful condition?"—this universal resort to carnage for the decision of international questions that ought to be deter-

mined by the best intelligence and conscience of mankind; this useless waste of life and property; this acknowledged uselessness of more than a hundred years of English wars! How sublimely superior to the ordinary passionate and infatuated reasoning in detail of politicians is such a grand generalization!

It will be said, to be sure, that such generalizations do not apply in the practical troubles of States; that nations, when they come into collision, must drop them, and descend to the details of steel and lead, of fire and blood. Alas, then, for what you call human reason, for your ethical systems, for your divine religions! But are these, indeed, only dreams? Is it impossible to give them practical application in the affairs of States? Is it necessary that, to determine a high and solemn question of international ethics, you must array, in opposite lines of battle, hundreds of thousands of men—of Christian fathers of families, brothers, sons—and with resounding music and thundering cannon set them to cutting each other's throats, massing them in hecatombs of rent and bleeding carcasses? Is this statesmanship? Is this Christian civilization? Should this be the logic of Christendom in the nineteenth century?

In the name of the moral universe, in the name of Almighty God, we must repel any such conclusion. We must take our stand by the side of the great Christian statesman of England, and protest against this abnegation of the moral law of the world—this practical denial, by human governments, of the government of the infinite Jehovah.

It is precisely because enlightened nations hesitate so much to admit the moral generalization propounded by Mr. Bright that military slaughter, legalized murder, is thus found to be inevitable. Let the truth be generally admitted by statesmen; let the true light in upon the minds of the people; let the appeal of humanity, of reason, of Christianity, be fairly admitted into the cabinets of the nations, and the right way of avoiding war will not be difficult to find. For more than half a century the proposition to settle international difficulties by arbitration was advocated by a class of philanthropists in America, England and France. They were laughed at as sentimentalists. Narrow-minded political thinkers smirkingly ogled them as big-hearted but little-minded men, though their logic was such as archangels might well approve. At last the Anglo-American difficulty was made the test of this so-called sentimental folly, and no more splendid example of international wisdom has occurred in modern history. "Arbitration" is no longer a sentimental illusion; it has been found to be one of the most simple, most rational modes—if not the only rational mode—of settling the disputes of nations. The nations, then, have at last got a glimpse of clear reason in this matter. What they now need is to be kept steadily to it in spite of their immensely wasteful provisions for mutual butchery. The people must be taught, by such reasoning as Mr. Bright's, that war is an infinite crime. Sovereigns and statesmen must be brought to feel (what is ethically, soberly true) that he who occasions a war is a murderer, incomparably more guilty than any highway assassin or Thug; that every lost life, every widow and orphan, occasioned by his crime will appear against him at the final judgment of God, that inevitable retribution will overtake him; that, in other words, there is a moral government over this world, and it will stand forever. Thus rulers and people must be made to feel, and then the barbaric crime will give way to arbitration, to reason, to conscience. Mr. Bright shows how such a reformation ought to be brought about. First, by Christian conviction. "This crime of war," he says, "has been going on for eighteen hundred years after men have adopted a religion whose founder is the Prince of Peace, and which was intended to bring peace on earth and good will to men. After all these years the peace has not come. Among nations we find hardly a trace of it, century after century." Secondly, Christendom should be made to correct this enormous failure by its religious teachers. He estimates about 50,000 of these in England. "What," he exclaims, "What have you forty or fifty thousand preachers been doing with this great question—yon, the ministers of the Prince of Peace? I believe the Church can do more for it than all statesmen." He summons them to the sublime work. God grant that the ministry may respond to the world over! Their verdict could establish arbitration as a new and permanent institution of Christendom.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, JAN. & FEB., 1877.



SALUTATION.

It is proper that the Editor, in this, the first number of the *Advocate* for the year of our Lord 1877, should extend to his readers an affectionate salutation. It is not too late, even now, to wish all the readers of the *Advocate* a Happy New Year. Besides, there is, perhaps, a stronger reason than even the accustomed new year's greeting why we should speak these words to our readers; and that is because we have not yet made our formal bow of respect to our new friends, whom we shall henceforth meet from time to time in the companionship of this journal. True, we have been performing the duties of our office of Corresponding Secretary several months, but somehow in the rush of cares we have neglected the polite duty of saying, "I am very happy to make your acquaintance," to our circle of new friends. We make the best atonement in our power, therefore, at this late hour, by wishing all our readers health, peace and happiness, and promising to try to do whatever may be in our power to promote these propitious circumstances.

It is with a heart full of seriousness and tenderness that we say these words. We feel a sincere diffidence in endeavoring to express our emotions. Indeed, it is perhaps the less necessary that we attempt to express now our feelings in entering upon our new vocation, inasmuch as our sentiments were stated in our letter of acceptance of the call of the American Peace Society; which letter, through the kindness of our esteemed co-laborer, the Recording Secretary, has been placed before the readers of the *Advocate* in a previous number. All we said in that letter, and much more of like nature, is in our heart to-day. After three months of deliberation we accepted the call extended to us by the Society, conscious of the responsibilities to be assumed, but in faith looking to God, and in trust looking to our co-laborers, for aid in carrying out our duties. To-day we feel more profoundly than ever the need both of Divine help and of human sympathy in order that we may have success in our mission.

It is not becoming in us, just entering upon our new tasks, to propose particular innovations, or to announce a programme of what we purpose to accomplish. True, we have high and well defined hopes, which by the prayers and labors of faith we desire to see take shape in fact; yet, it is better we should now exercise the grace of modesty, keeping our plans in our own mind awhile, and letting time, experience, the wise and affectionate counsel of our eminent co-laborers in the Society, and above all the shaping hand of God, be sufficient to crystallize into action and history all our most ardent aspirations. The American Peace Society has an honored history of nearly half a century; has received the apostolic labors of William Ladd, of George C. Beckwith, of James Browning Miles; has the sympathy and support of scholars, statesmen, philanthropists, clergymen and distinguished men of all walks of life, in all parts of our country; has accomplished in a quiet and

persevering way, by its public meetings, its publications and its influence upon international law, a vast work in promoting peace principles; and, more than all, it never had before a higher mission, or a greater hope of influencing the nations for peace than now, with the assistances of the new impulses of present civilization and Christianity. Therefore, we may well bid our readers and all friends of peace to render us their hearty co-operation. With the prayers, and industry and benevolence of many co-laborers we may hope to accomplish a good work; but without sympathy, or liberal contributions, or hearty co-operation from all the friends of peace any devotion upon our part cannot be of much avail.

One point only concerning the hopes we have in our work will we here particularly mention. This we do because it immediately relates to the *Advocate of Peace*. It is this: we earnestly desire to make the *Advocate* a repository of instructive and valuable information, relating to the whole subject of peace; to secure original contributions from eminent and scholarly men; and, in brief, to make our magazine of such worth in its distinctive department, that our readers shall be induced to bind the numbers into a volume at the end of each year, finding these volumes valuable in all years to come, as affording a sort of encyclopædia of peace literature. Towards this end, the December number each year will be accompanied by a neat title-page, and a careful and complete index for the year. Let our readers therefore preserve their numbers for binding.

Now, having had this familiar talk with our large circle of new acquaintances, the Editor once more makes to them his affectionate salutation, and wishes them prosperity and peace from the Lord evermore.

C. H. M.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

The civilized world continues to be kept in suspense concerning the relationship between Turkey and Russia. As we look towards the East a lurid light is seen gleaming along the horizon, as though a portent of coming war; and then a clearer brightness breaks upon the sky, a sign of continued peace; and then clouds gather over all, as though the war-storm was about to break forth immediately. So are we kept in continual watching. What are the signs of the times to-day? It is difficult to tell. Matters, however, seem to have a serious aspect. Telegraphic despatches tell us that Russian pioneers have arrived on the Danube, and are examining sites for bridges; that work on the Roumanian railway and the summer residence of the Prince has been stopped, as war is believed to be imminent; that the Russian war office is preparing circulars of instruction to the army; that the various powers have withdrawn their ambassadors from Constantinople; that the Montenegrins want war, and are making enthusiastic preparations to resume hostilities; that the Ottoman Empire is fired with fanaticism; that the Czar is not inclined to recede from his positive position; and that mighty preparations for war are going on upon sea and land. All these are certainly ominous tokens.

It is profoundly interesting just at this point to notice the position of the European powers apart from Turkey and Russia. It is said that Russia before making formal proposals for common action sounded the various powers of Europe, but that none of them are prepared to go beyond the moral pressure of withdrawing their ambassadors from Constantinople. This is especially true of Austria. It is evident that Austria is not prepared to participate with Russia in coercive measures.

France has refused to furnish the Porte with officers for the gendarmerie. Germany seems more than ever disposed to keep a strictly neutral position. Prince Bismarck from his seclusion at Varzin keeps his own counsel, and refuses to tell what he means; but his countrymen are expressing their minds with great freedom, and give the world clearly to understand that they care very little for the Turks, and not much for the suffering Christians, so that their father-land is spared being called upon for money or men for the war. England has ordered her fleet to Eastern waters, and her troop-ships are making ready to carry forces to the scene of action; but, however public officials may make a show of sympathy for Turkey, and may have a genuine jealousy of Russia, it is evident the English people are not disposed to burden themselves with additional taxes, and to make a sacrifice of lives, for the sake of the Ottoman Empire; and, also, it is apparent that the powerful protests made by John Bright before the people, and by Henry Richard before the parliament, against rendering aid to Turkey, have aroused immense sympathy throughout Great Britain. Therefore, in face of this refusal from Austria, France, Germany and England to participate in the war against Turkey, it seems evident that Russia must press her course alone; and this the Czar at Moscow has declared he will do, and if necessary exact by force from Turkey what he knew beforehand could not be otherwise obtained.

Therefore, if the storm-clouds of war now gathering portentously in the Eastern sky really break forth into the thunderings and flamings of battle, Europe will stand by and see the national duel go on alone between Turkey and Russia. If the strife actually comes between these two powers it will be terrific. Russia has already marched a large army to the frontier. Turkey is doing all within her power to match her great antagonist. As the Turk entered Europe by the sword he will leave it only by the sword. From the first the Turk has shown a wonderful stubbornness; all the concessions he has hitherto made have been nominal; he retains his cruel power over his Christian subjects; he believes that his national life and his religion is now at stake; in the mosques of Constantinople and of every town in his Empire the people are fired to enthusiasm by the preaching of a holy war; and if he fights now it will be with unsurpassed fierceness. There are twenty-eight millions of subjects in the Ottoman Empire, ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of their ruler and their religion, their territory and their homes. That the Turks can fight history proves. The Turkish soldiers of to-day are muscular, intelligent and brave; they are well officered; they bear the greatest fatigues and hardships, eating coarse food, and content with a miserable pay of thirty piastres, or a dollar and twenty-five cents, a month; and they are well supplied with arms and ammunition. Connecticut and Rhode Island having sent them five hundred thousand Martini-Henry rifles, and a vast store of ammunition, at a cost of ten millions of dollars, besides vast supplies received from many other sources. Upon the other hand, Russia has immense resources, religious fanaticism and an army of wonderful numbers and discipline. Hence a war between these two powers would present a spectacle of such destruction and death as might well fill with horror the minds of all men.

Alas! What can the American Peace Society, or the peace societies of all the world, or the moral influence of all Christendom itself, do in the presence of such gigantic dangers? It

is only by looking into the Word of God that we get an answer to our questions. We are there told that nations shall learn war no more. The word of the Lord has spoken it. We believe it. Therefore we strive for the coming of that day. The more firmly rooted the war system seems, and the more feeble peace principles seem in the presence of that system, the more the hands of our faith-prayer and faith-work shall be put forth upon the columns of that edifice, like the hands of the blind Sampson upon the two middle pillars of the house of Dagon, till bowing with all our might by the aid of the omnipotent Jehovah it shall be overcast, and the fabric of peace upon earth shall be built upon its ruins. C. H. M.

DEATH OF DR. CASWELL.

It is with peculiar sorrow that we record the decease of the Rev. Alexis Caswell, D.D., LL.D., formerly President of Brown University, and for many years, and at the time of his death, the President of the Rhode Island Peace Society. He departed this life at his residence in the city of Providence, on the 8th of January, at the age of nearly seventy-eight years.

Dr. Caswell was born in Taunton, Mass.; graduated from Brown University in 1828; studied theology under the distinguished Rev. Dr. Stoughton, at Columbia College, Washington; became professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Brown University in 1828, and continued in this position thirty-five years; became President of Brown University in 1868, and continued in that position five years. Dr. Caswell held many positions of trust and influence, which we cannot here attempt to enumerate, in departments of scholarship, of philanthropy and of religion. He was a devoted Christian, a courteous gentleman, a spirited citizen, a devoted friend and an eminent scholar. His Christian sympathies were most generous, and while from conviction a member of the Baptist denomination, he yet loved ardently all the church of Christ. In the face of much opposition, he stood firmly for liberty of communion at the Lord's Table for all disciples of Christ, whether or not of his sect.

It was our great happiness, during our long pastorate in Rhode Island, to have much precious acquaintance with Dr. Caswell; at times to have him in our home and pulpit; and at times to be his guest. We always found in him a wise counsellor and an affectionate friend. He was an ardent friend to the peace cause; and as President of the Rhode Island Peace Society, was a valuable auxiliary to the work of the American Peace Society, sometimes remitting a hundred dollars to the treasury of this society. We were expecting to receive great aid from his counsel in our present work, and our last call upon him, only a few days before his death, and our last letter written to him, was in regard to the work of our Peace Society.

His obsequies were held in the First Baptist Meeting-house of Providence. President Robinson, Rev. Dr. Caldwell and Rev. Dr. Taylor conducted them. A vast assembly of eminent men from all parts of the State, and from far beyond, were present. We made it a special errand, in love and honor of his memory, to attend. Now, as we go on in our work, we feel that his loss to us can scarcely be replaced. Yet, immeasurably greater is his loss to many departments of scholastic and religious enterprise. He has finished his earthly labors. His memory is crowned with honor. C. H. M.

Hon. Wm. Beach Lawrence of Newport, who has given much attention to the electoral question, is in Washington.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A NEUTRAL TERRITORY has been proposed by a German gentleman, who has expressed his quaint ideas upon this subject in a pamphlet of much interest. He brings out in a new light the utter absurdity of the present war system for settling international difficulties, and makes a curious plea for peace principles. He suggests improvements in the arrangements for and the conducting of war as follows:—the European powers shall set aside a neutral territory, to be devoted entirely to bloodshed; all other territory is to be held inviolate; all fighting is to be confined to comparatively small bands of highly trained combatants; the neutral territory is to be fitted up with admirable contrivances to cure, and large hospitals with surgeons and nurses, and depots of artificial limbs are always there to be in readiness for the wounded; the neutral territory, devoted to martial purposes, and to curing purposes, is also to contain vast cemeteries for those slain in battle, or perishing of wounds or disease; any two nations desiring to fight shall hire this territory, for the use of which there shall be a regular scale of prices; they may also hire all kinds of weapons for destroying human life; and last but not least, all charges are to be paid strictly in advance, thus forming an immense revenue, to be devoted to the maintenance of wounded and disabled soldiers, and of the widows and orphans of those slain in battle. Bravo! we unanimously vote this German theorist an honorary member of the American Peace Society. His theory is admirable. We only by becoming meekness make one suggestion, it is that some Yankee genius now invent men-machines, worked by internal springs, to do all the fighting upon said neutral territory. Then we will shut up our office, and declare the peace cause triumphant.

NISSOLE, a young man of respectable position, residing near Marseilles, France, has recently given practical exemplification of his peace principles by refusing to bear arms. Being tried before a court martial for this offence he gave as his excuse that his religious principles would not allow him to slay his fellow man, and quoted texts from the Bible in support of his views. The judge, in obedience to the law, condemned him to two months in prison, and then to be incorporated for twenty-eight days in a line regiment, and in default of non-compliance to be tried for rebellion. We have written to Nissolle expressing our interest in his case, and asking further particulars.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER this year had as themes on Thursday prayer for nations; for rulers, magistrates, and statesmen; for philanthropic and benevolent institutions; and for the maintenance of peace. We may well take heart when the Christian Church throughout the world thus prays for peace.

CHERIFE HANOUM, a Turkish lady who exhibited extraordinary courage during the siege of Lubinje by the Montenegrins, has received from the Ottoman government the order of the Medjidie. May the same government have occasion to confer its highest order now upon some man or woman who will bring peace!

THE NATIONAL DEBTS of Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia amount in the aggregate to twenty-three thousand millions of dollars. The chief source of this enormous indebtedness has been actual war, and the vast expense of keeping up war establishments in the time of peace. What can the American Peace Society, and all peace societies, and the whole Christian Church do in the face of such war customs? Our help is in God!

THE TAUPOO MISSION in New Zealand was formerly a flourishing mission, with twelve churches and a native Christian industrial colony at the central station. But war occurred and destroyed the mission! Rev. T. S. Grace has been sent out by the Church Missionary Society to reorganize this mission, and will begin by rebuilding the mission-house, school-house and cottages for native preachers. War, even in the far away quarters of the earth, is a great hindrance to the spread of the gospel.

GUN-BARRELS FOR THE PORTE have been dispatched to Turkey within a few weeks, manufactured by a large firm in Antwerp in accordance with a contract made between the firm and the Turkish government. They were of the kind known as the Endeaus patent, and were two thousand and five hundred tons in quantity. This is not a particularly happy fact for the consideration of the association for the reform and codification of the law of nations, which holds its annual meeting at Antwerp next summer.

THE EXIMOS, as we are informed by a writer who has given careful attention to the character and habits of this interesting people, do not quarrel. If any one gets angry and uses harsh words, no reply is made. This ends the dispute and preserves the peace, as it takes two sides to make a battle. This is an admirable practice for domestic and social life. It would save a vast amount of misery in families and communities, if this practice prevailed everywhere.

THE STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL LAW had a curious turn recently given to it by a Peking bookseller, who, in reply to a learned Chinese official, reading upon that subject, filled out an order for works in the English language upon this theme by including amongst the law books three novels: G. P. R. James' "The Smuggler," Ouida's "Under two Flags" and Scott's "Pirate."

THOMAS EDWARDS of Scotland has had conferred upon him by Queen Victoria an annual pension of £50 because of his acquirements as a naturalist. We are happy to see the arts of a peaceful vocation thus rewarded. Is it not better to give a pension to a student of nature than to a student of war?

CAPTAIN BROWN, of Chicago, has received the Servian gold cross for gallantry in the battle of Alexinatz, where he lost a leg. When will governments reward men for heroic services to prevent war?

For the Advocate of Peace.

POMP OF WAR.

[The following letter from a gentleman who served as a captain in the army during our late civil war, and who has witnessed the scenes of battle and hospital, gives valuable testimony concerning the emptiness of the pomp of war.—EDITOR.]

New York, Feb. 1, 1877.

EDITOR ADVOCATE OF PEACE,—

The "pomp and circumstance of war" sounds well and reads very prettily to those careless as to the real meaning of words. Yes, the "pomp" incident to war is attractive, the first going out to the tented field, the martial strains, the daily reviews of large lines of splendid bodies of men arrayed as soldiers is inspiring to the recruit and the looker-on, who, when the show is over, can return to comfort and home. But after the "pomp" is seen, must come the "circumstance" in its turn,—a few of these latter such as "broken health," loss of limb or life, in ways too horrid to record. Yet it is a fact that to-day several millions of men are kept in fighting order by the various nations of the earth so that any real or fancied

insult can be immediately punished. What folly! Who that has had experience in the tented field, the battle and the hospital can ever again wish to experience the horrors of those places too often looked upon by our youth as experiences to be desired.

May this nation's glory in the future be that it will war no more unless *driven* to it, for I am not of those who believe that yet has come the time when wars shall cease but that it is coming. I do believe and hope it will soon be the time when Peace will be written upon the frontlets of the nations of the earth.

The following beautiful lines on "Peace" written by Henry Vaughan who died in 1695, I find in my scrap-book and think they should go the "grand rounds" again.

My soul, there is a country,—
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry,
All skilful in the wars;
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger,
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And oh, my soul, awake,—
He did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes,—
'Thy God, thy life, thy cure!

AGITATOR.

For the Advocate of Peace.

OUR CAUSE AT THE WEST.

Mt. Morris, Ill., Jan. 30, 1877.

DEAR BRO MALCOM:—It occurs to me that you may feel interested to know of the work in which I have been engaged for two weeks. Our old friend Amasa Lord, whom you know formerly as Secretary of the American Peace Society, arranged for me to deliver ten lectures in Northern Illinois, before lecture associations, churches and schools. While but few of the audiences have been very large, at every point we have had preachers, editors or college professors present; and it is a matter of especial encouragement that the lectures have received hearty endorsement from all these classes, almost without exception. Is not this a clear proof of the advancement of public sentiment on this subject? At this place, where there is a seminary with 125 students, I spoke on Saturday night to less than 100 students and others, there being an admittance fee charged at the door. The next night (Sabbath) I spoke of Jesus as "Prince of Peace," to an audience of 500 to 700 people. I received the most hearty endorsement.

While at Elgin, the great watch manufacturing town, I was most hospitably entertained by that zealous friend of peace, Amasa Lord. He is well advanced in life and his health is feeble, but his head is still clear and his heart warm with love for God and man. I was snowed in two days at his house and I confess to you that, enthusiastic as I had counted myself, my zeal received a new inspiration by witnessing the devotion and ardor of Brother Lord. Both he and his noble wife and daughter give their entire time to the work of peace and temperance. Besides the entire time of these three, he gives largely of his own means in the gratuitous circulation of his paper, *The Informer*, and other peace matter.

If we had more such devoted workers in the peace cause as Brother Lord, we should soon have a better world. I go now to the State of Iowa, where I have thirty or forty engagements to lecture and many of them are at colleges. By the grace of God, I am determined that the college students shall not be ignorant of peace so far as I can reach them.

Yours in the cause, WM. G. HUBBARD.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE AND TRIUMPH.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

The following poem, of rare poetic beauty, and of peace sentiments admirably adapted to these times, was recited to us by an eminent Christian lady, interested in the cause of peace, and we write it down from her recitation.—[EDITOR.]

Who would not be a Christian? Who but now
Would share the Christian's triumph and his hope?
His triumph is begun. 'Tis his to see,
Amid the chaos of a world convulsed,
A new creation rising. Mid the gloom
Which wraps the low concerns of states and kings,
He marks the morning star; sees the far East
Blush with the purple dawn: he hears a trump
Louder than all the clarions and the clang.
Of horrid war, swelling, and swelling still,
In lengthening notes, its all-awakening call—
The trump of jubilee. Are there no signs,
Thunders and voices, in the troubled air?
Do ye not see, upon the mountain tops,
Beacon to beacon answering! Who can tell
But all the harsh and dissonant sounds, which long
Have been—are still—disquieting the earth,
Are but the tuning of the varying parts
For the grand chorus, which shall usher in
The hastening triumph of the Prince of Peace!
Yes; his shall be the kingdoms. He shall come,
Ye scoffers at his tarrying! Hear ye not,
E'en now, the thunder of his wheels? Awake,
Thou slumbering world! E'en now the symphonies
Of that blest song are floating through the air—
Peace, peace on earth, and glory be to God!—*Selected.*

For the Advocate of Peace.

A SONG OF PEACE.

BY REV. D. SAWYER.

To plowshares let the swords be wrought,
Let truth and righteousness be sought;
And spears to pruning-hooks be changed,—
The world with war no more deranged.

Then furrow deep the tented field,
Broadcast the seed for harvest-yield,
And prune the blooming bough of peace,
In hope of fruit a rich increase.

Let tyrants from their thrones be hurled,
The flag of war forever furled;
The implements of death destroyed,
The camp deserted, and made void.

The tented field shall wave with grain;
No friends shall weep o'er graves of slain;
The bugle-blast forever cease,
The world rejoice in smiling peace.

A story is told of a little boy who was in the habit of beating all the animals about his father's place. A mule was bought one day, and the boy, armed with a thick stick, whacked the mule from behind, and the mule kicking him in the face, knocked him into a fence corner.

As he was picked up he said to his father:

"Do you think I will get well?"

"Yes."

"Will I be as pretty as I was before?"

"Well, no, my son, you won't be as pretty, but you will have a good deal more sense."

The Italian Government has manufactured an 100 ton gun, 32 feet long, receiving 440 pounds of powder to a charge, and throwing a projectile weighing 2000 pounds. The King of Italy, as an expression of his satisfaction of the gun, conferred upon Sir Wm. Armstrong, who produced it, the Grand Cross of the United Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazare.

WHAT OF THE DAY?

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A sound of tumult troubles all the air,
 Like the low thunders of a sultry sky
 Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings glare;
 The hills blaze red with warnings: foes draw nigh
 Treading the dark with challenge and reply.
 Behold the burden of the prophet's vision—
 The gathering hosts—the Valley of Decision,
 Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling o'er.
 Day of the Lord, of darkness and not light!
 It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar.
 Even so, Father! Let thy will be done—
 Turn and o'erturn, end what thou hast begun,
 In judgment or in mercy: as for me,
 If but the least and frailest, let me be
 Evermore numbered with the truly free
 Who find Thy service perfect liberty!
 I fain would thank Thee that my mortal life
 Has reached the hour (albeit through care and pain)
 When Good and Evil, as for final strife,
 Close dim and vast on Armageddon's plain;
 And Michael and his angels once again
 Drive howling back the Spirits of the night.
 Oh! for the faith to read the signs aright,
 And, from the angle of thy perfect sight
 See Truth's white banner floating on before;
 And, the Good Cause, despite of venal friends,
 And base expedients move to noble ends:
 See Peace with Freedom make to Time amends,
 And, through its cloud of dust, the threshing-floor,
 Flailed by thy thunder, heaped with chaff as grain!
 —Selected.

TOPICS OF TO-DAY.

....Prince Nikita has declared he will never make peace unless he receives additional territory. Official statistics show there are now over 56,000 Bosnian refugees on the Cretan frontier.

....A telegram received in London from Teheran says: "In view of England's neutrality Persia is likely to observe a pacific policy toward Turkey, unless great pressure is exercised by Russia."

....Lieutenant-General de Pavia has been made a recipient of the Grand Cross of the Order of Ferdinand, and accorded a pension of \$2000 a year for his services in suppressing the cantonal insurrection in Andalusia.

....There is an apprehension that war would inevitably result in a collapse of Russian finances, and create a very serious crisis for the commerce of Europe.

....Great excitement continues in the Basque Provinces of Spain concerning the conscription, and especially in the mining districts of Somnovo and Galdames. Several war steamers have arrived at Bilbao and been placed at the disposal of the military authorities.

....It is positively stated that the Porte intends to introduce, of its own accord, the reforms demanded by the powers at the Conference.

....The *News'* special from Vienna states that the powers have agreed not to interfere with the negotiations between Turkey and Servia unless Turkey's conditions infringe on Servia's rights as established by the treaty.

....The Plenipotentiaries who were detained at Constantinople after the close of the Conference rendered important service by persuading the Porte to inaugurate reforms of its own free will instead of yielding to the advice of the war party to force a rupture with Russia by immediately attacking Servia.

....It is asserted that Midhat Pasha has addressed a conciliatory dispatch to the Princes of Servia and Montenegro, proposing a direct understanding with the Porte before the expiration of the armistice. The Turkish Ambassadors have been ordered to communicate this step to the various cabinets. Midhat Pasha has also ordered the Provincial Governors to maintain friendly relations with foreign consuls and residents and to take measures to prevent disorders.

....The *Times* Belgrade dispatch confirms the reports that Midhat Pasha has proposed peace negotiations to Servia. The correspondent adds that this fine stroke of diplomacy is to force Russia's hand. The Servians will not dare to refuse the Porte's overtures, unless Russia openly promises to support Servia. Hence Russia will be compelled to declare herself or lose assistance of the Servian army and Servian territory in case of war.

....In the U. S. Congress, Mr. Allison, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported, with amendments, the Military Academy Appropriation bill at West Point. It appropriates \$11,000 for the pay of the band.

....In Congress Mr. Windom reported back the Fortification Appropriation bill, with an amendment increasing the appropriation for the armament of the seacoast defences from \$100,000 to \$200,000.

....In Congress Mr. Field of New York, said in regard to the compromise electoral bill: "I have watched the progress of this bill with intense interest, for while I thought it was unquestionably within the competence of Congress, I was sure it was a just and honorable settlement and the best method of escaping an impending calamity. While I shall take no part in its further discussion, I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of the fidelity, the courage, coupled with the moderation, of the members of the Concurrent Committee on both sides and in both houses of Congress."

....Rev. Daniel Waldo once said: "I am an old man now; I have seen near a century. Do you want to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your occupation smiling. Keep a good nature and soft temper everywhere. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must be communicative; repeat what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness."

....We have here a shameful commentary on American morals and manners. The California *Advocate* says of the Chinese girls in the Mission House at San Francisco: "Strange as it may seem, there is a school of some twenty girls in this city who can not venture on the streets together without receiving abuse and having vile epithets applied to them, and if they escape a shower of stones they consider themselves extremely fortunate. They are quite well-behaved girls while in the streets, and look neat and tidy."

....At a recent Temperance Conference in the parlors of Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, New York, Dr. Willard Parker, we are told, set his square shoulders against the folding doors and emphasized the danger from the hereditary appetite for strong drink. "When the lust for the bottle gets into the blood," he said, "it makes drinking easy and reformation difficult. The hardest cases I have ever undertaken have been hereditary tipplers. Every parent who drinks is in danger of having drunken sons and daughters."

....Prince Gortschakoff has issued a circular to Russian representatives at the courts of other European Powers, affirming the desire of his Government for an amicable settlement of the Eastern question.

....An interesting lecture was delivered by Dr. E. C. Wines, at Cooper Institute, on "Prison Reform." Dr. Wines reviewed the various systems of prison discipline in the civilized world, and proposed plans for the modification and improvement of our methods in this country.

What would be thought of men and women—if such could be found—who would rejoice, fire guns, illuminate towns and praise God over the recent railroad disaster in Ohio, by which more than a hundred and twenty men, women and children were crushed to death and many of their bodies burned beyond recognition? Well, you can be thinking of such ideal wretches as you please, while another question, involving matter of fact, is propounded, viz: What, in the light of Christianity, must be thought of Christian men and women (including ministers of the gospel) really rejoicing (in a manner similar to the supposed case) over the news that a thousand men have been butchered and mangled to death in a battle, and twice that number wounded? If it be said that the contending armies were "enemies," we reply it is possible that not one of the slayers or the slain had any ill-feeling toward each other, or even knew each other beyond the fact that on each side the rank and file of the butchers and the butchered are but the blind tools of a few ambitious, weak and wicked rulers who would have the soldiers believe they are doing God service in thus destroying the lives of one another.



MY ANGEL MOTHER.

In the land beyond the river,
Under the skies forever fair,
Dwells my sainted angel mother,
Watching for my coming there.
One day o'er the silent waters,
At the setting of the sun,
Went she with the mystic boatman,
And her earthly life was done.

Much I miss her at the twilight,
When the shadows veil the skies;
For she used to sing at evening
Many tender melodies.
I have stood in old cathedrals
Where a hundred singers sung,
But their voices never thrilled me
Like her voice, when I was young.

She would take her time-worn Bible,
When the lamps were all alight,
And from that God's word she read us
Truths to guide our steps aright;
And she whispered us of heaven,
Where the many mansions are;
And while she was here among us
Heaven seemed not so very far.

Oh, I know the angels met her,
When the boatman rowed her o'er,
And they sang a song of welcome
When her feet touched the heavenly shore.
There she waits the heavenward coming
Of the one she loved on earth;
On her face and heart the glory
Of her new, immortal birth.

Sometimes, in the twilight silence,
I fancy she is near,
And I listen for her blessing,
Which I feel but do not hear;
Then I long to hear her calling
From that fairer shore than this;
For my heart grows weary waiting
For my angel mother's kiss.

"THEY SHALL NOT BLUSH FOR THEIR FATHER."

Two men had entered into an agreement to rob one of their neighbors. Every thing had been planned. They were to enter his house at midnight, break open his chests and drawers, and carry off all the silver and gold they could find.

"He is rich and we are poor," said they to each other, by way of encouragement in the evil they were about to perform. "He will never miss a little gold, while its possession will make us happy. Besides, what right has one man to all this world's goods!"

Thus they talked together. One of these men had a wife and children, but the other had none in the world to care for but himself. The man who had children went home and joined his family, after agreeing upon a place of meeting with the other at the darkest hour of the coming night.

"Dear father," said one of the children, climbing upon his knee, "I am so glad you have come home."

The presence of his child troubled the man, and he tried to push him away; but his arms clung tightly about his neck, and he laid his face against his cheek, and said in a sweet and gentle voice:

"I love you, father!"

Involuntarily the man drew the innocent and loving one to his bosom, and kissed him.

There were two older children in the man's dwelling, a boy and a girl. They were poor, and these children worked daily to keep up the supply of bread, made deficient more through idleness of the father than from lack of employment. These children came home soon after their father's return, and brought him their earnings for the day.

"Oh, father," said the boy, "such a dreadful thing has happened! Henry Lee's father was arrested to-day for robbing; they took him out of our shop when Henry was there, and carried him off to prison. I was so glad it was not you, when I saw Henry weeping. And he hung his head for shame of his own father! Only think of that!"

"Ashamed of his father," thought he. "And will my children hang their heads, also, in shame? No, no; that shall never be."

At the hour of midnight, the man who had no children to throw around him a sphere of better influence, was sitting at the place of rendezvous for him whose children had saved him. But he waited in vain. Then he said:

"I will do the deed myself, and take the entire reward."

And he did according to his word. When the other man went forth to his labor on the next day, he learned that his accomplice had been taken in an act of robbery, and was already in prison.

"Thank heaven for virtuous children!" said he with fervor. "They have saved me. Never will I do an act that will cause them to blush for their father."

THE BOW IN THE CLOUDS.

Once, when I was a little girl, I disobeyed my mother. After that I was afraid, and went to an old barn a good way off, so that my mother could not find me. All at once it began to rain so hard that I could not go back to the house. So I sat still and thought of what I had done. I remembered that God had seen me disobey, and that He was angry at people who did wrong. It kept on raining harder yet, and I was afraid that God was going to drown the world because I was so bad, just as he had done in Noah's time.

I put my face down in the hay and cried. Pretty soon I felt my father touch me.

"What is the matter, Louie?" he asked.

"I have been very naughty, and God will never forgive me," I said.

Father took me in his arms and carried me to the door. The rain had abated. I looked up and there in the sky was a rainbow, its beautiful colors shining in the sun.

My father said to me: "When Noah came out of the ark none of his children could forget the awful flood which had left the earth so lonely. Every time it rained they must have been afraid that the flood was coming again. And when they did wrong they thought that perhaps God would punish the world as He had done before. So God told Noah that the rainbow should be a sign that he would never drown the world again, but would watch over men. And when men saw it shining after the rain, they were to remember God's goodness; and He would look at it and remember His promise to them. So the rainbow would be a token between God and men."

"I would rather not have God watch me, I am so naughty," I said.

Then my father told me how God loves us, and when we do wrong is ready to forgive us, if we are sorry for our sin and confess it. He sent His dear son to die for us. For His sake He is willing to forgive all our sins instead of punishing us. It made me very happy to think God loved me, and was willing to forgive. And after that, every time that I saw the rainbow it was a sign to me of the blessed promise of God to take care of us.—*Melbourne Spectator*.

LOST SOMETHING.

"Boo! hoo! hoo!" cried a chubby little boy, at the top of his strong lungs, twisting his sweet face into a terrible thing that did not look like a face at all.

"Boo—oo—hoo! hoo!"

"What's the matter, little boy," asked a kind gentleman who was passing by.

"Oh—h—hoo! I've los'—lost something, and can't find it, and Oh—hoo—hoo!"

"Never mind, my little fellow, I'll help you to find it," and the gentleman went into the front yard and began looking on the ground for a dime, or a quarter of a dollar, or a whistle.

"'Taint lost *there*," cried Johnny scornfully. "It's so big you can see it in a minute!"

"What is it you've lost, my poor little man?" asked the gentleman kindly.

"It's my mamma—it is—" sobbed Johnny; "and she's gone to Grandma's, and Uncle Sam's, and Aunt Molly's, and a shoppin', and to market, and to the 'ternal meetin', and everywhere, and left me, and Oh—ho! boo! hoo!"

So violent did Johnny's screams become now that his new friend thought he must have been left alone in that big house by mistake, and although in haste to take the cars, he stopped and said, "Come to the next house and wait till your mother comes in."

Just here a side door opened, and a pretty lady came out and said, "Why, why, what is all this noise about, Johnny?" "I—lost—you—mamma—and—you—was not—anywhere!" sobbed the little boy.

The lady smiled, and said, "I was only in my own room;" and a glance at her showed that she had been there to put on a pretty, fresh lilac muslin, which made her look even sweeter than the mamma her foolish little boy thought he had lost, because she was not in the sitting-room.

Johnny spoiled his pretty face, and made his head ache, and the kind gentleman lost his train, all because the silly little boy cried for nothing. This is what big folks call "borrowing trouble;" and it is a very foolish thing to do.—*The Watchman*.

AND THERE SHALL BE ONE FLOCK, ONE SHEPHERD.

Prophetic thought of unity and peace,
Which ever filled the blessed Saviour's mind;
When men from cruel wars and strife should cease,
And friendly intercourse the nations bind.
One Shepherd and one Flock there then should be,
By the good Shepherd guided, watched and fed;
Dwelling in peace, or wandering safe and free
In pastures green, by the still waters led.
Not to exalt one nation did he come,
But all to gather in one sacred fold.
To make of earth, as heaven, a peaceful home;
By prophets long in prophecy foretold.
Hasten ye ages! till the world fulfil
The word of Christ, and learn the Father's will.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

The office door opened softly, and a stranger in poor, soiled soldier clothes walked in. The man who sat at the desk was a lawyer—a judge—and he was very busy over the papers of a pending suit. It was in the days of the civil war.

The stranger had borne his share of the suffering that was in the land. He had been wounded in battle; and weak and emaciated, he was on his way back to his native State and town. But the busy judge scarcely raised his eyes to look at him. The poor soldier had taken off his cap, and stood feeling, confusedly, in his pockets.

"I have—I *did* have a—letter for you, sir."

The judge took no notice of the timid, hesitating words. He was very busy, and he was conscious only of a feeling of annoyance that a stranger should break in upon his time.

The confused, nervous search in the pockets continued, and the judge grew still more annoyed. He was a humane man; but he had responded to so many soldiers' applications already—and he was very busy just now. The stranger came nearer and reached out a thin hand. A letter, grimy and pocket-worn, lay on the desk, addressed to the judge.

"I have no time to attend to such"—But the impatient sentence was checked on the good man's lips. The handwriting on the letter was the handwriting of his son. He opened the letter and read:

"*Dear Father*—The bearer of this is a soldier discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can, for Charlie's sake."

And then judge A—forgot how very busy he was. His heart went out toward the poor sick soldier, and "for Charlie's sake," his own soldier-boy far away, he loaded him with gifts and acts of kindness, and lodged him, till he could send him on his way rejoicing.

God's hands are full of work. His mind is busy with the cares of the universe. But no request can fail to win His attention that is made for "Christ's sake," His own beloved Son.—*Exchange*.

A little boy who attended a temperance meeting was asked by his father when he returned:

"Have you learned anything, my boy?"

"Yes, father, I have. I have learned never to put strong drink to my lips; for it has killed thousands of people annually, and how do I know that it will not kill me?"



A CHRIST-BEARER.

Among the many legends of the early Christian Church, there is scarcely one more beautiful and useful, than that of Christopher, the giant saint. His form, in the pictures, is that of a man of huge proportions, with a long pole in his hands, and walking through a flood, bearing a child on his shoulder.

The story of the ages is, that weary of the world and sin, he went into the wilderness and dwelt in a cave near a rapid stream, and spent his life in ferrying travellers across it, taking them on his back, and steadying his step with the pole in his hand.

It was his own work, and it was a good work, but it did not help him in working out his salvation.

One night he was asleep in his lonely cave. It was a dark and stormy night, and the river raged within its banks, and not a star lighted the gloom of the desert. Above the roar of the waters, and the howling of the winds, he heard a cry of distress.

It came from the other side. And it was a child's voice. He had never heard the voice before, nor one like unto it. He listened, and this is what he heard:

"Come, and take me across the river."

He was, for the first time in this desert-life, unwilling to leave his bed, on the ground, and go out into the darkness and storm and rushing stream. But into his hardening heart there came the child's small voice, soft as a flute, but piercing to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and this is what entered his ear:

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and you shall find rest to your soul."

Strange were the words to this giant saint, who spurned every yoke and would not learn of any, least of all of one who spake as a child.

But a new power pulled at his heart-string, and he rose up with a strong purpose to obey the call. It was only a child, he was sure of that, and the work would be nothing to the loads he had often carried across. He would be doing no great good to bear a little child, and it would not be much of a loss if it remained on the other side, or perished in the stream. But he

would go, and take it up, and bear it, in prompt obedience of the voice that he heard continually:

"Come, come, for my locks are wet with the rain, and the night winds are cold; come, come."

Out into the wild storm he went, and down into the deep and dangerous river: and, on the other side, when he had gained the bank, he found standing there a child of wondrous beauty, stretching out his hands and still calling to him:

"Come, come, take me on your shoulder—my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Around the brow of this speaking babe was a halo, as if his head were crowned with shining stars. The giant stood for a moment filled with awe, and then kneeling at the child's feet, and being yet too high for him to sit upon his shoulders, he prostrated himself before him, beseeching him to throw his little arms about his neck, and cling fast while he would bear him safely through the waves.

The storm had risen yet more fiercely, and the night was darker and the dangers of the way more frightful. At times the strong man staggered. His staff lost its hold in the stony bed of the river. And now and then the struggling saint, just ready to be swept away, would hear a soft voice whispering in his ear:

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed: I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of MY RIGHTEOUSNESS."

And in the storm without and the fiercer storm within his soul, these words, "MY RIGHTEOUSNESS," fell upon his spirit like a calm when the tempest is overpast. Whose RIGHTEOUSNESS? The saint had been going about to establish his own, he would have given his life-blood to cleanse his soul; but he had found no rest: and now, now, just as he was plunging into a deeper flood, and the current was too strong for his stalwart arm and staff, he heard the same sweet child-voice from the lips that touched his ear, saying:

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

And then he knew it was the Lord! The holy child Jesus! He had taken him into his arms, set him on his shoulder, bowed his neck to his service, and with willing heart and tender love had yielded to his yoke. This child was now his Saviour. Cheerfully and in triumph he trod the way over, for now he had found the Lord. "The Lord my Righteousness." Not my own good works, but the Lord. I took Him and he proved my salvation.

Into the saint's cave the child went, and there made Himself and his salvation known to the giant, who, in saving another, had found a Saviour. And the child gave him a new name, CHRISTOPHER, which means *Christ-Bearer*. Like the parables of the sweet gospels, some of these old legends have precious truths in them. And when you are thinking of the birth and child-life of the blessed Saviour, it is well to remember what is taught in this ancient story.—*Observer*

SAM'S NEW TEACHER.

We have a new dog at our house who is more kind and neat than some boys I know. Sam, his little master, sometimes rides on his shaggy back and calls him "Pony." Sometimes Sam runs in from play with his muddy rubber boots, and leaves tracks all over the kitchen oil-cloth which poor tired Susan has just washed.

Lion has learned to wipe his great paws on the door-mat. When he sees how careless Sam is, he goes from one foot-print to the other, barking at each one, and looking up at Sam, as if to say, "Why can't you be as neat as a dog, and as careful to save hard work for a poor girl?" Lion barks very loudly, as if scolding, when Sam throws his cap and coat and mittens on a sofa or chair; and the little fellow begins to know what the new dog means, for when he hears the loud "Bow wow," he runs and hangs up his coat and cap.

With such a teacher, Sam will soon be a very kind and neat boy, I think.—*Exchange*.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

BE KIND TO MOTHER.

The poor stricken child stood beside her mother's lifeless form, heart-broken and comfortless. Gently her friend smoothed the fair hair on the child's damp forehead, and endeavored to lead her to submission to the Divine will. But still in broken accents came the wailing cry:

"I shall never hear dear mother say that she forgave me."

By degrees her teacher learned that in the beginning of her mother's illness, the child had said an unkind word to her, which proved to be the last that she ever heard from her little daughter's lips.

"I didn't go to kiss her good-night for the first time in my life," said the weeping girl, "and the next morning she was delirious, and never knew any of us again. O, what would I give now if I had never been cross and impatient, and said that unkind word!"

How careful we ought to be always to speak kind and loving words to each other. We cannot tell when it may be the last time we will have our friends with us. "For some go forth in the morning that never come home at night." Thoughtless words,—sharp words that carry a sting in them—how they wound some gentle, sensitive heart. If we have ever been so unhappy as to speak these bitter words, and the opportunity to make amends is lost forever—

"O, with what sincere repentings,
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes are overflowing,
Will we cry, 'Forgive, forget!'"

"THE BIBLE SAYS I MAY."

I am a little soldier,
And, though not very old,
I mean to fight for Jesus,
And win a crown of gold.
I know he makes me happy,
And loves me all the day;
I'll be his little soldier:
The Bible says I may.

I love my precious Saviour
Because he died for me;
And, if I did not serve him,
How sinful I should be!
He gives me every comfort,
And hears me when I pray;
I want to live for Jesus:
The Bible says I may.

I now can do but little;
Yet, when I grow a man,
I'll try to do for Jesus
The greatest good I can.
God help and make me faithful
In all I do and say;
I want to live a Christian:
The Bible says I may.

HORACE MANN ON WAR.

In *Peace*, homicide is a crime; in *War*, it is an honor, and the conqueror's laurels grow luxuriant according to the streams of human blood with which he fertilizes them. In *Peace* the incendiary of a single dwelling is punished; in *War*, the light of conflagrated cities becomes a halo of glory around the conqueror's head. In *Peace*, a pirate is the enemy of the human race; in *War*, the privateer, who, against the belligerent, answers to the pirate, seizes honorable plunder. In *Peace*, the greatest proportion of robbers and thieves, stamps a community as most iniquitous and debased; in *War*, the greatest number of robberies and thefts, with the greatest amount of pillage, measures the financial glory of the campaign. In *Peace*, he who creates property, diffuses comfort, and adds to the common weal, has the huzzas of the multitude, titles, insignias, wealth, fame. In *Peace*, he who provides for widows and orphans, feeds the poor and is the cripple's staff, is beloved while

living and honored when dead; in *War*, he who makes widows and orphans, robs their bread, and with his broadsword and cannon-ball cripples mankind by wholesale, is often the contemporary idol and the historic hero. In *Peace*, it is the duty of the priest to pray for his enemies, and to prepare souls for eternity; in *War*, he prays for their ruin, and helps to send the souls of both sides to eternity unprepared.

MR. CHOATE AND THE AMBITIOUS
PLOWBOY.

A great many boys mistake their calling, but all such are not fortunate enough to find it out in as good season as this one did.

It is said that Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was once in New Hampshire, making a plea, when a boy, the son of a farmer, resolved to leave the plow, and become a lawyer like Rufus Choate. He accordingly went to Boston, called on Mr. Choate, and said to him:

"I heard your plea up in town, and I have a desire to become a lawyer like you. Will you teach me how?"

"As well as I can," said the great lawyer. "Come in and sit down."

Taking down a copy of Blackstone, he said:

"Read this until I come back, and I will see how you get on."

The poor boy began. An hour passed. His back ached, his head and legs ached. He knew not how to study. Every moment became a torture. He wanted air. Another hour passed, and Mr. Choate came and asked:

"How do you get on?"

"Get on! Why, do you have to read such stuff as this?"

"Yes."

"How much of it?"

"All there is on these shelves, and more," looking about the great library.

"How long will it take?"

"Well, it has taken me more than twenty-five years."

"How much do you get?"

"My board and clothes."

"Is that all?"

"Well, that is about all that I have gained as yet."

"Then," said the boy, "I will go back to plowing. The work is not near so hard, and it pays better."

TO OUR READERS. — We are happy to say, that many of our friends have responded nobly and promptly to our appeal to sustain and enlarge the circulation of the *ANGEL OF PEACE* for 1877. If all others will, in their turn, do as well, in the months to come, this will prove the *golden year* of the *ANGEL*. It is our custom to send a reminder when a subscription expires, and, unless renewed with the money sent, to discontinue. This is our only safe course to pursue. We cannot offer premiums for subscribers, but much prefer to have *volunteer* agents, who are peace-makers, and who, for love, will work patiently and earnestly in the cause of "The Prince of Peace." May they soon be numbered by thousands.

H. C. D.

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TO OUR PATRONS.

Two numbers of the *ADVOCATE* are combined in this issue. We trust our worthy patrons will not complain when we assure them, that we are doing the best we can, with the funds at our control, to give them in condensed form columns crowded with the most excellent and freshest peace matter. We hope the time is near when we shall be able to send out the *ADVOCATE* more promptly. More money, more promptness. The American Peace Society has an honored history, and is entrusted with one of the greatest reforms of the age. We see the need and value of Peace principles in our own, and in other lands. A few years since, our beloved land was deluged in fraternal blood. A severe strain is upon us at this hour. The cry comes from all quarters, "Give us honest dealing and Peace."

Fifty years ago, with present complications, Europe would have been plunged in war to the bitter end. Now those nations are held in check by the men of Peace. Not one is ready to say "let us fight," but all say "we desire Peace." Can there be any possible doubt, that Peace Societies and Peace efforts have been advanced; and crowned with the Divine blessing? We think not. Universal Peace will come, and in that day, will it be nothing to have had a part in hastening the grand consummation? Let each friend of our holy cause, at once, contribute something as an offering on the altar of Peace and good will. Yours in the great work,

H. C. DUNHAM.

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JUNE, 1837.

BOSTON, MARCH AND APRIL, 1877.

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NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, MARCH AND APRIL, 1877.

VOL. VIII. No. 2.

TRUST.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

{ While war makes desolate the earth we yet TRUST that God
will bring peace in His own time :—EDITOR }

The same old baffling questions ! O, my friend
I cannot answer them. In vain I send
My soul into the dark, where never burn
The lamps of science, nor the natural light
Of reason's sun and stars ! I cannot learn
Their great and solemn meanings, nor discern
The awful secrets of the eyes which turn
Evermore on us through the day and night
With silent challenge and a dumb demand,
Proffering the riddles of the dread unknown,
Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes of stone,
Questioning the centuries from their veils of sand.
I have no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee ;
" All is of God that is, and is to be ;
And God is good." Let this suffice us still,
Resting in child-like trust upon his will,
Who moves to his great ends unthwarted by the ill.

—Selected.

THE MASSACRE AT SCIO.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

{ Scio, one of the most beautiful of all the Grecian islands,
suffered in 1822 a terrible calamity from the Turks, who in-
flicted upon the inhabitants a massacre so unsparing that only
2,000 Christians were left out of a population of 110,000 :—
EDITOR. }

Weep not for Scio's children slain ;
Their blood, by Turkish falchions shed,
Sends not its cry to Heaven in vain
For vengeance on the murderer's head.

Though high the warm red torrent ran
Between the flames that lit the sky,
Yet, for each drop, an armed man
Shall rise, to free the land, or die.

And for each corpse, that in the sea
Was thrown, to feast the scaly herds,
A hundred of the foe shall be
A banquet for the mountain birds.

Stern rites and sad, shall Greece ordain,
To keep that day, along her shore,
Till the last link of slavery's chain
Is shivered, to be worn no more.

—Selected.

The report of the trustees and lady managers of the Military and Naval Orphan Asylum of the State of Maine, shows that ninety persons have been connected with the family during the past year. The expense of the institution for the year has been \$9,614.80.

For the Advocate of Peace.

EFFECT OF THE WAR SYSTEM IN TUNIS.

BY HON. AMOS PERRY, A. M.

Formerly United States Consul for the Regency of Tunis.

If the memorable country of Carthage and Tunis could speak it would tell a sad tale. Probably no country on earth has suffered more from war. Military heroes have been its curse. Reliance on the sword has many times caused its utter ruin. Christ's saying is there fully illustrated : " They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." The history of that country is certainly very instructive. There four hundred Christian churches have been utterly wiped out. I can hardly help moralizing when I turn my mind's eye back there. But there is ground for hope. The day of Corsairs has gone by. The Mediterranean is an open highway. The march of civilization affects that land. Industry, commerce, education, and Christian missions may yet more than restore in times to come the ruin made by the sword in times past.

My present purpose, however, is to speak of the effect of the war system as illustrated in the city and regency of Tunis during my consulate there, and as observed by myself. By so doing I desire to call the attention of my readers to the fact that the effect of the military system is the same in all lands, tending to repress agriculture and manufactures, to impose taxes and poverty, and to hinder the progress of both material and moral improvement.

It was under the reign of Ali Bey, in 1830, that new and more ambitious military methods were introduced at Tunis. The sovereign of this little country wished, like the Sultan, and Mohammed Ali of Egypt, to have an army organized in European style, thinking thus to acquire genuine prosperity and power. The incurable mania to play the soldier that prompted the reorganization of the army was doubtless one of the principal causes of the financial disorder in the country. Ahmed Bey, during the eighteen years of his reign, spent for the realization large sums of money laid up by his predecessors, and imposed upon his country new burdens. Thus the debts of the country were increased, while the agricultural products and available resources were diminished.

At the time of my residence in Tunis the regular force consisted of 22,500 men. The arms of the soldiers were generally of an inferior kind and in bad order ; for they were mostly refuse arms purchased at different times by European speculators at exorbitant prices, and were allowed by the shiftless soldiers soon to rust and become unfit for use. The costume in use resembled that of the French Zouaves. The Tunisian army was not distinguished for tidiness and discipline. The soldiers being the victims and involuntary instruments of despotism had none of the spirit and ambition of freemen.

The mode of recruiting the army was peculiar. Superior officers made tours of observation. Arriving at any particular locality, they gave orders for all the young men to appear before them, selecting whomsoever they choose. The people endeavored in various ways to avoid this tax levied by caprice upon their blood. Entreaties, intrigues, sacrifices and open resistance were employed to save their sons from the army. I knew one Mussulman who had such a horror of the army that, to keep his two sons out of it, he never exposed them to seizure until they were twenty years old, when they passed from the paternal roof to service in foreign consulates. Boys were

sometimes sent out of the country with this object in view. The duration of service was, like recruiting, submitted to the decision of capricious officers. The compensation allowed was exceedingly small, and was rarely paid when due. Arms, food and clothing were subject to speculations very injurious to the service. Indeed, the army was utterly demoralized.

This, however, did not prevent the country from having twenty-eight major-generals, and twenty-six brigadiers. There were fewer colonels. This was a singular fact but easily explained. Most of the colonels had performed military service, while most of the generals reached their dignities at a single bound, or simply by wearing for a short time the epaulets of a colonel. These generals were not, it is true, regarded as military men; yet, as such they enjoyed the rank and honors. Some of them once sponged the marble floors of the Bardo, or were employed in cafés or barber-shops at Tunis, and who by means of a few years' service were decorated with the insignia of the general's office. Their history was no secret; it was even circulated in all its scandalous details; and yet these men were treated with reverence simply because they were favorites of the Bey.

As to the navy, Tunisia, which half a century ago was a formidable power, committing great depredations upon European commerce, had but few ships at the time of my consulate. Those few, though purchased at exorbitant prices, were not all kept in running order. They were armed by forty-four cannon, and manned by one thousand marines. The navy officers, like those of the land force, made quite a show on paper. They consisted of one vice-admiral, two rear-admirals, four captains of vessels, and numerous captains of frigates, and lieutenants. The navy, as thus constituted, cost one-sixth of the revenue of the State. There was not at that time a maritime power in the world that, all things considered, spent so large a proportion for its navy as the regency of Tunis.

Now, all this money was spent upon a miserable army and navy, in weak imitation of European military establishments, while the country was groaning under taxes; while public instruction, unaided by the State, more than languished; while there was a great deficiency of charitable institutions, and the funds of those that did exist were largely pocketed by dishonest agents; while the streets of Tunis were thronged with ragged and hideous beggars, many of them diseased; and while the financial condition of the government was confused, the inhabitants suffered from official extortions, and debts overwhelmed the administration.

Upon this far-away territory of Tunisia I thus saw pictured the evil effects of the War-system. How much better to have spent money upon roads, schools, agriculture, commerce, manufactures! Well, we may take heed that with our boasted civilization we do not tend to the same evils. The olive branch, rather than the sword, is the symbol of our hope and prosperity.

PROVIDENCE, March, 1877.

For the Advocate of Peace.

THE GENEVA ARBITRATION SURPLUS.

BY LEWIS APPLETON,

Member of the London Peace Society.

In accordance with the award of the Arbitral Court at Geneva, in 1871, the United States Government appointed a Joint Commission to decide upon the claims of those who suffered serious losses by the piratical depredations of the Alabama and other Confederate cruisers. The functions of this Joint Commission ceased with the last day of the year that had just closed.

Up to this date, after satisfying all just claims, the *Times'* special correspondent at Philadelphia telegraphs that the result of its decision appears to be a surplus, unexpectedly large, of \$9,000,000, equal to more than half of the \$15,500,000 paid by Great Britain under the award of the arbitration at Geneva.

The question naturally arises, what is to be done with this large surplus? To this question the United States Congress will have to decide, and it is to be hoped that august body will display a generous magnanimity; and that the Commission

having "provided for all the direct claimants, Congress will not go seeking out other claimants, but that it will refund the balance to the British nation." These are wise words which the telegraph has flashed from Philadelphia to London.

The question is an interesting and important one, and one that will tax the moral and intellectual power of the members of the Senate to arrive at a just and righteous decision. The guiding principle that has actuated the Joint Commission throughout its delicate labor appears to have been honorable to its members, as it has been consistent with the genius and spirit of the arbitral award.

It will be in the recollection of most that prior to the assembling of the tribunal at Geneva, it was urged by American statesmen and jurists, notably by Charles Sumner and Caleb Cushing, that Great Britain, having during the American war failed in the obligations imposed upon her, both by the law of nations as well as in the position of a friendly state, she must be made responsible for the unnecessary prolongation of the war, and *ipso facto*, she should be called upon to defray some considerable proportion of the expenses of the war, including the outlay involved in the pursuit of the Alabama and her sister cruisers, to the extent of upwards of 100,000,000 sterling. These claims, under the head of "Indirect damages" were also advanced on the assembling of the Geneva Tribunal by the American Counsel and at one time serious forebodings prevailed, lest the arbitrators should be induced to accept this view of the case. Happily to their great credit, without a dissentient voice or vote, they unhesitatingly declared the inadmissibility of the "Indirect claims" and dismissed such, once and forever, from the consideration of the court.

It is possible, however, in spite of this sound judgment, that there may be some American statesmen and jurists who still hold, as they held so tenaciously in 1871, this view of the case, and who, with this great unclaimed surplus to attract them, would be disposed to prefer a claim for its distribution in that direction still. It is to be hoped *not* and it would be doing an injustice to the honor and fair fame of statesmanship in the great American Republic, to imagine for one moment that any one high in the confidence of the State would venture to sanction such a violation of the decision arrived at by the International Tribunal at Geneva, a decision to which both England and America honorably pledged each other to a strict and faithful adherence. There is yet another view of the case, which will be admitted to be more reasonable in its nature. I refer to the claims which will be inevitably put forward by the Insurance Brokers and Underwriters, whose claims it must also be borne in mind, were rejected by the Joint Commission in Washington. It is to be feared this numerous class will be found more difficult to dispose of satisfactorily, because they will doubtless urge that when the American representative asked and obtained a gross sum to cover the entire losses sustained by the Merchant Marine of the north, it was expected it would be applied to meet not only the direct losses of the vessels and their cargoes, but also those collateral losses sustained by the shipowners which resulted, firstly, in the transfer of the American Commercial Marine to the British Flag; secondly, the higher rates of insurance, and especially the absolute loss to the Underwriters when their vessels fell foul victims to the depredations of the Confederate Corsairs.

In each and all of these losses it would appear the Joint Commission, when it rejected their claims for compensation, took its stand upon the same ground of argument assumed at Geneva in reference to "Indirect damages."

The Joint Commission then, having once decided these claims on this sound principle of International maritime law, it can hardly be expected to stultify the former by deviating therefrom, but that it will uphold the decision of this Tribunal, and steadfastly refuse the compensation demanded.

Losses of this nature are unhappily inevitable to a state of war; they are at any rate, clearly losses of an "indirect" nature, which, with or without the "Alabama" sweeping the seas, might have been incurred. Until the great maritime nations of the world are prepared to abrogate the barbaric maritime law, which confers the right of belligerents to destroy the merchant marine of an enemy in time of war, these losses will have to be endured.

In regard, however, to the immediate question now left to the decision of Congress, as to the ultimate appropriation of the surplus of 2,000 000 sterling, all friends to the principle of International Arbitration in Great Britain and America will await the decision with keen interest.

Perhaps one of the most gratifying results of the arbitration at Geneva, and which won golden opinions everywhere, was the honorable way in which the British Parliament and nation assented to the award, and cheerfully paid the amount claimed. This was a signal triumph of the great principle of an arbitral procedure.

But especially would this fact receive a still further triumph, and reflect the highest honor on the Senate and the people of the United States generally, were they to act chivalrously, and say to the British Government:

"We received in full from you without a murmur the three millions and a half sterling awarded under the Geneva Arbitration; we have discharged every claim which can honorably be considered entitled to compensation, and we now feel it our duty, as it is our privilege, to return you the balance of two millions sterling."

Such a declaration would do much to consecrate the great principle of "*amicable reference*" in all international differences, in the confidence and enthusiasm of the civilized nations of the world.

May the friends of Peace on the American continent (for it rests with them) lift their voices, and urge their rulers to act magnanimously in this great transaction, for assuredly such a policy would crown the Geneva Arbitration with imperishable renown.

BIRMINGHAM, Feb. 13, 1877.

For the Advocate of Peace.

THE ALA BAMA SURPLUS.

BY REV. GEORGE F. MAGOUN, D. D.

President of Grinnell College.

A while since the Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune* broached a plan for disposing of this money (now in the U. S. Treasury) which he ascribed to General Grant. He said of the late President:

"He contemplates sending a message to Congress at an early day suggesting the propriety of investing this money in the securities of the United States and devoting the interest of it to the payment of subsidies to American shipbuilders, with the view of restoring American commerce to the position which it held previous to the war of the Rebellion and the depredations upon it of cruisers fitted out in British ports."

Nothing has been heard of this suggestion since Gen. Grant left his office without any communication on the subject to Congress. The only comment upon it which has fallen under my eye was, that it looked like "a revival of the indirect consequential claims" which were set aside at Geneva. It would certainly go so far in that direction as this, viz: It would recognize the fact that American ocean commerce was very nearly destroyed by the English built and English armed cruisers referred to. The Geneva award admitted enough—so far as individual American ships are concerned—to lay a foundation indeed, for this; but refused to recognize the more remote and general injuries done by those cruisers, as not calculable in specific damages. In the distribution of what has already been paid to the owners of particular ships destroyed at sea, claims for extra and costly insurance paid by these owners—and others, I believe—were disallowed. It would hardly be in keeping with the decisions of the Claims Court now to give any avails of the surplus to shipbuilders, as a class at large, though there is no question whatever that, as a class, they have suffered immensely as a result of the depredations.

Meantime our English cousins are seriously exercised about the disposal of the balance of this money. It amounts to some millions. There must have been, they think, "a mistake in calculation." Any way, they are sure the surplus belongs to England. "Not that Englishmen are particularly anxious about the money for we can assert that two or three millions (sterling) are never matters of serious consideration

with us. We are a free-handed people, but we have a strong sense of justice." These are the words of a London editor.

It is to be feared that to Englishmen the *Tribune's* report of the intention of the late President would be offensive. If they object to this money lying in the Treasury at Washington, as the property of the American people, to be used as they see fit—any use that admits that general injuries of any kind were suffered at English hands, and implies that the award at Geneva of a sum of damages in gross covers these as well as particular and definite injuries, would stir up the same vexation over which Mr. Sumner's showing and "the American Case" excited. It may be very pertinent to inquire: Is an award in a gross sum intended to allow a margin to be returned? Is it like an accidental overplus of specific damages? But it is to be feared that such questions would hardly be heard with patience. Of course any trumped up claims, made to order, should be and would be repudiated. I can hardly understand how a candid Englishman could hint at the possibility of such claims being entertained, or overlook the fact that the Court of Alabama Claims having dissolved, they could not possibly be passed upon under the Geneva Award. Nothing remains to be considered but general injuries, if any can be, in disposing of the surplus.

Among the arguments for the return of this money to the British Exchequer is the help it would give to political integrity in the civil service, and the encouragement it would afford "to the great principle of international arbitration." The latter point is perhaps well taken. It might, as a precedent, encourage it in a pecuniary way. President Hayes seems to me to strike the highest mark in his judicious and clear inaugural when he commends arbitration, as inaugurated under the last administration, as "incomparably the best instrumentality for the preservation of peace." "If, unhappily," he says, "questions of difference should at any time during the period of my administration arise between the United States and any foreign government, it will certainly be my disposition and my hope to aid in their settlement in the same peaceful and honorable way." Suppose, now, the Alabama surplus should be sacredly and directly devoted, not to the mere remote encouragement, but to the maintenance of this grand principle,—for example, the interest arising therefrom, whenever so needed, being employed to pay the expenses of such arbitration between this nation and other powers, and whenever not needed, to be added to the principal. Could the English government or people make any valid objection? Could they protest against such an Arbitration Fund in itself or its origin? Could anything be surer to produce, what they profess to desire, "an ennobling influence upon the moral and political life of the (American) States?"

I have said nothing about the propriety of again waiving what Mr. Sumner always insisted were national injuries—direct ones to the country at large—in such a disposition of that part of the gross sum as is not required for private damages. This would be a reason why Americans, whatever their views about these injuries which were waived at Geneva, should favor the creation of an Arbitration Fund. My suggestion looks to satisfying Englishmen who are still sensitive about the Award Our first duty is to the greater international interest.

GRINNELL, IOWA.

IRON SHIPS OF WAR continue to be constructed for the horrid and unchristian purpose of destroying human life. Some idea of the cost of these vessels may be gathered from the fact that the Dreadnought, lately constructed for the British navy, cost for her hull \$2,000,000; her engines cost \$350,000; her boilers \$150,000; and the guns, ammunition and stores are to be added to these sums.

SLAVERY IN CENTRAL AFRICA is upheld by Mohammedan power, as the slave-trade there is maintained by the governments of Turkey and Egypt. Neither Great Britain nor America should apologize for a government sustaining cruelty and oppression.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, MARCH & APRIL, 1877.



TRIBUNAL OF ARBITRATION.

It is a significant fact that several leading journals, possessing great influence over the political parties of our country, constantly spoke of the Electoral Commission as a "Tribunal of Arbitration." Such, indeed, it was, and this is the term we prefer now to use in considering its character and its work. Seldom in the history of our government has a crisis of such magnitude arisen as was referred to the Electoral Commission. The question as to whether Hayes or Tilden had been elected President of the Republic was one of stupendous importance. Upon it depended the political complexion of the Republic for the next four years. Each great political party was at the white heat of excitement; each charged the other with fraud in conducting the election; an immense strain was put upon the whole doctrine of a republican form of government; and for a while it seemed as if another civil war might burst forth.

Under these solemn and momentous circumstances Congress passed a bill for counting the electoral votes. The Senate passed the bill by a vote of forty-seven yeas to seventeen nays; and the House by a vote of one hundred and ninety-one yeas to eighty-six nays. The bill then received the approval of the President, and became a law for that counting of the electoral votes. The essential propositions of the bill were four, namely: That the President of the Senate should only open the certificates, preside at the meeting of the two houses of Congress, and state questions and results; that no electoral vote should be rejected without the concurrent action of both houses; that both houses in concurrence were competent to reject such votes; that a Commission, consisting of senators, representatives and associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, five of each, should be organized to decide disputed questions, or double sets of returns sent from any state, unless such decision should be overruled by the concurrent votes of both houses. Many patriotic statesmen deemed this plan unwise, bad as a precedent, and unconstitutional as a process: yet, when it had once been adopted by Congress, the plan was acquiesced in by the people at large, and to this Tribunal of Arbitration all eyes were at once turned with the most eager expectancy of wise and good results. Should it realize the predictions of those who called it into existence, it would have a place forever in the hearts of true lovers of the Republic; but, upon the other hand, should it fail, it would leave the presidential question in confusion, and might possibly be followed by a civil war.

This Tribunal of Arbitration is now a matter of history. Its mission has been accomplished. It declared Mr. Hayes the rightful President of the Republic. It proved to be, what Mr. David Dudley Field prophesied it would be, "The best method of escaping an impending calamity." Mr. Field, whose knowledge of constitutional and of international law is profound, also pronounced the bill appointing the Commission to be "constitutional, patriotic and wise." Justice Bradley, in

replying to an address of congratulation as to his course as a member of the Electoral Commission, said, "If peace and submission to law be the result of the Commission, its creation is of inestimable worth. I believe it will be generally acknowledged by the thinking men of the country that the decisions come to were based on a just view of the Constitution and Laws." Justice Strong pronounced the same opinion. The verdict of the country is such to-day. Peace and submission to the law have been the result. President Hayes is in the White House. The country is quiet. Business begins to revive. The whole result is a magnificent illustration of law prevailing over force, of reason taking the place of passion, of arbitration ruling in place of battle. We would pronounce the same judgment if the Commission had chosen Mr. Tilden for President. The emphasis we make is this, that the appointment of this Commission, and the agreement of the country in its decisions, afford a splendid spectacle of the progress of peace principles; of the forward march of the doctrine of arbitration as a substitute for the wager of battle; and of a powerful example, now added to the Geneva arbitration, for settling even the most vast, complicated and momentous questions, national or international, by methods of peace rather than by methods of war. Is it not probable that if the same principle had been applied to the question of secession we might have been saved the civil war? All hail the coming of this glad day! The American Peace Society takes new heart. Friends of peace, arouse to fresh faith and energy! The Lord of Hosts is with you! His promises have pronounced your ultimate victory!

C. H. M.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR WASHBURN.

It was our painful task in the last number of the *Advocate* to record the death of the Rev. Dr. Alexis Caswell, President of the Rhode Island Peace Society, and now we are constrained to mourn the loss to the cause of peace of another eminent man, the Hon. EMORY WASHBURN, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, and a member of the present House of Representatives, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Peace Society. He departed this life at his residence in Cambridge, on the 18th of March, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Emory Washburn was born at Leicester, Mass., Feb. 14th, 1800. He received his early instruction at Leicester, graduated at Williams College in 1817, studied law at Harvard University, and was admitted to the Bar in 1821. He represented his native town in the Legislature in 1826-7. Several times afterwards, at different periods of his life, he served in the Legislature with great fidelity and ability. In 1854 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts. In 1856 he was chosen Professor of Law in Harvard College, retaining this position for twenty years. It is impossible for us in this brief article to sketch his long and useful life; to speak of him as a lawyer, judge, legislator, governor, professor; to tell of his useful membership in the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Antiquarian Society of Worcester, the New England Genealogical Society, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, the American Peace Society; to speak of his industry and ability in scholarship, shown in his profession and writings, as the History of the Town of Leicester, Sketches of the Judicial History of Massachusetts, Treaties on the American Law of Real Property. His professional, political and scholastic career was of extraordinary evenness and eminence from youth to age.

The character of Gov. Washburn was harmonious and consistent. The only change in it was growth, the passing from morning to noon; for it can scarcely be said that the hour of evening came to him, seeing that even at seventy-seven years he had admirable strength of body and mind, and continued to the last his active and eminent pursuits. It was at an age of ripeness that he ceased his long and honored usefulness to mankind. His body and mind belonged to the energetic class. He lived in the atmosphere of perpetual morning. He never ceased studying. Yet, he was not a cloistered student, feeding like a book-worm his own mind alone. What he received he gave forth again, enriched by his own genial spirit. In social and public life he leaves the legacy of a good name, more precious than the merchandise of pearls and gold.

The American Peace Society has especial cause to honor the memory of Governor Washburn because of the services he rendered the Society as one of its Vice-Presidents, as a counsellor whose judgment was often and wisely rendered, and as an eminent advocate of peace principles. For many years he took an active part in the management of this Society. Some years ago he went to Europe to attend a Peace Congress, and read a paper before that body. At the meeting of the American Branch of the International Code Committee, held in Philadelphia last summer, Gov. Washburn read a paper on "The Feasibility of a Code substituting Arbitration for War." At a special meeting of the Directors of the American Peace Society, held at their office, resolutions of respect to the memory of Gov. Washburn were passed, which our readers will find in another column; and Rev. Dorus Clarke, D. D., and the Secretary, were appointed a committee to represent the society at the funeral.

The obsequies took place at Appleton Chapel, Harvard College, the services being conducted by Rev. Dr. Peabody, assisted by Rev. Alexander McKenzie.

Our own acquaintance with Gov. Washburn was imperfect. We first met him in Philadelphia, and heard him read his paper before the Code Committee, and were impressed by its ability, and by the unction of its delivery. We had some correspondence with him concerning international law. We were in expectation of receiving from his co-operation great help in our present vocation. As the standard bearers fall, may the Lord raise up others to bear aloft the banner of the Prince of Peace!

C. H. M.

For the Advocate of Peace.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY REV. DORUS CLARKE, D. D.

[A special meeting of the Directors of the American Peace Society was held in their rooms, Congregational House, on Monday (March 19th), and in absence of the President, Hon. E. S. Tobey, Rev. David Patten, D. D., was called to the chair. The decease of Hon. Emory Washburn, having been announced, the Rev. Dorus Clarke, D. D., his only surviving college classmate, submitted the following resolution:—EDITOR.]

Resolved:—That the Directors of the American Peace Society have learned with deep emotion the decease of the Hon. Emory Washburn who, for many years, has taken an active part in the management of this institution, and they deeply regret that they shall no longer be favored by his genial presence, his wise counsels and his active efforts in the cause of peace. His labors in behalf of this Society were not confined to the council room, but his able paper on "Feasibility of settling all Inter-

national Disputes by Arbitration" and other articles from his pen, have indicated his warm attachment to the cause of universal peace. Nor were his labors for the good of his fellow men limited to this philanthropic sphere. He was an excellent citizen, an able counsellor, an industrious legislator, an impartial magistrate, an enthusiastic teacher of law, an author of several valuable works. He was a native of Leicester, Mass., graduated at Williams College in 1817 and after a life of varied activity and usefulness, died at Cambridge, Sunday, March 18, 1877, aged 77 years. His bereaved family have a large share in the sympathies of this board, and as a testimonial of it, a copy of this resolution, signed by the President and Secretary, is ordered to be transmitted to them.

It was also voted that the Rev. Dorus Clarke, D. D., and the Rev. Charles Howard Malcom, D. D., be a committee to represent the American Peace Society at the funeral of Ex-Gov. Washburn.

RHODE ISLAND PEACE SOCIETY.

We made a journey from Boston to Providence for the purpose of attending the *Fifty-ninth Annual Meeting of the Rhode Island Peace Society*. The meeting was held upon Monday, Feb. 19th, in the lecture room of the Young Men's Christian Association; it was not largely attended, perhaps not more than twenty gentlemen being present; but those present possessed culture, eminent position and influence, and were thoroughly in earnest.

The office of President being vacant from the death of Dr. Caswell, and in the absence of the Vice-Presidents, Hon. Amos Perry was elected President *pro tempore*. Being requested by the President, we offered prayer. Mr. David R. Whittemore, Treasurer, read his annual report, announcing the receipts as having been \$197.25; expenditures, \$109.00; balance in the treasury, \$88.25. The following clergymen were elected members of the society, and signed the constitution,—Reverends J. M. Brewster, Arthur Given, J. A. Stetson and C. H. Malcom.

Hon. Amos Perry, chairman of the committee appointed by the Board of Trustees to prepare resolutions concerning the death of the President of the Society, the late Rev. Dr. Caswell, presented the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS: Our beloved and respected President, Rev. Alexis Caswell, D. D., LL. D., has, since our last meeting, passed away, like his worthy predecessors in office, Jones, Messer, Howland Hall and Congdon, leaving for us precious memories of his genial and catholic spirit, affable and dignified manners and honorable and useful life; therefore,

Resolved, That we place on record an expression of our high appreciation of his character and services as a philanthropist and Christian gentleman.

Resolved, That he was in our opinion eminently successful in cultivating the Christian graces and in maintaining the spirit and temper of the mind and heart which elevate their possessors to the dignity and privilege of children of God, learning lessons and practising precepts that tend to the establishment of peace on earth and good will among men.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the President and Secretary, be communicated to the family of the deceased.

Mr. Perry, in presenting these resolutions, spoke eloquently of the long line of illustrious presidents of the society, and pronounced a merited eulogy concerning the character of Dr. Caswell, their last President. Messrs. D. R. Whittemore and Samuel Austin spoke impressively of the deceased President as a citizen and Christian, ever ready to aid in works of

improvement and benevolence, and who lived and died crowned by the honor and affection of his fellow-men. We also added our testimony of reverence and love for the memory of Dr. Caswell. Upon motion, the resolutions were then unanimously adopted, the whole assembly rising as a further mark of respect.

The committee appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year, reported through its chairman, Rev. J. M. Brewster, the following list of candidates, and the gentlemen named were elected :

President—Joseph C. Hartshorn, Providence.

First Vice-President—Albert K. Smiley, Providence.

Second Vice-President—Charles Perry, Westerly.

Third Vice-President—George J. Adams, Providence.

Secretary—Amos Perry, Providence.

Treasurer—David R. Whittemore, Providence.

Auditor—Rev. J. A. Stetson, Providence.

Trustees—Joseph H. Atwater, Benjamin F. Gridley, Jonathan Brayton, Carlton A. Staples, Jonathan G. Parkhurst, Theophilus Salisbury, Samuel Austin, all of Providence.

Upon motion of Mr. D. R. Whittemore, the following donations were voted from the treasury of the Society : To the American Peace Society, \$60 ; to the Friends Peace Association, \$20 ; to Amasa Lord, \$10. The President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Society were appointed a committee to arrange for a series of peace meetings, to be held in Providence, and various parts of the state, during the year.

We, speaking officially as Secretary of the American Peace Society, extended the cordial greetings of the National to the Rhode Island Society ; solicited the hearty co-operation of this state society in the great work the National society has before it ; and congratulated the Rhode Island society upon its honorable record of fifty-nine years.

The Rhode Island Peace Society is one of the very few state societies. It deserves great honor for keeping its existence for more than half a century, and for doing a steady and even work all that time. The fifty-ninth annual meeting exhibited marked fervor. We regret that it elected thirteen out of fourteen officers from Providence, leaving only *one* officer out of that city. As a state society it should give a representation to Newport, East Greenwich, Bristol and other important parts of the state. Besides, any society, in order to grow vigorously, must do more than meet once a year to elect officers. It must have regular meetings for business, discussions and addresses ; and, also, it must carry on a good work. We predict for the Rhode Island society a renewal of interest, and an energetic work in the years to come.

C. H. M.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE EDITOR desires to apologize to his readers for omitting another month's number of the *Advocate*, but explains by saying that it is in accordance with the precedent of past years, and that it arises from circumstances over which he has no control.

OUR READERS will recognize the marked value of the present number of the *Advocate*. But we solicit further help, both from subscribers and contributors.

CRUELTY has an immense influence on national policy. The fires of Smithfield kindled the English Reformation. The sufferings of the Covenanters quickened love for pure religion in Scotland. The cruelties of the slave-trade dug the grave of

that institution. The fierceness of Russia towards Poland and Hungary helped England into the Crimean war. The Turk's past and present deeds of cruelty now pronounce against him the world's anathema. By the same argument the world will cast out war because of its cruelties.

THE GENEVA ARBITRATION SURPLUS QUESTION is discussed in our columns this month. We publish articles on this theme sent us by Mr. Lewis Appleton, of Birmingham, Financial Secretary of the English Peace Society ; and by the Rev. Dr. George F. Magoun, President of Grinnell College, Iowa. Mr. Appleton treats the topic with fairness and ability, and President Magoun argues with calmness on the other side. We had intended to write an editorial on this theme, but yield the discussion to our esteemed correspondents. We may give our judgment, however, that while we think our government is under no obligation to return the surplus, we yet advocate its return as a matter of magnanimity, as helping to promote kindly international feeling, and as aiding the cause of arbitration. We wish, indeed, that the two governments would use the surplus in mutually promoting the codification of international law, an international court of arbitration, and peace principles.

AN EIGHTY-ONE TON GUN has been making shooting trials at Shoeburyness, England. To load this gun requires 370 pounds of powder, and a shot weighing 1700 pounds. The cost of loading this gun a dozen times would be a great help to a Peace Society. Millions for war but nothing for peace, is too much the maxim of the world.

AN ARMY RATE OF MORTALITY is something fearful to contemplate. Just after the Crimean war the British troops at home died at the rate of 18 per 1,000, or more than double the rate of men in civil life of the same ages.

ARMS AND MUNITIONS OF WAR, costing \$43,000,000, have been sold by parties in the United States to Europe within the last ten years, and the demand increases. Orders worth millions have come from Russia and from Turkey this year. Will the contractors who have received these vast sums of money now give generously to the American Peace Society, that we may bind up some of the wounds made by war ?

TURKISH OFFICIALS buy their places in all parts of the empire. This is done either at Constantinople, or in the metropolitan cities of large districts.

THE BULGARIAN ATROCITIES have shocked the sensibilities of the civilized world. The Russians, especially, have been at the white heat of rage, and make it a plea for going to war. Ah ! But what of the awful atrocities caused by war itself ?

UPON THE QUESTION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT quite different sentiments prevail in the extremes of New England. The experiment which Maine is trying is one that it will take some time to satisfactorily test, and Connecticut prefers to see it tested before endorsing and adopting the policy. For this reason the Legislature of the latter State has rejected by decided majorities a bill for the abolition of capital punishment.

THE ANTI-VIVISECTION MOVEMENT recently prominent in England aroused great popular excitement, and showed that the people were intensely indignant at the very idea of inflicting needless suffering on animals. This is all very well. Now let them pronounce a protest equally vehement against war, as inflicting a thousand times greater cruelty upon human beings.

THE DRY ROT IN OUR NAVY, in the way of extravagance, had better be stopped. One illustration of it is in the case of the ship *Java*, upon the Brooklyn Navy Yard stocks, about to be sold, and her estimated market value is \$10,000. Her first cost was not less than \$1,000,000, and she has never yet been launched, so the Government has spent about \$990,000 for the benefit of "distinguished patriots" in this instance alone.

REV. NARCISSE CYR has opened rooms for instruction in French, and for the publication of a monthly magazine entitled *Les Belles-Lettres*, at No. 174 Tremont Street. Mr. Cyr is an accomplished teacher.

HON. AMOS PERRY, A. M., Secretary of the Rhode Island Peace Society, was some years ago the United States Consul at Tunis. While there he employed his leisure time in writing an extremely instructive volume on Carthage and Tunis, afterwards printed in Providence. Mr. Perry is a graduate of Harvard University, is a gentleman of fine scholarly tastes, and of energy in the support of peace principles. We congratulate the Rhode Island Society, upon securing him for their Secretary.

For the Advocate of Peace.

ARBITRATION.

BY L. M. PALMER, A. B.

Principal of the Hopkinton, Mass., High School.

One of old prophecies a time when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Again, an angelic host heralded the coming of the "Prince of Peace" by the glad shout "On earth peace, good will toward men."

The belief in the reign of universal peace upon the earth, is based not only upon words of inspiration, but also upon reason and the law of progress. Nothing yields greater satisfaction to the scholar and Christian than a brief survey of the past, noting the wonderful march of civilization.

In view of this advance, how strange that brothers of Christian nations, each supplicating the same God for murderous victory, should have engaged in mutual destruction, until the whole world has become one vast slaughter field, its soil fertilized with the blood of its citizens. But it is stranger yet, that in this modern age of enlightenment and Christian influence, brute force instead of reason still rules in the affairs of men; for war, which Lord Brougham declared to be the greatest of human crimes, is still the arbiter of nations.

The professed object of war is to obtain peace. To do this it stirs up the passions of men, dissipates the kindly feelings and interrupts the intercourse of nations, fosters every species of intemperance and immorality, destroys property, blights happy homes, and sacrifices thousands of precious lives, till the stronger force—not necessarily justice—at length prevailing, the stillness of desolation is mistaken for the quiet of peace.

Modern civilization, though shuddering at the barbarism of the early and middle ages, when questions of right were decided by contest, and every man was his own judge and avenger, forgets that this barbarous custom which individuals have renounced, nations still cherish.

The public is shocked by the murder of an individual committed in our midst, and the convicted man is in turn murdered upon the gallows; but the history of Napoleon, who for ambition sacrificed his hundreds of thousands, graces every library, and the world honors him as one of her greatest heroes.

War is sometimes justified on the ground of necessity. For the triumph of right over wrong, and truth over error, it doubtless has been necessary in many instances of the world's history, but does it therefore follow that it is necessary in this enlightened age?

Reformations and discoveries demonstrate that precedent does not establish right. If nations can agree to the arbitrament of war, they can also agree to its abolishment. As the

law of gravitation, that governs the earth's particles, also governs the earth itself and the worlds in space, so must the law of love and right, that governs individuals, also govern societies and nations. What is primarily wrong for the individual, is proportionally wrong for the nation; yet while the State laws are to maintain peace by reason and justice, international law ignores arbitration and sanctions war for the arbitrament of national controversies.

From the primitive family government, there has been a natural development into the governments of tribes, states, and nations, each for mutual protection, and the present tendency is for divisions to decrease and parties to unite. International commerce, the increase of knowledge, the wonderful advance of science, the telegraph, steam power, and printing press, have brought men so closely together that the interest of one becomes that of all. The different nations whom circumstances once made enemies, are now uniting in one grand brotherhood, and the world's interests demand a union and a congress of nations, and a code of international laws, to develop, perfect, and perpetuate this growing bond of unity, whose durability shall be exceeded only by the amount of blessings it will gain to the world.

From the past and present, auspicious omens point us to the future. Already England and America, the two most sensitive, powerful, and civilized of nations, amidst the world's prophecies of war have nobly sought and acquiesced in the decision of the Geneva Arbitration, thus achieving a victory nobler and far more illustrious than Waterloo or Bunker Hill.

In view of the efforts of statesmen, publicists, and philanthropists, of the numerous conventions held, and the interest and sympathy awakened in the people, it is not visionary to predict that the glad time is near, when among civilized nations, the doors of our modern Janus will be forever closed; when the sun, which has been darkened with the smoke of battle, shall shine upon nations in harmony; and the free air of heaven, which has been filled with the din of carnage and the cries of suffering humanity, shall perpetually resound with the joyful acclamations of universal peace.

HOPKINTON, MICH., 1877.

TOPICS OF TO-DAY.

...Mr. John Bright has recently taken occasion to repeat his objections to capital punishment. He calls the law unchristian and unphilosophical, and thinks that with a different mode of punishment there would be fewer murders, and therefore life would be more secure; and he adds that the hangings of the past few years have been shocking to him, and that he marvels at the insensibility of his countrymen.

...A resolution is now before Congress providing for an amendment to the National Constitution prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within the United States. The honor proposing this amendment belongs to the Hon. Wm. Blair, a member of the House of Representatives from New Hampshire.

...There will be among the objects exhibited by the French in 1878, a one hundred-ton gun. It is to be cast at Reuil, near Paris, and will form the armament of the ironclad *Amiral Dupré*, now being constructed.

...The author of the phrase "Invincible in Peace, Invisible in War," which has been ascribed to Ben Hill, and applied by him to Fernando Wood and his class of war-talking Democrats, was the late Capt. George H. Derby, better known as "John Phoenix," who, while in San Francisco, at a public dinner of the State militia, gave as a toast: "The California Militia: Invincible in Peace, Invisible in War."

...Bishop Whipple of Minnesota writes a long letter to the New York *Tribune* on the origin and causes of the war with the Sioux. He claims that hostility has been engendered solely by the wrongs and injustice which the Indians have borne. The Government has broken its promises, violated its treaties and disregarded its plain duties. Deceit, fraud and cruelty have been practised upon the savages until they have no confidence in the white man, and they have been driven to desperation by the system of blunders, incompetency and injustice which is called our Indian policy. The Bishop thinks that all that is needed to secure permanent peace is to treat the Indians fairly and justly.

....S. A. Galpin, chief clerk of the Indian Office, has made an elaborate report upon the condition and management of certain Indian agencies in the Indian Territory now under the supervision of the Orthodox Friends. Particular stress is given in the report to the advancement of education among these tribes. The author of the report feels that the very satisfactory exemplification of the Indian policy which an inspection of the work in the central superintendency shows, and the high standard which the service here has attained, is due, in a great measure, to the intelligent interest shown by the Orthodox Friends in the work, and the direct personal influence which they have brought to bear upon their representatives in the field.

....In the National House of Representatives, in the Committee of the Whole, Mr. Hewitt, of New York, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a joint resolution authorizing the President to accept the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" when presented by the French Republic, and to designate a suitable site for said statue on either Governor's or Bedloe's Island in the harbor of New York. Passed.

....A bill has been introduced in the New Jersey Legislature which makes it the duty of the Court on a trial for murder in the first degree to pass a sentence of imprisonment for life whenever a verdict of guilty shall be accompanied by a recommendation to mercy on the part of the jury. The effect of the passage of the bill would probably be the virtual abolition of capital punishment in the State.

....The House Committee on Military Affairs will recommend the passage of a bill providing that there shall be no new enlistments in the army until the force of enlisted men shall have been reduced to 20,000, and requiring the Secretary of War to reduce the number of cavalry regiments to eight, and the number of infantry regiments to sixteen.

....Dr. Erasmus Wilson, an eminent London physician, has taken upon himself the charges of conveying Cleopatra's Needle from Alexandria to London. The obelisk will be surrounded with a water-tight and air-tight casing of boiler plates, will have a wooden keel and an iron deck, and will be towed through the Mediterranean by a powerful steamer. The cost of the enterprise will be \$50,000.

....It is gratifying to observe that Mr. Elijah Ward, whose familiarity with the commercial interests of the country made him a valuable representative in the late Congress, found time in the heat of the political contest which occupied the entire session to press on the attention of the House the policy of free trade with Canada. A week before the final adjournment Mr. Ward advocated in a convincing speech the adoption of his resolution for the appointment of international commissioners to inquire and ascertain by mutual investigation and conference how far it is practicable to extend our commerce with the Dominion.

....It is said that the only American who ever received the decoration of "Knight Commander of the Bath" is Lieutenant-Commander Pierson, of the navy, who has been so rewarded by the British Government for distinguished services rendered by him in assisting a British fleet in a conflict with some Chinese pirates. Congress has allowed him to receive the order.

....More than half the pastors in Dakota Presbytery are native Sioux. There are nine churches, six with native Indian pastors. There are 757 members, and their gifts last year amounted to \$992. And yet, in the face of such facts, there are those who insist that the Indian cannot be Christianized.

ARE WE PROGRESSING?

The great progress of to-day is the result of education—the boon which Christianity has given us for our faith. In earlier times falsehood ruled with an iron hand fearlessly, through the ignorance which he imposed and enjoined upon his myriads of subjects. Education was for the ruling class alone, and the educated, through that polish which education gives, were deemed as almost superhuman. Now it is far different; we are coming out upon a level, a common plane, and out of bondage into the position relative to each other which we occupied in the beginning of the world.

The day is gone by when falsehood could obtain for its votaries distinction or fame through cunning sophistry or hollow oratory. The applicant for place, position or name must now have qualifications beyond what education alone brings in order to obtain respect or place. He has got to have a character free from falsehood to receive the adoration which the unlettered hosts paid to Cæsar, while he yet pressed his heel upon their necks.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

From France's funeral pyre,
Rose, god-like, girt around with fire,
Imperial Cain!

On eyes and lips
Burnt the red hues of Love's eclipse.
Beneath his strong triumphal tread
All days the human wine-press bled,
And in the silence of the nights
Pale prophets stood upon the heights,
And gazing through the blood-red gloom
Far eastwards to the dead Christ's tomb,
Wail'd to the winds. Yet Christ still slept;—
And o'er His white tomb slowly crept
The fiery Shadow of a Sword!

Not Peace; a Sword.

And men adured
Not Christ, nor Antichrist, but Cain;
And where the bright blood ran like rain
He stood, and looking, men went wild;
For lo! on whomsoever he smiled
Came an idolatry accursed,
But chief, Cain's hunger and Cain's thirst
For gold and blood and tears; and when
He beckon'd, countless swarms of men
Flew thick as locusts to destroy
Hope's happy harvests, and to die;
Yea, verily at each finger-wave,
They swarm'd—and shared the grave they gave,
Beneath his throne.
—Buchanan.

SIPS OF PUNCH.

SCURVY OUTBREAK.—The attacks on the Arctic Expedition.

THE KHEDIVÉ'S MINISTER of Finance was reported to have died of over-drinking. He was in fact suffering from an overdose of sack.

"NO MISTAKE!" The British Lion (to the Egyptian Sphinx with the face of D'Israeli, and scenes of battle and flame in the background). "Look here! I don't understand you, but it's right you should understand me! I don't fight, to uphold what's going on yonder!"

DIPLOMATIC DIFFICULTY.—To tell the truth, or to believe it when told.

ONE of the latest additions to our fleet is the *Bacchante*. It is feared that she will be a wet ship and generally half-seas over.

FRIENDS OR FOES!—The Russian Bear, dressed as a soldier, and pointing towards Bulgaria, "That's my road!" The British Lion, dressed as a sailor, and approaching from Constantinople, "It's mine, too! Let's go together! When we can't, it will be time to quarrel!"

THE MATERIAL FOR THE ARCTIC MEDAL,—Frosted silver.

THE GREAT DUKE asserted that an army fought on its stomach. The Servians evidently have no stomach to fight on.

THE STANDARD announces, "The last conspiracy in Spain." We are delighted to hear it.

"CLOUDS in the East." No wonder, now the conference has ended in smoke.

"AFTER THE PARTY!"—Scene: Abdul Ahmed II seated upon a divan, his face bound up. Midhat Pasha seated upon a mat, twirling his thumbs, and looking wise. Abdul Ahmed II.—"I've got such a toothache! and how are we to pay the bill, Allah only knows!" Midhat Pasha.—"Kismet!" "The Sultan was prevented from receiving the plenipotentiaries, before their departure, by a toothache."



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No. 4.

OUR LITTLE ANGEL ONE.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—*Matt.* 18, 10.

Room, mother earth, upon thy breast for this young child of ours;

Give her a quiet resting place among thy buds of flowers;
Oh! take her gently from our arms into thy silent fold,
For she is calmly beautiful and scarcely two years old.
And ever since she breathed on us hath tender nursing known;
No wonder that with aching hearts we leave her here alone.

How shall we miss the roguish glee, the merry, merry voice,
That in the darkest, dreariest day would make us so rejoice!
How sweet was every morning kiss, each parting for the night,

Her lisping words that on us fell as gently as the light!
But death came softly to the spot where she was wont to rest,
And bade us take her from our home and lay her on thy breast.

So mother, thou hast one child more, and we have one child less:

The sweetest spot in all our hearts is now a wilderness,
From which the warm light of the sun has wandered swift and far,
And nothing here of radiance left but Memory's solemn star;
We gaze a moment on its light, then sadly turn aside,
As though we now had none to love, and all with her had died.

Mother, we know we should rejoice that she has gone before,
Gone where the withering hand of death shall never touch her more,

Up to the choir of sinless souls, a golden harp to bear,
And join the everlasting throng of singing children there;
Yet when we think how dear she was to us in her brief stay,
We can but weep that one so sweet so early passed away.

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.—“Why are you so melancholy?” said the Duke of Marlborough to a soldier, after the battle of Blenheim. “I am thinking,” replied the man, “how much blood I have shed for sixpence.”

A CHILD'S FAITH.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

“It is cold and bleak, and your shoes are broken and shabby, and you've no mittens for your hands, so I think you had better bide in the house to day, Gretchen.”

“Oh, mother, dear, I wouldn't think of staying away from the blessed Sabbath school, where the lady tells me such pretty stories. I won't mind the cold at all, and it's so warm and beautiful there.”

“Yes, child, but there's the coming home, and but a small bit of fire will you find to warm you when you get here.”

“Never mind, mother, I'll have the story in my heart, and a nice paper and a little book to read; please let me go.”

“Well, then, be off; you'll be sure of an hour's warmth, and that is something this bitter weather.”

This hard-working German mother, who fought a daily battle to keep her little ones from starving and freezing, pinned the faded shawl about little Gretchen, and kissed her good-bye as tenderly as many other mothers were that moment doing as they sent their warmly-clad darlings to school.

The lesson that day was about Elijah, and how God commanded a poor widow woman, who was almost starving herself, to give him food from her scanty store. The teacher told the children that although she had only a small portion of meal in her barrel, and only a little oil in the cruse, yet she was willing to share it with the good prophet, and make him a little cake. She believed and obeyed God, even when he told her to give away her last morsel of food; and he rewarded her for her obedience by never letting the meal waste in the barrel, nor the oil in the cruse, until the famine in that land was over.

“And, now, children,” said the teacher, “I want you to carry away with you a lesson of trust and obedience from this story.”

Another thing, always try to help a needy person whenever you can, for God may have sent such a one to you on purpose that you may give him aid.”

Little Gretchen's large blue eyes looked straight at the teacher while she was speaking, and she listened eagerly to every word she said. Among other thoughts that entered her heart that day, was one that gave the little German maiden great comfort. She learned that the Father in heaven was loving and good to his earthly children, and could give them food when they were hungry.

“I'll ask him to send us some food when the crusts are all

gone again, and, if I *am* a little girl, I think he'll hear me," she said to herself.

One afternoon that week, Gretchen's mother went out to do some scrubbing, and left her to take care of the younger children.

By-and-by there came a knock on the door, and, when Gretchen opened it, there stood a pale-looking woman with a little starved, puny baby in her arms.

"Could you give me a morsel to eat," said the woman, "for I've tasted nothing since yesterday, and I'm faint with hunger?"

Gretchen thought of the half loaf in the closet—all there was left in the house—and was about to answer, "No," to the poor woman, when the story of the widow, who gave the last food she had to the prophet, came into her mind.

"Step in a minute, and I'll give you a bit of bread," said Gretchen.

The woman sank into a chair; and the generous child stared in wonder to see how eagerly the poor famished creature ate the bread. She gave her another slice and a cup of cold water, and then the grateful woman went on her way.

"I don't want any supper to-night," said Gretchen, as her mother went to the closet for the half loaf of bread.

"And why not, child? There's little enough here, to be sure; but you shall have your share," replied the mother.

"I gave it to a poor hungry woman, this afternoon, and I'll do very well without a supper to-night."

"How could you give the last bit of bread out of your mouth, Gretchen? Surely you must have lost your wits. I don't know where another bite is coming from."

"I'll ask God to send us something to eat," said little Gretchen; and, before she went on a visit to her teacher, she kneeled down in one corner of the room, and in soft whispers told her dear Father in heaven all their needs, and asked him, in her childish way, to send them something very soon. "For, dear Father," she added, "there isn't a bit left in the closet, and we'll all be very hungry to-morrow."

Miss Taylor's class was mostly composed of poor children like Gretchen: so, early in the evening, she invited them out into the dining-room and gave them a nice warm supper. How good it tasted to the little maiden, who had eaten nothing since noon that she might help another.

After supper they played many games, and, when they went home, each child was given a pair of warm mittens, and a card, which Miss Taylor told them was an order to her grocer for tea, flour, oatmeal, and other groceries, which he would send to their homes on receiving the card.

Gretchen hurried home, and into the house with a beaming face. "It's true, mother—it's every bit true what the teacher told me. I asked the Heavenly Father for food, and he's sent it this very night," cried Gretchen as she handed her mother the card.

"It is indeed wonderful," said the mother, while tears of thankfulness filled her eyes. "This food will keep us, perhaps, till I can get some more work."

Dear, trusting little Gretchen, may she never lose the faith of her childhood, but may it grow stronger and brighter as the years glide on.—*Observer.*

MILITARY PROTECTION.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

A very industrious, simple-hearted peasant owned a little garden patch, which, with his persevering industry, yielded himself and family the means of subsistence. His cabbages and other vegetables were in the midst of their luxuriant growth, when a trivial occurrence broke the peaceful monotony of his mind, and filled it with restless solicitude. A roguish little rabbit had stolen into the enclosure, and finding the bean and pea leaves to his taste, nibbled his breakfast from them, day after day, without dreaming that they were cultivated for shorter-eared folk than he and his dove-eyed companions. So he bobbed about amid the delicious verdure of the unrestricted Eden, and daintily tasted of the choicest things that grew in it, cocking up his ears with delight when encoined by some plant of peculiar relish. Rising earlier than either the sun or the peasant, his morning repasts were finished without interruption, and he had retired to ruminate in his hole in a neigh-

boring wall, long before the poor man appeared, to detect the continued depredations of a guest that cooked and counted without his host. Annoyed at these surreptitious visits, which had destroyed nearly a shilling's-worth of his vegetables, the peasant determined upon summary measures. With that self-sacrificing spirit which is apt to distinguish the patriotism of the poor, he resolved to "repel this foreign invasion," and annihilate the cotton-coated intruder, cost what it might. To make the means commensurate with the end, he applied to a neighboring 'squire for his whole force of hunters, horses, and hounds, to expel the invader from his territory by "force of arms." The 'squire, willing to give the simple man a proof of his prowess, ordered the horn to be sounded early on the following morning; and the peasant was aroused from his bed by a squadron of horsemen thundering around his cottage, with the neighing of steeds and yelping of dogs chiming in with the tooting trumpets of the chase! At the summons of the 'squire, the simple rustic brought out all his provisions, his bread, beef, beer, and hams, to breakfast the hungry host. And when all his stock had been consumed, the charge was sounded. The foaming and fretting steeds fell into a line; "the dogs of war" were loosed; the watchword was given; the whole squadron came sweeping down through the garden, and the next moment every green plant and shrub it contained was trodden into the earth. The rabbit from his hole in the wall, and the peasant from the door of his cot, looked out upon the scene of desolation with astonishment and chagrin. The 'squire and his train disappeared, leaving the impoverished swain to ruminate upon the "costs of war," and the value of "military protection."

The experience of every people that have enjoyed a "military protection," may find an illustration in the experience of this poor peasant.

WEBSTER AND THE DRIVER.

On one occasion, Daniel Webster was on his way to his duties at Washington. He was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no travelling companions, and the driver had a sort of felon look, which produced no inconsiderable alarm with the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquillize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partially succeeded, when we reached the dark woods between Biadensburg and Washington, (a proper scene for a murder or outrage,) and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned toward me, and with a rough voice inquired my name. I gave it to him."

"Where are you going?" said he.

The reply was, "To Washington. I am a Senator."

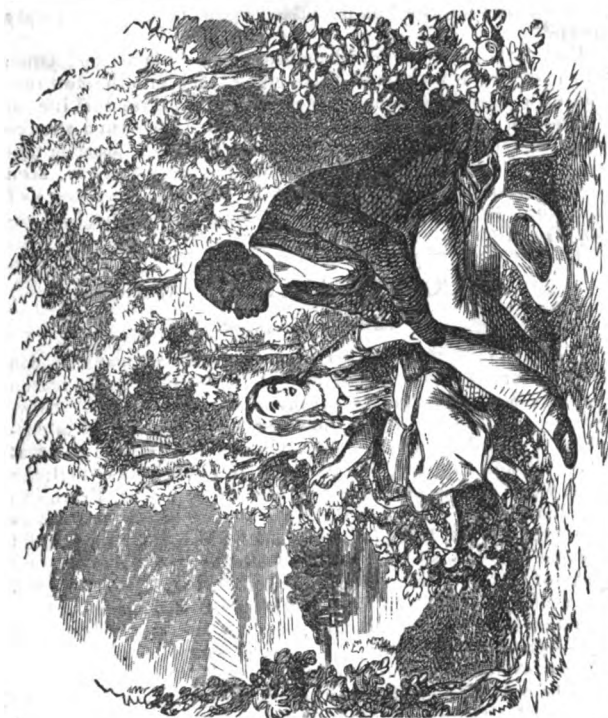
Upon this the driver seized him fervently by the hand and exclaimed, "How glad I am! I have been trembling in my seat for the last half hour; for when I looked at you I took you to be a highwayman."

Of course both parties were relieved.

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON HEALTH.

1. Dr. Willard Parker, of New York city, says: "It is now many years since my attention was called to the insidious, positively destructive effects of tobacco on the human system. I have seen a great deal of its influence upon those who use it and work in it. Cigar and snuff manufacturers have come under my care in hospitals and in private practice, and such persons can never recover soon and in a healthy manner, from cases of injury or fever. They are more apt to die in epidemics, and more prone to apoplexy and paralysis. This same is true also of those who smoke or chew much."

2. Dr. H. V. Miller, of Syracuse, furnishes the following: "A French physician investigated the effects of tobacco-smoking upon thirty-eight boys between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit. The result was that twenty-seven presented marked symptoms of nicotine poisoning; twenty-three manifested serious derangement of the intellectual faculties, and a strong appetite for alcoholic drinks; three had heart disease; eight decided deterioration of blood; twelve had frequent nose-bleed; ten disturbed sleep, and four ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth."



A NEGRO'S PIOUS LIFE.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM.

Sometimes my little friends, the boys and girls who read the ANGEL OF PEACE are tempted to think they are too small or too unimportant, to accomplish any good. But we are taught in the Holy Scriptures, and in church history, that God often chooses causes that are weak and small to accomplish great results. I desire to illustrate this truth by giving some account of the good done by a poor negro man. My young readers have no doubt read of "Uncle Tom," in the charming story written by Mrs. Stowe, and have admired his noble character, and have loved little Eva because she was so good to him. Well, I will now tell them of old "Uncle Johnson."

Johnson Harrison, familiarly called Uncle Johnson, was born in the State of Virginia, before the war of the Revolution. His first master was an uncle of President Harrison, and lived on the James River. He loved to talk of Revolutionary times. He often described the distinguished men who were accustomed to call at his master's. He afterwards removed, his freedom having been given to him, to Ypsilanti, Michigan, where he died at the extraordinary age of one hundred and seventeen years.

The religious life of "Uncle Johnson" was remarkably interesting. For about sixty years his masters used to allow him several months each year in order that he might preach the gospel on the surrounding plantations, as his exhortations tended to make the slaves good and religious. He often spoke of his religious experiences, in a quaint and forcible manner. Of his conversion he said, "When I was walking something would keep saying to me, 'Unworthy, unworthy,' when I took a bit of bread, or a cup of water, it kept saying, 'Unworthy, unworthy,' when I goes into the field all the trees kept saying 'Unworthy, unworthy,' I thought I would die. Bimby there com'd along a preacher, who told me that there was no use of

my living that way, and he told me how the gospel says, 'Behold the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world,' and I goes into the woods, and all night I cries, 'O Lamb of God, have mercy on this poor colored man;' and, Oh glory! just as the light was coming over the mountains of old Virginia the light of Jesus shined into this poor soul; and from that day on, I've been trying to tell to saints and sinners round what a dear Saviour I have found."

In after years his heart seemed to melt at the mention of the name of Jesus. Sometimes in his prayers he would utter that dear name over and over with tears of gratitude. He once said to a friend, who asked him if he intended to be faithful to the end, "O, I's bound for de kingdom; I's not been holdin' on all dis way to fail jus at the gate." One day he said, with tears of emotion, "Oh, I's jus thinking that if the crumbs that fall from the Master's table in this world am so good, what will the GREAT LOAF in glory be." Once, after he had been dangerously sick, he said, "I thought my appointed time had come. I could see the dust of the chariot coming over the mountains." The "chariot," did come, not long after, and with its wheels rolling in fire took him along the way Elijah rode. So this really great and good man died, having been a promoter of peace and good-will all his long life, and by his kind heart and pious life showing that even an humble person may accomplish a vast amount of good.

THE CHILD TEACHER.

Backward and forward in her little rocking chair went Alice Lee, now clasping her beautiful waxen doll to her bosom, and singing low, sweet lullabies; then smoothing its flaxen hair, patting its rosy cheeks, and whispering softly, "I love you, pretty dollie;" and anon casting wistful glances towards her mother, who sat in a bay window, busily writing. After what seemed to be a very long time to the little daughter, Mrs. Lee pushed aside the papers, and looking up, said pleasantly, "I am through for to-day, Alice; you may now make all the noise you choose." Scarcely were the words uttered, ere the little one had flown to her, and nestled her head on her loving heart, saying earnestly:

"I'm so glad; I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" And she clasped her tenderly. "I am very glad my Alice loves me so; but I fancy you were not very lonely while I wrote; you and dollie seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, we had, mamma; and I got tired after a while of loving her."

"And why?"

"O, because she never loves me back!"

"And that is why you love me?"

"That is one why, mamma; but not the first one, or the best."

"And what is the first and best?"

"Why mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so."

"We love Him because He first loved us," whispered the mother; and fervently she thanked God for the little child-teacher.

A HINT TO FAULT FINDERS.—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who had seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE is a good paper for the Sabbath school and family. Dear friends, please give it a trial.

A TOUCHING STORY.

A story was related by Dr. Schnebly, of Maryland, at a meeting held in New York, to hear the experience of twenty reformed drunkards:

A drunkard who had run through his property returned one night to his unfurnished house. He entered his empty hall. Anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings, and language was inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite, his loving wife and a darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without saying a word; he could not speak; he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little angel at her side: "Come, my child, it is time to go to bed;" and that little baby, as she was wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chiselled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison. When she had finished, the child (but four years of age) said to her mother: "Dear mother, may I not offer up one more prayer?" "Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray." and she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed: "O God! spare—O! spare my dear papa!" That prayer was lifted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard on high, it was heard on earth. The responsive "Amen!" burst from her father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said: "My child, you have saved your father from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge!"

A PURE GEM.

Friend Stanley Pumphrey, now on a religious visit to this country, in a meeting for worship in Salem (city of peace) repeated with great pathos and effect the following:

PRAYER OF JOHN BERRIDGE.

Jesus, cast a look on me,
Give me sweet simplicity;
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know.

All that feeds my busy pride
Cast it evermore aside;
Let my will to Thine submit,
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled;
Walking only in Thy might,
Seeing only in Thy light;

Leaning on Thy loving breast
Where the weary soul may rest;
Knowing well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious blood.

In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this spirit let me die,
And hosannas ever cry.

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

A man fell asleep as the clock tolled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the echo of the twelfth stroke had died away, having in the interval dreamed that he had committed a crime, was detected after five years, tried and condemned; the shock of finding the halter around his neck aroused him to consciousness, when he discovered that all these events had happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time.

Muhammed, wishing to illustrate the wonders of sleep, told how a certain man, being a sheik, found himself, for his pride, made a poor fisherman; that he lived as one for sixty years, bringing up a family and working hard, and how, upon waking up from his long dream, so short a time had he been asleep that the narrow-necked gourd bottle, filled with water, which

he knew he overturned as he fell asleep, had not time to empty itself.

How fast the soul travels when the body is asleep! Often when we awake we shrink from going back into the dull routine of a sordid existence, regretting the pleasanter life of dreamland. How is it that sometimes when we go to a strange place we fancy that we have seen it before? Is it possible that when one has been asleep the soul has floated away, seen the place, and has that memory of it which so surprises us? In a word, how far dual is the life of man, how far not!—*London Times*.

DISCONTINUANCE OF WAR.

BY THOMAS CHASE, M. A.

We have faith that the Christian sentiment of mankind can destroy war, and that it will destroy it, for this simple reason that war is wrong. Nothing is invincible but the right. However venerable with years, however safely entrenched in custom and precedent, all wrong is intrinsically weak and perishable. Though baptized, like Achilles, in the waters of hell, the giant war has at least one spot where the arrow of Truth can find him. Some day he will receive his death wound, and as men gaze at his hideous corpse they will wonder that he did bestride the earth so long like a Colossus; that men so long spoke of him with reverence and bated breath. The time will come, and we must help it to come—for God demands our co-operation in all his gracious purposes for the progress of our race—when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." "The battle-bow shall be cut off, and he shall speak peace" even "unto the heathen." "Down the dark future," nay, let us trust that in the near future, the next generations,

"The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibration,
I heard once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'"

"Peace!—and no longer from its brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But, beautiful, as songs of the immortals,
'The holy melodies of love arise.'"

Kind words are the bright flowers of earth's existence, they make a very paradise of the humblest home the world can show. Use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed down spirit glad, than all other blessings the world can give.

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty.

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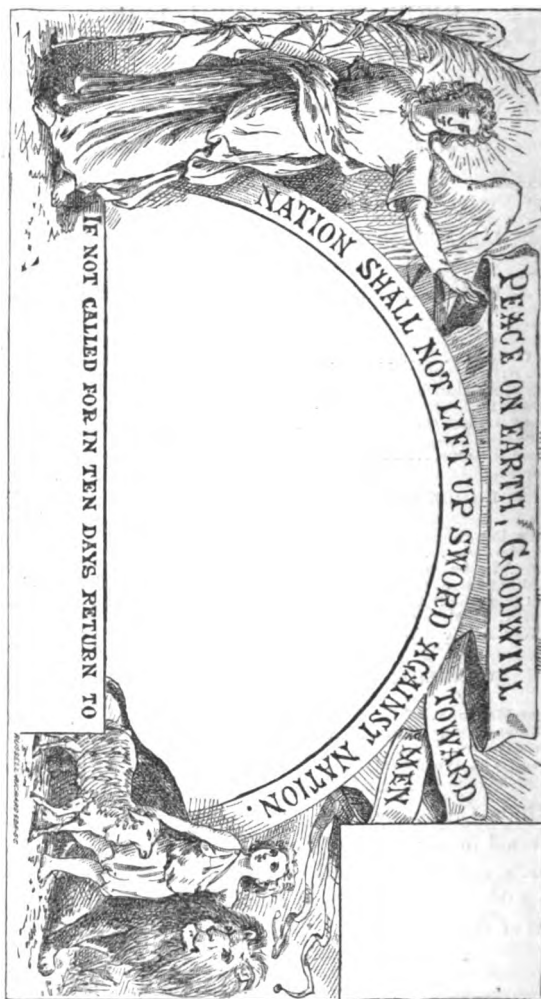
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VOL. VIII. No. 3.

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BY MISS L. J. GREGG.

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We sing to thee, O glorious river !
Descending all the hills of time ;
To earth's bright fields a gladsome giver,
We bring thee songs from every clime.
Sing, happy hearts, sing low and tender ;
Sing soft, O Sea ! sing sweet, O Shore !
Sing, bending Blue ! thy scroll of splendor
Bears notes of Peace for evermore.
Songs ever blending and ascending,
Sweet Peace ! we give thee o'er and o'er.

Blest stream ! born 'mid the mountains lonely,
Those far-off years whose peaks rise high ;
Child of Love's ocean, God, the Only,
Gave thee to earth from out the sky.
We trace thy course through Time's commotion ;
We shudder at the dread survey ;
What fearful storms have checked thy motion !
What frightful rocks have barred thy way !
Yet all triumphant to the ocean,
Sweet Peace ! thy waters flow to-day !

O, Silver River, smoothly flowing,
How bright the blue that bends o'er thee !
Millennial sunlight now is glowing
Across the nearing western sea.
Blest Prince of Peace ! thy sons and daughters,
Rejoicing in thy gift to them,
Send far adown the widening waters
The echoing song of Bethlehem.
The song all glorious and victorious,
The angel song of Bethlehem.

—Selected.

According to M. de Girardin all the great powers, except England and America, are on the verge of bankruptcy, through the cost of their military equipments. The six European powers spend near five hundred millions annually in the support of their armies, each soldier costing from \$174.30 in Austria to \$503.40 in England. It took some thousands of years for men to find out that law and order were better than the principle of "every man for himself," and it will probably be a century, at the present rate of progress, before nations will learn to settle their difference before disinterested arbitrators.

POWER AND PERIL OF A NATIONAL ILLUSION.

BY HON. ELIHU BURRITT.

Nations of great power and renown have shown themselves as much subject to strange idiosyncrasies or optical delusions of the mind as individual men. The one which stands in the very first rank of Christian civilization has been the greatest victim of these vagaries and hallucinations. England for two hundred years has sacrificed rivers of precious blood, and treasure which arithmetic can hardly measure, to the veriest bugbear of her imagination. Every war she has waged on the continent of Europe for the past two centuries has been to create or maintain a balance of power, for her own imagined security, without reference to the wish or well-being of the people of those countries who were to be put in this scale or that to effect the adjustment. Look at the long wars in the reigns of William of Orange and Queen Anne, chiefly to put a German prince on the throne of Spain instead of Philip of France. Not the slightest reference was made by England and her allies to the question which of the two princes the Spanish nation preferred for their king, or which of them would best promote the interests of the people. If a French king were allowed to ascend the throne, he would annex or ally Spain to France, and the French power thus increased would be sure to be arrayed against England. But could not France and Spain be as easily and effectively united against England when separate powers as if they were under one sceptre? Has she not found this true several times in her own experience? Of course the balance-of-power system, which has cost so many years of war and such a deluge of human blood, is of no avail in time of peace. But what does it amount to in war? Has not England proved to the world that the balance of power is not in favor of the country that has the largest territory or population, but in favor of the nation which has the largest balance of money in the bank? It was her money-power that overthrew the first Napoleon, or the allies which it could bring into the field.

For a century and more, England has victimized herself to this balance-of-power bugbear. For more than one hundred years the American colonies encountered their greatest peril from the wars of the mother-country to uphold this strange vagary. Her long conflicts with France brought down upon the feeble and scattered settlements of New England the savage raids of the French and Indians from Canada. The colonists were involved in all the hostilities she led in Europe. They had to put their small towns under watch and ward by day and night, against foes by sea as well as land; against French, Dutch or Spanish, as well as Indians. At her summons they sent forth their little military contingents to Canada, Nova Scotia and Cuba, where hundreds of them left their bones as a sacrifice to a theory which has cost Christendom more bloodshed and misery than all the other causes of war put together. See what comes out of this national hallucination. Here is the grand old nation whose history, up to within the century just past, was our history in all the glory that it had won. Here is the noble country of our ancestors, that can face any real eventuality—whatever it be or however suddenly it may come—with a courage which commands the admiration of the world. Here is the glorious old mother of the

Anglo-Saxon race, and of all the English-speaking nations yet to be, who never lost a tinge of the red English blood of her cheeks at the Indian mutiny, yet who trembles and turns pale before the thin spectre of her own imagination!

In a long residence in London I have seen or felt fogs that were as the blackness of darkness solidified. But one could partially account for them from the conditions of the atmosphere, and estimate the proportion of coal smoke that made the white fog from the river such a "blanket of the dark" wrapped around the great city. But the cause and suddenness of the ague-shakes of an invasion-panic that seized the public mind you could refer to no facts precedent or theories subsequent. There was no smoke nor cloud of unfriendly augury on the horizon of Europe to account for the outbreak of one of these panics which I witnessed with wonder. To be sure, a short article had appeared, in a German newspaper I think, showing the lack of fortifications around the English coast to resist a foreign invasion. It is quite possible that this article was "inspired," if not written, by some English aspirant to military office and honor; for the pressure upon "the two services," on army and navy, for place and pay would astonish the world if the facts were known. But no more places and pay could be made for the aristocratic and eager applicants without "increased defences" on land and sea, and these could not be voted without stirring the nation to a vehement sense of its danger. So the old machinery was set in motion to this end. First, articles in the organs of "the two services" began to follow each other in quick succession, to show the helpless condition of England in case of foreign invasion. Then the great journals of London began to sound the alarm. Finally the military alarmists induced the Duke of Wellington to write a letter confirming these apprehensions, and in his blunt way, stating how much additional money it would require "to set England on its legs again," as he expressed it. The fever- and-ague of the panic was now at its height, and some of the utterances under its delirium I well remember. One writer drew up a programme of defence which shows the violence of the ague-shakes. Assuming that the French would meet with no serious opposition to their landing on the Kent or Sussex coast, he proposed that all the trees lining the road from Dover to London should be cut down and placed across it to delay the march of the invaders. Next, as soon as the landing of the French army was announced, the Queen and Royal Family were to be sent off to York for safety. Then, it was almost certain that the French would head straight to Windsor to capture the Queen, and, finding she had flown, would march immediately to secure the second object of their invasion, or the Bank of England. In doing this their army would have to pass through the Strand and the narrow Fleet street, and the writer proposed that all the buildings on each side should be blown down upon the invaders. This is a sample of the letters that appeared in the public press which produced one of the periodical invasion-panics in England. And all this while not an act or expression on the part of France could be cited as showing any unfriendly purpose or feeling toward England. The whole of this excitement grew out of a groundless and spontaneous suspicion.

The same suspicion has involved England in this wasteful and deplorable antagonism to Russia on the Eastern question. This antagonism arrays her against the progress of Christian civilization and allies her to the most paralyzing despotism in the world. It belies and degrades the great position she claims as the van-leader of free nations and the institutions of freedom. It belies the best instincts of her people. Let any great disaster by fire, flood, or pestilence fall upon any city or country on the globe, and whose heart is more quickly and generously moved toward the sufferers, or whose hand brings more liberal succor to them than England's? What people hate slavery or oppression more than the English? But see how all these generous sympathies and impulses are falsified or disappear in the position England assumes toward Russia in her determination to uphold and perpetuate the integrity and independence of the Turkish dominion and despotism. Here is a power that sits like a nightmare on the very bosom of the Old World.

All the races and countries beneath it feel the deadening chill

of its fingers. The Christian populations who feel it most cry out, in their despair, "Lord, how long!" They cry to man as well as God; and Russia, of the same religion and race, endeavors to come to their help. She is the only power in the wide world that ever attempted to help them, or ever showed any sympathy for them. They look to her as their only earthly savior, and she would save them if not prevented by a power that claims to be the greatest lover and defender of freedom and the rights of man in Europe. Twenty years ago Russia essayed, not to break, but to lighten, the yoke of Turkish despotism, galling and bending the necks of these Christian populations. But England rushed in and let slip the dogs of war against the liberator. Her dogs, and other dogs of equal bay and bite, tore her and chased her back wounded and bleeding to her own country. Well, twenty years more of the same yoke have been borne by these Christian populations; for the Great Powers, who chased away their deliverer, did nothing to lessen the weight and degradation of their bondage. Again Russia approaches to help them, and again England confronts her with her sharp-bitten dogs of war. To them, in their longing to be free, these English dogs are what the slaveholder's trained blood hounds were at the heels of the slave, running for life and liberty.

Now, what Christian mind or heart that loves human freedom can dwell upon this position of England without feeling that it is unworthy of her best self, of all she claims to be and do as a leader and defender of civilization? What is the argument by which she justifies this position? Put in her own terms, it is only the language of that wild and delirious suspicion that breeds her French-invasion panics. It is this: "That if Russia should seize Constantinople, she would pour her Cossack hordes into Western Europe, crush constitutional freedom, and invade and conquer India." I would ask any candid, reasoning mind to analyze the vagaries of this assumption. First, then, in regard to the aggressive capacity of mere location. If Russia has the heart and thought to spring with the bound of a beast of prey upon Western Europe, why should she wait until she has seized Constantinople as a spring-point? Boys, when competing at a "running-jump," always begin to run a rod or two back of the line at which they are to begin their leap, in order to get the momentum of the race. If Russia would have such a momentum for her bound upon Western Europe and constitutional freedom, why should she go a thousand miles to the Bosphorus to run for the leap? How would Constantinople help her in the matter? If she seized that capital by force, she would have to hold it solely by her own troops, so she would not have so large a force for conquering Western Europe or India as at the present moment. If, then, she wants to crush constitutional freedom, why does she not start from Cronstadt, Riga or Warsaw, and begin her work in Sweden and Denmark, and go on crushing to Holland and Belgium? Well, take the other branch of the argument or assumption, that if Russia should seize Constantinople, she could and would invade and conquer India. But would she be any nearer India at that point than she is now, on the Caspian Sea? By what shorter or easier route could her forces reach Calcutta than by that now open to them? To invade and conquer India, with a compact population three times the number the Russian Empire can count from the White Sea to the Black, and from the Bay of Bothnia to Behrings Straits! If England fears that some other power may invade and conquer India, let her make her Government such as her Indian subjects would defend against any comers to change it.

But to the general question raised by this sheer imagination. On what ground can Russia be charged with an intent to march against civilization or constitutional freedom in any country? Has she made the march of a rod in that direction for the last fifty years? In all this space of time has she put any restriction upon constitutional freedom in Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, or Holland? She has marched, it is true, all the way from the mouth of the Neva to the mouth of the Amoor, but did she trample down any civilization on the way? When she sent back ten thousand enslaved Persians in Bokhara to their own country, did she crush any constitutional freedom?

These are questions and considerations worthy the thoughtful

attention of the Christian mind of America, for America, England and Russia are, perhaps unconsciously, united by bonds they cannot sever, and set apart from all other nations for one of the grandest missions for the well being of mankind ever committed to human hands, or, to civilize and Christianize the whole continent of Asia. How sad that this miserable Eastern Question should so antagonize the two European partners in this work, and thus delay a consummation so devoutly to be wished!

For The Advocate of Peace.

THE FATE OF TURKEY.

BY REV. DORUS CLARKE, D. D.

The religion of Turkey is a religion of fate, and it casts the horoscope of what will probably be the fate of Turkey. The empire of Turkey covers some of the finest countries upon the face of the globe. Constantinople itself is a gem of the first water. "Beautiful for situation," it should be the "joy of the whole earth." No capital of either hemisphere approaches it for the grandeur of its site, or the magnificence of its natural environments. Turkey is located in the midst of the nations. indeed it is the very heart of the nations. It is now a blot upon the map of the world, but were it an intelligent and a Christian nation, with its central position between Europe and Asia, its rich agricultural resources and its splendid commercial facilities, it would be the theme of universal admiration. The clarion acclamation of the crusaders as they gazed with astonishment upon the transcendent beauty of Gaul, "*La Belle France*," might with great propriety be repeated, with only a change of name, by the traveller, as he surveys the magnificent valleys, the grand mountain ranges and the inland seas, which make up the natural scenery of the Turkish empire.

But, Oh! the moral and material wretchedness of that land, which the Creator seems to have designed to be the very perfection of His national handiwork! Four centuries ago, the Turk, with his fanatical religion of fate, took possession, by fire and sword, of this most beautiful domain, and by a sort of "squatter sovereignty" has hitherto maintained his position there, menacing the peace of mankind, and defying all the efforts of diplomacy and civilization to dislodge him from his usurped dominion. During these four centuries, the world has made unequalled progress in religious toleration, in good government, in science, in literature and in art, but Turkey has all the while maintained a stubborn immobility of ignorance in the midst of these grand ameliorations of human society. But is she always to maintain this most unenviable position? With all her magnificent natural advantages, must she always be permitted to hold a position so hostile to the material and moral progress of the world? Have not other nations some interest in this matter? If Turkey, deaf to the voices of reason, of good neighborhood, and of international comity, will not yield her position, will it not be morally right for other nations to interfere, and compel her to come into the line of justice, of humanity, of decency? Most decidedly opposed as we sincerely are to all wars, we can see no reason why the world should longer be retarded in its progress towards millennial glory by the ignorance and fanatical hate of Mohammedanism. If Jehovah needed the land of Canaan for the residence of His "Chosen people," does He not need the land of the Turk quite as much for the residence of happy millions during the long reign of His Son over this sin-stricken but regenerated world? The aspect of the "Eastern question," now apparently approaching some decided change, it may be well for the friends of Christianity and of peace to consider, not merely in the light of politics, but in that forecasting light which prophecy throws upon the future condition of our race. The reconstruction of the map of the world, in future times, will probably not be so much in the interest of this or that human dynasty, as in the interest of Him, "whose kingdom ruleth over all."

It is, I know, a serious question, whether, if Russia should obtain possession of Constantinople, the narrow spirit of the Russo-Greek Church would be much improved upon the barbarism of Turkey.

For The Advocate of Peace.

ANTI-WARLIKE IDEAS.

BY E. POTONIE.

Aristotle believed in the necessity of slavery, and yet how far was the heart and spirit of that mighty genius in advance of his age! Who of his time would have thought that one day slavery would be revolting to the human soul? On the contrary, with our forefathers it was an act of mercy. Instead of killing captives they made them slaves.

A more recent invention, the *Auto-da-fé*, resisted even to the commencement of this century, the blows directed against it, not only by the thinkers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries but also the eighteenth, filled as it was with European and American philanthropic thought. The advent of Napoleon was necessary to blot out in Spain the last traces of this "act of faith."

Since this is so who will pretend that war is an exception and that it is impossible that the twentieth century will replace war by arbitration among the nations? It is possible! Friends of justice and peace who desire to extirpate the barbarous war of our times, scatter instruction in all the land and by persuasion spread without ceasing your principles of justice! From justice will spring peace.

Who will deny the united responsibility of nations? What an argument against war when it can be proved that the conquerors suffer as well as the conquered, that evil in one country works evil in another and good works good! As proof we present the following fact. Since the inauguration of President Hayes business has been reviving in the United States. As a consequence numerous orders have begun to arrive at Lyons. These simple lines should cause us to reflect.

If Joan d'Arc could in "her time" hate the English without injuring the commerce of Jacques Cœur, in "our time" of steam, electricity and interchange of ideas, if the French, for instance, should rejoice over the ruin of England, (which God forbid) they would be ignorant of their own best interests.

BERLIN, PRUSSIA, April, 1877.

Representations have been made at Washington, and scattered over the country through the press, to the effect that our coast defences are lamentably weak, and that we have no guns which would offer any resistance to the iron-clad navies of the world if they should undertake to enter our harbors and destroy our cities. The inference suggested, of course, is that we ought immediately to spend some millions or hundreds of millions in arming our forts with improved instruments of death. However agreeable such an expenditure would be to the contractors who would furnish the guns and the officials who would disburse the funds, the sober judgment of the nation would not approve it. Our safety from invasion lies not in the armaments we might construct, but in our providential position and our freedom from entangling relations with other nations. We could do vastly more to secure our own and the world's welfare by spending the same amount or part of it in securing an International Code and a Court of universal arbitration. The spectacle of a great nation without a great military establishment is itself a valuable lesson in the principles of peace, and an example which we should be careful to make more—not less—distinct and illustrious.

TAXATION IN FRANCE shows an enormous mass of figures. But we will refer only to the proportion of taxes raised for the support of the army. Each Frenchman has to pay \$2.66 *per annum* towards this expense. The war estimates now exceed \$110,000,000. Yet this does not represent the total cost of the army to the nation, for forced and unpaid service must be taken into account. A Frenchman is taxed annually for public worship, including Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, 31 cents; for public instruction 28 cents; for agriculture and commerce, 16 cents; and for fine arts 4 cents. Will our readers notice the contrast between the tax for war and for the pursuits of peace!

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, MAY & JUNE, 1877.



PRESIDENT HAYES' PEACE POLICY.

The course taken by Rutherford B. Hayes as President of the United States, has met with hearty approbation throughout the country. He bids fair to become the President of Peace. Upon his inauguration he delivered an address, in which he expressed his views concerning peace in terms of extraordinary wisdom and goodness.

In speaking of the Southern question, Mr. Hayes said that the one subject in our public affairs which all thoughtful and patriotic citizens regard as of supreme importance, is the permanent pacification of the country upon such principles as will secure the complete protection of all its citizens in the free enjoyment of all their constitutional rights. He urged every citizen to regard the condition of the Southern States not in a partisan sense, but in a sentiment of brotherhood. Citizens should not think of themselves so much as either Republicans or Democrats as fellow men, to whom the interests of a common country and common humanity are dear. Both races in the South, whites and blacks, should be actuated by motives of mutual sympathy and regard. He promises to use his power as President in promoting the interests of all citizens, without regard to political parties, to sectional differences, or distinctions of race. Here, therefore, we have a clearly defined peace policy for our internal national affairs.

Passing from his remarks upon the condition of our own country to consider our relations with other lands, President Hayes rose, if possible, into yet a loftier height of noble sentiment. He called to memory the fact that our traditional rule of non-interference in the affairs of foreign nations, has proved of great value to our nation in past times, and should continue to be observed, no matter what European complications may arise. He declared that the policy inaugurated by President Grant, of submitting to arbitration grave questions in dispute between ourselves and foreign powers, pointed to a new, and incomparably the best, instrumentality for the preservation of peace; and, also, that it would become a beneficent example of the course to be pursued by other nations. Then came in his address a sentence which deserves to be written in letters of gold upon the walls of both houses of Congress, saying, "If, unhappily, questions of difference should at any time during the period of my administration arise between the United States and any foreign government, it will certainly be my disposition and my hope to aid in their settlement in the same peaceful and honorable way, thus securing to our country the great blessings of peace and mutual good offices with all the nations of the world."

We call the attention of our readers to the sublime wisdom and righteousness of President Hayes' sentiments on peace, and particularly to the words we have just quoted. This one utterance from the Chief Magistrate of this vast Republic rewards the American Peace Society for its fifty years of toil.

Ladd, and Beckwith, and Miles, and the innumerable company of pious men and women who in their day prayed and labored for peace on earth, may now rejoice in their holy habitations with a higher ecstasy. Yea, the very angels, who chanted over the star-lit plains of Bethlehem their hymn of good will to men, may now tune their voices to a more joyous tone, in that the mighty rulers of earth take up the strain they poured into the ears of the listening shepherds!

G. H. M.

A REPUBLIC OF PEACE.

The student of history reads that most nations have been founded by conquest. The sword has cut a pathway along which the feet of advancing peoples have walked. The Republic of Liberia, however, is an exception to this rule. It was founded by American Christians, with prayer and acts of love. Certain men, moved by philanthropy, without regard to various political and ecclesiastical opinions, united together to plant a "republic of peace" upon the shores of Africa. The names of Robert Finley, Samuel J. Mills, Archibald Alexander and Jehudi Ashman shall be forever memorable in the annals of Christian States; for these men, with the blessing of God upon their undertaking, founded by methods of peace a government which has taken its place amongst the nations of the earth. We are filled with wonder as we look upon the map, and see Liberia stretching six hundred miles along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean, with its magnificent position for sending the influences of Christian civilization four thousand miles across the continent, over a region teeming with inhabitants, crossed by rivers inviting commerce, with valuable mineral and agricultural resources, and with elevated lands and healthful climates. This wonder is increased as we remember that Liberia is a republic of peace, and that it will send forth its messengers into the vast regions beyond, not clad in the panoply of war, and not carrying the engines of death; but, upon the contrary, clothed in the vestments of peace, and bearing the holy Gospels. During the last year Liberia made a treaty of peace with the Gedeboos, near Cape Palmas, agreeing that "perpetual peace shall exist."

The Liberian government, dealing with the natives more wisely than our government with the natives of this continent, promises them "equal rights," and recommends them to become citizens of the republic.

Bishop Haven, of the Methodist Church, has recently returned from Liberia, and we have read with deep interest his letters, published in *Zion's Herald*, concerning that country. In a late letter he referred to the dying words of Cox, the pioneer American Methodist Missionary to Africa, calling with pathetic voice for missionaries for that benighted land. That voice thrilled the heart of Gilbert Haven when a boy with religious fervor, and caused to be kindled upon the altars of American Methodism such flames of consecration as illuminate to this day portions of the shadowed continent of Africa—that voice from the death-bed of Cox spoke for Africa words of peace, in that it called for the proclamation of the Gospel of peace through Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace.

Now, this voice is echoed not by the Church alone, but by the State also, and we hear the republic of Liberia—which we may truly call the "republic of peace"—speaking in the words of a recent treaty, and saying, "Perpetual peace shall exist."

Hence, full of pathos as the early religious history of Liberia is, and sublime as were the sacrifices of those missionaries

who went out there to lay down their lives for Christ, there is yet an extraordinary interest attached to the political history of the republic of Liberia; for the dying wail of Cox calling for help, the solemn voices speaking from the missionary graves at Cape Mesurado, and the stirring appeals of Bishop Haven fresh from his visit to Liberia, are truly voices of peace and good-will chanting together concerning the conquests of Christ over a whole continent that shall be called the Republic of Peace.

We are moved to enthusiasm as we hail these peaceful tokens upon the continent of Africa. With the spirit of prophecy upon us, we believe that God will make the least to be greatest, and that which was last to be the first. The new civilization of Africa shall be that of peace. Commerce and manufactures, the Church and the school, shall bring forth such harvests there as no sickle ever reaped before.

We have written to several eminent men in Liberia, asking them to form a Liberian Peace Society, after the model of the American Peace Society, and have furnished them with a copy of the constitution and rules of our Society, to aid them in this undertaking. We have no doubt that such a society will be organized in Liberia, in accordance with our desire, and enter into correspondence with us, and with other Peace Societies; and thus add one more to the important sisterhood of organizations, having for their mission the promotion of peace upon earth. Thus, too, Liberia will have an additional reason for being called a Republic of Peace.

C. H. M.

DEATH OF MR. DAVID DILLEY.

We mention with sincere sorrow the decease of one of our co-laborers in the Peace cause, MR. DAVID DILLEY, foreman in the printing establishment of Messrs. J. E. Farwell and Company. MR. DILLEY died in this city on Sunday, April 15th, after a brief illness. His obsequies were held at the Cathedral, when High Mass was celebrated. There was a large attendance, and the floral offerings were beautiful.

From childhood MR. DILLEY was a lover of music. He spent much time and money in the cultivation of that art. He sang admirably. He had the ablest instructors. He was a member of the Cathedral choir, at one time, in Halifax. At the time of his death he was a member of the Catholic Union Choir of Boston. He was an honored member of several musical societies.

MR. DILLEY came to Boston in 1865, and accepted the position of foreman in the book department at the establishment of Farwell and Company, the printers for the American Peace Society. Here he remained until the time of his death. He discharged his duties with fidelity towards his employers; he possessed rare skill and judgment in his work; he won the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. Our acquaintance with him was brief, but we quickly learned to appreciate his ability, his quiet politeness and his kind disposition. He has passed away at the early age of thirty-nine years. His skill will no longer direct the making-up of the *ADVOCATE OF PEACE* and the *ANGEL OF PEACE*. We shall miss his assistance. We shall always cherish the memory of his worth.

C. H. M.

AN IMPORTANT PEACE MEETING will be held in Cincinnati next August. It is a successor to the Conference held in Philadelphia last summer. We hope many of our readers will attend it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ELIHU BURRITT's article in this *ADVOCATE* is worthy the profound attention of our readers. Like all that proceeds from his pen, it possesses extraordinary merit.

PASTORS OF CHURCHES may very properly introduce the subject of *peace* into their monthly missionary meetings. The Rev. J. K. Chase, pastor of the Baptist Church at Holden, Mass., does this, and reads items from the *ADVOCATE OF PEACE*, with excellent effect.

W. M. CORNELL, M. D., of this city, has removed his excellent institution for the health and education of young ladies to the Billings Neighborhood, by the salt water, in Quincy. This location is beautiful for summer, and where health may be promoted.

WARREN PUTNAM NEWCOMB, of Massachusetts, the only male descendant of Generals Joseph Warren and Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame, has been appointed by President Hayes a cadet to the Military Academy at West Point.

THE INDIAN POLICY of Gen. Grant has been endorsed by President Hayes. A delegation of Quakers recently called upon him at the White House, and they received assurance that the President was in favor of continuing the present peace policy with the Indians.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR has directed the withdrawal of United States troops from Alaska.

JOHN HOWARD travelled 50,000 miles, and spent \$150,000 of his private estate, to perform works of mercy. How much better this mission than that of the warrior!

THE RUSSIAN DEBT is \$1,504,000,000. The Turkish debt is \$1,000,000,000.

GERMANY is about to have a national peace society, as we are informed by a recent letter from an eminent peace friend in that country.

PAPER MONEY IN TURKEY is fifty per cent. below par. There are 12,000 money changers in Constantinople, all of whom earn a living from their occupation.

VESSELS OF WAR form a large figure in the armament of some nations. England has 61 iron-clads, and 449 other vessels of war; Russia has 31 iron clads, and 124 other vessels of war; Turkey has 21 iron-clads; Italy 17; Austria 12; Germany 8.

SUICIDES IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY are increasing. This fact occasions much uneasiness in military circles. In the month of December the number of suicides amounted to twenty-one.

JOSEPH ARCH, an influential leader amongst English working-men made recently in the *English Laborer*, a London newspaper, a strong protest against countenancing war. He says that war has more horrid miseries than tongue can tell, or pen picture, and that millions of money which ought to have been spent in building better homes for the honest workmen, have been worse than wasted in wholesale murder!

THE "BULLETIN DU MOUVEMENT SOCIAL" is the only French journal that gives intelligence of the co-operative movement of English working-men, the people's banks of Germany, the trust societies of Belgium and Italy, the social movement in America, etc. The "Bulletin du Mouvement Social" devotes, beside, an important place to the question of peace by international arbitration and mutual disarmament.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT was arrested recently in the case of John P. Phair, who a few moments before the time fixed for his execution received a message from the Governor of Vermont granting him a further lease of life, some strong evidence of his innocence having become manifest. No doubt many innocent persons have been condemned to death by circumstantial evidence. Would it not be wise and humane to abolish capital punishment, and substitute for it imprisonment for life?

THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES OF ENGLAND several years ago endeavored to secure recruits for the army from the class of *pauper orphans* attached to the various workhouses and schools. This inveigling process aroused great indignation, and, by many of the newspapers of the period, it was characterized by such strong terms as "kidnapping," "tyranny," and "trafficking in human blood." The effort of the government at that time does not appear to have been successful.

THE GIRARD COLLEGE REPORT for last year, says that the orphans' battalion, numbering 250 (or about one-half the whole number of inmates,) is regularly drilled by a captain, with the accompaniment of a *martial band*; and that on Independence Day they paraded the streets, being reviewed by the Governor, and eliciting his praise for their soldier-like bearing. We regret that the military spirit should thus be fostered in a charitable institution.

THE NATIONAL LIFE-BEAT INSTITUTION OF ENGLAND, during the year 1876, rescued 18 vessels from destruction, and saved nearly 500 lives. This institution has given in the promotion of its work \$250,000 and 968 medals since its foundation. Even courage, strength and skill can do nothing without *money*. Let the friends of the American Peace Society remember this, and help us to accomplish our mission by their generous co-operation, both moral and pecuniary.

"THE CRIMES OF WAR" is the title of a superb group of statuary wrought by the chisel of Emille Chatrousse, a sculptor of rare genius. This work takes its rank amongst the best productions of recent art. Chatrousse belongs to the Society of the Friends of Peace, and derives much of his inspiration from peace principles. Chatrousse has an indignation for war. By his sculptured marble he portrays the crimes of war. Upon a heap of ruins of the French Republic rises a tragic group,—a dead child, a young woman who hides her head in her hands and bears marks of violence, an old man stupefied with grief.

THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE occupies a very important department of philanthropy. It spent \$175,502.07 in the prosecution of its work last year, and awarded five medals of honor for acts of gallantry in saving men from wrecks. The Service has recently been the recipient, through the ample generosity of a lady who desires to remain unknown, of a splendid endowment of libraries for use at the stations, comprising about fifteen hundred volumes. Each of these libraries contains an excellent selection of books, and will be eagerly read by the hermit groups of life-savers at their various stations. Many hearts will bless the thoughtful benevolence of the lady who established these libraries.

There have been glowing statements of the profit this country would derive from the war in Europe. There is another side. Reverting the speculative advanced prices in all articles of food, the *Philadelphia Times* contends that the figures show that the war has already increased the actual cost of living in the United States, an average of fully twenty-five per cent.

For The Advocate of Peace.

PEACE CAUSE IN THE WEST.

New Vienna, Ohio, April 10, 1877.

DEAR BROTHER MALCOM:—I have lately given thirty-four lectures in Iowa under appointment of Joseph Arnold of Lynnvill, Iowa. My first two lectures in Iowa were given at Whittier College, at Salem. Here I had large audiences and enthusiastic attention. My next visit was to Mt. Pleasant, where I spoke once in the Christian church and once in the chapel-room of Iowa Wesleyan University to a large audience of students, teachers and citizens. In this effort the Lord seemed wonderfully near me and set my soul all on fire with the sublimity and grandeur of my theme, so that one who was present wrote to J. Arnold, "The speaker was inspired and carried his audience with him." From the number of persons who came forward to speak to me, express thanks, ask questions on difficult points, make suggestions, and many to say "God speed you," we might conclude the Lord had carried the truth home. One expression made by several here and at many other places was: "This is the first discourse I have ever heard on the subject."

At Pleasant Plain, West Liberty, Springdale, Union Valley and West Branch, we had a good hearing; but at Iowa City we had an audience composed chiefly of three congregations and the students of Iowa State University, which had combined for the purpose of hearing the address on Peace.

At Western College we were greeted with a fine audience in the College Hall. Western College is under the control of the United Brethren Church at Iowa. The next point visited was Mt. Vernon where Methodists have a flourishing college under the presidency of Dr. King. This college has a military department and a United States officer to train the Christian young men who attend the college, in the science of killing people. Could there be anything more inconsistent than this! "The Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them."—Luke 9: 56.

We had a good hearing twice at Legrand, twice at Montezuma and once at Grinnell. Our next point was Lynnvill. This town is only a village and is four miles from the railroad; but the object in going there was to address the students of their flourishing academy, and another object was because Joseph Arnold, the noble champion of our cause, who had arranged the tour in Iowa, lived at Lynnvill (is proprietor of the Iowa House); and we found him a live, earnest Christian man. He had let people hear from him, and had made them know that something was being done for Peace. The largest audience room in town had been secured and when we reached it, we found every seat occupied, the aisles soon filled up, then the available space in and about the pulpit was occupied till there was barely standing room left for the speaker. Some had come as far as five miles from the country. We thought as we looked at this audience that it was a practical comment on brother Arnold's intelligent zeal. And thus it was two nights while the speaker addressed them an hour and a half the first night and an hour and three quarters the next evening.

At Ottumwa the first lecture given was in their "Star Course." At Kellogg we met our old friend, S. S. Gidley—a life member of the American Peace Society, one of those big-hearted men that one is always glad to meet. He had gotten up a good audience even under very unfavorable circumstances. Of Newton, Des Moines and Indianola we have not space to speak now, for this letter has already grown tedious. A telegram announcing the serious illness of a member of my family compelled me to withdraw eighteen appointments and return to my home at New Vienna, Ohio. I must not close this letter without expressing that I believe the Lord greatly owned and blessed this work, and to Him be all praise for what success we had. Your brother in Christ, WM. G. HUBBARD.

News of a terrible massacre comes from Cali, in the State of Cauca, Columbia. A small band of Conservatives had captured the town and were in quiet possession, when, an army of the Liberals sacked the place, murdering the men, women and children to the number of 300 or more, and destroying a vast amount of property.

For The Advocate of Peace.

THE MERITS OF THE CAUSE.

BY REV. D. SAWYER.

Whoever gives the Peace cause a fair examination will see, at once, that it justly claims the attention of all to promote it to the extent of their power. It is a cause that claims the highest authority. The Bible gives it a high rank. Man, created in the image of God, must have been possessed of a peaceable disposition, as one of the adorning qualities of his nature. This spirit prevailed until the apostasy of Adam, soon after which, the war-spirit was developed in his first-born son. Then God said, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." This, no doubt, referred to Christ, who, in the then future, was prophetically announced as the "Prince of Peace," in whose reign peace was to become universal.

In due time, the advent of this Prince was ushered in by the acclamation of angels. During his earthly mission, he set a perfect example of peace in his constant acts of kindness to all; and whose crowning act was witnessed upon the cross,—praying the Father to forgive his murderers. There, was laid the foundation for universal peace, and loudly proclaims the merits of the cause. On this foundation, the apostles proceeded to build up his kingdom of righteousness and peace, as seen in the records of the New Testament. The martyrs and the early Christians, for a long period, adhered strictly to principles of peace.

Thus, the Peace cause is highly meritorious. And here is presented a soul-thrilling enterprise, for the highest glory to God, peace on earth and good will to men. For its advancement, the church and the ministry should lead on in the cause of Peace, and strive to abolish war forevermore.

For The Advocate of Peace.

"SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

BY REV. WILHELM F. SCHWILKE.

Editor of The Reichs Posaune.

The religious society called "The German Temple," or "Jerusalem Friends," scattered throughout Germany, Switzerland, Russia, Syria, Egypt and in some states of North America, are hoping and working for the kingdom of God. This is their motto, their standard, their programme, in short, their creed. This kingdom is nearer at hand now than it was some eighteen hundred years ago. This kingdom was gloriously commenced, gloriously represented and illustrated in the first century. It was and is still the highest of all aims and ideals of mankind; and for its establishment God created heaven and earth. It is not of this world, nor after the kingdoms of this world; but it was our Saviour's work, while in this world, to teach, preach and establish it here on earth, a *real*, spiritual kingdom, as it is in heaven.

He, therefore, introduced his disciples into it while on earth, and more fully after his resurrection and ascension. They were the men for that kingdom, and that kingdom was for them and for their companions and fellow-laborers. One of them said, "It is not meat and drink," and yet, they did eat and drink with the Divine Master before and after he rose from the dead; but it is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. "And he that in these things serveth Christ, is acceptable to God, and approved of men."

Therefore, we follow after things which make for peace and desire rather spiritual gifts than riches, and honors, and pleasures of sin for a season, in order that we may become a great company of successful "Peace-makers," and an exceeding great army of those that proclaim, believe and carry out the everlasting Gospel. (Isaiah 2: 1-4. Rev. 14: 6, 7.)

The idea of the American Peace Society, and similar societies in Europe, is excellent. Being a part of the glorious work of Christ and his ambassadors, it is also a part of the mission work of the German Temple, whose leaders and members have already established four peaceable colonies in Palestine within the last seven years; the first at Haifa, the second at Jaffa, the third at Sharon, and the fourth at Jerusalem, which is the city of the great King. They number upwards of 750

souls. They are mostly German Protestants, believing "the sure word of prophecy" of the Old and New Testament, and settling there for the preparation of the gathering of the people of God and for the second Advent of our Lord Jesus Christ. Meanwhile, they are laboring amidst great obstacles and difficulties for the restoration, development and enlightenment of the Holy Land and its inhabitants.

We congratulate you, Dr. Malcom, and all friends, and servants of Him whose name is called "Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

We heartily sympathize with your society and every movement towards the final establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth. Nothing less than this will satisfy our desires and expectations.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., May 15, 1877.

WILL THE WAR PROFIT US?

It cannot be denied that war is a calamity to the human race as a whole. To the nations immediately involved it is a disaster which can hardly be overestimated. Destruction of life, destruction of property and the utterly wasteful expenditure of enormous amounts of accumulated wealth, together with the assumption of heavy burdens of debt, placing a people's prosperity under mortgage for many years, can be considered only as evils, compared to which any of the so-called visitations of Providence are light inflictions. That war is a moral evil, a huge barbarism, made unavoidable sometimes by the injustice, the blind passion and the greedy ambition of mankind, all thinking men admit. It is to be greatly deplored, though sometimes it may be the severe and searching remedy for deep-rooted evils which no surgery of a milder kind could eradicate. Economically its results cannot be otherwise than disastrous.

It is a common notion that a great war between the nations of Europe would be a benefit to the United States, but it is our belief that such a calamity among the sisterhood of commercial countries would in time be shared by all. There may be temporary advantage to one man in the disasters of another, but in the long run we suffer together. Continued prosperity in the community depends on mutual advantages. So it is in the community of nations. Let one's share in the commerce of the world be destroyed or seriously impaired, and the others suffer with it. Let a nation's resources be exhausted by war, its industries prostrated and its relations with the markets of the world broken off, and in the long periods with which the arithmetic of nations deals the loss will become distributed. A country crippled so that it has nothing to sell cannot buy. A nation whose prosperity is gone can contribute nothing to the prosperity of others. The nations are dependent on each other even as the members of the same community are dependent on each other, though not to the same extent. National prosperity is a matter of mutual advantages, and cannot long continue as the gain of one by the loss of another.

Whether the Eastern war shall be confined to Russia and Turkey, or shall involve other nations of Europe, we cannot regard it as in any sense a blessing to the United States. It is a misfortune to the world, in which we must take a share, whether we will or no, and the greater its proportions shall become, the more destructive will it be to commercial interests on which our prosperity in a measure depends. Unquestionably it will for a time produce a stimulating effect on certain branches of business. Those who manufacture such supplies as will be called for to support armies, will find a readier market and higher prices. The stoppage of industrial operations abroad will add to the demand for our products, and hence the impression that we are to benefit by the calamities of others. But these are temporary benefits and will have to be paid for at a heavy price. Not only will the reaction come in the future, and the depression be felt which is the inevitable result of industries overthrown, wealth destroyed and commerce deranged, but even with the temporary advantage to certain branches of business will come corresponding drawbacks. High prices for provisions and supplies in foreign markets mean high prices at home, which we must all pay whether our own profits, our wages or our salaries are increased or not. And if high prices

for certain commodities have a tendency to produce high prices for others, and high prices for commodities to increase the wages of labor, on the other hand increased wages enhance the cost of production and restrict our ability to compete in the markets of the world. There is compensation in all things and a continual tendency to equilibrium. Loss and destruction cannot be turned to profit. The disturbance of the steady, but healthy, processes of peace cannot fail of harm.—*Boston Daily Globe*.

TOPICS OF TO-DAY.

.... Frederick the Great gave his officers permission to fight duels, but the survivor was shot.

.... The Alabama Legislature has passed a bill to supply all maimed soldiers in the State with artificial limbs.

.... Prince Gortschakoff, whose retirement from the Russian Premiership was recently reported, has consented to remain in office.

.... The British Admiralty has ordered the immediate concentration of the English man-of-war squadron at Malta.

.... Berlin ranks fourth among the capitals of Europe, numbering nearly a million inhabitants, of which 22,600 are soldiers of the garrison.

.... England, Italy, Spain, Germany, France and the United States have ordered naval vessels to the Bosphorus to protect their respective countrymen in case of an emergency.

.... Punch's idea of a treaty is "An international agreement between two or more powers, which each and all of the contracting parties will punctually fulfil when the time comes for doing so, unless they find that the safest and most advantageous course is to back out of it, in which case they are free to back accordingly."

.... The Turks really have on the Danubian frontier, and in Bosnia and Herzegovina 159,000 men, with, what seems hardly credible, 225 cannon. This force they are preparing to strengthen with a reserve of 25,000 men. They have on the Asiatic frontier about 75,000 men and 12 cannon. Altogether their army numbers 259,000.

.... The fortifications of Paris are being completed and armed in advance even of contract time, since nearly all have already been occupied, or will shortly be occupied. The forts of Châtillon, De Villeras, De Verrères, De Cormeilles and Du Haut-Buc are now garrisoned, and those of Palaiseau, St Cyr, etc., will be taken possession of this year.

.... Austria called upon Great Britain to fulfil her obligations, according to the treaty of 1856, for protecting the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The British Cabinet decided to take action, and resolved, as the first step, to make a formal request to the Russian Government to state the object of the military operations now being undertaken against the Ottoman Government.

.... Victor Hugo thinks reconciliation with Paris is necessary to the universe, and that the Exhibition of 1878 is going to bring it about. In an address two weeks ago, he named as the present needs of the world, "Religion without intolerance, punishment without death, labor without oppression, commerce without frontiers; in short, universal disarmament, save the disarmament of the conscience."

.... In battle the Turk has faith in his cause, and contempt for the enemy. He soon rallies under defeat. Victory elates him and renders him difficult of control. Plunder, massacre and outrage on the weak and helpless are the privileges of success which he insists on enjoying and which cannot be denied him. For this reason a conquering Turkish army leaves a track of desolation behind it that ages often cannot efface.

.... It is a most remarkable circumstance that six officers of our navy, all of the rank of rear-admiral, have died within the space of a month. Rear-admiral Goldsborough was the last of them. He died in Washington on the day that Rear-admiral Davis was buried in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Rear-admiral Davis was a son of the Hon. Daniel Davis who held the office of solicitor-general of Massachusetts for several years. These "old salts" were all past the age of seventy, and all but one were on the retired list, so that their death will create but one vacancy. The names of these distinguished naval officers were, in the order of their deaths, Joseph Smith, James Alden, Charles Wilkes, Theodorus Bailey, Charles H. Davis and Louis M. Goldsborough.

.... John Bright claims that England lost 40,000 men in the Crimean war and spent many millions of pounds, that she never gained the slightest advantage therefrom, and that all the results of that war had been worse than useless. Mr. Bright now protests against the nation giving support to Turkey, and the feeling of the masses of the country are evidently with him. Immense meetings have been held all over the country to oppose any alliance with Turkey, but it is difficult to predict what will take place amid the complications which are pressing upon the Powers of Europe.

.... The Czar declared war upon Turkey on April 24th, and ordered the advance of his troops. The Sultan issued his proclamation on the 26th, announcing his determination to fight to the death, and his readiness to take the field in person. On the 25th, it was reported that at least 50,000 Russians had crossed into Roumania, whose troops fell back before the overpowering force. Intelligence was received from Turkish sources, that a battle had taken place near Batoum, a port on the Black Sea, in Asiatic Turkey, on the 25th, in which the Russians were repulsed, with a loss of 800 men.

.... A Havana letter says the negotiations for peace initiated by Spanish General Campos resulted in a response from the Cubans demanding autonomy for Cuba, similar to that of Canada, the abolition of slavery and a general amnesty, involving recognition of the military grades and reversion of property to original owners, all to be guaranteed by the United States, England and France. This was cabled to Madrid, and the answer was a refusal, with a counter demand for unconditional surrender. This was indignantly rejected. The Cuban forces henceforward spare nothing, but ruthlessly destroy and lay waste every inch of ground over which they traverse, so as to force the issue at as early a date as possible.

PEACE IN DEATH.

BY NEWMAN HALL.

The following exquisite poem rebukes the custom, too prevalent amongst Christians, of using the symbols of mourning. All the symbols used in the catacombs, by the Church of the Martyrs, were those of *hope* and *peace*. — EDITOR.

Are death's dark emblems suited for the grave
Of him who dwells in heaven's unclouded light?
For souls arrayed in robes of dazzling white,
Shall blackest palls and plumes, funereal wave?
Shall lilies drooping with untimely blight,
Torches reversed whose flame is quenched in night,
And columns shatter'd, our compassion crave
For those whom Christ by death did fully save—
Who now, made perfect, serve, and in His sight
Drink of the fountain of supreme delight?
Rear high the shaft, *new life* thereon engrave!
Turn up the torch, it never burned so bright!
A richer hue and scent the lily gives—
Not till the Christian dies he fully lives! — *Selected*.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Among all the themes of panic the most discreditable is the idea that Constantinople is in danger. A glance at the map and at the present distribution of European power should suffice to cast doubts on the good faith of those people who spread so preposterous a tale. The Russians have no longer a great arsenal at Sebastopol, a powerful fleet in the Black Sea, or any other of the most effective weapons which they could have used against the Turkish capital before the Crimean war. Their flag has been driven from the Black Sea, and the Turkish fleet holds the Bosphorus. The vulnerable sides of Constantinople are therefore covered by the guns of its own defenders, and no hostile ship can come within hundreds of miles of the Golden Horn. So far the capital is in a state of absolute safety compared with the position in which it stood for many perfectly tranquil years before the Crimean war. That in such circumstances a Russian army could capture it from the land side is an idea almost too preposterous for discussion.

To win Christ is the highest gain, to know Christ is the sublimest knowledge, and to live upon Christ is the happiest life.



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No. 6.

LOOK ALOFT.

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,—
“Look aloft!” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity’s glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
“Look aloft!” to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft!” to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart,—
Thy friends and companions,—in sorrow depart,
“Look aloft!” from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And, oh! when Death comes, in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, “LOOK ALOFT,”—and depart.

NEVER BE HAUGHTY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and
being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its
wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

“I cannot think of it,” was the reply, “as you once spurned
me, and called me a drawling dole.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed the humming-bird, “I always
entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as
you.”

“Perhaps you do now,” said the other, “but when you in-
sulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of
advice,—never insult the humble as they may some day be-
come your superiors.”

“Remember,” said a trading Quaker to his son, “in mak-
ing thy way in the world, a spoonful of oil will go further
than a quart of vinegar.”

FILLING THE CAPTAIN’S PIPE.

BY REV. F. A. RAND.

And this was the way that Jimmie learned to love tobacco.
Jimmie was a blue-eyed boy with a fair white-and-red com-
plexion, able to scull a boat all round the harbor, or run up the
rigging of a ship like a monkey.

Jimmie went to sea. He went at first with a clean mouth,
and knowing nothing about tobacco. At last the captain said:
“Jimmie, fill my pipe.”

So he would stuff the bowl full of the smelling weed, get a
coal from the cook’s galley, and hand the pipe to the skipper.
So it got to be a custom to say:

“Jimmie, fill my pipe.”

And Jimmie, an obliging boy, would fill and fire as before.
At last he took a *whiff*. It was only a *whiff*—just a draw-in
and a puff-out, only that. Then he took a few more whiffs,
and a few more, and so on, until at last—

I will tell you what happened at last. I found him in a store
the other day. His cheek was puffed out as if a dumpling
were inside; and he opened his mouth, and out came—bah!
I won’t say what. It is enough to say that Jimmie had be-
come a confirmed tobacco-chewer. Smoking is next-door
neighbor to chewing; and one leads to the other. In this
bad educational course Jimmie had graduated in full.

I reasoned with him—I urged him to stop. Oh! he
“*couldn’t*.” He had left off once, and he began again.

I only asked him to quit until the close of the week follow-
ing. It was not healthy, neat or economical to use tobacco.
Wouldn’t he *try*, just *try*, to stop? I used every argument.

I told him about the young ladies; that *they* wouldn’t like him.
I told him about tobacco-paralysis—how it struck down an
old tobacco-lover, how it held him to his bed, a poor, worn-
out, helpless wreck.

I told him to save his tobacco-money, and put it in the bank,
beginning with a dollar the week after. By and by he would
have a nice little sum to do business with, all for Jimmie. But
I couldn’t do anything; and there I suppose he is to-day, his
cheek puffed out, and, like all tobacco-chewers, making dirty
tracks on the floor. And it all began in a *whiff*. Look out
boys!—*Well-Spring*.

Every spirit builds itself a house; and beyond its house a
world; and beyond its world a heaven.

TOM'S VICTORY.

"That Ned Lane," said Tom Bixby, doubling up his fists, and stamping his feet, "is a mean, spiteful, wicked boy. I hate him. I wish he was dead, I do!"

Then Tom broke down and fairly burst into tears. His mother, who had heard his angry words, came out to the garden to see what had caused them. She, too, was indignant at what she saw. There was Tom's pet doggie, Fawn, stretched out stiff and cold on the grass. Around his neck a string was tied, from which dangled a card. On it these words were written in a scraggly, blotted hand:

"He'll never chase my chickens no more — NED LANE."

"O, mother!" cried Tom, "look at poor, poor Fawn! see what that cruel Ned has done. O, how I hate him! I'll be revenged!"

Fawn had been a favorite with all the Bixby family, and in spite of the fact that he would pursue chickens, and tear the dresses of passing ladies, or catch and hide away stockings and handkerchiefs when they were laid upon the grass to bleach, Mrs. Bixby had borne with him. She had hoped that his youthful faults would be cured in time. She knew that Ned Lane had been made very angry because of the loss of two rare fowls, which Fawn had shaken and torn to pieces, and she felt that Fawn had been a great annoyance to the neighbors—a great transgressor. But what to do with Ned was the question, for Tom's heart was almost broken.

"Tom," she said, "you say you hate Ned. Do you wish what I heard you say just now, to be really revenged?"

"Yes, mother, I want to see him suffer; I wish all his chickens were gone."

"Ned has done a cruel deed, and I do not wonder that you are very deeply grieved; but, my son, he that hateth his brother is a murderer."

"He's not my brother."

"In one sense he is; yet I am sure you do not mean that you would really like to see him dead and cold like your dog. If you think of the meaning of your words, I am sure you wish him no such ill. I think there is a way by which you can make him very sorry for this, and yet keep your own self-respect."

The gentle tones won their way to Tom's heart. He sat down by his mother, and she passed her soft hand over his hot brow, and soothed him tenderly. Then she gave him her plan for being quits, as he called it, with Ned, and for getting the victory.

The next day, when Ned Lane met Tom Bixby on his way to school, he was rather mortified to hear nothing about Fawn. He was prepared to defend himself if attacked. But Tom passed in silence. He tried to say "Hallo, Ned!" but failed in the attempt. All the morning however, when the boys were in their classes together, Tom looked and acted as usual, and at recess he engaged heartily in games with the other boys.

When Ned, feeling more and more uncomfortable, went home to dinner, a surprise awaited him. A superb pair of Brahma-pootra fowls had arrived, with a string and card attached:

"For those my poor Fawn chased.—Tom Bixby."

I cannot say truly that the two, from this time, became fast friends; but this I know, that Ned Lane was thoroughly ashamed of his mean and unworthy action, and never after was guilty of the like cruelty, while Tom felt, even at Fawn's grave, that forgiveness is sweeter than revenge.

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting; what is that for?"

"It's the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers, they can't go home without grinding and chirping; why do they do that?"

"Oh, they're so happy they can't help it," said the mouse. "You find excuses for all; I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears, compared with the constant croaking of a frog."

UNNOTICED ACTS OF LOVE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

When we read the daily papers, with their long records of crime, or when we hear of this or that act of depravity or unkindness, which casts its shadow over the neighborhood or a home, we grow sorrowful. We lament the weakness of the period, and sigh for the purity of former days, forgetful of the fact that the best things often go unchronicled. The thousand little deeds of Christian love, which are being wrought every day, are not told in the *Tribune* or the *Times*, though they go down in the recording angel's book, in the column which is headed, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done unto Me."

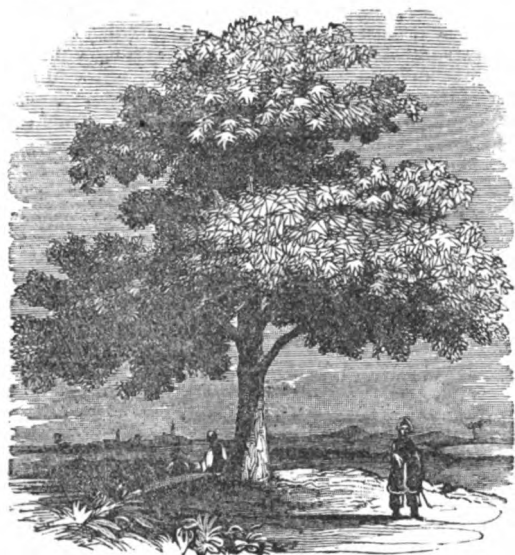
A young girl arrives at home after a fatiguing journey. She steps from the cars into the waiting-room at the depot. There are but a few moments between herself and dear ones whom she longs to see—no other, sisters and little brother. The first person she encounters is a forlorn and troubled stranger, an elderly lady, quite unused to travelling, and as helpless and confused as a child. The timid, flustered, appealing look of the woman who has been shaken rudely out of all the ordinary experiences and surroundings of her life, and who has missed the train which she ought to have taken, awakens an instant sympathy in the girl. She is not confused, or helpless, or timid, though her years have not gone far into the twenties. She knows what to do, and how to do it, and no hurry or bustle of entering or departing trains disturbs her tranquil self-poise. Now, what has she to do with the stranger, in a quaint dress, with the half-dozen bags and bundles? It is clearly somebody's else aunt or grandmother, and not hers. Nevertheless, she has learned the sweet lesson, that on life's path the Christians are they who follow Christ, and extend the helping hand. So she puts by for a little longer the anticipated pleasure of the meeting with her own loved ones, and carefully guides this unknown friend to a safe place, to another railway station, or wherever she wants to go, and sends her on her way rejoicing. Two hearts are happier for this meeting, the one that gave and the one that received. A chance meeting, as we call it, and yet the woman who found the help she needed, might well take up the words of David to Abigail, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who sent thee to me this day."

A child has lost her way. The weary feet wander aimlessly up and down unfamiliar streets. Tears dim the bright eyes. She cannot find the house she left awhile ago, as fearless and as happy as a bird. Between her sobs she sees a kind-looking lady, with a mother-look on her face, approaching, and she goes up to her with the pitiful question:

"Won't you tell me where I live?" The lady, who is not herself overstrong, spends time and pains to find the small wanderer's home, and at last reluctantly gives her into the care of a friendly policeman. That is a deed of love, not large enough to be told by the types, yet its like is done every day.

A man returning at night from his business, anxious to be under the shelter of his roof and at his own table, finds in a street-car a sick woman with a crippled child. Both have journeyed many miles, and at dusk are uncertain how to reach the brother's house, which is their objective point. They have not the slightest claim on the man of whom they ask a question as to the route, yet he goes far out of his way, and spends two hours to see them safely at their destination.

These three instances belong to a list, which we might easily multiply by scores. The world is after all a bright and lovely place, for Christ's love has made it joyous and charming. Wherever His name has been spoken, there constantly are delicate courtesies and tender ministries performed for His sake.



PEACE IN THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM.

Courage is an admirable trait of character. We admire heroic daring. It gives war half its worldly glory. Orators discourse concerning the heroism of the obedience unto death of those who at Balaclava rode gallantly on in that fierce charge. Poets and painters celebrate the brave men who rush to death on fields of blood. Yet, peace has its courage. The heroism of peace is better than that of war. The victories of peace are gained by bravery greater than that shown in battle.

The courage of Christian men has been wonderfully displayed in the Missionary history of the Feejee Islands. Peace has there won some of its brightest victories. My little readers are aware that of all the races of the Pacific, the men of the Feejee Islands were the most ferocious and sanguinary in their practices. They were savages of the worst description. They were liars, and thieves, and murderers. They lived in the deepest sins of heathenism. They practised all the horrors of cannibalism. They habitually ate human flesh. They would not only feed upon those slain in battle, or taken prisoners in war; but, also, they would cook and eat their own wives and children! The captain of a vessel once saw there a hundred human bodies ready for cooking, at a great feast!

Now, my dear children, do you not think it required courage for a small band of missionaries to go amongst those two hundred thousand savages? But Christian men and women did go amongst them, at the risk of their lives, and without human protection, in order that they might teach these cruel cannibals the gospel of peace. Then, after many dangers and persecutions, after sickness and death in the missionaries' families, after twenty years of prayer and labor, ten thousand Feejee Islanders had renounced their idols and heathenism, their battles and feasts on human flesh, their falsehood and theft, and become quiet and peaceable disciples of the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Can the history of military conquest show any grander victory than this? A people changed from darkness to light, from cruelty to peace, from horrid barbarism to civilization,—surely this is a great victory for Christianity. These people

instead of being occupied as formerly in a state of constant and destructive warfare, are now peaceable and industrious. They worship God. Their children are gathered into schools. Such is now the condition of a people whose very name was formerly a byword throughout the civilized world.

It was Christianity which attracted these savages from their caves, to which they owe their present condition, and but for which they would have remained brutal cannibals. Let us thank God for the victories of the holy gospel. These blessed conquests shall go on, till the Lord shall reign from the rising to the going down of the sun.

NAMING CHILDREN OVER.

"I have three children to name over," said Mrs. Drew one day, "and I shall name them Half Done, Almost Done, and Done."

Jasper slunk behind his mother's chair with a guilty look. He, I am sure, was Half Done, for as quick as lightning, he thought of his martin house, began as soon as he had his new box of tools, and never roofed; of his aunt's flower ladder which only had the sticks, and that was all; of the latch he began to mend, and left; of his geometry which he missed, because it was only half learned; of the mittens which he lost, because they were only half in his pocket; and, worse than all, of Zebra, the horse, that ran away and broke the buggy, because he was only half harnessed. Jasper I say, quick as a flash, thought of all these, and shrunk back, more than certain that "Half Done" was his name. If all he thought was true, did he not deserve it?

"You mean me," said Lucy.

"Mean you for what?" asked her mother.

"For Almost Done," said Lucy blushing. "I was almost done dressing when breakfast was ready. I was almost to school when it began. I had almost done my letter to papa when it was time to send it. I had almost finished 'Golden Threads' when Jane came for it. Oh dear," sighed Lucy, "Almost Done is quite as bad as Half Done; and a great deal more provoking, because you see, just a little more trying would have done it."

"Almost, cost King Agrippa his soul," said Lucy's mother. "He was almost persuaded to be a Christian, after hearing St. Paul preach; but there the poor king stopped—almost but not altogether. Poor Agrippa! I am so sorry for him."

"Are you sorry for me?" asked Lucy, softly.

"Yes, my darling, because 'almost' stops short of reaching the end of what you may most desire and need. Your feet are turned toward the Lord, but they will not take you to Him. Your eyes are looking toward; but 'almost' will leave you this side of the beautiful gate, and this side is outside, where you would not be left, my child."

"No, mother, I do not want to be left out," she said, "I will put away 'almost' and take up 'altogether,' for 'altogether' means Done, I suppose. Who of us is Done?"

"Who is?" asked mother.

"Arthur!" cried Lucy and Jasper at once. "Arthur does; Arthur finishes." Arthur looked up surprised and pleased, as his brother and sister willingly accorded the credit due him.

How many times they have seen him, small as he was, cipher for an hour at a time, rubbing out and writing figures over and over again, until at last he would bring his small fist whack on the table, shouting,—"*It is done!*"

How patiently and persistently he would plane and hammer and saw, and saw and plane and hammer, with all his mind on his work, until a boat or a box or a windmill, done, and well done, rewarded his labors.

Yes, Arthur, was Done. "He is a finisher," said Jasper, "and I wish I was."

"Think, Jasper," said his mother, "how it would be to carry half-done into everything—the bread half done, the table half-set, your pants and coat from the tailor's half-done; sweeping, washing, sewing half-done."

"Please don't, mother," said Jasper. "Let me think of it."
—*Child's Paper.*

THE MARBLE BLOCK.

Once in a house at which I was staying there lived a little lame girl. Her name was Annie. Often did I pity her as I saw her sitting by the window looking at the other children on the playground. Sometimes she was sick, too, and could not even be at the window. At last spring came, and the little girl seemed better. "Now," thought I, "would it not be well to try and comfort this child in some way!" So I brought a few oranges and candies, and read her a pretty book; but still the cloud did not leave her brow.

"Why are you so sad, Annie?" said I one day.

"Oh, sir," she replied, "I can't see why God should afflict me so, and yet give the other children so much happiness. If I could only know that God is not angry with me, I would not care so much."

That day was a very pleasant one; so I asked the little girl to take a walk to a sculptor's room near by. Here were a great many blocks of marble. Marble, you know, is a very hard stone, often white. A sculptor is one who carves beautiful images out of it. So Annie and I watched him with great interest. At last I pointed to a piece of marble rather dark and rough. "Do you like the looks of that?" said I to her.

"Oh no," replied the child. "Why did they bring such an ugly block here?"

"That piece," said the gentleman, "I take in hand to-morrow."

So the next day Annie and I came again to see him. He spent most of that day in cutting off the rough places. Day by day we watched him, and day by day the block became more attractive. His sharp chisel cut in here and there and everywhere. We both thought, "If that stone were only alive, how it would suffer!"

At last, one day we visited him upon his invitation. "I have something to show to Annie," said he. So speaking, the sculptor drew aside a thin white veil, and behold! a lovely image of an angel had been made out of the rough stone. Annie almost cried with joy when she saw it.

"Now, my child," said I, "did the sculptor hate the poor ugly piece of marble which we one day saw?"

"Oh no," said she. "He loved it."

"So," said I, "my little girl, does God love us when he cuts us with sharp trouble and sickness. He is fitting us for glory. Let us only trust Him. All will be well."

"Now," said Annie, "I see that God does not hate me, but that He has some good purpose in view."—*Sabbath School Visitor.*

THE END OF HUMAN GRANDEUR.

From a private collection of minerals, fossils and curiosities, is a remarkable brick from the wall of Babylon. It bears the inscription of one of the *kings* of Babylon, and in the centre of the inscription a foot-print of one of the *dogs* of Babylon. In that day and country bricks were not hardened by fire, as our brick-makers harden them, but exposed to the sun, to be baked by its intense heat.

On those which were designed for public works the inscription of their reigning king was impressed while they were yet soft. On this one some vagrant, democratic dog, of the vast troops which infest all countries of the East, set by chance his unsanctified foot, after it had received the royal signet, and while it lay in the brick yard to dry.

The *king's inscription* is now entirely illegible. The print of the *dog's foot* is remarkably distinct. Of that king, notwithstanding his unlimited power, wealth and grandeur, the world knows now no more than of his vagrant canine contemporary. The unknown dog, though he may never have worn either crown or collar, or any other badge of distinction, occupies now as clear, if not as large, space in the history of the world, and a niche as conspicuous in the temple of fame, as the slavishly worshipped king who, though then in regal splendor, bloated with regal power and pride, and robed in the dazzling glare of glory, has long since been despoiled and forgotten.

What dog was that? What king was that? The two questions are alike unanswerable and unimportant. The one affects

the interests of this age as little as the other. Neither dog nor king has any apparent hold on the admiration of the world, nor even any claim to its notice, except through the impress that each has left on one brick. In this narrow field in which their rival pretensions meet, the dog has clearly the advantage. His tracks excite a livelier interest in the public mind than the king's inscription. Such is the end of earthly grandeur, even of Babylonian majesty and splendor! Eclipsed at last by a vagrant cur! A little one at that, as the size of the track and length of the step indicate

"WOULDN'T."

She wouldn't have on her naughty bib;
She wouldn't get into her naughty crib;
She wouldn't do this, and she wouldn't do that,
And she would put her foot in her Sunday hat.
She wouldn't look over her picture book;
She wouldn't run out and help the cook;
She wouldn't be petted, or coaxed, or teased,
And she would do exactly whatever she pleased!
She wouldn't have naughty rice to eat;
She wouldn't be gentle, and good, and sweet;
She wouldn't give me one single kiss—
Pray what could we do with a girl like this?—*Nursery.*

THE QUAKER COUPLE.

From out the great mass of Centennial correspondence the following is extracted. "The very sweetest thing I saw during my visit was the behavior to one another, and to all around them indeed, of a poor old Quaker couple. This dear old couple went about, arm in arm, never pushing, somehow never being pushed, he so anxious she should see well, and she quite as anxious not to pass by those things which might be of interest to him. I stood once near a case in the Russian department, which was surrounded by such a crowd that I despaired of ever getting near it. Presently up came my charming old couple, broad-brimmed hat and gray-silk Quaker bonnet, and after waiting a reasonable time, the dear old lady said, 'Will thee please let me come a little nearer?' The gentle voice, the quaint speech at once prevailed, and with a gentle 'I thank thee very much,' they walked quietly up to where others had fought in vain for a place; and I fell to wondering why we all couldn't be more gentle."

RICH.—A boy went from Ireland to America about two years ago, to seek his fortune. A few months since, he found his Saviour and became a happy child of God. Now he writes back to his friends, "I have found a fortune."

Ah, yes, and nobody and nothing can rob him of it. It is above all the changes of time, and beyond the power of thieves. Read Matt. vi, 19-21.

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VOL. VIII. No. 4.

For The Advocate of Peace.

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How my Lord was meek and lowly,
Great and pure—a living brook.

How He blessed the little children
Taking up some to his breast;
How the King of earth and heaven
Gave them knowledge, joy and rest.

How He loved his dear disciples
(Twelve and three score and ten more),
Leading them as faithful Shepherd
Over mountains, plains and shore.

How He preached most pow'ful sermons
Never heard before on earth;
How his Kingdom was increasing,
Happy every home and hearth.

Give, O Lord, to me, thy servant,
But thy spirit and his gifts:
That I may proclaim the Bible,
Like the best Evangelists.

Let each one, just now, remember
What *Jerusalem* shall be:
Queen and Mother of the nations,
Independent, grand and free.

(*Isaiah*, ii: 1-4. *Micah*, iv.)

Let us all be living Bibles,
Living letters known and read, (*II. Cor.* iii: 2.)
And become one flock—God's people—
Righteous, holy, perfect, great.

SCHENECTADY. (*Matt.* v: 19, 20, 48.)

For The Advocate of Peace.

THE REIGN OF PEACE.

When shall the reign of Christian peace
The world from strife and war release?
When shall the battle's shock be o'er,
And cease for aye the cannon's roar,
The bugle's blast, the wild alarm!
When cometh peace, a world-wide calm!

My soul is sick of sounds of strife,
Would that each sword were pruning-knife;
That ev'ry cannon in each land,
Were beaten shares for plowman's hand;
The soldier's pain, the widow's cry,
Only a tale of history.

"Good cheer—Take heart"—falls on my ear.
Above the cannon's roar I hear
This message from the heavenly land,
"The reign of peace is nigh at hand,
Be patient still, go watch and pray,
And labor for that peaceful day."

LEWISTON, ME.

M. J. G.

For The Advocate of Peace.

THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH IN REGARD TO WAR.

BY JACOB S. WILLETS.

[We do not accept our correspondent's views in thinking the church responsible for war. On the contrary, we believe the Christian church is the chief advocate for peace. Political strife and the ambition of rulers lead to wars. But we permit intelligent discussion of peace questions in our columns, rather than exact conformity to our precise shades of opinion.—EDITOR].

The Christian church is the main bulwark of war. Whenever the church withdraws its support, wars will cease between Christian nations. Can any one doubt the truth of these propositions? A careful examination will prove their correctness. Dr. Howard Malcom clearly shows the inconsistent position of the church in regard to war:

"That tyrants should lead men into wars of pride and conquest is not strange, but that the *people*, in governments comparatively free, should so readily lend themselves to a business in which they bear all the sufferings, can gain nothing, and may lose all, is matter of astonishment indeed.

"But the chief wonder is that *CHRISTIANS*, followers of the Prince of Peace, should have concurred in this mad idolatry of strife, and thus been inconsistent not only with themselves, but with the very genius of their system. Behold a man going from the Lord's Supper, fantastically robed and plumed, drilling himself into skilful modes of butchery, and studying the tactics of death! Behold him murdering his fellow-Christians, and praying to his Divine Master for success in the endeavor! Behold processions marching to the house of God to celebrate bloody victories, and give thanks for having been able to send thousands and tens of thousands to their last account, with all their sins upon their heads! Stupendous inconsistency!

"Surely this matter should remain no longer unexamined. It cannot. In this age of light, when every form of vice and error is discussed and resisted, this great evil, the prolific parent of unnumbered abominations, must be attacked also. Christians are waking up to see and do their duty to one another, to their neighbors and to the distant heathen. They cannot continue to overlook war."

Professor Chace is more positive, and arraigns the church as being responsible for the horrors of war:

"The white robes of the bride of Christ should be pure and spotless, but they have been dragged in blood. The skirts of the visible church are polluted with the gore of the battle-field, and stained with the tears of the orphan and widow. War, it has been well said, seems to aim at setting up the kingdom of Satan in the earth; and yet the church is its very bulwark. It says God-speed to the warrior as he sets out on his mission of death. It asks God's blessing on the impending fight. It offers its thanksgivings, at almost every shrine in the land, for victories bought with murder. On this subject it is not a Christian, it is a Pagan church. Therefore, I charge upon the professing church the responsibility for all the blood, the groans, the pillage, the rapine, the cruel waste and oppression which war inflicts upon society: for *one word from her* would stop them all. I make this charge with no bitterness, and in perfect charity; but I make it in all seriousness and solemnity."

Du we fully realize the nature and extent of the horrible evils

resulting from war? Until we do, we cannot realize the weight of responsibility resting upon the church. Fellow-Christians, think of these things. Think of the millions of sons who have been made to pass through the terrible fire of war, a sacrifice to our Christian Moloch, and the hundreds of thousands of daughters who, after enduring the most painful and intense agonies that war can inflict, together with fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, have been brutally murdered and cast into the "Valley of Slaughter," and their carcasses have been "meat for the fowls of heaven and for the beasts of the earth." Do we realize that all these things are the legitimate fruits of war, that diabolical custom that Christians have so long cherished and supported? Do we realize that the revengeful spirit of this unholy custom, that has produced all the horrors, abominations and slaughters that have for centuries deluged the earth with blood, is now pervading every Christian nation, and hurrying them on, if possible, to fresh scenes of slaughter?

Fellow-Christians, when we can drive from us this strongest of all Satan's delusions, we shall see that the fulfilment of the prophecy requires the actions of men. When all Christians do their duty, the prophecy is fulfilled to them. Then, Christians will be no longer hampered with the sword in their true work, the conversion of the heathen, and the great stumbling block of war being removed out of the way, nation after nation will be flowing toward the Lord's holy mountain, until all shall be fulfilled; and every man found "sitting under his own vine and fig tree, and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it."

VINELAND, N. J.

For The Advocate of Peace.

"THE FATE OF TURKEY."

BY REV. D. C. HAYNES.

[It is not to be expected that every friend of peace will look at the question from just the same standpoint. Dr. Clarke and Mr. Haynes are both able advocates of the good cause. We allow our correspondents a reasonable liberty of opinion. Our readers will appreciate the discussion of a question conducted by gentlemen of scholarship and piety.—EDITOR].

I must think that Dr. Clarke's hints as to the subjugation of Turkey are unsound, and out of place in THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE. In his article, in the May and June issue, he says:

"If Turkey, deaf to the voices of reason, of good neighborhood, and of international comity, will not yield her position, will it not be morally right for other nations to interfere, and compel her to come into the line of justice, of humanity, of decency? Most decidedly opposed as we sincerely are to all wars, we can see no reason why the world should longer be retarded in its progress towards millennial glory by the ignorance and fanatical hate of Mohammedanism. If Jehovah needed the land of Canaan for the residence of His 'Chosen people,' does He not need the land of the Turk quite as much for the residence of happy millions during the long reign of His Son over this sin-stricken but regenerated world?"

If this is not an abandonment of peace principles, what is it? Is force of arms the way to promote "millennial glory"? If there may be one exceptional case, there may be many. If it is right, on account of Turkey's disregard of religious liberty and her general barbarism, for the nations to combine to crush her out of Europe, or the world, which is the same thing—where is the war to end? Dr. Clarke seems to apprehend one of the difficulties in the way of his plan: "It is, I know, a serious question, whether, if Russia should obtain possession of Constantinople, the narrow spirit of the Russo-Greek Church would be much improvement upon the barbarism of Turkey." How much is there to choose between the two nations? But the principle involved is not in this. If one nation were entirely perfect, it would give it no right to crush, by force of arms, its neighbor of the opposite character. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

There is but one legitimate cure for Turkey, or Russia either. Let the churches of the different Christian nations flood them with missionaries. Is not Turkey as open to

missionaries as Russia?—or to speak correctly, is she not sufficiently open? Let the Christian college and schools and missionaries and churches there, answer.

Dr. Clarke owes it to himself, and specially to the Peace cause, to be more guarded in his use of language when speaking of the conquest of Turkey by Russian arms.

WAR IS INHUMAN.

BY MR. DAVID L. DODGE.

War is inhuman, because it hardens the heart and blunts the tender feelings of mankind. That it is the duty of mankind to be tender-hearted, feeling for the distress of others, and to do all in their power to prevent and alleviate their misery, is evident not only from the example of the Son of God, but the precepts of the gospel.

When the Saviour of sinners visited this dark and cruel world, he became a man of sorrow and was acquainted with grief; so that he was touched with a feeling of our infirmities. He went about continually healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the deaf, raising the dead; as well as preaching the gospel to the poor. He visited the houses of affliction, and poured the balm of consolation into the wounded hearts. He mourned with those who mourned, and wept with those that wept. Love to God and man flowed from his soul pure as the river of life, refreshing the thirsty desert around him. He was not only affectionate to his friends, but kind to his enemies. He returned love for their hatred, and blessing for their cursing. When he was surrounded by all the powers of darkness and resigned himself into the hands of sinners to expiate their guilt, and they smote him on the cheek, "he was dumb, and opened not his mouth." Instead of returning evil for evil, he prayed for his murderers, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The apostle exhorts Christians, saying, "Be ye kind and tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Authority in abundance might be quoted to show that the spirit of the gospel absolutely requires the exercise of love, pity and forgiveness, even to enemies.

But who will undertake to prove that soldiers are tender-hearted, and that their employment has a natural tendency to promote active benevolence, while it requires all their study of mind and strength of body to injure their enemies to the greatest extent? True, all soldiers are not destitute of humanity, but their occupation has a tendency, and actually does weaken their kind feelings, and harden their hearts.

Is it not a fact that those who are engaged in the spirit of war, either in the council or the field, are not usually so meek, lowly, kind and tender-hearted as other men? Does the soldier become kind while trained to the art of killing his fellow-men, or when engaged in the heat of battle, stepping over the wounded, and hearing the groans of the expiring? Does he learn mercy while he bathes his sword in the blood of his brother? Do these scenes generally change the lion into the lamb? On the contrary, do not the history of ages, and the voice of millions bear testimony that the whole trade of war has a tendency to blunt the edge of mercy, and chill the sympathizing feelings of the human heart? Who that is a parent, having a hard-hearted and unfeeling son, would send him into the camp to subdue his inhumanity? If war has not a tendency to harden the heart, permit me to inquire why mankind do not usually feel as much at the distress occasioned by war, as by other calamities?

It would be truly astonishing, were it not so common, to see with what composure the generality of mankind hear the account of barbarous and destructive battles. They may have some little excitement when they hear of savages, whose religion teaches them revenge, using the tomahawk and scalping knife; but when thousands are torn to pieces with shot and shells, and butchered with polished steels, then it becomes a very polite and civil business, and those who perish are contemplated as only reclining on a bed of honor. If an individual in common life breaks a bone, or fractures a limb, all around him not only sympathize, but are ready to aid in alleviating his distress; but when thousands are slain, and ten thousand wounded in the field of battle, the shock is but trifling, and the feelings

are soon lost in admiring the gallantry of this hero, and the prowess of that veteran. Why this sensibility at the pains of an individual, and this indifference at the sufferings of thousands, if war has not a tendency to destroy the tender feelings of mankind?

It is a fact that the spirit and practice of war does harden the heart. Few will deny this, and none who have ever known the spirit of Christ. Hence, the spirit of war is unlike the spirit of the gospel; for, in proportion, as men are influenced by the gospel they are humane. Therefore, if war hardens men's hearts, it cannot be right for Christians to engage in it. —*Selected.*

PURFLE.

[Purgle is an obsolete word, but was used by Spenser and Milton to express a border embroidered with gold and pearl. The following gems of thought form a "Purgle" to this number of the ADVOCATE.—EDITOR].

....I have just been reading about a precious aged saint who was a model of Christian spirit and life, always happy in God; so happy, and her memory so completely saturated with the Bible, that every book she read she thought told about Christ; so grateful, that every meal she ate made her believe it was Thanksgiving Day; and so devotional that every morning, when family worship was attended, she thought it was Sunday! So she passed away, transmuted and spiritualized in her whole nature.—*A. C. D.*

....I once thought that earth possessed charms that could forever bind my affections. Strangely deluded being that I was. In one short year have my opinions undergone such a revolution, that now with transport I acknowledge that nothing possesses a charm to delight my mind, destitute of the hope of its being immortal. My affections now cling to things imperishable.—*Lydia M. Shields.*

....The saints on earth when sweetly they converse,
And the dear favors of kind heaven rehearse,
Each feels the others' joys; both doubly share
The blessings which devoutly they compare!
If saints such mutual joy feel here below
Then they each others' heavenly foretastes know,
What joys transport them at each others' sight,
When they shall meet in empyreal height!
Friends even in heaven one happiness would miss
Should they not know each other when in bliss.

—*Selected.*

....To bless God for mercies is the way to increase them; to bless Him for miseries is the way to remove them. No good lives so long as that which is thankfully improved; no evil dies so soon as that which is patiently endured.—*Dyer.*

....If we do not now love to fall upon our knees and worship God, we shall have no heart to touch a harp in heaven.—*Rev. Geo. B. Ide.*

....The richest, the brightest, most beautiful thing
That poor finite mortals to the altar can bring,
Is the spirit that pardons when others distress,
And will cherish its foes, its enemies bless.

The love that constrains us, though not understood
By others, to "overcomes" evil with good;
Oh! this is the purest of prizes e'er given,
To earth's erring children—the best gem of heaven.

—*Selected.*

....Content thyself therefore with this, that God is sooner pleased than man; resolve that His will shall be thine, and keep to it.—*Dr. Patrick.*

....It is never hasty to do right, and never injudicious to do that which ought to be done.—*Rev. B. Sears, D. D.*

....The Christian ought to expend himself in doing good, as the candle is consumed in shining.—*Rev. H. Mulcom, D. D.*

....There are no sweeter emotions experienced in the human breast than those which are felt in winning souls to Christ.—*Rev. R. H. Neale, D. D.*

....We are always safe under God's protection. He sometimes leads his servants through perils and trials to illustrate their characters, or to show His power in their deliverance.—*T. Scott.*

MR. CARLYLE ON THE WAR.

Mr. Carlyle lately wrote to the *Times*:

SIR,—A rumor everywhere prevails that our miraculous Premier, in spite of his Queen's Proclamation of Neutrality, intends, under cover of "care for British interests," to send the English fleet to the Baltic, or do some other feat which shall compel Russia to declare war against England. Latterly the rumor has shifted from the Baltic and become still more sinister, on the Eastern side of the scene, where a feat is contemplated that will force not Russia only, but all Europe, to declare war against us. This latter I have come to know as an indisputable fact; in our present affairs and outlooks surely a grave one.

As to "British interests," there is none visible or conceivable to me, except taking strict charge of our route to India by Suez and Egypt; and for the rest, resolutely steering altogether clear of any copartnery with the Turk in regard to this or any other "British interest" whatever. It should be felt by England as a real ignominy to be connected with such a Turk at all. Nay, if we still had, as, in fact, all ought to have, a wish to save him from perdition and annihilation in God's world, the one future for him that has any hope in it, is, even now, that of being conquered by the Russians, and gradually schooled and drilled into peaceable attempt at learning to be himself governed. The newspaper outcry against Russia is no more respectable to me than the howling of Bedlam, proceeding, as it does, from the deepest ignorance, egotism and paltry national jealousy.

These things I write not on hearsay, but on accurate knowledge, and to all friends of their country will recommend immediate attention to them while there is yet time, lest in a few weeks the maddest and most criminal thing that a British Government could do should be done, and all Europe kindle into flames of war.

I am, etc.,

T. CARLYLE

—*London Herald of Peace.*

LADIES' PEACE SOCIETY—LONDON.

Among other interesting speakers, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe said it was with great joy that, after an interval of four years, she again met her English sisters, and looked into their happy earnest faces. For they were looking for a new happiness for the human race. This hope, if derived from above, comes down to us like the olive leaf brought by the dove after the Deluge. But how is it to grow in each? That is the question. Why God moves some one to plant it. Then it must be tended, and watered, and cultivated. This is even now being cultivated and nurtured by a band of good women and faithful men in the exercise of their own gifts from above. And this must be perseveringly maintained until the narrow way of hope becomes the sure and steadfast highway of the nations.

She was glad that the Ladies' Peace Society was an "auxiliary" to that of the men. But they must remember that as women they have an original work to do for Peace; for there is a spiritual motherhood of men as well as a natural motherhood, and women must make this aspect recognized especially in the training of children. It is not natural for little girls to fight, but it is for little boys. How early and forcibly then should the golden rule be taught to the young. In English public schools it is thought "manly" for the boys to fight. It is so, to a less extent, in American schools. Then these lads need to be taught the true "humanity," and not mere brutality.

This work is the mother's proper sphere. And fathers will allow it to be so. The boys at public schools must be shown the real bravery of moral courage and moral force, so that they may be bold enough, even amid ridicule, and whilst young and strong, to resolve that they will not do wrong and fight.

Mrs. Howe then gave a few particulars as to the peace efforts of ladies in the United States, especially in California, Missouri and Nevada, some of the more distant States of that vast commonwealth of nations.

Quarrels would never last long if the fault were on one side only.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, JULY & AUGUST, 1877.

FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE
DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN
PEACE SOCIETY.

The swift revolution of another year brings the Directors of the American Peace Society to the time for rendering their annual report. In performing this duty they are impressed, with increasing emphasis, with the thought that God rules over the destinies of mankind; and that, therefore, however slow and imperfect any human labor for the advancement of His kingdom may be, He will not leave unrewarded the pious industries of His servants. Animated by this thought, the Directors review the past year with gratitude, and look with hope to the future.

THE PEACE CAUSE AT HOME.

The past year has been marked by indications of the progress of peace principles in our own country. Our brief limits render it impossible to speak of these indications in detail. But we may at least mention some of them.

The International Exhibition at Philadelphia forms perhaps the most conspicuous event of the year, in our country, relating to the question of peace. That Exhibition was something more than the display of the works of art and industry brought together from various nations. It was a most eloquent peace society, pleading for concord amongst the peoples of the world. There, the only rivalry was to receive the palm bestowed upon the products of skill and genius. We are sure that the bringing together vast numbers of persons from different nations in such manner tends mightily to break down local prejudices, to promote national friendship, and to aid in preparing for universal peace.

The Electoral Commission, or the Tribunal of Arbitration, as several leading journals of our country termed it, forms an era in our political history. A crisis of great magnitude had arisen. The question as to which of the two candidates had been elected President was one of vast importance. Political parties were greatly excited. The charge of fraud in conducting the election was made upon both sides. A severe strain was put upon our republican form of government. At one time it seemed as though civil war might burst forth. Yet, Congress devised a bill for counting the electoral votes. Peace and submission to law was the result. Mr. Hayes was declared President. The country became quiet. The result was an illustration of law taking the place of force, and of arbitration deciding in place of battle. It gives a high tide mark of the rise of peace principles; and adds an example to the Geneva Arbitration for settling the most complicated questions, national or international, by methods of law and peace.

The peace policy of President Hayes, as announced in his inaugural address, forms another marked incident of the past year. He declared he would seek the pacification of the

country, giving their constitutional rights to all citizens, of whatever section or party or race. He declared, also, that the policy inaugurated by President Grant of submitting to arbitration grave questions in dispute between ourselves and foreign powers, pointed to a new, and incomparably the best, instrumentality for the preservation of peace. "If," said the President, "questions of difference should at any time during the period of my administration arise between the United States and any foreign government, it will certainly be my disposition and my hope to aid in their settlement in the same peaceful and honorable way, thus securing to our country the great blessings of peace and mutual good offices with all the nations of the world." Surely this utterance from the President of our mighty republic has profound significance; and, if the rulers of other nations will act upon the same principles, the world will take a gigantic stride towards international peace. We are cheered, also, by the fact that the President continues the peace policy towards the Indians, from which the most happy results have already been derived.

From the above facts, and from others that might be mentioned, we feel confident that peace principles are advancing in our country.

THE PEACE CAUSE ABROAD.

As we cast our eyes towards Europe, we see that the war-clouds long gathering over Turkey have burst into the storm of battle. Yet, even there, we seem to discover some signs of the power of peace ideas, in the fact that Russia long delayed war, and was very solicitous to impress Europe with the belief that she sought the protection of Christians, rather than the acquisition of territory, or the pride of conquest; and in the fact, also, that European nations sought earnestly to prevent the war by acts of remonstrance and mediation, and have not as yet themselves been drawn into the strife.

Peace continues its labors in Europe, as represented by two international organizations, which have for their object the codification of the laws of nations; by the several national and local peace societies; and by the gain which peace principles make amongst the laboring classes particularly of Great Britain.

PEACE SOCIETIES.

The Friends' Peace Association continues its good work, under the especial supervision of Daniel Hill, who edits its organ entitled "The Messenger of Peace."

The Universal Peace Society having its head-quarters in Philadelphia, publishes an organ and accomplishes a good mission.

The Rhode Island Peace Society keeps on its even way, has an excellent body of officers, and though now in its sixtieth year bids fair to renew its youth. It has an honored history and has performed an important mission.

The South Carolina Peace Society, the Iowa Peace Society, and several smaller and local societies all are at work in their own spheres.

The London Peace Society has very large pecuniary resources, a powerful membership, and great influence upon public opinion. Its Secretary, the Hon. Henry Richard, is a member of Parliament, and has wrought extraordinary service for the cause of peace.

The Liverpool Peace Society, of which Mr. A. B. Hayward is the Hon. Secretary, has trebled its work within the past few years. Liverpool is England's most warlike town, and this society encounters much hostility.

The Paris International League of Peace has revived its activity since the war.

Our Society is in communication with all these Societies, through the Corresponding Secretary, and stands ready to unite in action upon peace questions.

IN MEMORIAM.

During the past year five officers of the Society have died, Deacon John Field of Arlington, Dr. Walter Channing of Boston, Samuel Rodman of New Bedford, Charles Crooker of Bath, and Hop Emory Washburn, of Cambridge. We may mention the decease of Rev. Alexis Caswell D.D., LL.D., President of the Rhode Island Peace Society; and of Mr. David Dilley, for twelve years a workman on *THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE*, in the publishing house of Messrs. J. E. Farwell and Company.

Dr. Walter Channing died aged ninety-one years. He was at one time one of the most distinguished physicians of Boston. He was an earnest and generous friend of peace from the days of Noah Worcester.

Samuel Rodman was a very esteemed member of the Society of Friends, and a true and liberal supporter of this Society from its early days.

Mr. Washburn and Dr. Caswell have been spoken of so recently and so fully in the pages of the *ADVOCATE*, that it is not necessary to speak at length concerning them in this report. They were both men of extraordinary talent, scholarship, influence, and goodness; and both of them, also, were devoted friends of peace, and rendered the cause distinguished service.

Our Society has met with terrible loss, humanly speaking, in the death of these men. Yet, our cause belongs to God, and He can raise up new friends to us. We need to pray with faith to Him. Courage, even in the midst of our bereavements, should nerve our hearts, and our own exertions should be redoubled as we remember our opportunities will soon be over.

OPERATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

The Society has performed its work with as much thoroughness as possible. This work covers a broad field, and is divided into a number of departments. It receives constant attention, and those not acquainted with its details can hardly appreciate the labor it requires.

The publication of *THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE* and of the *ANGEL OF PEACE* has been continued with excellent results. *THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE* has been largely improved by bringing in new and valuable contributors, and by giving especial attention to its editorial management. It forms a precious repository of peace literature. It will hereafter have a title page and index annually; and, being bound, will form a most worthy volume in public or private libraries. The *ANGEL OF PEACE* finds its way amongst children, and into Sunday Schools, and constitutes an admirable vehicle for inculcating the minds of the young with peace principles.

No books have been published, owing to the loss by fire of our stereotype plates; but five or six hundred of those on hand, and of those purchased, have been sent forth into various parts of our country. Several tracts have been published and largely circulated, as Professor Edward A. Lawrence's admirable "Confession of Faith in Peace Principles," and Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, "Mr. John Bright on a Great Question." Many articles from the *ADVOCATE* and from the *ANGEL* have been copied into other papers, and gained a large circulation.

Meetings for peace have been held in a number of cities and

churches, at which addresses by the Secretary, and others, have been made. Some of these meetings have had marked influence upon the communities in which they were held, owing to the large and influential character of the audiences, and the reports of the meetings in the local press. The Secretary has, also, by official request, attended two important peace meetings in Philadelphia.

Writing articles for the religious and secular press has formed another department of work. The Secretary has furnished editorials and communications, for prominent papers in various parts of the country, on peace topics, which have thus reached a vast number of readers.

Resolutions favoring the cause of peace, and endorsing the work of the Society, have been passed by several important ecclesiastical bodies, at the suggestion of the Secretary. In some cases he has also addressed these assemblies.

The correspondence of the Society has formed a large and important branch of its work. An official correspondence has been opened with kindred societies in this country and Europe, with many friends of the cause, and with prominent persons, hoping to enlist their co-operation. In this way the extremes of our own country have been reached; and other countries, as Canada, Mexico, Japan, Syria, Tunis, Siam, Burmah, Sweden, Scotland, England, Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Liberia. In some cases, it has been proposed to institute peace societies in those countries after the model of our Society. Such correspondence makes no outward appearance, like publishing, or holding meetings, but we hope it will produce marked results ultimately, both in gaining friends and money to the cause.

OUR PRESENT NEEDS.

The active co-operation of the friends of peace all over our country is needed by our Society. We need their sympathy, their prayers of faith, their assistance in distributing our publications and their gifts to our treasury.

We need to publish new books and tracts, as all our stereotype plates were melted in the great Boston fire. This will be a work of great importance, and of large expense.

That the Society needs increased receipts to its treasury is particularly apparent. We need funds for replacing our books and tracts; for improving our journals; for meeting all our necessary expenses; and for clearing off a debt of \$7000, which has been accumulating through a succession of years. We wish not only to meet all these demands, but also to increase our permanent fund to \$100,000, as the Legislature of the State gives us power to do. Therefore, we call earnestly for aid from all friends of the cause.

OUR PROSPECTS.

Turning our faces from the past to the future, what do we seem to discern? We see signs of promise. We judge that our Society, now entering upon the year that will complete a half century of its existence, will increase in membership and in influence. We believe that the apostolic labors of Worcester and Ladd, and a host of others, of Beckwith and Miles, will bring forth yet greater results for peace. Though there are many discouragements, in the decease of friends, in the lack of pecuniary means, in the financial depression everywhere, and in the apathy to the cause that yet too plainly is manifested by the public at large; yet, we have faith in God, we know this is His cause, and we commit ourselves to Him in holy confidence of success.

We hope the day is not distant when we may prepare and publish suitable memoirs of Beckwith and Miles; when we may offer prizes to theological and law students for essays on peace; when we may give medals of honor to those who pre-eminently serve the cause of peace; when we may have a large and valuable peace literature for dissemination over the continent; when we may have a store for the sale of our publications; when we may have auxiliary societies in every State; when the magnificent ideas of William Ladd and George C. Beckwith concerning a congress of nations, developed by Elihu Burritt and James B. Miles, and carried on by Dr. Miles with an intelligence and fervor of surpassing excellence in promoting international laws for governing the international relation of the governments, will reach its full fruition; and when the toil, and expenditure, and prayers, and work thus far accomplished, by this Society, shall have sunrise into that millennial day when nations shall learn war no more. Then the vocation of our Society will close, and the war-scarred earth will rest in its Sabbath of perfect righteousness and peace.

DAVID L. DODGE.

The subject of this sketch came from an honored ancestry,—honored because of their industry, intelligence and piety. He was born June 14, 1774, in Brooklyn. The American Revolution was at that period convulsing the country, and the boyhood of David L. Dodge was passed amid scenes that taught him to have a horror for war. Two of his half-brothers served in the Continental army, and died from hardship, by their untimely end plunging his mother into an agony of sorrow. He was at work in his father's pasture the day of the cannonading of New London, and a soldier working with him said, "Blood is flowing to-day, and souls are passing into eternity."

In his neighborhood resided an honest farmer, John Barker, who denounced warfare as contrary to the gospel, and so refused to take part in the Revolutionary war. Yet he was drafted for the army, and rather than bear arms against his fellow-men he fled to the woods, and there concealed himself during a severe winter, secretly supplied with food and blankets by young Dodge's mother. After the close of the Revolutionary war the military spirit filled the country, and young Dodge often listened to exciting narratives from soldiers, and witnessed the pomp of parades and mock battles. Military glory was the theme of clergy and laity. The amusements of youth were mainly of a military kind. From these circumstances it is the more remarkable that young Dodge should have a leaning to peace principles, and that fact indicates that he possessed unusual independence and clearness of moral perception.

When the subject of this sketch was sixteen years of age he met with several casualties, which for some months laid him aside from work. During this time he studied diligently, and prepared himself to teach a small school. This led to his entering upon the career of a school teacher for many years.

At the age of twenty-four he was converted, passing through a very marked experience, and made a profession of his Christian faith.

In 1799 he gave up teaching, and commenced the business of merchandising. In this new engagement he often had occasion to travel with large sums of money in his care, and so carried pistols for defence in case of any attempted robbery.

Having upon one occasion just escaped taking the life of a man, whom in the night he supposed to be a robber, he was led to examine the question as to Christians arming themselves with deadly weapons. The precepts of the gospel seemed against it. Then he laid aside his pistols, exchanging them for the protection of the Lord. Then he became fully convinced that all kinds of carnal warfare were unlawful for the followers of Christ. He became opposed to military toys for children, and considered it unwise for parents to allow their children to see military parades, lest they catch the war spirit. In order to further bear his testimony against the custom of war, he published an essay, entitled, "The Mediator's Kingdom not of this World." *This publication gave the first impulse in America, apart from the influence of the Quakers, to the inquiring into the lawfulness of war by Christians!* A few years after, the Rev. Dr. Noah Worcester published his essay, "The Solemn Review of War." Mr. Dodge had interviews with his pious acquaintances, and soon more than twenty leading members of churches embraced the doctrine that war was contrary to the religion of Christ.

At this period Mr. Dodge entered into a friendly correspondence on the lawfulness of war, with the Rev. Dr. John B. Rumeyn, Rev. Lyman Beecher, Rev. Walter King and Rev. Aaron Cleveland. Some of these letters were of very great length and written with studious care. In 1812 the friends of peace in New York had so much increased, that, at the proposal of Mr. Dodge, they concluded to form a Peace Society, for the purpose of diffusing peace principles by conversation, meetings and the circulation of essays on the subject. Mr. Dodge prepared for the press an essay on the subject, entitled, "War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ." In 1815 the proposal made three years before was carried into effect, and "The New York Peace Society," of about forty members, was formed. We believe that this Society was organized in the parlor of Mr. Dodge's house. So far as we know, *this was the first specific Peace Society ever formed in the world!* The very next year, the London, the Massachusetts, the Rhode Island and the Ohio peace societies were formed, without knowledge of each other. This extraordinary movement clearly indicates that God was preparing the hearts of his children for the accomplishment of some vast work in the extension of his kingdom upon the earth.

David L. Dodge was unanimously elected President of the New York Peace Society. Monthly meetings were resolved upon, and an address at each meeting. Mr. Dodge was appointed to read the first essay. He did so, taking for his theme "The Kingdom of Peace under the Reign of Messiah." The Society voted to print the essay in tract form, and one thousand copies were published for distribution. In two years the Society grew to sixty members.

We have thus glanced at the life and character of Mr. Dodge. Our readers may be assured that our sources of information are correct; for, at our own solicitation, Mr. William E. Dodge, of New York, has kindly put us in possession of knowledge concerning his father, by lending us a copy of his father's autobiography. He was a remarkable man. We may call him the pioneer of peace societies in the world. Let every disciple of the Prince of Peace bless his memory! C. H. M.

More men grow old from having nothing to do, than from overwork. The running machine will keep bright for years—the idle machine will soon rust out.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The forty-ninth annual meeting of the AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY, was held in Pilgrim Hall, Boston, on Monday, May 28, 1877. Hon. E. S. Tobey, President of the Society, occupied the chair, and called the meeting to order. Rev. Wm. P. Tilden offered prayer. Rev. H. C. Dunham, Recording Secretary, read the minutes of the last annual meeting, which were approved. Rev. Dr. Malcom, Corresponding Secretary, read the report of the Directors. It was voted that the report be adopted, and printed in the ADVOCATE. Rev. Dr. Patten, read the Treasurer's report, and also the report of the Trustees of the Peace Fund, and the Beckwith Legacy. President Tobey read the official correspondence between Dr. Malcom and the committee appointed to secure his services as Corresponding Secretary. Upon recommendation of the Committee on Nominations, the list of officers, printed elsewhere in the ADVOCATE, was elected by ballot. President Tobey addressed the meeting in an interesting manner. The large number present, and the excellent tone of the meeting, made the occasion one of marked interest. Upon motion, adjourned.

ANTWERP CONFERENCE.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Peace Society, held at the office of the Society, Congregational House, Hon. Edward S. Tobey, President of the Society, and Rev. Charles Howard Malcom, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the Society, were appointed delegates to the Conference of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations to be held at Antwerp on the 28th of August next.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

REFORMS are generally instituted by the brave and industrious work of individuals. This is illustrated by the recent remark of a Government Inspector of prisons in England, who said that after an extensive tour of observation amongst philanthropic institutions on the Continent, he learned that a large proportion of these can be definitely traced to the efforts and influences of Mrs. Fry. Let the friends of Peace take courage. Generations shall rise up and call blessed those who have labored in this cause.

MAJOR GEORGE P. EDGAR, of New York, writes us of the fearful tornado that swept over Mt. Carmel, Illinois, last June, leaving a hundred families homeless and penniless, over a hundred wounded and a score of dead, with a pecuniary loss of four hundred thousand dollars. Such a calamity awakens universal sympathy. Yet what is it compared to the destruction wrought by a single battle!

THE HAVOC OF WAR is shown by a remark of a surgeon of the Russian army, that of the eight hundred soldiers who first crossed the Danube, only about twenty were living after the lapse of a few weeks.

THE BOSTON HERALD dissented from our views, as expressed in a speech delivered in Portland, that President Grant's cordial reception in England was owing particularly to the peace policy of his administration. But now our opinion is confirmed in a remarkable manner. At a banquet given to General Grant in London by the Corporation of Trinity House, the Prince of Wales presiding, and a most distinguished company being present, the Earl of Carnarvon said:

"I venture to say that never has there been one, to whom we willingly accord a freer, fuller and heartier welcome than we do to General Grant on this occasion, not merely because we believe he has performed the part of a distinguished General, nor because he has twice filled the highest office a citizen of his great country can fill, but because we look upon him as representing that good will and affection which ought to exist between us and the United States."

REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, D.D., in an admirable sermon concerning the terrible destruction by fire of the city of St. John, said:

"St. John learns that she is not separated from the rest of the world. Telegrams and sympathy pour in upon her from all over the world, and it seems to me that there is nothing which promotes human brotherhood like these expressions of sympathy. They diminish the tendency to war, and war to me is something inexpressibly horrible and inexcusable. Had I \$1,000,000 I would be glad to send it to St. John, for I know that it would reduce the probabilities of war between the English speaking nations."

THE BOSTON POST, referring to one of our speeches delivered in Providence, said that some years have passed since the American Peace Society made "any vigorous assault upon public opinion," but that in our plea for the abolition of war we entered upon such a course; and that wars have been beneficial in keeping down the population of the earth. Nay, if peace prevailed, and the money and time spent upon war was devoted to civilization and religion, there is room enough upon the globe for all mankind, and for every family to own a piece of ground.

JOSIAH W. LEEDS has sent us a copy of his History of the United States, a handsome volume, and giving more prominence than other histories to the things that make for peace. In a chapter on Arbitration and Peace he gives deserved honor to the work done by the American Peace Society. It is an excellent book for home or school study.

THE CONNECTICUT PEACE SOCIETY will hold its tenth annual grove meeting on Wednesday and Thursday, August 22 and 23, 1877. Mr. Zerah C. Whipple, of Mystic River, Conn., the Secretary of the Society, will give particulars to any who may enquire.

THE SOCIETY OF THE RED CROSS finds great favor in Russia. The whole nation seems to take part in the humane work. Many millions of roubles have been subscribed to carry on the work. Peasants and patricians give much time to the study of nursing and the dressing of wounds. So charity endeavors to soften the terrors of war.

MILITARY SCIENCE has produced a great change in the art of war. In ancient times personal strength and courage had an opportunity to show itself in every man who went into battle. Men met each other face to face with sword or battle-axe. Then it was that weight of numbers told. Solid phalanxes stood against each other. The "Macedonian wedge" was driven into crowded hosts. Now the manufacture of arms has been carried to such perfection that men seldom meet in personal conflict. Troops now stretch in long, thin lines, and fire at one another from a distance. With all the construction of deadly weapons, we believe that fewer lives are lost in modern than in ancient battles.

GENERAL GRANT, in his letter to Mr. G. W. Childs (a notice of which our readers will find in another column of this ADVOCATE), utters sentiments that cause great joy to every friend of peace. It is most blessed to have the cause of peace promoted by a man of such eminent position and influence.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR has been expressed recently in an admirable cartoon, by Nast, entitled the Red Danube. It pictures the Russian and Turkish armies standing on either shore of the Danube, in the gloom of night, while Death, a gigantic skeleton, hovers in the air, saying, "Bless you, my children!"

HOSPITAL SUNDAY IN LONDON recently brought \$55,000 as offerings from the churches. That was a noble charity, contributed by all religious sects. Yet, one severe battle will cause more wounds and disease than that charity can heal. Alas! would that mankind would learn to dry up, as far as possible, the sources of misery at the very fountain!

GENERAL GRANT receives marked attentions in Great Britain. These indications of the high estimate in which his character is held are very gratifying. We judge that the honor he received is particularly because of the services he, as President, rendered to the cause of general peace, particularly in cementing the friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain.

INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP is admirably illustrated by the cordial reception given to President Grant in England. The Queen has received him as her guest at Windsor Castle, and the people have shown how really glad they are to see him. Those who have received him with such honor have certainly wished to express the good will of England for the United States. This fact is due, more than anything else, to the Geneva Arbitration. That appeal to arbitration by two powerful nations marked a more important epoch in history than all the wars of the century.

MR. TILDEN, in a recent speech, stated that the business classes of the country demanded that the contesting titles to the Presidency of the United States, be settled by the Electoral Commission, and that under the circumstances, "It became the representative of the public desire for peace." This is a very remarkable testimony, in our opinion, to the fact that peace ideas are gaining favor amongst the people.

PRESIDENT HAYES, on leaving Columbus, Ohio, for Washington, said, in a public speech delivered upon that occasion: "I do hope, I do fervently believe, that by the aid of Divine Providence we may do something in this day of peace, and of works of peace, towards re-establishing in the hearts of our countrymen a zeal, a hearty attachment to the Constitution as it is, and to the Union as it is."

CONCERNING WAR AND PEACE.

....Victor Hugo has written a note of thanks to Alfred Tennyson for the verses in his honor. He says he regards France and England as a single people, as truth and liberty are a single light, believes in the unity of humanity as he believes in the unity of divinity, loves all peoples and all men, and admires very much the verses addressed to him.

....The recent appointment of the American Minister at Paris by the French Agricultural Society, as its representative in the United States, was a still more delicate compliment to Mr. Washburne than the diamond cross offered him by the Emperor of Germany. But as this valuable present could not be accepted by our Minister, Kaiser William has resolved to try to beat the French in the field of delicate offerings, and to present Mr. Washburne with his life-sized portrait in acknowledgment of the protection given by our Minister to German subjects in France during the war of 1870.

....A letter from Zaim, July 12th, says 18,000 bombs were fired at Kars at an expense of 1,500,000 roubles. Three Russian officers and one hundred and sixty soldiers were killed.

....Popular taste would have military heroes imposing in presence as well as doughty in deed—a relic of impression by inheritance from what was anciently true, that prowess in battle required men of brawn rather than of brain. After its long experience of the outgoing of spears and breastplates, and the incoming of steam and gunpowder, the popular mind still does not quite realize that stalwart Marshal Saxe, who twists a horseshoe like a wisp of straw in his fingers, is less formidable than aged Moltke, and that battles are planned in the closet and fought by telegraph.

....Every age since men first began has seen some advance in methods of attack and defence, requiring more skill and thought in the warrior, until the naked savage with his club has become metamorphosed into the accomplished engineer or ordnance officer of the nineteenth century.

....Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has received a letter from General Grant, who, after briefly recounting the distinguished honors paid him in England, and describing how they surprised him, goes on to say: "I appreciate the fact, and am proud of it, that the attentions I am receiving are intended more for our country than for me personally. I love to see our country honored and respected abroad, and I am proud to believe that it is by most all nations, and by some even loved. It has always been my desire to see all jealousy between England and the United States abated and every sore healed. Together they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more to remove causes of wars by creating moral interests that would be so much endangered by war."

....The clergy of the Established Church of England assembled in convocation, requested the House of Bishops to furnish a form of prayer to be used during the war in the East. The preparation of such forms was left to the discretion of the Bishops in their respective dioceses.

....Should not American Christians unite their prayers with their brethren in Europe that God will control the present conflict and bring it speedily to an end? Shall we look on unmoved while the horrors of war are accumulating, because the contest puts money in our pockets? Is ours a mercenary Christianity? Europe is a tinder box. Vast armies are everywhere prepared for fearful conflict. A spark may start a conflagration.

....An Indian war, which seems likely to cause great trouble and loss of life before being brought to an end, has broken out in Idaho. The Indians seemed to be officered by skilful men, and thus far in their encounters with the whites have only met with success. The whites, on the other hand, are few and scattered, the troops remote, and not very numerous. General Howard seems to believe that the trouble will be speedily ended, but at the headquarters in San Francisco they are not so sanguine.

....Armenia is ruined by the ravages of the war.

....Horrible cruelties and massacres continue to result from the Eastern war. A Shumla dispatch says 5000 wagon loads of Turks, old men, women and children, fled from Eskjuma and Osman Bazar to Shumla. Horrible massacres have been committed by the Russians and Bulgarians at Tirnova, Grahova and Ilyana. From all directions fugitives in large numbers are coming into Shumla, who agree in stating that in the districts occupied by the Russians, the most horrible cruelties are perpetrated upon the Mohammedan population by Cossacks and Bulgarians. Mohammedan children and old men are slaughtered and women violated and carried off. Official dispatches substantially corroborate these statements.

...."The Christianization and civilization of the Sandwich Islands created a commerce, which for the year ending 1871 amounted to \$1,406,426, which, reckoning the profit at ten per cent., would leave a gain to those engaged in it of \$440,642, an amount about equal to the receipts of the American Board last year."

One may live as a conqueror, or a king, or a magistrate, but he must die a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality.—to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator.

At all times presence of mind is valuable. In time of repose it will enable us to say and to do whatever is befitting the occasion that presents itself, while in time of trial it may protect, and in danger preserve.



THE LESSON THE LILY TAUGHT.

BY COUSIN MARY.

"Mamma, may I pluck the lily? See, it is dying now!"

A sweet voice broke on the morning air:
I paused for an instant to know
Who the speaker might be, when a fair girl stood
By a lily as white as snow.

It was bending low its beautiful head;
Perhaps from the weight of the dew;
Or the storm that passed over the garden last night
May have broken its stem in two.

I'm sure I don't know, nor waited to see
If she left it to bloom there alone,
With a few young buds just starting to life,
And the summer now almost flown.

Or broke it off with mamma's consent
To lend to the room a grace;
And fill the air with a perfume sweet,
Ere it died in its marble vase.

But I thought of the lilies of Eastern fame,
And the humble Nazarene,
With his little band of followers—
Those men of lowly mien,

Who gathered round to hear him tell
Of the lilies of the field,
(And 'tis said they're lovelier, purer far
Than any our gardens yield.)

How they toiled not, neither did they spin,
Yet Solomon in his pride,
Was never arrayed like one of them;
Then why should their hearts be tried

With sore vexations and thoughts of ill,
So humbled with earthly cares;
When he can attend to the lilies' wants,
Would he not provide for theirs?

I was glad that I heard the question then,
For it gave to my mind a thought;
And I'll never forget in my troubled mood
The lesson the lily taught.

THE GENTLE SOUTH WIND.

"Now, Walter Harrison Ames, you get right out of that chair this minute, for that's my seat, and I want to sit there;" and little Miss Rose, who looked more like a snapdragon just then, tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat as calmly looking out of the window as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading in the other window, but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called the little snapdragon, though he did not use that name, to come to him, as he had a story to tell her.

A story was always a delight, and so the little changeable flower, almost a rose again, went instantly and seated herself on a little bench at his feet.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going down town," he began, "I met a disagreeable north wind and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees and break off the branches, but the branches were too strong for it and wouldn't give way. Then it rushed at me and blew my coat as hard as it could, and said in a gruff tone, as plain as a wind could talk, 'Take off your coat quick, I won't wait.' But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and so just buttoned my coat up as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

"In the afternoon, as I came home, the south wind met me, and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first, and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, 'Open your coat, please, open your coat.' I opened it right away, every single button, for I was glad to get all the south wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which is my little girl, the stormy north wind or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa," answered little Rose cheerily, as she went up to brother Walter and kissed and patted him, and said—"Please let me have that chair, Walter dear!"

Brother Walter didn't say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught the little south wind up, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses and scampered off to play.—*Child's Paper*.

THE SIX STORY TELLERS.

Six little children each told a story, and to begin with, this is

ANNIE'S STORY.

"Mine is a true story," said Annie, the eldest of the group, "about a little girl only eight years old, whose dress took fire. She was alone in the house with the servant, who did not know what to do, except to run to the door and scream, which she did till the little girl called out 'roll me in the carpet,' as soon as this was done, and the fire extinguished, she remarked, 'I read that in a book,—that is, if your clothes ever catch fire, you must roll yourself up in a carpet or a quilt, as quick as possible; for that will smother or put out the fire.' Any one might have known that; but it was presence of mind that made her think of it just at the right moment."

TOM'S STORY.

"Mine is a true story, too," said Tom, "and a great deal better than yours. It's about a boy I know who saw a drunken man beating a poor little girl with a stick, and was brave enough to seize his hands and bear the blows himself, till she was out of danger. I call that courage, and I like it." "Yes, Tom," I said: "courage is a great thing, especially in a good cause. But moral courage is the best kind. I should think you a much braver boy if you were not ashamed to have the other boys know that you were trying to live like a Christian than if you fought all the drunken men in the village. Who comes next?"

WILLIE'S STORY.

"It's my turn," says Willie. "I haven't any new story—but you all know Robert Bruce, the king of Scotland, was once wandering in disguise when he came to a poor little hut, where he spent the night, and in the morning he watched a little brown spider trying to make his web. Seven times the spider fell back again, but at last succeeding in fastening his thread on the point of a beam and so built his house. And Robert Bruce learned from him the lesson of perseverance, which enabled him to win back his throne."

ARTHUR'S STORY.

"I heard Aunt Mary telling some one what she saw in Pompeii," said Arthur. "You know that was the city which was buried in ashes by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius eighteen hundred years ago. Just outside the gates, she said, there is a little stone sentry-box, and in it were found in a standing position the bones of the Roman sentinel who was on duty there that awful day. He had plenty of time to escape, but his principle of obedience was so strong that he waited for permission to leave his post, and that never came."

SUSIE'S STORY.

"My story is about faith. I heard a young lady trying to teach a very little boy geography the other day. She said:

"How do you know that the world is round?"

"Oh, because I have been told so."

"But how do you know you were told aright?"

"My Aunt Maggie told me, and she never tells lies!"

"I thought this is just the way we know anything about heaven, or the way to get there; we have been told so; God has told us, and he never tells lies."

KATIE'S STORY.

"Well," said I, for I saw the children pause, "you have all told very good stories, and I like them the better for being true; I hardly know which is the best, but here is little Katie quite forgotten. Haven't you a story for us, dear?"

"I did not know where to look for one," said Katie, "but I thought about how Jesus came to earth to live, and teach, and suffer and die, just because he loved us so much that he wanted to save us. I think that is the sweetest story after all."

"Yes, it is, little one, Katie has chosen the best story, for Jesus unites all the good qualities you can think of. He had presence of mind enough to know what to do at the right time. He had obedience enough to do and suffer all God's will. He had courage enough to face all enemies and meet death. He persevered to the end in working out our salvation. He

believed that God would do all he had promised to do, and he loved his own—though they did not love yet him—enough to die for them. He loves them still with an everlasting love, and has promised to love them forever and ever."—*Christian Age*.

SENTIMENT IN THE INDIAN HEART.

A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, looking into the Indian department of the great Exhibition, wrote as follows: "We looked, and saw that Indian mother-love had its outlet in making pretty things for its babies, just as the white mother's does. Here were little shirts of deer skin, tanned until they were as fine and soft as the daintiest kid glove that slips over the hand of beauty, and round the neck and sleeves were gay beads sewed in a pattern, and there was another a size larger, and yet a size larger, and then a deer-skin jacket large enough for a child two years old. The cradles were lined with red, and bound with soft skins, and trimmed with beads, or made of grass woven together, with neat patterns of dyed grasses, all pretty in a way to make one's heart warm toward the little copper-colored fellow for whom it was intended, and who was probably a joy to his mother in the same way ours are to us. Somehow we had not thought it, and when our friend told us that an Indian chief said to him, with tears actually standing in his black eyes, 'My little boy has died, and my heart is no bigger than that,' indicating the tip of his little finger, we were obliged to admit that there must be less stoicism among them than we supposed."

SAFETY OF PEACE PRINCIPLES.

BY G. C. B.

Weakness and innocence are their own protection, better far than lead and steel. Throw an infant on the mercy of any man, civilized or savage; and so far from killing it, he will instinctively respond to its claims upon his kindness and care. If that infant belongs to his enemy, he may wreak his vengeance on the latter by murdering the former; but the child, left to itself, he would spontaneously protect and cherish. No man assails, or challenges to mortal combat, a woman, a feeble old man, or a minister of the gospel. Whence their security? They carry no weapons; they utter no threats; they have little or no power to defend themselves by force; they look for protection, nor look in vain, to the great principles of our nature. In these there is far more power for such a purpose, than there is in any weapons of violence that a Hercules ever wielded; and the feeblest, most defenceless, will generally be found to enjoy the greatest degree of safety. Even the iron tempest of war sweeps over them comparatively harmless. At the close of a battle, a soldier of the victorious army, more ferocious and reckless from the bloody work of the day, chanced to find a small boy on the field, and, very much from the habit of assailing whatever came in his way, lifted his sword to cleave him down, when the little fellow, looking up in his face exclaimed, "O sir, don't kill me, I'm so little." That simple appeal went to the warrior's heart; and returning his sword into its scabbard, he galloped away without harming the child. Some men there possibly may be who would have killed him; but scarce one man in a million would so outrage his own nature.

Men generally rely upon force; but there is, in truth, far more efficacy in persuasion. Æsop, in one of his fables, relates a contest between the sun and the north wind to see which should first disarm a certain traveller of his cloak. The wind blew, and the traveller wrapped his cloak more tightly about him; it blew still more loudly, but he only held his cloak with a firmer grasp than ever; the fiercer the assault, the more vigorous and determined the resistance. The sun took an opposite course; he betrayed no purpose of violence, no symptoms of wrath, but spread over hill and valley the warmth of his purest gentlest radiance; the traveller smiled, and at once yielded to persuasion what he had denied to force. Such is human nature; and a counterpart to this beautiful picture may be found all over the earth.



A MERCIFUL COMMODORE.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM.

James Graham Goodenough was the son of an English clergyman. At the age of thirteen years he became a midshipman in the navy. He was modest, unassuming, studious, and energetic. In pleasure or in danger his first thought was always for others. He possessed high religious principle. He rose rapidly from rank to rank, but at every stage of his career he remained a devout Christian. He loved to study the Bible, to be much in prayer, and to worship God through the beauties of the natural world. He was kind to the poor, and just and considerate towards all with whom he had any dealings.

The generosity of his character was illustrated by many incidents. Once he was pushing his way with a shipmate through the dense foliage of a ravine in Juan Fernandez, when he suddenly fell down a precipice, but at once cried out to his friend who was following, warning him of the danger. There he lay for a whole day in great suffering, but his first thought had been for the safety of his friend. At another time, during an engagement under the walls of Canton, he paused in the dreadful strife to place his water-bottle to the lips of one of the enemy, a Tartar soldier, lying with a wound in his thigh. Once he would not leave his ship to join his wife and children for a time, because he chose to bear all hardships with his men.

Commodore Goodenough cruised among the South Sea Islands for nearly two years, during his last command, and took a great interest in the various missions of those islands, and labored to establish friendly relations between the natives and foreigners. On the 12th of August, 1875, he went ashore in Carlisle Bay, Santa Cruz. After passing several hours upon shore, a native fired an arrow into his side. At the same time five others were wounded. The Commodore and his

party at once took to the boats and returned to the ship. The arrow was poisoned, and after five days it became apparent that the Commodore could not live. He was placed on the quarter-deck, at his own request, to take his leave as a dying man of the ship's company. Some of his officers were desirous to visit severe punishment upon the natives of Santa Cruz, where their loved Commodore had received his fatal wound, "No," replied the Commodore, "do not visit the poor natives with vengeance. They do not know right from wrong. Some day a good Christian missionary will teach them to love God, and to live in peace. That shall be the recompense for my death." He then shook hands with the officers, spoke a kind word to the men, and was carried back to his cabin, where he died quietly, speaking words of tenderness and Christian love to the last.

On the shore of Sydney Harbor, with two of his sailors, who had also died of arrow-wounds: he, in the middle; they, one on either side: sleeps to-day the mortal remains of this merciful Commodore, who would allow no vengeance to be visited upon his murderers, but desired a Christian missionary to be sent to them,—sleeps, awaiting the morning of the heavenly life; and my dear little readers, study well, and admire this noble epitaph, written on his grave stone:

HE SAILED AWAY TO DIE,
REFUSING TO ALLOW A SINGLE LIFE
TO BE TAKEN IN RETALIATION.

TWO FACES.

I know a little girl who has two faces. When she is dressed up in her white dress and blue sash, and has on her blue kid shoes, and around her neck a string of pearl beads, then she looks so sweet and good that you would wish to kiss her; for she knows that the company of ladies will say, "What a little darling!" or "What lovely curls!" or "What a sweet mouth!" and then kiss her little red lips, and give her some sugar-plums. And the ladies who praise her think she is very lady-like, too, for she always says, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," when she ought, and "Thank you," so sweetly, when anything is given her. But when alone with her mother, then she is sometimes very naughty.

If she cannot get what she would like, or cannot do just as she wishes, then she pouts and cries and screams; and no one ever thinks of kissing such homely lips. And no one would ever take her to be the same little girl who behaved so prettily in company.

I know another little girl who has only one face; and that is always as sweet as a peach, and never so sweet as when alone with mamma.

Which little girl do you love best?—the one with two faces, or the other who has but one!

HE PUT A LITTLE SUGAR IN.

"Charley, what is it that makes you so sweet?" said a loving mother one day to her little boy, as she pressed him to her bosom.

"I dess when Dod made me out of dust, He put a little thugar in," said Charley.

God has put a little sugar in the disposition of all children. Some keep it there, and they are always sweet, and we cannot help loving them. Some lose the sugar that God gave them, and then they become sour and disagreeable. Keep yourselves always sweet, dear children, with the sugar of love, and you will always be loved.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his neck on the heel of religion.

THE FARMER AND HIS MONEY.

King Frederick, of Prussia, when he was out riding one day, saw an old farmer who was plowing his field and singing cheerfully over his work.

"You must be well off, old man," cried the king. "Does this acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?"

"No sir," replied the man, who, of course, had no idea that he was speaking to the king; "I am not so rich as that. I plow for wages."

"How much do you earn each day?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen," returned the man. That would be about twenty cents of our money.

"That is very little," said the king; "can you get along with it?"

"Get along! yes, indeed, and have something left."

"However do you manage?"

"Well," said the farmer, smiling, "I will tell you. Two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts, two I lend, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the king.

"Then I must solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me and cared for me when I was young and weak, and needed care. Now that they are old and weak, I am glad to keep and care for them. This is my debt, and it takes two groschen a day to pay it. Two more I spend on my children's schooling. If they are living when their mother and I are old, they will keep us and pay back what I lend. Then with my last two groschen I support my two sick sisters who cannot support themselves. Of course I am not compelled to give them the money, but I do it for the Lord's sake."

"Well done, old man," cried the king, as he finished; "now I am going to give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"No," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is indeed a riddle which I cannot solve," said the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the king; and with that he put his hand into his pocket, and pulling out fifty gold pieces, placed them in the hand of the farmer.

"The coin is genuine," said the king, "for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you goodbye."

And he rode off, leaving the good man overwhelmed with surprise and delight at the singular interview.

AN OLD ALLEGORY.

I read in my boyhood, and have not forgotten, the story of the sluggard and the alarm-clock. A certain man was by nature sluggish and lazy, and as he began to feel the weight of disease upon him he called a physician. The physician prescribed healthful diet and exercise, and especially early rising.

The man objected to early rising on the plea that he could not wake up.

"Then get an alarm-clock," said the doctor. "You must rise early if you would have your health."

So the man purchased an alarm-clock, and set it up in his sleeping-chamber and at the appointed time the startling whir and clang of the machinery awoke him *instantly*. He was up and dressed in season to see the sun rise, and he really felt brighter and better for the effort. The clock, being regularly wound and set, faithfully performed its office, and while the man was punctual in his obedience to its summons it awoke him with the rising of the sun. But by and by he allowed himself to question the real benefit of this early rising. It often seemed to him that a little more sleep would be pleasant. So one morning, after the faithful monitor had aroused him, he closed his eyes and took another nap. This was repeated until the clock ceased to break his slumber. The sharp bell clanged as loud as ever, but he had become deaf to its warning. He did not hear it, because he had contracted the habit of disobeying it.

And so it is with conscience. It is a monitor which in the

morning of life, gives healthful warning to all; but let us once begin to question the need of obeying it—let us disobey its dictates, even in trifling particulars—and very soon it will cease to admonish us; and after a time, by continual disregard, we might fall asleep over a volcano, and conscience would not have the power to arouse and save us.

A LITTLE SPEECH FOR A LITTLE SPEAKER.

BY J. D.

Perhaps you think that I'm too small
To make a temp'rance speech;
That only those who are wise and tall
The principles can teach.

Well, now, it *may* be you are right,
And *may* be you are wrong;
A *small* chap, you know, went out to fight
Old Goliath, big and strong.

And if you've read your Bible, then you know
'Twas the *small* chap that won;
That no *mighty* weapon felled the foe,
Only a *small*, *smooth* stone.

Not *always* can swiftest win the race,
Nor strongest gain the day;
And so in the ranks I take my place,
To do what *small* hands may.

UNKNOWN.

"A soldier of the Union, mustered out,"
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave,
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubts.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember, thou hast given for me
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return.

—Longfellow.

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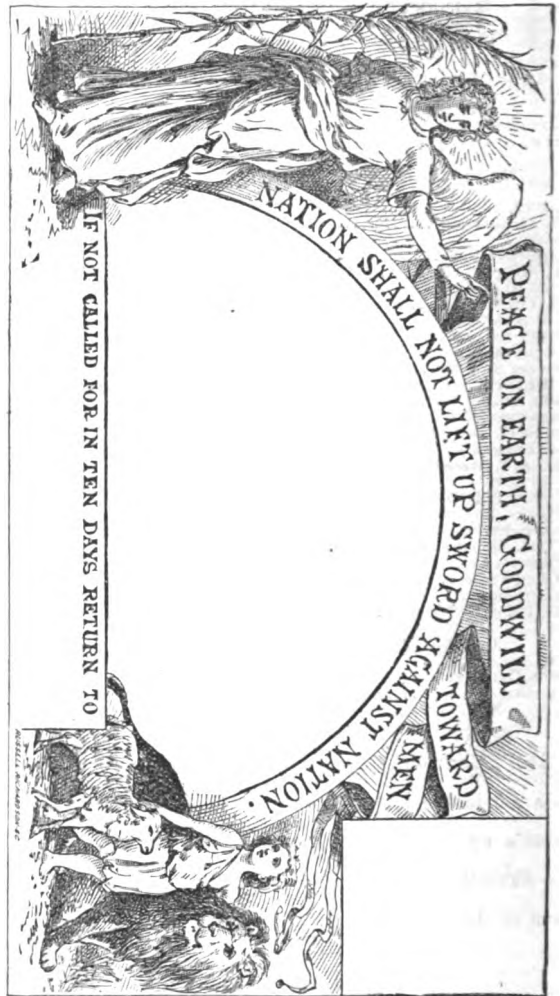
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"The cause of Peace we regard as an eminently philanthropic and Christian enterprise of great importance, and worthy of sympathy and support. It has already accomplished much good, and would doubtless accomplish vastly more, if it possessed adequate means. We think it deserves, as it certainly needs, a large increase of funds. The American Peace Society, charged with the care of this cause in our own country, and whose management has deservedly secured very general approbation, we cordially commend to the liberal patronage of the benevolent."

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, SEPT. AND OCT., 1877.

VOL. VIII. No. 5.

ELIHU BURRITT.

BY REV. AMASA LORD.

One of the most remarkable men of this or any other age, is Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith; remarkable not only for his erudition but for his philanthropy. As he has been during the past thirty-five years one of the most prominent workers in the cause of peace, we are glad to present our readers with a brief sketch of his life, as we have heretofore done of other prominent laborers in the same cause.

Mr. Burritt was born in New Britain, Conn., Dec 8, 1810. His father was one of the Farmer Mechanics of New England, plying the shoemaker's hammer and awl during winter and rainy days, and the hoe and sickle in summer. Soon after the death of his father in 1828, young Elihu apprenticed himself to a blacksmith in New Britain, and followed that occupation for several years; but his thirst for knowledge was such, that while blowing the bellows or hammering at the anvil, he was at the same time solving in his mind abstruse mathematical problems. He also left the blacksmith shop on two occasions, for three months' study—first at the school of his brother, in his native village, and afterwards at New Haven. Returning to his anvil, he endeavored to make up by overwork what he had lost pecuniarily by his absence. Possessing a great fondness for the study of languages, he procured a small Greek grammar, which he was accustomed to carry in his hat, and con over the contents while at work. In the meantime he gave his morning, noon and evening hours to Latin and French. He afterwards mastered many other languages, and became one of the most distinguished linguists of the age.

When Mr. Burritt was about twenty-three years old, his relish for study and literature induced him to leave the blacksmith shop, and occupy for a year the position of preceptor of an academy in an adjoining town. This change from manual labor with close application to study, seriously affected his health, so at the end of a year he engaged as a commercial traveller for a manufacturer in New Britain.

Soon after this Mr. Burritt went to Worcester, Mass., and divided his time between work at his old trade and the study of the languages, until he had made himself more or less acquainted with all those of Europe and several of Asia, including Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldaic, Samaritan and Ethiopic. He had now become somewhat famous as the "Learned Blacksmith," and in 1841 was encouraged to appear before the public as a lecturer. After lecturing about sixty times in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond and other cities and towns, he returned to the anvil in Worcester, and prosecuted his studies and manual labors in the old way, managing to write a new lecture in the interval for the following winter.

About this time Mr. Burritt became deeply interested in the anti-slavery cause, and almost simultaneously in that of peace. His interest in the latter was the result of his own reflections, for up to this time he had never read a page of the writings of Worcester or Ladd on the subject, or had any conversation or acquaintance with any of the prominent advocates of the cause. So deeply interested in the subject did he become, that he gave up the treatment of the subject which he had planned, and made a real radical peace lecture of it. It was first delivered in the celebrated Tremont Theatre building, in Boston, which had then recently been purchased by a Baptist society for public worship. At its close, several friends of peace, who were in the audience, came forward and expressed much satisfaction at the views presented, and at the acquisition to their ranks of a

new and unexpected co-worker, who for the next thirty-five years gave himself up to the advocacy of the cause so dear to them.

Mr. Burritt's interest in humanitarian objects led him soon after to publish, at Worcester, Mass., the "Christian Citizen," to advocate the Anti-Slavery Cause, Peace, Temperance, Self-Cultivation, etc. It was published for a number of years, with a considerable portion of its space devoted to the cause of peace, and awakened an interest in the minds of thousands, who had not before given much thought to the subject. In addition to this Mr. Burritt set on foot another operation for reaching the public, which he called "The Olive Leaf Mission." He wrote short articles on peace, and printed them on slips of paper, surmounted by a dove with an olive leaf in its bill. These he sent out to thousands of newspapers, many of which reprinted them, and thus millions were reached with the truth which could not be by his own paper.

Mr. Burritt had now become known in England, and in 1846 he went there with the intention of making a foot tour throughout the kingdom. He designed to be gone only three months, but the openings which presented themselves on his arrival for labor in the peace cause were such, that he prolonged his stay for three years, during which, with the help of an associate, he continued the "Christian Citizen" at Worcester. One of his first acts was to assist in establishing the "League of Universal Brotherhood," designed to unite nations in the bonds of peace. By the assistance of Joseph Sturge he commenced in Birmingham the publication of "The Bond of Brotherhood," which had quite a circulation and was the means of much good. Believing that peace was to be promoted by frequent and cheap correspondence between individuals of different nations, he developed, in Sept., 1847, the proposition of "ocean penny postage," which, though not secured until some years after, was largely the result of his labors.

In the winter of 1847-48 Mr. Burritt visited Ireland to expose the depths and distress of the potato famine. He described it in thrilling language, and his appeal was published in England, and also sent, through the "Christian Citizen," to a thousand newspapers in the United States. This had much to do in increasing the contributions from both countries for the sufferers.

In 1848, '49, '50, '51, '52 and '53, a series of remarkable Peace Congresses, six in all, were held in some of the principal cities of Europe, attended by prominent men from both hemispheres. Mr. Burritt was present at all, and did much to prepare the way and make them interesting and profitable. He visited America once or twice during this period, but his time was mostly spent in Europe. While in Hamburg he originated a quiet scheme for bringing the peace movement before the masses of Continental Europe. This was the revival or application of the olive leaf system, which he had set on foot in the United States. These olive leaves or brief articles, in relation to peace and war were translated into seven different languages, and published in more than forty journals from Copenhagen to Vienna, and from Madrid to Stockholm, so that several millions of minds were brought under the influence of ideas, and facts, and doctrines, the truth of which they could not gainsay.

Soon after the adjournment of the Edinburgh Peace Conference, in 1853, Mr. Burritt returned to America, and gave himself mainly to the advocacy of his scheme of ocean penny postage, exciting much interest in the matter, and almost securing Congressional action in its favor. In August, 1854, he

returned to England, where he continued his efforts for this object, at the same time giving attention to the "Olive Leaf Mission" and the "League of Universal Brotherhood." But he had to wait until 1870 before seeing postage across the ocean reduced to two cents, in addition to the inland postage of the country from which the letter is sent. Millions in America have reason to thank Elihu Burritt that they can now send letters to Europe for five cents each.

After a year's sojourn in England Mr. Burritt returned in 1855 to the United States, and gave himself for several winters to the advocacy of the scheme of "Compensated Emancipation."

Early in 1863 Mr. Burritt again visited England, travelling on foot from London to "John o' Groat's," and lecturing in various parts of the kingdom. The next year he made a similar foot tour from London to "Lands End," to obtain knowledge and complete the traverse of the island. In 1865 he was appointed, without solicitation on his part, Consular Agent for the United States at Birmingham, England, which office he held until 1869, at the same time performing much literary labor and lecturing occasionally in the vicinity.

After an absence of seven years in England, Mr. Burritt returned to the United States, and has since resided at his old home, New Britain, Conn. But he has not been idle, and he is still using his pen to make men better and happier, and especially to promote the cause of peace. How much more noble such a life as his, than that of the man who lives for himself, or to make his fellow men worse and more miserable and to destroy their lives.

A TERRIBLE STORY.

THE HORRORS OF THE WAR IN ROUMELIA.

Yesterday I visited a large Bulgarian village of upward of 300 houses, that had been sacked, burnt and the people massacred by the Bashi-Bazouks on the 30th of July. The village is called Kara-atli, about sixteen miles from Tirnova, toward Philippopolis. The place is a total wreck, hardly one stone standing on another. It is more completely destroyed than any other I have visited. The people had all fled, so it is difficult to say what became of them, though the account of the survivors seems probable enough. This is, that a great many of them had left before the 30th, and gone to Philippopolis, but about 600 remained, chiefly women and children. They all ran away into the woods and fields on the approach of the Bashi-Bazouks, and many were caught and slaughtered at once, and others are roaming about until a similar fate overtakes them. Of the few corpses I saw, the most shocking was a woman with her head half hacked off, her clothes all torn away at the waist and the body half burnt. Dogs and pigs were devouring the bodies, while donkeys and cattle strayed through the roads ownerless. The school had not been burnt, and had evidently been the scene of a terrible fray. Blood on the floors and door-posts, and all kinds of household gear, school-books and other things in the greatest confusion, told the same dreadful tale. The spelling-books and childish copy-books appealed powerfully to every human instinct.

This affair of Kara-atli, however, sinks into insignificance before the appalling horror of the massacre at Geula-Mahalissé. It appears that on the 26th a strong force, under Raouf Pasha, made a reconnaissance from Yeni-Saghra, and spent a night near the village above named which is situated a little off the line of rail between Yeni-Saghra and Tirnova. After the force had left, a large body of Circassians returned to the village, and in the first place carried off an immense number of young girls, whose fate can only be guessed at. They then returned to the village, and found that the remainder of the women and children had fled for protection to the church. There they slaughtered them all, and from that church Colonel Lennox and Lieutenant Chernside, R. E., military attaches, and Messrs. Leslie and Meyrick of the Aid to the Sick and Wounded Society, brought out and buried 175 bodies of women and children. Besides these there were many others killed in different places about the village, and thirty-six

wounded had their wounds dressed by the above named medical officers. These eye-witnesses describe the scene in the church as something indescribably awful. The dead and the dying were piled in suffocating heaps, little children crawling about looking for their mothers, wounded mothers trying to move those ghastly heaps to find their children, and when found hardly able to recognize them with the fearful sword cuts about their little heads. Many women had been violated and subjected to fearful barbarities, pregnant women ripped open, while others had had their breasts cut off or their hands chopped off at the wrist. A mother lay stone dead, and her baby was vainly endeavoring to get the food for which it was starving, while an older child was calling and pushing the dead woman to try and make her awake. Even while these gentlemen were in the village the murdering was going on at another part, and so threatening were these ferocious ruffians that their lives stood in very great danger. A Circassian from behind a hedge took a deliberate shot at Mr. Meyrick, but missed him.

The scene in the church to-day is one of complete confusion. It is a dark, gloomy building, about 60 feet long by 25 feet wide, and, sunk about eight feet below the outer surface of the ground, is entered by a flight of steps. A large wooden screen with a great number of icons, and one large painting of St. George and the dragon, separates the body of the church from the apse, which, however, does not appear to have been in any way an adytum, and resembled more the slips of a small theatre with a large, rough, wooden table and a few wooden benches. Some wooden erections, about five feet high, something like stalls in an embryo state, surround the church and a flight of wooden steps leads up to the gallery, which extends to nearly one-third of the whole body of the building. A pulpit and a reading-desk, in Byzantine style, complete the church furniture and added considerably to the general effect of destruction by their tottering attitude. The floor of the church, and especially the steps near the screen, was saturated with blood, and clothes, broken boxes, books and relics lay in one confused heap. On passing out through a small door at the east end of the church we came across the few survivors of the massacre, lying all huddled together on one of the great mounds of earth covering the graves, as if they had a superstitious horror of the church itself, but wished to remain as near as possible, for I am told the Bulgarians have an idea that it is better to die under the shadow of a sacred building. The party consisted of two very old women, one with her thigh fractured by a musket-ball, the other perfectly insane from terror, being blind. Another and younger woman, who had been slightly wounded in the body, also appeared insane, for she got up soon afterwards and ran away, and we could not find her again. A little girl of five had received a fearful sword-cut on her head, almost down to the skull, and about five inches long. It is a marvel the blow did not kill her. There were two old men also severely wounded. All these, with two orphan children, whose parents had been massacred, we with immense labor carried out of the churchyard and deposited in a bullock-cart. By this time two Bulgarian men had turned up, and it is hardly credible that we were obliged to thrash one of these idle, stupid vagabonds before he could be induced to go and fetch from the field close to the village the bullock to draw the araba. We could not induce two old women whom we found in another part of the village to accompany us. I regret this above all, as one of them claimed as her own a little girl of about three years old a most engaging little creature, who, as the old woman was over seventy, could not well have been her daughter. These three I left behind me with many misgivings, but it is difficult to say when and where one is permitted or justified in setting aside the wishes of people even for their own good. I was sorely tempted to take away this fair little girl from these helpless old women, but they cried and begged so hard I would leave her that I at last reluctantly consented. As the Bashi-Bazouks have visited this village every day since the massacre, and have killed one or two more, and as I met a party of these villains just as we got out of the village, I can only suppose these poor old creatures, and probably that little child, will soon be beyond these hell-fiends where their terror and sorrow will alike be forgotten.—*Correspondence London Times.*

THE BASIS OF GOVERNMENTS.

BY WILLIAM G. HUBBARD.

What is the basis of governments? How does it come that men live in governments? Why do they not live independent and separate? Who or what has put human beings in the habit of living in communities, governed by compacts, constitutions, statutes, instead of each selecting his mate, as do the birds, and setting up on his own hook?

The answer is at hand, furnished to us by one learned in the law and wise beyond ordinary men, viz:

Paul says, "The Powers that be are ordained of God." Rom. 13: 1. This is a very clear statement that God is the author of governments. And it is in one sense true that there is not a government upon the face of the earth but is ordained of God. The weakest and meanest are the ordination of God the same as the strongest and best. Consequently every ruler is in a limited sense God's servant.

But how does God ordain governments? Not immediately but mediately. He does not give to one country a monarchy and to another a republic—to one a constitution guaranteeing liberty to all—to another a constitution imposing slavery on the many. Not in this way does God ordain governments—but mediately. He does it in the constitution of nature. He does it through human agency. He has so constituted man that it is necessary for him to live in governments, in order to subserve his best interests. He has also given him a capacity for forming governments. And having thus formed man with this necessity and capacity, he leaves him to organize such governments as he may choose—with no limitations as to form—and with no limitation as to substance except the general principles of divine law and justice. He is to form his constitutions and governments in harmony with these principles, and base all his laws on them. And if man's knowledge was perfect and his judgment infallible, governments would be perfect and all their requirements binding upon the consciences of the subjects. But man's knowledge being incomplete and his judgment fallible, human governments are full of imperfections and errors. Hence only to a limited extent are the mandates of rulers binding upon the consciences of subjects; only when they are right. Only in a very limited sense is the ruler a servant or instrument of God. Paul defines the limit. "He is the minister of God to thee for good." Rom. 13: 4. By this we understand that if the ruler becomes wicked and rules for the oppression and injury of the subject, he passes the bounds of his authority as the "minister of God." But still even the wicked ruler is not to be resisted or rebelled against. "Let every soul be subject to the powers that be." Mark, it says "subject to," not obedient to. You may not obey the wicked, but may not rebel. If the mandate is wicked, submit passively and suffer the penalty.

This cuts off all rebellion and sedition. A regular peace document is this 13th chapter of Paul to the Romans. Paul was always subject to the Roman government, yet not obedient. He would do right and then quietly suffer the penalty; saying, "If by your law I am found worthy of death I refuse not to die." And he did finally die at the hands of the Roman government for preaching Jesus.

We can now clearly see the basis of governments—it is the ordination of God. If governments are thus based, is it proper to say they are based upon the sword? Certainly not.

The sword has had a prominent place as an instrument in the execution of the decrees of governments. But it is in no proper sense the basis of governments. If it could be shown that God had ordained the use of the sword as an instrument of death and that rulers are clothed with authority over life as a necessary part of the ordination which we have shown to be the basis of governments, then would there be some show of truth in the claim that the sword is the basis of government. But it is believed that this cannot be done. Paul certainly does not mean to state that the wicked Nero, under whom he wrote, had unlimited authority over the lives of his subjects. "He beareth not the sword in vain," was written to the Christians at Rome whom Claudius had banished about the year 52 for their contentions about the law of Moses. They claimed that no law was binding upon them but the law of Moses, and for this disregard of the authority of the government under which they lived Claudius had banished them. And now about

the year 58 many of them under Nero had gotten back to Rome. So Paul exhorts them to quietness and order. He tells them, "You will find again as you have found already that it is not for naught that the ruler is clothed with authority."

Paul uses the word "sword" in the sense of authority rather than as a specific instrument—it was the symbol of authority. But there is nothing to warrant the conclusion that Paul would authorize Nero or any other ruler to take life by the sword, guillotine or gallows. On the other hand there is evidence that Paul did not bestow or recognize authority over human life.—For a little farther down in the chapter, 9th verse, he says, "Thou shalt not kill." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor."

In fact there is just as much argument to support idolatry in this chapter as there is to support war. The government in which they lived was an idolatrous one and yet Paul tells these Christians at Rome to pay taxes to it—see seventh verse. He does not necessarily endorse idolatry when he says pay taxes to the powers that be; nor does he necessarily endorse the sword when he says be subject to the powers. And as there is no clear evidence in this chapter that the sword as an instrument of death was authorized or ordained; and as there is a lesson in it on the sacredness of life, surely the just conclusion is that the sword is not necessarily a part of the ordination which Paul mentions as the bases of Governments. And this is the only chapter relied on by the advocates of the sword. Hence I have come to regard the common expression that, "Governments are based upon the sword" as false in fact, and pernicious in its influence. We have shown that the basis of governments is the authority or ordination of God. If it rests upon this foundation it does not rest upon that. It has also been shown that the sword in no general sense is the ordination. The sword is not the basis nor a part of the basis. It has long been a prominent instrument in the execution of the decrees of rulers, especially of ungodly and wicked rulers. But an instrument or incident is not the basis. Blackstone, the well-known law-writer says: "All laws that are not based upon the divine law are nugatory and of no effect." Marshal McMahon said, "The sword is powerless, a government cannot stand without the moral sentiment of the people sustain it."

We are sometimes told that the titles to all our homes rest upon the sword. This is another false and pernicious sentiment. If you have gotten possession of your property by force and only hold it because you are stronger than the lawful owner, then your title rests upon the sword. But not otherwise. If you have bought it, worked for it or inherited it, then your title does not rest upon the sword. It rests upon that moral sense which God has given man of your right to it. It rests upon the authority of possession which God bestows on certain conditions. In short your title is based upon God's ordination.

Hence I feel it my duty to guard all Christians against stepping down to that low plain of the world's ethics and saying flippantly, that—Governments are based upon the sword. It is tacitly an admission of the right to use the sword, and with such an admission from Christians the world grasps the sword with new confidence and hastens on the work of destruction.

CONNECTICUT PEACE SOCIETY.

The annual grove-meeting of the Connecticut Peace Society was attended at Mystic, Conn., by 2500 persons. The resolutions call on the President to negotiate an international arbitration treaty, ascribe the business depression to the war debt and taxation, attribute the Indian trouble to bad faith of the government, demand a Congressional investigation of the army towards the Indians and the peace policy, also the abolition of the army. They insist that the difficulties between Mexico and Canada be settled by arbitration, urge Russia, Turkey, Spain and Cuba to settle their troubles by that means, treat the peaceful settlement of the Presidential question as a sign of the growth of the peace movement, and claim that peace principles on both sides would have prevented the late strikes. It was stated that the efforts of the Pennsylvania Peace Society had succeeded in preventing a strike on the Reading railroad. Zachariah Crouch was re-elected President.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, SEPT. & OCT., 1877.



THE ANTWERP PEACE CONFERENCE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Antwerp, Belgium, Sept. 6, 1877.

The traveller, visiting this rare and quaint old city, and entering the chief portal of the cathedral of Notre Dame, may look up and see over the point of the arch a large crucifix. That image has a wondrous history. It was cast from a portion of the metal of the statue of the Duke of Alva, who had caused a statue of bronze to be erected on the square of the citadel, representing himself treading under foot a body with two heads, personifying the nobility and the people; but afterward the mob dragged this statue through the streets of Antwerp, and broke it in pieces, in token of their hate of the ferocious Duke who in six years sent eighteen thousand persons to the executioner; and part of the statue was cast into cannon, and a part into a crucifix. So every day repeats the lesson how out of the same material the greatest opposites do come. The cannon for destroying life, and the image of that Prince of Peace who came to save life are not in stronger contrast than to-day the war-spirit and the peace-spirit exhibited amongst peoples who have been created of one blood. Thus, while the roar of battle comes to us from the East, and men are perishing by thousands on those slaughter-fields where Russian and Turk meet in deadly strife, there are yet those who desire to arrest war, and to bind up the gaping wounds it has already made.

Coming, therefore, into this city, in this quiet corner of Europe, a large company of men have gathered together, from Belgium, Holland, England, France, Italy, Egypt and the United States, that they may deliberate in the interests of international peace. The Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations met in Antwerp for its annual conference on the 30th of August, and continued its sessions until the 4th September. The members of the Association were received in a very gracious manner, by an address of welcome, by the Burgomaster of Antwerp, in the great hall of that old and splendid edifice, the Hotel de Ville. The Association held its sessions in the Council Chamber of the Hotel de Ville. The Right Hon. Lord O'Hagan, late Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, was chosen President of the Conference, and opened the sessions by an address of rare felicity both in thought and diction, in which he paid a just tribute to the fact that the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations was an American idea, originating in that country, and that especially to the labors of the late Rev. James B. Miles. D. D., is to be given credit for bringing the Association into actual life and shape. The members present represented various and important departments of life. The papers read, and discussions had showed eminent learning and ability, and a downright purpose to bring forth, if possible, some practical work in the interests of peace.

The subjects of the essays, reports and discussions were divided into three classes, as follows: 1st, Private International

Law. 2d, Public International Law. 3d, Miscellaneous. Under the first head papers were presented upon Bills of Exchange, by Dr. Hovey of Amsterdam; General Averages, reports of the German, Swedish and Philadelphian Committees on Patents for Inventions, Trade Marks, Copyright, reports of the American, English and French sections of the Committee on Bankruptcy, by Mr. Jencken; Foreign Judgments, by Mr. Tristram and Mr. Alexander of London; The Mixed Tribunals of Egypt, by M. Dutrieux of Cairo and Judge Scott of Alexandria. Upon Public International Law papers were read by Henry Richard, Member of Parliament, on the Obligation of Treaties; by Sir Travers Twiss, on the Doctrine of Continuous Voyages as applied to Contraband of War; by Prof. Sheldon Amos, A.M., on Reforms in International Law, from the point of view of Neutrals and the Interests of Peace; by M. Cremens, late Dutch Minister for Foreign Affairs, on The Extradition of Criminals; by M. Heemskerk, on Treaties as to Succor to Shipwrecked Mariners. A number of papers were read which I do not mention. It will be seen how large a range the essayists took and how many themes of profound practical importance they considered. The discussions were both in English and French. Many of the papers were distributed among the members in printed form, and some of them both in English and French.

It is difficult to attempt any discrimination between the papers as to merit. Indeed, all reflected the profound learning and the talent of their writers. But some seemed to bear more than others upon the immediate and pressing questions of international peace. Thus, Mr. Henry Richard, well known as an eminent and liberal member of the British Parliament, and honorary Secretary of the London Peace Society, made in his paper a most vigorous plea for peace principles. Prof. Amos, with diction of extraordinary force and rhetorical power, made a solemn protest against the barbarous custom of war. Prof. Birkbeck, of Cambridge University, gave a lucid argument showing the possibility of removing the impediments to the progress of international law. Amongst the resolutions passed was one I had the honor of presenting, appointing from the Conference a special committee to bring to the notice of governments a plea for introducing into all international treaties hereafter an arbitration clause. That is, a clause saying that if difficulties shall arise between the two governments making the treaty an attempt shall first be earnestly made to settle it by arbitration before resorting to war. This would only be doing what President Hayes, in his inaugural address, said he would do when he declared that it during his administration a difficulty with a foreign power should arise he would first exhaust every method to settle it by arbitration before resorting to war. Should nations put such a clause into their international treaties it might go a long way towards promoting peace.

It requires much faith, indeed, to lead a body of men to meet in this city, to labor for peace principles, at the very moment nations are straining their finances to the edge of bankruptcy to keep standing armies and navies, of such cost and size as the world has scarce ever seen before. What matter our deliberations here, when in Prussia, yonder, seventeen thousand men are employed at the Krupp foundry making implements of war, and seventy-five engines drive the lathes and the most powerful steam hammers in the world smite the forge in making those vast cannon that at one discharge may send to death half a regiment. Are we not fools and idiots, all of us, to come from half the countries of Europe, and from across the vast Atlantic

cean, at great expenditure of time and money, to sit in the chamber, glorious with paintings and carvings, of the Hotel de Ville, and gravely read to each other essays and talk about a code of international law and a tribunal of arbitration, at the very moment wars and rumors of wars engage the hearts of men? No! These men are neither dreamers nor madmen. The legislators, jurists, professors, statesmen, clergymen, bankers, commercial men, manufacturers gathered into this association have gained eminence for wisdom and success in their several callings, and now bend their united sagacity and experience in the endeavor to bring forth practical fruits in the interests of peace.

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Mayor Prince said:

Perhaps it is fortunate that the monument was not sooner erected. The lapse of time has permitted the rankling passions and animosities engendered by war to subside, and those kindly feelings to obtain which should exist between those who speak the same language, obey the same government, follow the same flag, and share the same destiny. If we had assembled to dedicate the structure at an earlier date, all would not have done so with the same satisfaction and delight they feel this day. There would not then have been, as now, peace, harmony and loyal attachment to the Union everywhere throughout our country, for such was not possible until all the States had secured equal constitutional rights, and these have only been obtained since the administration of the government was controlled by the present National Executive.

If the commemorated dead could arise and speak to those they have met in battle, their words would not be words of anger, but of peace and good will. Why then should it be otherwise with the living?

The genius of the artist has with great felicity appropriately placed the statue of Peace looking to the South. Let us hope that the inspiration which directed his hand was prophetic; that it is an assurance that the past is forgotten; that there are to be no irritating or disturbing memories; that the South, when it looks to the North, shall see, not the sword of victory, but the fraternal hand grasping the olive branch of reconciliation and friendship.

Attorney-General Devens, the orator of the day, said:

This is no monument to the glories of war. While great changes for good have been wrought, and great steps taken toward liberty and civilization, by the convulsive energies exhibited in wars, these are but exceptions to the great rule that, of all the causes which have degraded nations, opposed human progress, and oppressed industry, war has been one of the worst. If this were its object, it were better far that the stones

which compose it had slumbered in their native quarries. No pomp and circumstance, no waving of banners, no dancing of plumes, can lead to war true dignity.

Among all patriotic men there is everywhere an earnest desire that there shall be full peace and reconciliation between the sections of the Union. Whatever may have been former divisions, there is nothing in the events of the past, there is nothing in the present condition of things, which should forbid this. We can stand, firmly and securely stand, upon that which has been definitely settled by the war. Ours was not a mere conflict of dynasties, or of families, like the English wars of the Roses, in which the great houses of York and Lancaster disputed the English Crown. It was a great elemental conflict, in which two opposite systems of civilization were front to front and face to face. It was necessary that one or the other should conquer, and that it should be settled whether the continent should be all free or all slave. Yet the history of civil wars demonstrates that the widest and saddest differences of religion, the most radical differences as to the form of government, have not prevented firm union when the cause of dissension was obliterated.

Now that it is determined that Union is to exist, it must be rendered one of mutual respect and regard, as well as of mutual interest. Unless this is the case, there is no cohesive pressure of either internal or external force strong enough to maintain it.

It is not to be expected that opinion will be changed by edicts, even when those edicts are maintained by force. The changes of opinion must be gradual, and must be the effect of that time which enables feeling to subside and the judgment to act. Already there are brave and reflecting men who fought against us who do not hesitate to acknowledge that the end was well for them as for us, and who look forward hopefully to better results than could have been expected from a Confederacy which, if it had been founded, would have been at the mercy of each individual State. Nor is there any one bold enough to say now that the system of slavery is destroyed, he would raise a hand or lift a finger, to replace it. That the cause for which they have suffered so much will still be dear to those who have fought for it, or with whom it is associated by tender and affectionate recollections of those whom they have loved, who have fallen in its defence, is to be expected. To such sentiments and feelings it is a matter of indifference whether there is defeat or success. They would exist, indeed, even if the reason and judgment should concede the cause to have been unwise. Certainly, we ourselves, had the war for the Union failed, would not the less have believed it just and necessary, nor the less have honored the memory of those engaged in it. When results are accepted cordially, we can ask no more, until the softening influences of time have done their work.

On the fields which were ploughed by the fierce artillery, the wheat has been dancing fresh and fair in the breezes of the summer that is gone; and as the material evidences of the conflict pass away, so let each feeling of bitterness disappear, as together, both North and South, we strive to render the Republic one whose firm yet genial sway shall protect with just and equal laws each citizen who yields obedience to her power.—Asking for ourselves no rights that we do not freely concede to others, demanding no restraints upon others that we do not readily submit to ourselves, yielding a generous obedience to the Constitution in all its parts, both new and old, let us endeavor to lift ourselves to that higher level of patriotism which despises any narrow sectionalism, and rejoices in a nationality broad enough to embrace every section of the Union, and each one of its people, whether high or humble, rich or poor, black or white.

There is no division to-day among the States of the Union such as existed when the Constitution was formed. In each and all the great principles of liberty and equal rights are the same, to be alike respected as the only basis upon which the government can stand. Whatever may have been the sorrows or the losses of the war, there is no sorrow that cannot find its recompense in the added grandeur and dignity of the whole country.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious; never, as a class, indolent. The excited mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

JOHN BRIGHT closed a speech on the Eastern question with the following telling appeal:

"I will put to you a solemn question: Shall the power of England again be put forth to sustain such tyranny as that which rules in Constantinople—a tyranny which has dried up realms into deserts; a tyranny which throughout all its wide range and influence has blasted for centuries past with its withering breath all that is lovely and beautiful in nature, and all that is noble and exalted in man? I ask you, I ask this meeting of my countrymen, I ask every man in the three kingdoms—and in this case may I not ask every woman (cheers)—what will be the answer given to this question? I dare undertake to say that there can be only one universal answer from the generous heart of the English people."

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES is illustrated by the 31 ton gun which cost \$50,000 to make at Woolwich, while the gunpowder used in proof experiments cost \$10,000, the barge to remove the gun to Shoeburyness cost \$11,500, and the crane to lift it cost \$10,000. Each round fired in active service will cost \$125.

GENERAL GRANT, in the course of his reply to the address at Folkestone, said: "I thank you for what has been said in honor of my own great country. It has been a feeling of mine of many years' standing, that the United States and Great Britain should be the very best friends. You have kindly alluded to my efforts as Executive of the United States to settle the questions that were existing between the two countries, and which were liable, at any time, to create a disturbance. Fortunately, however, these difficulties were settled in a manner creditable to both nations. There was no desire on my part, and I am sure there was none on the part of the thinking people of the United States, that England should be humiliated in any sense, and there was certainly a determination on our part that we should not be humiliated; but we wanted a settlement that should be honorable to both nations. That was my desire at all events."

THE WAR IN THE EAST has doubled the price of canary bird seeds. Asiatic Turkey supplies large quantities of this bird provender, but since that territory has become the theatre of the war the supply has been cut off. The import of the seeds amounts to about 400 tons per annum. The little warblers will have to change their diet until the Eastern question is settled.

REPRESENTATIONS have been made at Washington, and scattered over the country through the press, to the effect that our coast defences are lamentably weak, and that we have no guns which would offer any resistance to the iron-clad navies of the world if they should undertake to enter our harbors and destroy our cities. The inference suggested, of course, is that we ought immediately to spend some millions or hundreds of millions in arming our forts with improved instruments of death. However agreeable such an expenditure would be to the contractors who would furnish the guns and the officials who would disburse the funds, the sober judgment of the nation would not approve it. Our safety from invasion lies not in the armaments we might construct, but in our providential position and our freedom from entangling relations with other nations. We could do vastly more to secure our own and the world's welfare by spending the same amount or part of it in securing an International Code and a Court of universal arbitration. The spectacle of a great nation without a great military establishment is itself a valuable lesson in the principles of peace, and an example which we should be careful to make more—not less—distinct than illustrious.

INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT.

The fifth annual conference of the society for the reform and codification of the law of nations was held at Antwerp during the last days of August. This association is of American origin, and owes its existence more to the devoted labors of the late Rev. Dr. Miles and the good offices of the American Peace Society than to any other agency. While Dr. Miles lived the interest of the leading statesmen and publicists was awakened to the importance of the work which such a society might accomplish, and the public, both of Europe and America, was kept fully informed of its proceedings.

In the course of an address at the opening of the conference this year, the president, Lord O'Hagan, formerly chancellor of Ireland, paid a well-merited tribute to the services of Dr. Miles and the American gentlemen under whose auspices he labored. Their first object was to enlist friendly counsel, eminent jurists, statesmen and merchants familiar with the law of nations as affecting trade, in order that, with the aid of their varied learning and large experience, conflicting laws and usages might be brought into harmony, and occasions of contention and hostility between nations diminished, or removed altogether. The first session of the congress in 1873 was held, we believe, at Brussels, and was attended by representative men from France, Germany, Italy, Holland and England, as well as America. It now numbers between five and six hundred members.

So young a society could hardly expect to make a strong showing of results. Noble as the task was of "substituting the arbitrament of reason and justice for the arbitrament of the sword," its founders were not content with laboring for that far-off object, but turned their attention to practical questions already engaging the interest of mercantile people of intelligence, one of the first of which was that of establishing a common code and uniform usage with reference to bills of exchange for the nations of Europe and the United States. To this end it was hoped something could be done in this generation, and the progress thus far made had been most encouraging. Other questions had been made the subject of careful inquiry, general average, international copyright, international patent rights, and others.

While these practical questions had been mainly considered, public international law had not been neglected. They had not lost themselves in the cloud-land of speculative thought, or wandered far afield in search of a Utopia; but had been busy with subjects of substantial interest in that department. The vexed question of maritime capture, the principles of extradition, the law of collisions at sea, and last, but not least, international arbitration as a means of settling international disputes, had engaged their serious attention. Closing his address, of which we have given one or two of the leading points, Lord O'Hagan paid a handsome compliment to the ancient city of Antwerp:

"Holding a foremost place among the trading communities of Europe, it had kept itself well abreast with all economic and intellectual progress; and in the celebration which had just concluded, in honor of a painter who filled the earth with his labor and his fame, it had revived the memory of its artistic greatness by proclaiming with generous ostentation that the city of the Scheldt, like the city of the Arno, had boasted many an illustrious citizen on whose tomb might worthily be written the famous epitaph—

'Tanto nomini nullum par eulogium!'

Their assemblage in that place had a peculiar fitness. The most important subject of their inquiries would probably be the assimilation of the law of general average, and nowhere could it be more appropriately discussed. Historians doubted whether the modern system of marine insurance was organized in the Italian cities or in the ports of the North sea. But there was evidence that it was established in Bruges in 1310, under a charter of the Count of Flanders. Although it might have been a graft on the ancient Rhodian sea laws, the customs of merchants with reference to it were first reduced to legal order in the north of Europe by Flemish traders at Bruges, at that time the great entrepot of an ample commerce. Antwerp succeeded to this maritime supremacy, and distinguished itself by codifying its usages on questions of general average so far back

as 1609. They had been lately published in the 'Customs of the Duchy of Brabant,' by M. de Lenge, the president of the cour de cassation; and those old customs should not escape their attention when they were considering the formation of a modern law. Did not such historical recollections curiously connect the present and the past, and make their meeting of happy augury? And might they not hope that its successful issue in promoting an auspicious concord among commercial nations would be recorded in an honorable page of the annals of Antwerp as having been fortunately accomplished there?"

The board of honorary management for the coming year includes the names of George Bancroft, and his successor at the court of Berlin, J. C. Bancroft Davis, Sir William Young, chief justice, Halifax, and others of eminence and influence in Europe and America.—*Advertiser.*

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The issue of the war now waging in the East is yet as doubtful as it was on the day when the Russians crossed the Pruth, and with "light beams," as the French started for the Rhine, entered Roumania on their march towards Constantinople. They pushed on through Roumania to the Danube with celerity, encountering no enemy, and surrounded by well-wishers. On the banks of this mighty river they halted long, delayed partly by the fulness of the stream and partly by the preparations necessary for prosecuting the advance through the country of the enemy. At last a force was thrown across the Danube at two or three points simultaneously, and a foothold was gained in Bulgaria. Then the armies poured across in large numbers, encountering less opposition than was expected, and surmounting what they did encounter with an ease which surprised all who watched the conflict. Encouraged, they rapidly pushed on to the Balkans, flung a strong force through, seized three important passes left almost defenceless, threatened Adrianople, and it seemed for a few days as if the grand prize of courage and strategy—possession of the famed city in the Bosphorus—would be quickly won, and the war ended.

But war is a mighty uncertain game. Suddenly the Turk was aroused to the desperation of the crisis. The commanders who had unsuccessfully defended the Bulgarian frontier and failed to prevent the enemy from raiding through the province almost at will, were dismissed, and new commanders were substituted. There was a wonderful energizing of the whole Turkish policy. Soon the Russians were defeated in the important battle of Plevna, which gave a check to their career, and taught them that there was yet to be serious work before they could count themselves successful. Their armies were confronted and harassed; they were unable to advance without reinforcements, and reinforcements had far to come. The force that had crowded through the mountain passes was pressed back, two of the passes recaptured, and at the time we write an obstinate and bloody struggle has been going on for days, being yet undecided, to dislodge the Russians from the Shipka Pass and drive them all back into Roumania. Should this be accomplished, a concentration of Turkish forces would place the unreinforced Russians in that province in a critical position, and might force them to retreat even across the Danube; in which case it could not but be generally conceded that the czar's first campaign had been a failure.

In Asia Minor the turn in the tide of victory has not been less remarkable. At the beginning the Russians advancing through Armenia, carried all before them. In a brief time and with less fighting than was anticipated, they were before the fortifications of Kars, and began a siege. This siege they have been compelled to raise, and have been pressed back on their line of march toward the Russian frontier from which they came with losses which made it necessary for their armies here, as well as in Europe, to be reinforced. Thus along the whole line the Russians have lately experienced serious reverses, and their hopes of making the war short and decisive are blasted. Few now anticipate that it will be ended this season, and if it is, Russia will not be able to dictate the terms of peace as she hoped to do. "The sick man," as Turkey has long been called, has shown unexpected vitality, and cannot be overmastered as easily as many thought. There were many who said, as soon as the war was definitely determined upon, that now the

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, SEPT. & OCT., 1877.



THE ANTWERP PEACE CONFERENCE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Antwerp, Belgium, Sept. 6, 1877.

The traveller, visiting this rare and quaint old city, and entering the chief portal of the cathedral of Notre Dame, may look up and see over the point of the arch a large crucifix. That image has a wondrous history. It was cast from a portion of the metal of the statue of the Duke of Alva, who had caused a statue of bronze to be erected on the square of the citadel, representing himself treading under foot a body with two heads, personifying the nobility and the people; but afterward the mob dragged this statue through the streets of Antwerp, and broke it in pieces, in token of their hate of the ferocious Duke who in six years sent eighteen thousand persons to the executioner; and part of the statue was cast into cannon, and a part into a crucifix. So every day repeats the lesson how out of the same material the greatest opposites do come. The cannon for destroying life, and the image of that Prince of Peace who came to save life are not in stronger contrast than to-day the war-spirit and the peace-spirit exhibited amongst peoples who have been created of one blood. Thus, while the roar of battle comes to us from the East, and men are perishing by thousands on those slaughter-fields where Russian and Turk meet in deadly strife, there are yet those who desire to arrest war, and to bind up the gaping wounds it has already made.

Coming, therefore, into this city, in this quiet corner of Europe, a large company of men have gathered together, from Belgium, Holland, England, France, Italy, Egypt and the United States, that they may deliberate in the interests of international peace. The Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations met in Antwerp for its annual conference on the 30th of August, and continued its sessions until the 4th September. The members of the Association were received in a very gracious manner, by an address of welcome, by the Burgomaster of Antwerp, in the great hall of that old and splendid edifice, the Hotel de Ville. The Association held its sessions in the Council Chamber of the Hotel de Ville. The Right Hon. Lord O'Hagan, late Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, was chosen President of the Conference, and opened the sessions by an address of rare felicity both in thought and diction, in which he paid a just tribute to the fact that the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations was an American idea, originating in that country, and that especially to the labors of the late Rev. James B. Miles, D. D., is to be given credit for bringing the Association into actual life and shape. The members present represented various and important departments of life. The papers read, and discussions had showed eminent learning and ability, and a downright purpose to bring forth, if possible, some practical work in the interests of peace.

The subjects of the essays, reports and discussions were divided into three classes, as follows: 1st, Private International

Law. 2d, Public International Law. 3d, Miscellaneous. Under the first head papers were presented upon Bills of Exchange, by Dr. Hovey of Amsterdam; General Average, reports of the German, Swedish and Philadelphian Committees; Patents for Inventions, Trade Marks, Copyright, reports of the American, English and French sections of the Committee; Bankruptcy, by Mr. Jencken; Foreign Judgments, by Dr. Tristram and Mr. Alexander of London; The Mixed Tribunals of Egypt, by M. Dutrieux of Cairo and Judge Scott of Alexandria. Upon Public International Law papers were read by Henry Richard, Member of Parliament, on the Obligation of Treaties; by Sir Travers Twiss, on the Doctrine of Continuous Voyages as applied to Contraband of War; by Prof. Sheldon Amos, A.M., on Reforms in International Law, from the point of Neutrals and the Interests of Peace; by M. Cremens, late Dutch Minister for Foreign Affairs, on The Extradition of Criminals; by M. Heemskerk, on Treaties as to Succor to Shipwrecked Mariners. A number of papers were read which I do not mention. It will be seen how large a range the essayists took and how many themes of profound practical importance they considered. The discussions were both in English and French. Many of the papers were distributed among the members in printed form, and some of them both in English and French.

It is difficult to attempt any discrimination between the papers as to merit. Indeed, all reflected the profound learning and the talent of their writers. But some seemed to bear more than others upon the immediate and pressing questions of international peace. Thus, Mr. Henry Richard, well known as an eminent and liberal member of the British Parliament, and honorary Secretary of the London Peace Society, made in his paper a most vigorous plea for peace principles. Prof. Amos, with diction of extraordinary force and rhetorical power, made a solemn protest against the barbarous custom of war. Prof. Birkbeck, of Cambridge University, gave a lucid argument showing the possibility of removing the impediments to the progress of international law. Amongst the resolutions passed was one I had the honor of presenting, appointing from the Conference a special committee to bring to the notice of governments a plea for introducing into all international treaties hereafter an arbitration clause. That is, a clause saying that if difficulties shall arise between the two governments making the treaty an attempt shall first be earnestly made to settle it by arbitration before resorting to war. This would only be doing what President Hayes, in his inaugural address, said he would do when he declared that if during his administration a difficulty with a foreign power should arise he would first exhaust every method to settle it by arbitration before resorting to war. Should nations put such a clause into their international treaties it might go a long way towards promoting peace.

It requires much faith, indeed, to lead a body of men to meet in this city, to labor for peace principles, at the very moment nations are straining their finances to the edge of bankruptcy to keep standing armies and navies, of such cost and size as the world has scarce ever seen before. What matter our deliberations here, when in Prussia, yonder, seventeen thousand men are employed at the Krupp foundry making implements of war, and seventy-five engines drive the lathes and the most powerful steam hammers in the world smite the forge in making those vast cannon that at one discharge may send to death half a regiment. Are we not fools and idiots, all of us, to come from half the countries of Europe, and from across the vast Atlantic

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We rejoice to welcome those who have come to join us in paying this tribute to the revered memory of their comrades, who gave their lives to their country; and we as gladly extend the right hand of friendship to all those who separated from us in that civil strife, but who have since renewed their pledge of allegiance to our glorious Union, now made "more perfect" by the original inherent cause of difference being entirely and forever removed.

Mayor Prince said:

Perhaps it is fortunate that the monument was not sooner erected. The lapse of time has permitted the rankling passions and animosities engendered by war to subside, and those kindly feelings to obtain which should exist between those who speak the same language, obey the same government, follow the same flag, and share the same destiny. If we had assembled to dedicate the structure at an earlier date, all would not have done so with the same satisfaction and delight they feel this day. There would not then have been, as now, peace, harmony and loyal attachment to the Union everywhere throughout our country, for such was not possible until all the States had secured equal constitutional rights, and these have only been obtained since the administration of the government was controlled by the present National Executive.

If the commemorated dead could arise and speak to those they have met in battle, their words would not be words of anger, but of peace and good will. Why then should it be otherwise with the living?

The genius of the artist has with great felicity appropriately placed the statue of Peace looking to the South. Let us hope that the inspiration which directed his hand was prophetic; that it is an assurance that the past is forgotten; that there are to be no irritating or disturbing memories; that the South, when it looks to the North, shall see, not the sword of victory, but the fraternal hand grasping the olive branch of reconciliation and friendship.

Attorney-General Devens, the orator of the day, said:

This is no monument to the glories of war. While great changes for good have been wrought, and great steps taken toward liberty and civilization, by the convulsive energies exhibited in wars, these are but exceptions to the great rule that, of all the causes which have degraded nations, opposed human progress, and oppressed industry, war has been one of the worst. If this were its object, it were better far that the stones

which compose it had slumbered in their native quarries. No pomp and circumstance, no waving of banners, no dancing of plumes, can lend to war true dignity.

Among all patriotic men there is everywhere an earnest desire that there shall be full peace and reconciliation between the sections of the Union. Whatever may have been former divisions, there is nothing in the events of the past, there is nothing in the present condition of things, which should forbid this. We can stand, firmly and securely stand, upon that which has been definitely settled by the war. Ours was not a mere conflict of dynasties, or of families, like the English wars of the Roses, in which the great houses of York and Lancaster disputed the English Crown. It was a great elemental conflict, in which two opposite systems of civilization were front to front and face to face. It was necessary that one or the other should conquer, and that it should be settled whether the continent should be all free or all slave. Yet the history of civil wars demonstrates that the wildest and saddest differences of religion, the most radical differences as to the form of government, have not prevented firm union when the cause of dissension was obliterated.

Now that it is determined that Union is to exist, it must be rendered one of mutual respect and regard, as well as of mutual interest. Unless this is the case, there is no cohesive pressure of either internal or external force strong enough to maintain it.

It is not to be expected that opinion will be changed by edicts, even when those edicts are maintained by force. The changes of opinion must be gradual, and must be the effect of that time which enables feeling to subside and the judgment to act. Already there are brave and reflecting men who fought against us who do not hesitate to acknowledge that the end was well for them as for us, and who look forward hopefully to better results than could have been expected from a Confederacy which, if it had been founded, would have been at the mercy of each individual State. Nor is there any one bold enough to say now that the system of slavery is destroyed, he would raise a hand or lift a finger, to replace it. That the cause for which they have suffered so much will still be dear to those who have fought for it, or with whom it is associated by tender and affectionate recollections of those whom they have loved, who have fallen in its defence, is to be expected. To such sentiments and feelings it is a matter of indifference whether there is defeat or success. They would exist, indeed, even if the reason and judgment should concede the cause to have been unwise. Certainly, we ourselves, had the war for the Union failed, would not the less have believed it just and necessary, nor the less have honored the memory of those engaged in it. When results are accepted cordially, we can ask no more, until the softening influences of time have done their work.

On the fields which were ploughed by the fierce artillery, the wheat has been dancing fresh and fair in the breezes of the summer that is gone; and as the material evidences of the conflict pass away, so let each feeling of bitterness disappear, as together, both North and South, we strive to render the Republic one whose firm yet genial sway shall protect with just and equal laws each citizen who yields obedience to her power.—Asking for ourselves no rights that we do not freely concede to others, demanding no restraints upon others that we do not readily submit to ourselves, yielding a generous obedience to the Constitution in all its parts, both new and old, let us endeavor to lift ourselves to that higher level of patriotism which despises any narrow sectionalism, and rejoices in a nationality broad enough to embrace every section of the Union, and each one of its people, whether high or humble, rich or poor, black or white.

There is no division to-day among the States of the Union such as existed when the Constitution was formed. In each and all the great principles of liberty and equal rights are the same, to be alike respected as the only basis upon which the government can stand. Whatever may have been the sorrows or the losses of the war, there is no sorrow that cannot find its recompense in the added grandeur and dignity of the whole country.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious; never, as a class, indolent. The excited mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

JOHN BRIGHT closed a speech on the Eastern question with the following telling appeal:

"I will put to you a solemn question: Shall the power of England again be put forth to sustain such tyranny as that which rules in Constantinople—a tyranny which has dried up realms into deserts; a tyranny which throughout all its wide range and influence has blasted for centuries past with its withering breath all that is lovely and beautiful in nature, and all that is noble and exalted in man? I ask you, I ask this meeting of my countrymen, I ask every man in the three kingdoms—and in this case may I not ask every woman (cheers)—what will be the answer given to this question? I dare undertake to say that there can be only one universal answer from the generous heart of the English people."

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES is illustrated by the 31-ton gun which cost \$50,000 to make at Woolwich, while the gunpowder used in proof experiments cost \$10,000, the barge to remove the gun to Shoeburyness cost \$11,500, and the crane to lift it cost \$10,000. Each round fired in active service will cost \$125.

GENERAL GRANT, in the course of his reply to the address at Folkstone, said: "I thank you for what has been said in honor of my own great country. It has been a feeling of mine of many years' standing, that the United States and Great Britain should be the very best friends. You have kindly alluded to my efforts as Executive of the United States to settle the questions that were existing between the two countries, and which were liable, at any time, to create a disturbance. Fortunately, however, these difficulties were settled in a manner creditable to both nations. There was no desire on my part, and I am sure there was none on the part of the thinking people of the United States, that England should be humiliated in any sense, and there was certainly a determination on our part that we should not be humiliated; but we wanted a settlement that should be honorable to both nations. That was my desire at all events."

THE WAR IN THE EAST has doubled the price of canary bird seeds. Asiatic Turkey supplies large quantities of this bird provender, but since that territory has become the theatre of the war the supply has been cut off. The import of the seeds amounts to about 400 tons per annum. The little warblers will have to change their diet until the Eastern question is settled.

REPRESENTATIONS have been made at Washington, and scattered over the country through the press, to the effect that our coast defences are lamentably weak, and that we have no guns which would offer any resistance to the iron-clad navies of the world if they should undertake to enter our harbors and destroy our cities. The inference suggested, of course, is that we ought immediately to spend some millions or hundreds of millions in arming our forts with improved instruments of death. However agreeable such an expenditure would be to the contractors who would furnish the guns and the officials who would disburse the funds, the sober judgment of the nation would not approve it. Our safety from invasion lies not in the armaments we might construct, but in our providential position and our freedom from entangling relations with other nations. We could do vastly more to secure our own and the world's welfare by spending the same amount or part of it in securing an International Code and a Court of universal arbitration. The spectacle of a great nation without a great military establishment is itself a valuable lesson in the principles of peace, and an example which we should be careful to make more—not less—distinct than illustrious.

INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT.

The fifth annual conference of the society for the reform and codification of the law of nations was held at Antwerp during the last days of August. This association is of American origin, and owes its existence more to the devoted labors of the late Rev. Dr. Miles and the good offices of the American Peace Society than to any other agency. While Dr. Miles lived the interest of the leading statesmen and publicists was awakened to the importance of the work which such a society might accomplish, and the public, both of Europe and America, was kept fully informed of its proceedings.

In the course of an address at the opening of the conference this year, the president, Lord O'Hagan, formerly chancellor of Ireland, paid a well-merited tribute to the services of Dr. Miles and the American gentlemen under whose auspices he labored. Their first object was to enlist friendly counsel, eminent jurists, statesmen and merchants familiar with the law of nations as affecting trade, in order that, with the aid of their varied learning and large experience, conflicting laws and usages might be brought into harmony, and occasions of contention and hostility between nations diminished, or removed altogether. The first session of the congress in 1873 was held, we believe, at Brussels, and was attended by representative men from France, Germany, Italy, Holland and England, as well as America. It now numbers between five and six hundred members.

So young a society could hardly expect to make a strong showing of results. Noble as the task was of "substituting the arbitrament of reason and justice for the arbitrament of the sword," its founders were not content with laboring for that far-off object, but turned their attention to practical questions already engaging the interest of mercantile people of intelligence, one of the first of which was that of establishing a common code and uniform usage with reference to bills of exchange for the nations of Europe and the United States. To this end it was hoped something could be done in this generation, and the progress thus far made had been most encouraging. Other questions had been made the subject of careful inquiry, general average, international copyright, international patent rights, and others.

While these practical questions had been mainly considered, public international law had not been neglected. They had not lost themselves in the cloud-land of speculative thought, or wandered far afield in search of a Utopia; but had been busy with subjects of substantial interest in that department. The vexed question of maritime capture, the principles of extradition, the law of collisions at sea, and last, but not least, international arbitration as a means of settling international disputes, had engaged their serious attention. Closing his address, of which we have given one or two of the leading points, Lord O'Hagan paid a handsome compliment to the ancient city of Antwerp:

"Holding a foremost place among the trading communities of Europe, it had kept itself well abreast with all economic and intellectual progress; and in the celebration which had just concluded, in honor of a painter who filled the earth with his labor and his fame, it had revived the memory of its artistic greatness by proclaiming with generous ostentation that the city of the Scheldt, like the city of the Arno, had boasted many an illustrious citizen on whose tomb might worthily be written the famous epitaph—

"Tanto nomini nullum par eulogium!"

Their assemblage in that place had a peculiar fitness. The most important subject of their inquiries would probably be the assimilation of the law of general average, and nowhere could it be more appropriately discussed. Historians doubted whether the modern system of marine insurance was organized in the Italian cities or in the ports of the North sea. But there was evidence that it was established in Bruges in 1310, under a charter of the Count of Flanders. Although it might have been a graft on the ancient Rhodian sea laws, the customs of merchants with reference to it were first reduced to legal order in the north of Europe by Flemish traders at Bruges, at that time the great entrepot of an ample commerce. Antwerp succeeded to this maritime supremacy, and distinguished itself by codifying its usages on questions of general average so far back

as 1609. They had been lately published in the 'Customs of the Duchy of Brabant,' by M. de Lenge, the president of the cour de cassation; and those old customs should not escape their attention when they were considering the formation of a modern law. Did not such historical recollections curiously connect the present and the past, and make their meeting of happy augury? And might they not hope that its successful issue in promoting an auspicious concord among commercial nations would be recorded in an honorable page of the annals of Antwerp as having been fortunately accomplished there?"

The board of honorary management for the coming year includes the names of George Bancroft, and his successor at the court of Berlin, J. C. Bancroft Davis, Sir William Young, chief justice, Halifax, and others of eminence and influence in Europe and America.—*Advertiser*.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The issue of the war now waging in the East is yet as doubtful as it was on the day when the Russians crossed the Pruth, and with "light hearts," as the French started for the Rhine, entered Roumania on their march towards Constantinople. They pushed on through Roumania to the Danube with celerity, encountering no enemy, and surrounded by well-wishers. On the banks of this mighty river they halted long, delayed partly by the fulness of the stream and partly by the preparations necessary for prosecuting the advance through the country of the enemy. At last a force was thrown across the Danube at two or three points simultaneously, and a foothold was gained in Bulgaria. Then the armies poured across in large numbers, encountering less opposition than was expected, and surmounting what they did encounter with an ease which surprised all who watched the conflict. Encouraged, they rapidly pushed on to the Balkans, flung a strong force through, seized three important passes left almost defenceless, threatened Adrianople, and it seemed for a few days as if the grand prize of courage and strategy—possession of the famed city in the Bosphorus—would be quickly won, and the war ended.

But war is a mighty uncertain game. Suddenly the Turk was aroused to the desperation of the crisis. The commanders who had unsuccessfully defended the Bulgarian frontier and failed to prevent the enemy from raiding through the province almost at will, were dismissed, and new commanders were substituted. There was a wonderful energizing of the whole Turkish policy. Soon the Russians were defeated in the important battle of Plevna, which gave a check to their career, and taught them that there was yet to be serious work before they could count themselves successful. Their armies were confronted and harassed; they were unable to advance without reinforcements, and reinforcements had far to come. The force that had crowded through the mountain passes was pressed back, two of the passes recaptured, and at the time we write an obstinate and bloody struggle has been going on for days, being yet undecided, to dislodge the Russians from the Shipka Pass and drive them all back into Roumania. Should this be accomplished a concentration of Turkish forces would place the unreinforced Russians in that province in a critical position, and might force them to retreat even across the Danube; in which case it could not but be generally conceded that the czar's first campaign had been a failure.

In Asia Minor the turn in the tide of victory has not been less remarkable. At the beginning the Russians advancing through Armenia, carried all before them. In a brief time and with less fighting than was anticipated, they were before the fortifications of Kars, and began a siege. This siege they have been compelled to raise, and have been pressed back on their line of march toward the Russian frontier from which they came with losses which made it necessary for their armies here, as well as in Europe, to be reinforced. Thus along the whole line the Russians have lately experienced serious reverses, and their hopes of making the war short and decisive are blasted. Few now anticipate that it will be ended this season, and if it is, Russia will not be able to dictate the terms of peace as she hoped to do. "The sick man," as Turkey has long been called, has shown unexpected vitality, and cannot be overmastered as easily as many thought. There were many who said, as soon as the war was definitely determined upon, that now the

Turk would be driven from Europe; but up to this time, although fighting the desperate battle unaided by other European nations, he has shown a power of resistance which makes the question of his fate at least doubtful.

Up to the present time the other European nations have kept out of the quarrel, although their deep interest in it is shown in many ways. England, Austria, and Greece manifesting most concern. While the czar's legions were rapidly pressing forward, the excitement in England was intense, and the government showed every disposition to join in the fray if it became certain that the Turk could not keep his antagonist at bay. To be sure, the liberal party, really lead by Mr. Gladstone, and which there is reason to believe would be found to be constituted of the majority of the English people, on this issue was strenuously contending against the war spirit actuating Disraeli's policy. Before the adjournment of Parliament, however, the popular sentiment had made itself so distinctly manifest, that the government was very ready to allow it to be understood that the neutrality would be preserved. No party in England is anxious for war, but the government which holds itself responsible for keeping secure and unendangered England's communications with her eastern empire, feared the results of a Russian occupation of Constantinople. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, contends that Russian success would not imperil England's power in the least; that the Turk in Europe is an offence which it is on every account desirable to remove; and that Russia is justly entitled to a commercial and naval outlet by way of the straits of Marmora and the Mediterranean. Greece hates the Turks, with the best of reasons. She has felt their cruel and remorseless power, and the Greek people are eager to assist in any undertaking likely to cripple the tyrannous spirit of the Porte. The destruction of the Ottoman empire in Europe would cause universal joy in the classic peninsula. Austria is a territory and a government without the natural coherence of a nation. A large part of her subject population is Slavic, and she trembles to see Russia acquiring influence and power in the regions about the lower Danube. The latest report is, that the Servian principality has joined the Russian cause, as Roumania had done before. Fortunately it now seems far less probable than it ever did, that the principal European nations would become involved in the contest. It is sufficiently destructive and horrible while there are but two parties to it. But it is yet too soon to feel certain that it will not extend. The conditions are such that an unexpected development may kindle a tremendous conflict, the end and the results of which no human sagacity can determine beforehand.

Since the Russians crossed the Danube, all news-reading countries have been filled with accounts of the most barbarous atrocities. Gen. Sherman, during our civil war, in response to some protest or other against the destructive tendencies of the Union armies, said, in his epigrammatic way: "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it." So it is under all circumstances; but our war—prison-pen horrors and all—was a considerate and merciful war in comparison with that now waging in Eastern Europe between nations which are at best scarcely more than half-civilized, and which have in their armies on either side hordes of savages nearly as rapacious and merciless as the wild Indians of the Rocky Mountains. We still shudder as we remember the story of the horrible lust and torture of which the Bulgarian Christians were the victims, and the Turkish irregular troops the perpetrators, before the war began. Our American scholar, traveller, and diplomat, Eugene Schuyler, was among the first to reveal its sickening details and enormity. The report did much to arouse in England a hatred and contempt of the Turk, which makes it more difficult to persuade the nation to take their part under any conditions. For the past month the English press has been burdened with another story of cruelties not less terrible and exasperating than the former, but the conditions are reversed; now it is the poor Bulgarian Mohammedans who are the victims, while the offenders are the Cossacks of the Russian army, and, it is alleged, the Bulgarian Christians themselves. The stories are of scores and hundreds of men, women and children burned to death in the captured towns; of women and maidens made victims of every beastly lust, and then murdered in the cruellest manner; and of the slaughter and deliberate starvation of children too young to be dangerous in any way or to either party.

We suspect that something—and perhaps much—must be discounted from the whole mass of reports, for the reason that the Turk's capacity for lying, stimulated by his desire to have his own crimes forgotten in the contemplation of others, and also by his interest in securing, if possible, the sympathy and aid of the English, is equal to exaggeration and misrepresentation of the grossest kind. But unfortunately there is too much testimony of a higher quality to the wrongs done, to permit us to believe it is all a *canard*. We suspect the truth to be, that the Bulgarians who bear the Christian name are not incapable of gratifying a cruel revenge, and that the Cossacks and other semi-barbarous contingents of the Russian army scorn the discipline that forbids them to riot in the woe of conquered enemies. In time we shall know better the real merits of the case; but it is vain to expect that either side will be able to clear its skirts of deeds which are infamous in the eyes of truly civilized and Christian peoples.—*Zion's Herald*.

THE COST OF WAR.

The following statement representing the loss of lives and money in the wars of the last twenty-five years—1852-77—appears in a contemporary, and is, perhaps, as near the truth as is possible to come in so large a subject. The statement is carefully compiled from the official statistics of the various nations concerned, and includes, in addition to the troops slain, a portion of the deaths occasioned by the ravages of the wars among the civil population:

1. Lives lost—1852-77—killed in battle or died of wounds and disease—Crimean war—750,000; Italian war (1859), 45,000; war of Schleswig-Holstein, 3,000; American civil war—the North, 280,000; the South, 520,000—800,000; war between Prussia, Austria and Italy, in 1866, 45,000; expeditions to Mexico, Cochín China, Morocco, Paraguay, etc., 65,000; Franco-German war of 1870-71—France, 155,000; Germany, 60,000—215,000; Turkish massacres of Christians in Bulgaria, Armenia, etc., 1876-77, 25,000—total, 1,948,000.

2. Cost—1852-77—Crimean war, \$1,700,000,000; Italian war of 1859, \$300,000,000; American civil war—the North, \$1,700,000,000; the South, \$2,300,000,000—\$7,000,000,000; Schleswig-Holstein war, \$30,000,000; Austrian and Prussian war (1866), \$330,000,000; expeditions to Mexico, Morocco, Paraguay, etc. (say only), \$200,000,000; Franco-Prussian war, \$3,000,000,000—total, \$12,065,000,000. (counting a pound equal to five dollars). The loss of £2,413,000,000 sterling of capital is equal to about eight or ten years' revenue of all the governments of Europe and North America. But a public revenue is applied in the payment of services and the promotion of public works, which are to a large extent useful. The two thousand four hundred and thirteen millions of money destroyed in war have been *absolutely annihilated*.

Further, the fortresses, ships, artillery, etc., destroyed by war have to be replaced by capital taken, over a series of years, from productive purposes. The same remark applies to the pensions and rewards granted to maimed and disabled soldiers and sailors.—*The Economist*.

The *Warrington Guardian* says of DISARMAMENT: "What an infinite relief it would be to Europe if each State were at once to disband its army—if the millions of men now trained and paid to destroy each other were sent home to do some good, honest, useful work instead! Such an act would put an end to the Eastern question, and to a thousand other troublesome questions in a moment—it would remit half the taxes of the world—it would be the greatest triumph of common sense the world has seen."

Work furnishes a test for the quality of our characters. More gush may fail. Ecstasy does not always accompany fruit-bearing. Look at your life. Have you fruit? Are you at work? If your works are all right, if you produce the fruits of the Spirit, and are working in the vineyard, then you need not fear deception. Only a good tree can bear good fruit.



THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

His little dimpled hands were crossed,
His face looked saintly fair,
With upturned eyes of tender blue,
And waves of golden hair,
And by his dainty couch he knelt
To lisp his evening prayer.

"Dear Lord," he said, "I want to know
If you will bless to-night
All naughty, wild and wicked boys—
The boys who swear and fight?
Please too to help those dreadful ones,
Who steal and run away,
And never, never do what's right
Through all the blessed day."

Amazed his mother heard the plea,
And wonderingly she said,
"Why, what, my darling child, has put
Such fancies in your head?
Why don't you pray for brother Charles
And little cousin Fred?"

"Why should I pray for them, mamma?
They're good and happy, too;
The Lord has done enough for them,
I want him now to do
Something for those poor friendless chaps
Who must be cross and bad,
Because they've nothing in the world
To make them good or glad."

Oh, wisdom of the child's pure heart,
Oh, sweet and loving creed,
That gives such tender, pitying thought
To souls in direct need!
Could schoolmen, with their varied lore,
A larger lesson teach?
Or churchmen, from their sacred desk,
Diviner doctrine preach?

GREAT I AND LITTLE YOU.

"How do you like that little new neighbor of yours?" asked Herbert Greene's big brother, who had seen the two little boys playing together in the yard.

"O, you must mean Georgie Worthman," said Herbie. "Why I don't know. I like him, and I don't like him."

Wallace laughed. "Then you quarrel a little sometimes," said he. "Is that it?"

"No, we don't quarrel," said Herbie. "I don't let him know when I'm mad with him."

"What does he do to make you mad with him?" asked Wallace.

"O, he says things," said Herbie.

"Such as what?"

"Well, he looks at my marbles, and says, 'Is that all you've got? I have five times as many as that—splendid ones, too. They'd knock those all to smash!'"

"Ah, I see," said Wallace. "It's a clear case of 'GREAT I AND LITTLE YOU.'"

"What do you mean by that?" said Herbie.

"Well, if you don't find out by Saturday night, I'll tell you," said Wallace. This was on Monday. On Wednesday afternoon Herbie was out at play, and presently George Worthman came out. Wallace was in his room, reading, with the windows open, and could hear all that was said. Georgie brought his kite with him, and asked Herbie if he would go to the common with him to fly his kite.

"O, yes! if mother is willing," said Herbie. "But where did you get that kite?—made it yourself, didn't you? I've got one ever so much bigger than that, with yards and yards of tail, and when we let it out, it goes out of sight quick,—now I tell you!"

"This isn't the best I can make," said Georgie; "but if I had a bigger one I couldn't pitch it or hold it after it was up."

"Pooh! I could hold one that pulled like ten horses," said Herbie; and he ran to ask his mother if he could go with Georgie to the common.

His mother was willing if Wallace would go too; and so, after a little good-natured bothering, and pretending he did not want to go, Wallace took his hat, and Herbie got his kite and twine, and the three boys set off for the common. Georgie's kite was pitched first, and went up in fine style. Then Herbie's went off, and soon passed it, for it had a longer string; and both were far up in the dazzling blue of the sky.

"There now!" said Herbie, "didn't I tell you my kite would beat yours all to nothing? I bet there isn't another kite in town that will begin to be a match for it!"

"How is this? How is this?" said Wallace. "Seems to me 'great I and little you' are around here pretty thick."

"What do you mean by that?" said both the little boys.

"Why, when a fellow says that he has got the best marbles, and the best kite, and the swiftest sled, and the handsomest velocipede, and the most knowing dog, anywhere in town, we say his talk is all 'GREAT I AND LITTLE YOU.' That is we mean he is always bragging; and a bragger is a very disagreeable person," said Wallace.

Herbie looked at Georgie, and both blushed a little. The boys had great fun with their kites; and when they got home, and Wallace and Herbie went up stairs to put away the kite, Herbie said, "Well, my kite did beat Georgie's just as I told him it would."

"That is true," said Wallace, "but you said the other day that you liked Georgie, and didn't like him, because he was always telling how much bigger and better his things were than yours; and now, to-day, you were making yourself disagreeable to him by bragging about your kite. Now, if you want the boys to like you, my lad, you must give up talking 'great I and little you,' for it is not sensible nor kind."

So Herbie found out what Wallace meant, and he said to himself, "I don't mean to let the fellows hear me talking, 'great I and little you' any more."—*Nursery.*

JIMMY, THE COW-BOY.

An eccentric old gentleman of wealth, named Morgan, invested a sum of money, the income of which he designed to be used for the liberal education of the most deserving lad in town.

He made his plan known to five gentlemen, requesting them privately to make observations and report to him in six months.

Had the boys known this, many of them might have used every means to gain his favorable opinion; but as the matter was a secret, he had an opportunity to watch them without their suspecting his motive.

At the end of six months the five gentlemen met at Mr. Morgan's and discussed the question in all its bearings. Each had his favorite, whom he considered most worthy.

"There is Johnny Ingalls, who is a most exemplary lad," said one. "What fault can you find with him, Mr. Morgan?"

"I will tell you" was the reply. "I once hired him to take some important letters to the morning mail, but he met a companion on the way, and was so anxious for his own amusement that he neglected to mail the letters till it was too late, and they were delayed a day, a gentleman overheard him say to a companion that he 'did not care much, so long as the old fellow would never find it out.' But the delay caused the loss of quite a sum of money."

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Morgan, "I have tried in one way and another all the boys you have mentioned, but none of them satisfy me."

"Then you have to give up your project," said one, "for I think we have discussed the merits of nearly every boy in town."

"I believe Jimmy has not been mentioned," said Mr. Morgan.

"What! Jimmy, the cow-boy!" asked one with a smile.

"Yes, I believe he drives cows to and from pasture."

"Surely, Mr. Morgan, you must be joking now."

"I never joke; and had I any disposition to, I should not take a poor little boy for a subject."

"But, Mr. Morgan, do you know any good of this boy?"

"Do you know any harm of him?"

"Nothing special; but does he amount to anything, except to drive cows?"

"He never has had an opportunity, but I intend he shall have. I am fully decided to give him the benefit of my project."

"You will tell us the reasons for making him your choice?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. You call him a cow-boy. Well, that does not signify to me one way or another. It is simply because I know him to be a good and faithful cow-boy that I give him the preference. It seems a small thing to drive cows

to pasture, but he is the only one who has always done it faithfully every day, the season through, the same in my absence as when I was at home, while others loitered on the way, and allowed the cattle to stray into other inclosures for the day, thinking it would never be known. It is evident to me that if he is so strictly faithful in small things, he has the right spirit in him to make him trustworthy in greater things." Just then,

"To-link, to-lank, to-linkle-linkle,
O'er banks with buttercups at-winkle,
The cows came slowly home."

Jimmy, gray-shirted and bare-footed, guided them into the yard. He saw the last cow in, put up the bars, saw that the gate was all secure, and was about to trip away, when Mr. Morgan called him into the house, where he told him something that made him dumb with glad surprise, and sent him home the happiest lad in town.

THE OLD EAGLE TREE.

The little incident which I am about to mention was one among many which had an effect, probably a very decided effect, in forming the character of one who was left to be educated by the impressions of circumstances. I was working on the farm with some men who happened to be employed at that time. In a remote field stood a large tulip tree, a tree apparently of a century's growth, and one of the most gigantic of that splendid species of tree. It looked like the father of the surrounding forest.

On the top of this tree, for years, an old eagle, commonly called "the fishing eagle," had built her nest every year, and, unmolested, raised her young. This tree stood full twelve miles from the sea-shore, and had been long known as the "old eagle tree." On a warm, sunny day, we were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day the old eagle was known to set off for the sea-side, to gather food for the young. As she returned this day with a huge fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and, by yelling and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph. The men soon dispersed; but I sat down under a bush near by to watch, and to bestow unavailing pity.

The bird soon returned to her nest without food. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food, so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous, that I was greatly moved. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them, but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain.

She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next." Her indecision was but momentary. Again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to lie still, balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea. My eye followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. She was gone nearly two hours—about double her usual time for a voyage—when she again returned on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons. On nearing the field she made a circuit around it to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached her tree, drooping, faint and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner such as—save the cooking—a king might admire.

"Glorious bird!" cried I in ecstasy, and aloud; "what a spirit! Other birds can fly more swiftly, others can sing more sweetly, others can scream more loudly, but what other bird when persecuted and robbed, when weary, when discouraged, when so far from the sea, would do what thou hast done? I will learn a lesson from thee this day. I will never forget when the spirit is determined it can do almost anything. Others would have drooped and hung the head, and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings; but thou, by at once recovering the loss, hast forgotten all. I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to do something and to be something in the world, and I will never yield to discouragements."—*From the life of Dr. John Todd.*



LIFE-SAVING UPON THE SEA.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM.

In sailing from Boston to Liverpool recently, upon my way to attend the Peace Conference at Antwerp, it was my fortune to take passage on the Cunard steamer *Batavia*, Captain John E. Moreland, and to learn of an incident connected with that steamer and Captain of a particularly thrilling character, and from which I desire to teach a moral lesson to my little readers.

Last November the steamship *Batavia* encountered in the middle of the ocean a fearful tempest. Many ships were lost in the storm, as was afterwards ascertained. During the tempest the steamer came upon a dismasted bark, over which the seas swept. Her Captain and eight men were lashed in the rigging. Her sail and spars were gone, and great seams had opened in her side. It seemed every moment as if the bark would be swallowed up by the sea. Captain Moreland brought the *Batavia* up broadside to the wind, and called for volunteers to man the life-boat. The third and fourth officers and six seamen at once offered themselves. The life-boat was lowered from its fastenings into the sea, it rose upon the driving mountains of water, for half an hour fought its way towards the bark and rescued the shipwrecked men. The men in the life-boat performed this heroic act at the imminent peril of their own lives.

The Royal Humane Society of London, conferred upon Captain Moreland the gold medal and a vote of thanks; and gave silver medals to the third and fourth officers, D. Gillies and H. Kyle, and a purse of money to each; and two months' wages to each of the six seamen. The Cunard Steamship Company gave five pounds to each of the six seamen, and promoted the two officers to the rank and pay of first officers. It would have taken those men ten or twelve years in the service of the Company to receive the promotion which that one hour's work gave them. That, surely, was a noble reward to receive; but, over and above all human recognition of this ser-

vice, those officers and men must forever have the applause of their own conscience, for having at such terrible risks to themselves performed a most humane and noble work.

How much better to save life than to destroy it! My young friends, the readers of the *ANGEL OF PEACE*, will certainly agree with me, that to rescue the perishing is a far more glorious work than by battle to send thousands to an untimely grave. We would rather have the gold medal given to Captain Moreland than to have the proudest honor bestowed upon a general counted successful in war. Let us labor for the coming of the day when to save men's lives rather than to destroy them shall be the endeavor of all individuals and nations.

LIFE AND DEATH OF A GREAT WARRIOR.

The great aim of Napoleon Bonaparte was to be a great warrior and a great monarch. He *became* a great warrior—or rather, a great *murderer*. Napoleon probably killed more people than any other man that has ever lived. I do not mean, of course, that he killed them with his own hand, but he caused them to be killed in his wars. Yet he covered himself with glory, in the eyes of men. Wherever he went at the head of his armies, he conquered. He gained the crown of France, then he went on to gain others; he gave thrones away to his relations and friends; he played with crowns as a child plays with his toys; all Europe obeyed his nod and trembled at his frown; princes and kings thronged his courts, he seemed to rise higher in power and glory than any mortal man had ever risen before. But at last there came a change. His throne began to totter. Like the frost-work on the windowpane on a winter's morning, when the sunbeams fall upon it, his visions of glory all melted away. He was defeated at Waterloo. Then his power was broken. He had to surrender. For years he was a lonely prisoner on a little island in the middle of the ocean. His crown was gone; his kingdom was gone; his splendid armies and the multitudes of his followers were all gone. He who had made so many widows and orphans was himself deprived of his wife and son. Disappointed and chafed, like a chained lion, he became weary of life. He was gloomy and melancholy. Well he might be! He sickened and pined for death. "Why," he would sometimes exclaim, "why did the cannon balls spare me, to live and die in this miserable manner! I am no longer the great Napoleon. How am I fallen! I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, have scarcely energy enough left to raise my eyelids! But then, I was *Napoleon*; now, I am *nothing*." And when the hour of death came, how sad it was! A tremendous storm was raging as he lay on his dying bed. But he was all unconscious. He was dreaming of fighting his battles over again. Just before he died, he was heard calling to some of his generals, saying: "Advance!—hasten!—press the charge!—victory is ours." And so the spirit of the great warrior, all stained with the blood of more than a million of his fellow-creatures, went to stand in solemn judgment before God! Who would care to be Napoleon then?—*Everybody's Paper*.

THE PYRAMIDS.

The immense stones used in the erection of the pyramids of Egypt were obtained from the quarries in the Arabian hills, and were carried to the river over a bridge of boats. They were then brought by means of a causeway, which of itself took ten years to construct, and which is said to have been a fine work with its polished stones and figures of animals engraved upon them. One hundred thousand men were employed at a time, and these were relieved by the same number at the end of three months. A long time was spent in the levelling of the rock on which the edifice stands, and twenty years for the edifice itself. The stones were raised step by step by means of a machine made of short pieces of wood, and last of all, commencing from the top, the stones were cemented together by layers of cement not thicker than a strip of paper, the strength of which is proved by the age of these enormous memorials.

BRAVE BOYS.

One day last February a fire broke out in the old Normal School Building of Philadelphia. It was in session-time. We have all heard and read of panics and loss of life on like occasions. In this case, a boy named Harry P. Van Aken, a pupil in the school, only fourteen years of age, succeeded by a remarkable degree of coolness and self-possession, in having the edifice speedily cleared of the boys with entire order and safety. Having been sent on an errand below, where he discovered the fire, he hastened to the third-story rooms; but instead of raising an alarm by crying "fire," as so many boys would have done, he calmly and quietly informed the teachers of the approaching danger. The teachers succeeded in having the house emptied in a minute, by announcing a holiday, the pupils not knowing of the fire until they were safe.

At a large meeting held afterwards, at which were present members of the Board of Education, teachers and scholars, rewards were tendered. To Master Van Aken was presented by the school directors a fine gold watch worth one hundred and fifty dollars, together with articles of value by schoolmates and teachers.

The President of the Board having made a presentation address, the boy replied by saying: "I thank you and the directors for this most beautiful gift. I expected no reward, except happiness in having given warning in time to save the boys."

Another boy, Robert L. Farley, had carried a lame boy down stairs, and then returned for the cripple's crutch. His noble conduct was honored in the gifts of a napkin ring and a book called "Fast Friends," from his teacher.

The conduct of such boys is worthy of being known. Should their lives be spared, they will doubtless become worthy and useful men. Let other boys take pattern. Let them be careful to cultivate true principles, and ever to act thoughtfully and generously.

THE BEGINNING.

"Give me a half-penny, and you may pitch one of these rings; and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you three pence."

That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or three pence?"

"Three pence," was the answer, and the money was put into his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him had watched him, and now before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your half-penny and won six half-pence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give him his three pence back and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square in the world, an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy.—*Morning Star*.

"I see in this world," said John Newton, "two heaps of human happiness and misery; now if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and if by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."

A PRAYER TO THE SAVIOUR.

BY FRANK C. SMITH.

Jesus, thou art pure and holy,
Thou art lowly, meek and mild;
Twine thy loving arms about me,
Make me like a little child.

Innocent, and trusting ever,
Keep me e'en from thinking wrong,
That with angel hosts around thee,
I may sing the sweet new song.

Make me strong, O Lord, I pray thee,
Make me bold to speak thy name;
And through never-ending ages
I will sound thy glorious fame,

Lead me upward, O, my Jesus,
Guard me safe from every snare,
And in earnest prayer I'll seek thee,
When in trouble, grief or care.

Jesus, yes I'll sing thy praises,
Tell how angels sang it then,
When they said,— "Praise God the highest!
Peace on earth, good-will to men."

LITTLE MISS MISSIONARY.

A Third Street car had its full quota of passengers one morning, and as it rolled along, carrying them from the ease and comforts of home to business and vexations of the day, but two or three had anything to say. The characteristic selfishness and uncommunicativeness of the crowd cropped out in each one's manner. At Plum Street, a bright little girl, whose talk still retained the charm of childhood's imperfect English, came into the car. She had in her hand a bouquet, its beauty glowing in contrast with the living beauty of the fair owner. With an easy movement a gentleman placed her on the seat next to a man whose interest in his paper rendered him unconscious of the sunbeam that was by his side. With an intent look at him, the child moved her curly head between the paper and his face, and smiling sweetly held up the bouquet with the irresistible invitation, "Please smell my flowers." No second request was needed. The delicious whiff of the odorous roses was a gift of the simple trust of childhood. It won the heart of the gentleman thus honored, and every one in the car acknowledged the charming sweetness of the act by giving the child a smile. There was no more stiff, touch-me-not, selfish feeling in the car after that. The child was the fairy of goodness to make all hearts open.—*Cincinnati Times*.

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THE ANGEL SONG OF PEACE.

The silvery moon her light was streaming
O'er Bethlehem's towers and fanes,
And the shining stars of Heaven were beaming
O'er Judea's grassy plains.

Where shepherds, while their flocks they tended,
Their hearts to God upraise;—
In songs, whose sweet accordance blended
Devotion, love and praise.

But suddenly, a sweeter strain
Comes from the far-off skies,
And anon, the sound is heard again,
And anon, its echo dies.

"Peace! Peace! Peace on earth,"—
Was the song of the seraphim,
And the anthem too proclaimed the birth
And sang the praise of Him.

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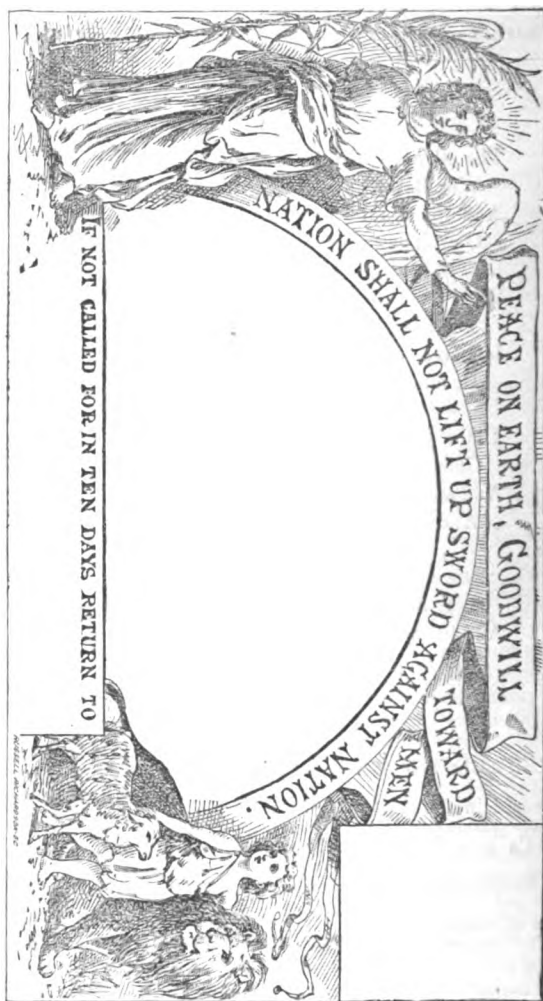
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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PRAISE . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, NOV. AND DEC., 1877.

VOL. VIII. No. 6.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Our readers will thank us for giving them some particulars of the life and character of this good man just now touching his threescore years and ten.

Whittier has often been called the Burns of America. The same simplicity of language, the almost exclusive use of common Anglo-Saxon words, the descriptions of lowly life and the humblest scenes in nature, the same whole-hearted and generous appeals to whatever is best in humanity, preclude the writings of both. Born in poverty and reared at the plough-handle, as was Burns; without other education than that obtained at the roadside school house and by an attendance of two years at an academy, but with happier surroundings of home and society than fell to the lot of his Scottish prototype; with an unyielding, life-long adherence to temperance in all things, sincerity, and love of his kind, this good man, just now verging upon his threescore years and ten, has made for himself a place in the hearts of his countrymen, and in those of the best of all English-speaking countries, like that which Burns has held for a century past on the banks of Ayr and in bonnie Dundee.

Whittier's father was of a tall, gigantic, long-lived race, able to cope with bears or Indians, both of which were not unfrequently encountered on the banks of the Merrimac, where our poet was born, and where most of his life has been spent; a non-resistant by principle and in practice, as—except perhaps in the case of wild beasts—are all Quakers; a good, well-meaning, useful man in his day and generation. He, however, could not see in his boy anything more than he himself was, or more than were his ancestors before him, a promising ploughman; but the boy's mother, with keener insight, recognized the divine spark, and happily encouraged and ministered to it, until it broke forth into a flame which has burned with ever-increasing fervor, until the brow then clustering with raven locks has been silvered with age.

Of his mother—of French descent, with the maiden name of Abigail Huzzey—Whittier says, in the *Friends' Review*: "All that the sacred word *mother* means in its broadest, fullest significance our dear mother was to us; a friend, helper, counsellor, companion, ever-loving, gentle and unselfish. She was spared to us in the seventy-eighth year, and passed away, after a sickness of about three weeks, in the full possession of her faculties, in exceeding peace, and with an unshaken trust in the boundless mercy of our Lord. It was a beautiful and holy death-bed. Perfect love had cast out all fear."

Whittier himself was very sensitive and diffident. He sent his boyish effusions in a sly way to the nearest village newspaper, and blushed to his finger tips when William Lloyd Garrison, who edited the paper, after a long and diligent search, found him out; but the hour had come, and then and there, in an obscure farm-house in East Haverhill, Massachusetts, these two men—then in their teens, now so famous and beloved—first struck hands, and for more than half a century have pursued, each in his own way, through evil report and good report, the path of conviction and rectitude, and yet live to reap a rich reward of appreciation and love.

Mr. Whittier has attempted other parts from time to time than that of poet, driven thereto by that bane of literary men, "*res angusta domi*." At eighteen he essayed school-keeping; but the rough, harum-scarum boys of the district were too much for him, and he resigned. For years thereafter he called himself an editor, but never attained more than moderate success

in that apparently easiest of all professions. He has represented Haverhill and Amesbury occasionally in the Massachusetts legislature, but it is believed that he does not pride himself on his record as a legislator or politician. He never was very poor, because his wants were small, and because, with the frugality and conscientiousness characteristic of Quakers everywhere, his outgoes never exceeded his income. It is related that years ago, when he was not as popular as he is now, he was walking one day on Cornhill when he met Muzzey, the publisher and pill-seller. After some conversation about poetry and one thing and another, Muzzey proposed to pay him \$500 for the copyright of his productions, and a percentage on the sales. Mr. Whittier was vastly astonished. He thought pill and book-making had combined to make the man crazy; but Muzzey was in dead earnest, and at last Mr. Whittier, with a reserved feeling of compassion for the demoted publisher, consented to the arrangement. Muzzey brought out the hitherto ill-dressed and obscure children of the poet's brain, which he picked up here and there, in neat and attractive shape. The sales which immediately followed astonished nobody so much as the poet himself; but he gradually reconciled himself to them, and began to put money in his purse. He realized, however, no very great sum from his productions before the advent of *Snowbound*, which he himself considers a very indifferent bit of versification, its sudden popularity being one of the greatest surprises of his life.

In 1840, thirty-seven years ago, Whittier gave up newspaper writing and other public work, and retired from public observation, almost entirely, to a plain, white, old-fashioned house, which his limited means enabled him to purchase, on the outskirts of Amesbury, a manufacturing village in north-eastern Massachusetts. Here he has lived ever since, devoting himself entirely to literature, having for his only companion until 1864—when she died—his last surviving sister, Elizabeth. His study is a cozy room of medium dimensions; a cheery, open fire-place, with the old-fashioned brass andirons, is a prominent feature of it,—indeed, all the poets seem to look upon stoves as intolerable innovations and pledged enemies to poetry; near a window is his writing-table, which is usually strewn with manuscripts and writing materials, very rarely including books of reference of any kind; there are a few chairs, some simple pictures of anti-slavery acquaintances on the walls, with here and there a photograph of some literary or personal friend. His book-cases are roomy and well-filled, and the number of autograph books sent him by authors is very large.

In stature Mr. Whittier is like his ancestors, tall—measuring six feet or more—of slender build, but straight as an arrow; a fine-looking, oldish man, with high forehead, a fine face, a quiet smile, dark, piercing eyes, and hair once black, but now thinned and gray. He dresses in a suit of black cut in Quaker fashion, and his speech is characterized to a slight extent by the peculiarities of the people whose form of service and creed he prefers to any other; although, it is well understood, the latter is hardly broad enough to cover all his opinions and convictions. He walks about the country in the neighborhood of his home considerably, is pleasant and companionable with his neighbors, but never drives in a carriage, and cannot be coaxed or compelled to attend a gathering of literateurs or ex-anti-slavery people, a lyceum lecture, or any secular assembly whatever. He occasionally—not often—visits Boston, and usually spends there a portion of the winter at the house of his friend, ex-Governor William Claflin. He has never been

abroad, and Washington, which he visited on one occasion, is the extreme limit of his journeying in this country.

Speaking of Whittier, a recent writer has remarked: "Distinguished as will be his place in the annals of literature, justly famed as he is for his exquisite and soul-stirring poetry, to us, Whittier, in his own pure, sweet, beautiful life, is far grayer than in his writings. His life is his best poem. The man is far nobler than the poet;" and Mr. Charles H. Brainard truly says: "Mr. Whittier's life has been more beautiful and true than any poem that ever flowed from his inspired pen, and fully justifies the warm eulogium contained in the closing lines of a beautiful tribute to his life and character from the pen of his devoted friend, the late Phœbe Cary:—

"But not thy strains with courage rise,
Nor holiest hymns, shall rank above
The rhythmic beauty of thy life,
Itself a canticle of love." — *Zion's Herald*.

For The Advocate of Peace.

"THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH IN REGARD TO WAR."

In regard to the article under the above caption, by Jacob S. Willets, in the eighth month number of the *Advocate*, the editor remarks: "We do not accept our correspondent's views in thinking the church responsible for war. On the contrary, we believe the Christian church is the chief advocate for peace."

I suppose friend Willets is fully able to maintain the ground he has taken, but I do not know that that excuses me from expressing my own opinion in my own way. If by the term "Christian church," is meant "The Bride, the Lamb's wife"—the true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, I concede such church is "the chief advocate for peace." But it is quite evident that both the editor and his correspondent, refer simply to the *professing* Christian church. Is it not a position that cannot be controverted by any known mode of reasoning, that whenever the church withdraws its support, wars will cease between Christian nations? What could be more obviously a self-evident truth! We might as well say, that if two belligerent neighbors should turn to be peace men, fighting between themselves would not cease! as to say that for professedly Christian nations, or the church in different nations, to support war with each other, did not make them accountable for its continuance with each other!!

The editor says: "Political strife and the ambition of rulers lead to wars." True, and these are but the germs of war; and professed Christians are responsible when they support either the germ or the culmination in its horrid fruit.

WALTER EDGERTON.

A FORM OF PRAYER TO BE USED DURING THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The Bishop of Lincoln has suggested the following form of prayer to be used in his diocese during the war in the East; "O Lord of Hosts and God of Battles, who rulest all things in heaven and earth, look down with pity on the nations now striving in war. Take from them all anger and wrath, hatred and revenge. Have compassion on our suffering fellow-Christians; deliver them from oppression and wrong; restore the churches of the East to primitive purity and truth, and join them together with us in the bonds of faith and love. Have mercy on all Turks and infidels; take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word, and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites; and may all be made one fold under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Continue to us the blessings of peace; let not violence be heard in our gates, nor wasting and destruction in our borders. Restrain the fierceness of man, and make it turn to thy praise, O God. And do Thou who makest wars to cease in all the world, pour down upon us, and upon all nations, the spirit of peace; and spread abroad the Gospel of peace, and finally bring us to the city of eternal peace, the Heavenly Jerusalem, there to praise Thee everlastingly, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

Among the changes in general opinion, during one or two generations, none is more remarkable than that regarding the life and character of Napoleon. What was once considered as peculiar to the intense national hatred of the English, is now common among intelligent Frenchmen in their treatment of the great Emperor. Observe the close of the following paragraph from the *British Quarterly Review*, referring to Lanfrey's third volume of the History of Napoleon I. :—

"If Napoleon does not deserve severer reprobation than almost any man with whom history makes us acquainted, moral distinctions lose their validity, and crime is graduated by station and success. Beyond all reasonable doubt, Napoleon was the greatest liar, the most treacherous diplomatist, the most unscrupulous politician, the most ruthless tyrant, and the most reckless of bloodshed and murder of any ruler in modern history. We have read this volume with this criticism of the author constantly present to us, and we deliberately say that—making more than due allowance for those necessities which are the tyrant's plea, and which are sometimes held, if on no other grounds, yet on that of exceptional temptations, to justify exceptional morality—he makes no statement and passes no judgment for which he does not patiently adduce detailed and abundant evidence; nor have we once felt that the depth and strength of his moral detestation is in any degree in excess; more frequently it has seemed inadequate to this man's enormous crimes against human society. History would be worthless if it did not gibbet the author of the Russian expedition, the treacherous appropriator of Portugal and Spain, and the unscrupulous tyrant of Holland. After the venial homage which too many have paid to Napoleon's successful acquisition of unequalled power, it is an unspeakable satisfaction to find a Frenchman sternly bringing his falsehood, treachery and tyranny to the tests of ordinary moral principles, and estimating at its true worth the meretricious and treacherous glory which these purchased. "Let us," he says, "abandon the discreditable sophisms which have too long served as an excuse for crimes of which we can only prevent a repetition by representing them in all their frightful reality." It will be many generations before the evils which Napoleon wrought for France will be remedied."

FAMILY QUARRELS.

Family quarrels have been the most interesting variety of quarrel ever since the days of Cain and Abel. They tend to become almost the sole surviving species of quarrel. It is seldom or never worth while to quarrel with any man not associated with us by some very close tie; and such ties become daily rarer outside of the family circle. Fellow travellers in the heart of Africa, companions on a long sea voyage, the squire and parson in some country village remote from all general society, may still nurse a quarrel into something like intensity. But in the world which most of us inhabit, a world in which the difficulty of adhering to our best friends is much greater than the difficulty of dropping them, a dispute naturally leads to a drifting apart rather than to a permanent quarrel. People must be confined within a narrow area in order to cultivate hatred effectually; deadly and continuous hatred is fast becoming an anachronism as much as the old blood-fend between rival clans or the *vendetta* of Corsica. The family bond, however, still survives sufficiently to make quarrelling possible, and to give it unusual piquancy. The most excellent people are sometimes adepts in this questionable art. The affection between the parties in a family quarrel is generally close enough to insure that every blow shall be keenly felt, and the acquaintance is intimate enough to insure that it shall be planted on the most tender place. Brothers and sisters know each other's weaknesses; they can tell precisely what is the little vanity which can be most easily aroused, and what the particular argument which always brings a flush to the cheek and raises the pitch of the voice. The quarrels which ensue resemble civil wars, in which the rival leaders are perfectly acquainted with the character and favorite strategy of their opponents. When developed by dexterous combatants, they are worth studying from a purely artistic point of view.

REV DR. THOMAS ON COSMOPOLITAN UNITY.

The Rev. Dr. David Thomas gives in the *Homilist* his ideas, as follows, of a Cosmopolitan Unity to secure universal peace. He advocates the establishment of a Cosmopolitan Administration—a government that shall bear the same relation, with some modifications, to all the present States and kingdoms of the earth, as the various colonies, counties, and boroughs of England do—to the British rule—a government in which every civilized man, the world over, shall have a common voice, and which shall regulate the conduct, protect the rights, and rule the destinies of all men on the face of the globe. Its seat might be London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, or Rome, it matters not. Such a government as this may be denounced as the wildest vision in Utopia by platitudinarian men—men who walk after the flesh and not the spirit. It is nevertheless possible. The immense diversities existing in the language, habits, religions and customs of the various races of the globe, and the great distances which some would necessarily be placed from the seat of empire will be pleaded as an objection. But the answer is, that England has overcome all these difficulties long ago. The British rule extends over men of every variety of race, language, habits, and customs, the world over. The sceptre wielded in London extends over every zone, and men at the antipodes bow loyally to its authority. The British government stretches out in all directions, and is becoming more and more cosmopolitan every year. Nor is such a government merely possible; it is *probable*. The current of human affairs is tending to this: the smaller States are constantly being absorbed into the larger. The restoration of nationalities, were it expedient, would be impossible; it is against the resistless river of destiny. Where are the seven kingdoms that were once on this island? And where, too, are the kingdoms of Ireland, Wales and Scotland? The English empire has absorbed them all. Poland, Hungary, Sardinia, these and other kingdoms, too, have recently been absorbed by larger nations. The smaller States are constantly running into the larger, like streamlets into the river, and the largest river hastens to something larger still—the ocean. This is the law, and a cosmopolitan government, “the federation of the world,” as Tennyson has it, is not only possible but probable—ay, inevitable.

But how would such a world-wide government cause “war to cease” from the ends of the earth? In several ways. It would promote free mercantile intercourse. Commercial monopoly would cease, the markets of the world would be open to all alike, to men of every color and clime. Free trade would reign the world over. Trade is a pacific element; men are not wont to quarrel with their customers. Mutual temporal interests, if not strong enough to bind hearts in harmony, are strong enough to yoke limbs and brains together in a common work. It would lead to the *destruction of nationalities*. Nationality is a “middle wall of partition,” that keeps men asunder, and makes those on each side feel jealous and suspicious of the other. It is a false glass through which we look at other nations, a glass which magnifies their vices and minimizes their virtues. Nationality is an insolent, swaggering, greedy, bullying monster on the earth. It is always big with its own ideas of honor, always in love with its own pageantry, always talks in great swelling words of vanity. It is pre-eminently selfish, boundlessly egotistic. “Our glorious Constitution,” our “illustrious history,” our “invincible armies,” our “matchless resources”—this is the fashion of its talk. All this is mischievous and strife-making. Destroy this miserable thing, and what then? Why, then you destroy one of the most mighty powers that stir up strife in the world, and you destroy, too, the necessity of those standing armies and navies whose ponderous weight sinks whole countries into pauperism.

Under such a government, men, the world over, would be fellow-citizens, subject to the same laws, entitled to the same rights. Warriors would be wanted no more, *police* only would be required. But it is said, is not patriotism and instinct of human nature? And is it not right for a man to love his own country? What is patriotism? Is it love of territory, or love of man? If the former, is it not better to have the round earth as a sphere for our affections than a little Denmark, or

Belgium, or Albion? If the latter, is it not better to love *all* men than a few? Philanthropy is the only true patriotism. It would lead, moreover, to the *abolition of despotic power*.

Who are the men that create war? Not the people—not the farmer, the manufacturer, the mechanic, the trader, nor the laborer; but the arrogant and ruthless despots who, by villany or fortune, have gained their way to power. Such men would have but little power in a thoroughly cosmopolitan government. They might become lieutenants of countries, mayors of corporations, governors of colonies; but should they abuse their trust in these offices, they would be seized by the police, and visited with condign punishment.

Were I a political agitator, (which I am not,) I should give all my time and strength to nothing less than this. All other political questions seem to me contemptible in the presence of this. As a politician I would work for this constitutionally, and by moral means; not in the spirit of disloyalty, for I reverence the “powers that be” of God’s ordaining, but in the spirit of Him who came to destroy all those partition walls that divide man from man, and to bind the race into one grand confederation. Politically, I verily believe there will be no rest for the world until this *vision*, or something like it, be realized.—*London Herald of Peace*.

QUAKERS IN PRISON FOR REFUSING TO FIGHT.

In the East of Europe there are communities of persons called Nazarenes, who may be regarded as Quakers, holding many of their views, especially their conscientious objections to engage in war. Dr. Ziemann lately met with some of these people in Servia, and he writes, as follows concerning them:—

There are here about nine families marked by the public as “peculiar,” and very pious. From all I have been able to learn they belong to a sect in doctrine and practice very similar to the Friends. These few here are in humble circumstances, but much respected; one is a book-binder, the others small farmers. They have come repeatedly into conflict with the law of the country in consequence of their stern refusal to carry arms. I had heard that during the late war three had been sentenced to be shot, but Prince Milan, on the occasion of the birth of his son, pardoned them to twenty years’ imprisonment! To-day I visited them in the fortress. I found the Governor most favorably disposed towards them. He told me that two had just completed a five years’ servitude for refusing to carry arms. A few days after their discharge the late war broke out, they were called out again, and of course they offered to do anything in their power by way of serving the Government, except to carry arms. I asked the Governor what he thought about them. He said he “thought they were foolish, but certainly they were men of excellent quality.” I was anxious to see them, and the Governor accompanied me into the prison yard. They were out, and the Governor explained to me that they were sentenced to “labor,” but he used them mostly for field or garden work. They were sent for. They came—bang, bang, heavy chains on their feet, clothed in ominous gray prison garb, led by an armed guard. Only two came; one is a patient in the Lazaretto. These two looked not ill, neither downcast—just the reverse; their faces had a calm, peaceful look. They did not complain, neither did they burst out with a show of their martyrdom. Reserved, and exceedingly meek, they answered simply my questions, confirming to me, what I had heard already, that they would rather die than carry arms, “because God had forbidden to murder.” The chains and the prison they could endure, but to disobey God they would not, and dare not. Did they feel unhappy? I asked. There were tears in their eyes; but, said the one, “the Lord Jesus Christ had told his disciples beforehand that they would have to suffer, and then eternal life!” I asked if I could do anything for them; they looked long and steadily at each other, and then very timidly begged, “Could I obtain for them the permission to read the Bible in their cells?” I cannot tell you what I felt as I stood before these martyrs of God. I had come to show them much sympathy, but I assure you I felt that I could bow down and thank them for the privilege of this interview.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, NOV. & DEC., 1877.



CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We are happy to grace our editorial columns with the following ringing letter from the veteran missionary at the Sandwich Islands. Would that its words of fire might burn their way into the hearts of the disciples of the Prince of Peace, until a voice go forth from the Christian church, making wars not only difficult, but impossible; and the good time be hastened of universal peace and righteousness.

Hilo, Hawaii, Sept. 22, 1877.

REV. CHAS. H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Secretary American Peace Society.

MY BELOVED BROTHER: Your favor of July 5, 1877, was hailed with joy a few weeks ago. It is pleasant to hear directly from a live messenger just from "the front" of the bloodless battle-field; and I congratulate you, my dear fellow soldier, because you have relinquished your important post as pastor of a precious flock, to stand forth more prominently in the first rank of the army of "The Prince of Peace." May Heaven's shield cover you and "The Everlasting Arms" be underneath you.

Yes, I well remember the night spent in Newport with the dear Dr. Thayer, and how glad I was to see you at tea, and to enjoy your help and sympathy in the pulpit. And I am now thrice glad that you have consented to occupy your present important post. And I bless the "God of Love and Peace" for the cumulative evidence that He is smiling upon the cause you have espoused and blessing all earnest and patient workers in this Heaven-born enterprise.

The cause we advocate is of God and, therefore, *sure to prevail*. There is no fallacy and no weakness in it, and whose is ashamed of it is ashamed of Christ and of the Gospel of love and of life. By many this great subject is treated with flippant contempt as a visionary impracticability; others treat it with cold indifference; others, again, admit that it is an important subject, but that we should leave it in the hands of God who will bring about the desired peace in his own good time and to the honor of his sovereign will.

I have heard ministers of the Gospel say, "It is not worth while to make so much noise about war or to give our money to Peace Societies." "Preach the Gospel," say they, "and convert men, and let war take care of itself." Yes, and if all ministers and professing Christians thought and lived like these war would "take care of itself"—drinking the life-blood, crushing the bones and fattening on the marrow of slaughtered millions, and rolling its burning waves of fiery ruin down through all the coming ages. Can a man be born again—be converted from sin to holiness—from death to life and be made "a new creature, created anew in Christ Jesus"—and yet fail to love his neighbor, and his *enemy* even? What is that love worth that "worketh ill to its neighbor"? What is the nature of that conversion which, under the command of a man, will split a brother's skull with a sabre! drive a bayonet through a brother's bowels! send a lump of lead through a brother's heart? break a brother's bones, scatter his limbs, his blood, his brains and his quivering flesh with an infernal torpedo or a bursting shell?

The longer I live, and the more I read and study the Bible, and, especially, the more I contemplate the life and teachings of our adorable Lord, the more I hold our fighting Christianity of discount. And to me there is nothing short of the smoke

and rage and burnings of the "bottomless pit" that appears more awful and more diabolical than the insane slaughtering of Christians by their fellow Christians on the battle-field, in the groaning and burning ship, in the beleaguered garrison, in the horrid and starving prison and in the hospital of disease, of putrefaction, of anguish and of death. And is all this consistent with a pure and Heaven-born love? With the Christianity which the "God of Love" and the "Prince of Peace" have taught us? If Christ came "to seek and to save the lost," if He came "not to destroy men's lives, but to save them," is it possible that he can listen to the prayers of the thousands of ministers and churches that invoke his blessing on their own desires, for slaughter and revenge on their foes? To me the very supposition seems blasphemy. When and where did "the Captain of our salvation" command or allow his followers to *hate* their enemies? to *curse* them that curse? to do *evil* to those who hated them, and to pray for *death* and *damnation* to fall on those who used them spitefully?

But the cause in which you are enlisted *must prevail*. It has all the elements of victory in itself, and all the hosts of Heaven with the eternal God on its side. Leaders and friends may die, and the trenches of Satan may be filled with the bones of the "furlorn hope," but where one falls in the conflict a thousand will rise up to be "baptized for the dead."

Many veterans, as a Wilder, a Ladd, a Beckwith, a Miles, and a host of others in the Eastern and Western hemispheres, have passed over "the river" into the land of rest and peace, carrying with them the olive and the palm branches; but the ranks of our Prince are being increased yearly by fresh recruits, and the column moves on to the music of the angel choir. It is very clear that the principles of Peace are moving quietly on like the noiseless light and the silent dynamics of gravitation. The power of peace, and truth, and love, is making its sure approaches to the citadel of war, and its sapping and mining will, in due time, bring down the proud walls and battlements of this enemy of God and man. The progress made in that direction since I was a boy is great. Like slavery and other great evils which have long cursed the human family, the war-spirit will die a hard and lingering death, but the war-horse and his rider must die.

Well do I remember when good men in the Northern United States were insulted and threatened for advocating anti-slavery principles. I once heard a popular minister of the gospel in the city of Rochester, New York, speak decidedly against allowing an anti-slavery lecturer to speak in the city. "We do not want these fanatical fellows," said he, "to come among us to disturb our peace, and if this man shall be mobbed and tarred and feathered it will be his own fault!" But in spite of the indifference, the contempt and the bitter opposition of very many worldly-wise and self-satisfied Christians in the North, the principles of freedom gained hearers and hearts, and the call for abolition swelled into such thunder-notes, that the fiat of earth and heaven went forth, the earthquake of the Eternal rocked the prison; the doors were opened, and every chain of slavery was broken. And thus it will be with war. The leaven of peace and righteousness will work against all indifference, sarcasm, contempt and open opposition, until the crisis shall come, when the seventh angel shall sound his trumpet, and there shall be "great voices in heaven" proclaiming the joyful fact that "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord," and that "the Prince of Peace" shall away his eternal sceptre over all the earth.

Let all the friends of Peace take courage and "*go forward!*" The Red Sea will divide and the Jordan be dried up. "The mountains will skip like rams and the little hills like lambs;" the infernal artillery of war will be utilized in the interests of husbandry, and the "earth shall rest and break forth into singing."

The reasonable and practicable principle of arbitration is exciting more and more attention, and gaining increasing favor, and the day has already come when many rulers are—and should be—ashamed to cry out "To arms! to arms!" on the slightest pretext. What a noble course Mr. Gladstone is now taking in England on the side of peace and evangelical religion. Surely God has raised him up for the hour.

It is painful to see the present state of Turkey and Russia.

The haughty spirit and horrible misrule of the Turk seem intolerable, but can Russia, or can all Christian nations combined mend the matter by the use of carnal weapons? Is there any weapon but "The sword of the spirit" that will subdue and reform that haughty and wicked people? With an army of a few thousands of the true soldiers of the Cross, prepared with "The whole armor of God," and with far less than one per cent. of the material expense of this bloody war, and with little or no loss of life, more could be done to civilize and christianize the proud Moslem than all the fire and blood and horror of this unholy war. But up to the present time how truly it may be said of most peoples,—*"The nations are mad."*

I have your "*Earnest Appeal*," and I do truly sympathize with you in the great and responsible position you occupy. I deeply mourned the departure of our energetic and efficient brother Miles, and I now rejoice that his place is so well filled by the present incumbent. May a double portion of his spirit rest upon you and your strength and wisdom be equal to every duty and to every emergency. When we are where our dear Lord and Master would have us to be, how cheering to hear him say, "Be not anxious. My grace is sufficient for thee."

I hope and trust that your "*Appeal*" and *offer* will be heeded, and that the \$10,000 have been realized ere this time. How gladly would I have responded to the appeal had I the means which many ten thousands of Christians possess.

In the army of Israel there were captains of thousands, of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens. The native church and pastor of Hilo will come into the ranks of fifty now, with the wish that we could say a thousand.

Please find enclosed an order on Langdon S. Ward, Esq., Treasurer of the A. B. C. F. M., for fifty dollars on behalf of the American Peace Society. I write the draft to order of Dr. Patten, your Treasurer, and you will please hand it to him for collection with my kindest regards. Of this trifling sum thirty dollars are a donation from our native church, and twenty dollars are a mite from me.

If you can write a few words of cheer to our people they will receive them with joy, and I shall be happy to translate what you say to my flock.

With earnest wishes for the progress of the great work of "*Peace on Earth*," and with very fraternal Christian love I am ever,

Yours in the work of the Lord,
TITUS COAN.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AN INDIAN DELEGATION visited President Hayes recently, when Spotted Tail made an excellent address, in which he said he wished to bring up his children like the white people. The orator, on concluding his speech, presented his Great Father with a pipe and a tobacco-pouch, the latter made of buckskin and elaborately adorned with beads. The President, through the interpreter, expressed his thanks for the "pipe of peace."

The President replied, expressing his best wishes that they might give themselves to agriculture, and promising to help them in this matter, and also to give them schools and churches.

THE AUSTRIAN AND GERMAN AMBASSADORS, in the name of the Russian Government, have applied to the Porte, in virtue of the Geneva Convention, for a permit to transport material across the Danube for huts for the Russian wounded. The Porte has deferred a reply until it is made certain that the huts are only to be used for the wounded.

The American Peace Society adds its plea for the wounded.

DR. A. C. LAMBIN, in his historical address delivered at the Germantown Centennial, said General Washington was in advance of his age as a military commander, and particularly in "The dignity, the gentleness, the patience, the strength of will, the unfaltering trust in God and the unswerving devotion to duty, of his character."

MR. BENJ. H. BREWSTER, in a speech delivered to workmen at the opening of the Philadelphia Permanent Exhibition referring to the prosperity of New Jersey, said:—

"The whole of this has been the product of hard work and labor of the people. This country belonged to the workmen, and they were responsible for its condition. It was the only government founded on popular will, and was to be sustained by popular labor. If the workmen allow public life to degenerate it is their fault, and it is their duty to see that good laws are made and enforced. You should teach your children to respect labor and honest industry, and you should see to it that the laws are enforced."

THE LARGEST CARPET FACTORY IN THE UNITED STATES is owned by John and James Dobson, and is located at Schuylkill Falls, near Philadelphia. Such industrial establishments are immeasurably better for our country than the honors of war.

COINCIDENT WITH the frank acknowledgment of Mr. Stephens, that secession was the greatest folly of the age, is published a letter from the late General Robert E. Lee, written at the time that Texas voted herself out of the Union. This epistle contains the words: "I am unable to see a single good that will result from the step taken by the State; but, as it has been permitted by a kind Providence, I hope it will eventuate in her ultimate benefit." Yet such was the glamour of war that this then patriot was transformed in a short time to the leader of the disunion hosts.

MR. GOWEN, President of the Reading Railroad Company, is one of the foremost men of our country. He has put down arson and rioting, on the part of the Brotherhood of Engineers by his extraordinary energy and executive ability.

A PRIZE TO STUDENTS, for the best essay on some peace topic, a competent committee to judge, would afford an excellent inducement to students to study the question of peace. Will not some liberal friend of the good cause send us \$25.00, that we may thus seek to create an interest among the students of several colleges and theological seminaries? Capt. Ladd in his day, offered \$12.00 as such a prize, and called forth a response from Mr. S. Hopkins Emery, who has remained a strong friend of peace to this day, and is now one of the Directors of our Society.

A TREATY has been completed between the Dominion Government and the Blackfeet Indians, by which the Indians cede 51,000 square miles of land to Canada, and in return the Indians are to receive certain bestowments of land, money, clothing, agricultural implements and schools. The Indians pledge themselves to obey the laws and to maintain peace.

MR. INGALLS recently introduced a bill in the United States Senate which provides for the extension of citizenship to Indians who have adopted the habits of civilization.

THE EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED STATES during last August included \$699,767 of cartridges and fuses; \$279,086 of shot and shell. During the first eight months of the present year the shot and shell sent abroad was valued at \$2,130,729; of cartridges and fuses \$2,145,811; of gunpowder \$221,858; and of muskets, pistols and guns \$4,234,688. This Republic seems to be an arsenal for the world. We regret its trade in the implements of carnage.

TEN GREAT FORTRESSES, making a second line of defence, are to be constructed at Rome, all to be connected, and to encircle a large belt of uncultivated land. Work on seven of them has been begun.

REV. TITUS COAN, the apostolic missionary to the Sandwich Islands, has written us a long and very interesting letter, which we will put before our readers. He sends \$50.00 for the peace cause. Wonderful, that such a contribution comes to us from a land only recently in the black night of war and barbarism!

INDIAN PEACE MEDALS, of silver, were given by an association in Philadelphia, composed chiefly of members of the Society of Friends, for the purpose of promoting peace with the Indian tribes more than a hundred years ago. They were the first medals made in the Province of Pennsylvania. An Indian Peace medal was also struck off by George II. On the *obverse* was represented a laureated bust of George II., King of England: GEORGIUS II. DEI GRATIA; and, on the *reverse*, a white man and an Indian, seated at opposite sides of a fire, beneath a tree; the former in the act of presenting his companion with the calumet of peace, which he has been smoking. The sun, with diverging rays, above. LET US LOOK TO THE MOST HIGH, WHO BLESSED OUR FATHERS WITH PEACE. This was in 1757. We desire the American Peace Society now to prepare and grant peace medals to eminent promoters of peace. Who will give us a special donation for this purpose?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Our correspondence extends to the four quarters of the earth. We have often intended to put before our readers some of the interesting letters that come to us. We do this in the present number of the *Advocate*, by letters from Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Islands of the Sea. In another column our readers will find a deeply interesting letter from Rev. Titus Coan, of the Sandwich Islands. The following letters are also of marked interest.

LETTER FROM FRANCE.

MR. HENRY BELLAINÉ, SECRETARY OF THE FRENCH PEACE SOCIETY, writes from Paris, answering some of our enquiries. Our readers will remember we spoke some months ago of young Nissolé, who was imprisoned for refusing to bear arms. Mr. Bellainé's allusion to the Code Committee is evidently to what he supposes mere partisan political topics. The following is a translation of his letter:—

"I now reply to your letter, and send you answers to the enquiries which you made. Nissolé is not, I think, openly a member of the Society of Friends, but he belongs to our Reformed religion,—I say our, for I am a Protestant, and I suppose you are the same. The French government has lately authorized Nissolé to serve his time of military service as a nurse in a hospital. His family is very honorable. If you wish to write to him, I will see that your letter gets to its destination. I send to you some of our bulletins. You will see that we have done what we could, and that is but little; for our Society is poor, and the French are yet suffering from the evils of war, and they are not yet disposed to abandon their ideas of revenge.

"I shall not see you at the Peace Conference at Antwerp, for I shall not be there. I think the International Code Committee wastes its forces. I must remain in Paris to banish the bad effect of the meeting in Bremen. I reproach those who had the direction of this meeting, who spent their time in hatching plots. I have given up having anything to do with it since the death of my dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Miles. I shall be glad to see you in Paris in 1878."

LETTER FROM SWEDEN.

THE REV. A. WIBERG, OF STOCKHOLM, one of the most eminent and useful men of Sweden, to whom we had written

asking him to organize in Sweden a National Peace Society, writes as follows:—

"Your letter and a copy of *THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE* came duly to hand, for both of which please accept my sincere thanks. I sympathize with you in the object of your Society, with my whole heart, and most sincerely wish and pray for a divine blessing upon the noble and philanthropic Society which you represent. I have made some effort to gain the information you desired respecting Sweden, but have not as yet been able to meet with one or two persons, whose names have been mentioned as likely to take an interest. I called on Gen. Andrews, your American minister to Sweden, who told me he believed that there was no such organization as a Peace Society in this country. Gen. Andrews expressed himself very favorably, and I believe you will hear from him. I have been from home some time and am now on a journey to the north of Sweden. On my return home I shall try to see some persons who may become interested and with whom you could correspond."

LETTER FROM TUNIS.

HON. H. H. HEAP, UNITED STATES CONSUL AT TUNIS, in Africa, writes the following interesting items of intelligence. We had written, through our Consul, to the Prime Minister of the Bey of Tunis, making a plea for peace, and asking if a Peace Society could not be formed in Tunis:—

"I am in receipt of your letter, enclosing one to the Bey's Prime Minister which you request me to place in his hands. I shall do so on the first opportunity, and explain to the minister the nature of the appeal.

"I have much satisfaction in stating that the Tunisian government does not seem inclined to take part in the war now raging in the East. What they may do later when the fervor of the religious sentiment is aroused, it is difficult to say. There is a small party here hot for war, but the majority, sustained by the Bey and Prime Minister, are against it. The war seems to have entered a new phase since the Sheik el Islam has proclaimed a holy war, and unfurled the standard of the prophet."

Mr. Heap then proceeds to speak of the debt of the government of Tunis, and the progress of railroads in that country,—items of interest, but which we will not here quote.

LETTER FROM PALESTINE.

RT. REV. CHRISTOF HOFFMAN, Bishop of the Church of the Temple, has, in reply to a letter from us, written an extremely interesting communication. Bishop Hoffman is one of the marked men of this generation. He is a German, and has carried from Germany into Palestine about one thousand agricultural colonists, who, moved by religious ideas, desire to prepare Palestine for the coming of the Lord. The following is a translation of Mr. Hoffman's letter, and written from JAFFA, SYRIA:—

"Your worthy letter, together with a copy of *THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE*, I duly received. I am glad to be able to express my sympathy to you for the noble and Christian aim of the work which your Society seeks to promote.

"Rev. Wm. Metzger of Buffalo is my friend, associated with me in the work of the Temple, which is destined to extend over all nations. Mr. Kraus I remember meeting in Jerusalem, in my visit to that city in 1858. He is a worthy man, and has returned to America, and has called on you.

"Our aim is the restoration of original Christianity, as it was in the time of our Lord Jesus Christ and His apostles. We strive for the realization of that holiness which the prophets of Israel have predicted of the kingdom of God on earth. In these prophecies Jerusalem is designated as the place from which this kingdom of peace and righteousness shall proceed. Hence we have made the attempt to found in Jerusalem and Palestine in general, by means of colonists, a mission for this purpose. We understand by the Temple, after which our Society is called, not the place, but the nature of the kingdom of God; and we consider as co-laborers, not those who are of

like opinions with us about the place, but who in any part of the world, work for the purpose of forming the life of man according to the will of God. We do not omit the observance of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, if they are held in the spirit of Jesus Christ; but we do not believe that these ordinances can be properly observed except by the disciples who make the Lord's will the object of their endeavors. Yet, in our Society every individual has a right to do with Baptism and the Lord's Supper according to his conviction.

"The establishment of peace, and the doing away with war, is, according to Isaiah, the effect of the Temple in Jerusalem. Therefore, I believe your noble endeavors for peace are vain, unless you make the restoration of the Temple your first task. Our paper will gladly receive an account of the mission of your Society. The purchase of a piece of ground in or near Jerusalem is no longer an impossibility, as it would have been twenty years ago. The way for the realization of your wish is for you to come here, or send an authorized agent. I hope you may visit Jerusalem, and that I may have the enjoyment of making your personal acquaintance."

We have many more letters of extreme interest, portions of which we will furnish our readers in a future number of the *Advocate*.
C. H. M.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

BY REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

The following admirable description of the peace character of Christ is taken from a sermon of Mr. Murray's, as printed in his paper *The Golden Rule*, on "Jesus of Nazareth":

There is one other passage to which I invite your attention. You will find it in Matthew v.: 38—43. The passage is as follows:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' But I say unto you that you must resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also. And if any man sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

The history of the world is like the history of a child. The race has had its infancy, its boyhood, its youth, and is now coming to its manhood. As a boy passes up into boyhood he comes into the realm dominated by the passions. He is quick in his rage, fierce in his anger, and full of the love of mastery. He has a conscience, but it works irregularly. It speaks, but it speaks too late. He will strike his little brother in the face one moment and throw his arms around his neck the next. He is not devoid of reason and right principle; but he is not sufficiently developed in these to be self-governing. He has no patience. He has no forbearance. The higher virtues, such as meekness, mercy, self-denial, he cannot understand. He admires brute force, muscles he can understand, nerves he cannot. His protection is in his fist and his legs. If he feels himself injured, if another boy insults him, he fights. If the fight goes against him, he runs. Such is boyhood.

Well, the world was the same at the time in which Jesus lived. The race was in its boyhood; and a brute of a boy it was too. That phrase, strong as it is, is not too strong. It precisely describes the race in its temper, disposition, and conduct. It had a conscience; but it was of such a sort that it did not check its violent exhibitions of hatred and passion. It had affection; but it was an affection which lived in the breast of cruelty—a tigerish kind of love, tender to its cubs, but savage to everything else. If a nation was wrong, it righted itself with the sword and the spear. It never dreamed that there was another and a better way. If a man was injured, he paid the injury back with interest. Restraint was not heard of. Forbearance had not been preached. Mercy was simply a whim—the accident of a transient mood; a mere impulse without the government of principle.

Not only was this true as to personal habits, but it was true as to law. Revenge had an honored place in the legal code.

If a man's brother was killed, he must kill the murderer; if a man sued him, he must sue back. That hasn't passed out of date yet, as some of you lawyers know. Justice knew no mercy, and hence there was no justice. It was an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Such was the world as Jesus found it; fierce, revengeful, cruel. Even justice was malignant. War was the fashion; revenge was the prevalent mood. This fierce temper rolled its tide, with flooded banks and many a bloody stain, over the earth.

Against this universal tendency; against this world-wide fashion; against this honored cruelty, one man lifted his voice. One man planted himself directly in the path of this on-rushing current, and said: I will stem it. This tide of hatred and bloodshed shall be rolled back. This tendency to kill shall be checked. Justice shall become merciful. Wrong shall no longer be righted by the fist, the spear, and the sword. Contention shall cease. Wars shall die out. Mercy and compassion shall become the fashion. Hatred shall give place to love.

He was a brave man, was he not, to attempt this? He was a wise man, was he not, who could see the mischief and repair it? He was only one against hundreds, thousands, and millions, —one against the world; one against the race. Think of it. One man against the race! But he had God on his side. Truth stood at his right hand and Mercy at his left. He had the true idea of human government; and here we can perceive the power of an idea. It is mightier than armies. It is stronger than kingdoms. It is able to contend successfully with all human passions. It can meet the evil that is in the blood, in the habit, and in the tendencies of men,—meet it single-handed and overcome it. There is no power like the power of an idea, if God be back of it.

I ask you to observe how uncompromising was the position that Jesus took. I ask you to note how radical was his utterance and to what an extremity he carried his boldness. He did not plead with them; he commanded them. He did not argue with them; he spoke as one having authority. He told them to stop just where they were, turn square about, and go in the opposite direction from that in which they and their fathers had gone. Hear him. Remember to whom he was talking. Apprehend the superb courage of the man: "I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. If a man sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. If a man compels thee to go a mile, go with him two." Such was his language. What does it teach? And is it applicable; is it feasible?

In the first place, it is evident that in these words Jesus, in the most impressive manner, condemned revenge. He commanded forgiveness. He made forbearance towards those that injure us a cardinal virtue. The application of these truths is easily made. It can be made by each one of us and to our own lives.

My friends, the question is, can these commands of Jesus be obeyed? He said: "Resist not evil." You respond: "How in the world are we to get along, then? How are we to protect our property and our lives? How are we to defend our rights?" Well, there is some way in which all this can be done. Jesus was not an anarchist. He believed in government. He said: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." No one knew the rights of man better than he did. He lived that man might have his rights; and looked at in a large way, he died that man might have his rights. Nor was he a theorist. He was not a fanatic. His discernment was clear; his judgment sound; his knowledge of cause and effect accurate. Therefore, there must be some way by which a man can protect his rights, by which nations can protect their rights, without physical resistance and without war.

I believe in the superiority of mind. I believe that a man can live so just a life; so generous a life; so peaceful and holy a life, that these shall protect him. Thieves will not steal from him. Rude men will not insult him. Wicked men will not injure him. Even envy shall omit him from the number of those whom it spites. And the universal feeling toward him and toward his, shall be more protective than courts of law, a better defence than a pistol under his pillow. And condoned by it, he shall sleep safer at night, he shall walk safer by day, than though a hundred policemen circled his store or his dwelling,

and a hundred bayonets guarded his passage through the streets. But you say Jesus was just, generous, and holy, and yet he was murdered. True: but he could not reap the benefit of the principle. It was in the seed. It had not swarded the world. He suffered from the old teachings—the old-time fashion. He suffered because there was no man, two thousand years before he came to the earth, to teach the world the true principle of conduct. Living to-day, he could not be crucified. The Jews had one education, the cities of Massachusetts have another. In the place of Pontius Pilate put a Massachusetts judge. In the place of the Roman palace, put a Boston court-room. In the place of the Sanhedrim, put a New England jury, and let Jesus be tried here to-morrow, under our system of adjudication—which is Christianity legalized,—and on the same evidence by which he was sent to his death on Calvary, and the case would be dismissed in twenty minutes, without any defence but the nobility of his nature, the humanity of his work, and the innocence of his conduct. He would not only be acquitted of all charge brought against him, but he would go forth from the court-house honored by the servants of the law, and be received in the streets by the applause of the people.

I have said that I believed that a man could so live that his life would protect him;—so live that he would have no provocation to smite, no cause to sue, no fear of being smitten or sued. I hold that goodness is self-protective. I hold to it with a supreme conviction. The reason why it is so generally questioned is, I fear, because it is not generally tried. There is an innocence so fine that it is unconscious of fear. In its presence rudeness becomes polite, and vulgarity becomes modest of speech. There is a nobleness of life, so great, so grand, so large-hearted and kindly in its manners and bearing, that it is armed at all points and above attack. If a man's life be great enough—if a woman be absolutely innocent in thought and soul,—no evil can hurt them. Such a life lifts one above the reach of evil. Its darts do not stick; its spear-thrusts do not penetrate. Such a life need not defend itself; need not be defended. It can obey these injunctions literally. It need not resist evil. Why should it? for evil cannot hurt it. It does not need an eye for an eye; for it can never lose an eye. It is above assault; it is above loss; and being thus, it can move on its career indifferent to enmity and complacent toward hatred.

But if amid the turmoil of life we at times are jostled; if amid the swaying throng we at times are pushed and crowded; if occasionally we are exposed to spite and suffer loss, still, if we have lived the life of lofty rectitude, and according to the light we had, been just and good, and true, we need not worry; we need not fret; we need not fear. For within ourselves we carry the recompense for whatever loss befalls us; and in our bosoms abides the peace which, in itself, is consolation for every grief, and solace for every woe. Let us, therefore, seek to so live that we may make this command of Christ, which puzzles many, practical; knowing that in so doing we find for ourselves the highest safety, and give to him, while we remain on the earth, the highest honor.

TEXTS FOR PEACE.

....The trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, at the session of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, re-elected the old officers of the fund for the ensuing year. President Hayes was elected trustee in place of the late Matthew Maury.

....The Sultan of Zanzibar is organizing a force of 500 negro soldiers, to be armed with Martini-Henry rifles and a Gatling gun, for the suppression of the slave trade in his dominions.

....Dr. Alexander B. Mott has issued a circular in the interest of the Ottoman Society of the Red Crescent which corresponds in many respects with our own Sanitary Commission. The society devotes itself to the care of the wounded on the field of battle and in the hospitals. It has the approval of the Turkish Government, and is organized as the eastern branch of the Societies of the Red Cross, suggested by the International Convention of Geneva. The society affords aid to both sides alike in the present war.

....Gen. McClellan says, in *Harpers' Magazine*, that our army loses a larger proportion of officers killed in time of peace than the British army loses in peace and war together. Taking the number killed in the half-century from 1804 to 1854, and deducting the

losses during the wars of 1812, of Mexico, of Florida, and the Black Hawk, and consider the intervening peaceful periods, the percentage of killed is greater to the whole force than that of the British army in the same period, though Great Britain was at war nearly the whole time.

....The Clyde shipwrights, who have been on a strike six months, have signed an arbitration and resumed work.

....“In Europe,” said Ex-Governor Hendricks, of New York, in response to a serenade, “the people carry one great burden—that of standing armies.” He hoped to see the time when there would be no standing armies in the world; that war would be done away with, and that questions which would be apt to lead to war would be settled by arbitration.

“We need,” the speaker continued, “to maintain a standing army, on account of the large frontier and the peculiarities of the Indians upon our borders, but how large should be determined by the actual service required.”

....A million and fifty-five thousand men are reported to be on the military register of the German Government. Of this number 398,000 are upon a so-called black list, for not having served, including 190,000 who have left the country to avoid serving. It is estimated that one German in every eight expatriates himself to avoid military service.

....The steamer John Middleton, Capt. Robinson, sixteen days from Glasgow, reached New Haven recently, having come for a load of ammunition for the Turkish Government. The steamer J. B. Walker, Capt. Duncomb, lies at the entrance of the harbor awaiting orders. She is fully loaded with 2150 tons of ammunition, etc., the cargo being valued at nearly \$2,000,000.

....Schamyl, a son of the famous Circassian Chief, was killed while fighting under Mukhtar Pacha, at the battle of Aladga-Dagh, in Armenia.

....“Admiral” Semmes, in his last moments, thought he was engaged in a sea-fight. Just like Napoleon, who seemed on his death-bed to be employed in watching the course of a great battle, his last words being *tête d'armée*,—literally, “head of army.”

....A bill has been brought before the Senate to enable the Indians to become American citizens. This is a genuine Native American movement, and one that ought to succeed.

....Having regard to the numbers engaged in it, more men have been killed in our war with the Nez Percés than have fallen in the Turco-Russian war. Little wars often have great lists of killed and wounded.

....England has a little war on her hands in the Cape Colony, the Galekas having taken up arms, but being beaten in two actions that were fought in September.

....Lord Salisbury, in a late address at Bradford, told his auditors that one of the results of the Eastern war, so far, and a great gain for peace, has been that any excessive impressions of the aggressive power of Russia have been, he hoped, forever, dissipated from the minds of Englishmen.

....The *Times* summary contains an elaborate computation of the strength of the Russian army of the Danube. It concludes by saying that only 200,000 men crossed the Danube, of which number 60,000 have been disposed of by battle or disease. Of the Imperial Guard only 60,000 men will reach the front fit for service, so that as reinforced, the army will again amount to 200,000. This includes the Roumanians, but excludes the Dobrukscha column of 30,000. Osman Pasha's army as reinforced, is estimated at 100,000, and Suleiman Pasha's about the same, so the two combatants have equal forces.

....Mr. John G. Whittier, the poet, has written a letter to a friend in New York expressing his unreserved approval of the policy of President Hayes in the following words:

“I feel confident that President Hayes and Cabinet hope to bring to this nation, through harmony and peace, a general prosperity and good will; that he acts prompted by the purest of motives, the noblest intentions; that those who blame him to-day will bless in the future his devotion to the best interests of the government.”

....Herr Krupp is indefatigable; he recently patented a new armored gun (*Panzer Kanone*), with which experiments are now being made for coast defence.

....An official return of the Russian killed, wounded and missing from the commencement of hostilities to the 25th of October, is 61,942.



PEACE ON EARTH.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

"What means this glory round our feet,
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn!"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means this star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen!"
And angels answering, overhead,
Sang, "Peace on Earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years, and more,
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds, then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on Earth, good-will to men!"

In my opinion, the first lesson which should quicken the understanding of the young, should be intended to form their morals and their perceptions; to teach them how to know themselves, to live well, and die well.—*Montaigne*.

A gentleman once asked a deaf and dumb boy: "What is truth?" He replied by taking a piece of chalk, and drawing on a blackboard a straight line between two points. Then he asked him, "What is a lie?" The boy rubbed out the straight line, and drew a zigzag or crooked line between the same two points. Remember this.

A WISE CAT.

Colonel Stuart Wortley, an English officer, tells the following story of a cat whose acquaintance he made during the Crimean war:—

"After the French troops had taken the Malakoff, I was sent into it on duty, and found an unhappy cat bayoneted through the foot, and pinned to the ground. I took her to my tent, she was carefully tended, and every morning taken to the doctor to have her wound attended to. Four or five days after I was too ill one morning to get up, and puss came and scratched at my tent door. I took no notice; but not long afterwards the doctor came to say that mine was a wise cat, for she had come to his tent and sat quietly down for her foot to be examined, and have its usual bandaging. She was watched to see what she would do the next morning; but she declined wasting her time scratching for me, and went straight to the doctor's tent and scratched there. She was a very affectionate animal; and it was absurd to see her following me all over the camp with her tail carried stiff in the air."

DOING GOOD.

A few years since, a wealthy gentleman of Paris, who lived in idleness, at length became weary of life, and left his house one evening, with the intention of drowning himself in the river Seine; it being yet twilight when he arrived at its bank, he concluded to walk about a short time, till it was darker, so that he should not be discovered. While thus engaged, he put his hand in his pocket, and felt a purse, which was filled, with gold; he concluded to go and find some poor family, and give it to them, as it would do no one any good, if he cast himself into the river with the money. He soon found a dwelling that bespoke poverty within; he entered it, and there he beheld the mother of the family stretched on a bed of sickness, and six children in rags, and crying for bread. He gave them his purse of gold, and immediately their tears of sorrow were transformed into tears of joy; and their gratitude was so ardent and simple to their benefactor, as to fill his heart with joy and peace; and he exclaimed, "I did not know that there was so much happiness in doing good. I abandon the idea of killing myself, and will devote the remnant of my life to doing good." He did so, and was much distinguished for his deeds of benevolence.

RALPH'S CHRISTMAS.

How the bleak wind whistled down the moor, and how cold felt little Ralph, as he hurried towards the village of Blentley, on Christmas eve.

It was as much as the little fellow could do to stand against the furious blast; but he carried a stout heart underneath his plaid waistcoat, thin and poor as it was; and, with a sick sister at home, he was determined to reach the apothecary's before the store was closed, and carry back to suffering Annie the medicine she so much needed.

The quaint old Scotch town was alive with visitors when Ralph reached its outskirts, and while engaged in watching its busy inhabitants the poor boy forgot that he was both cold and hungry, for he had never seen such beautiful shops before, and could not be tired while peering within their bright windows. Garlands of holly, with their bright red berries, encircled dolls of every description, in their gay holiday costumes, while every imaginable toy little Ralph confidently believed he had now saw before him.

Ever and anon some happy child would issue from the doors, laden with gifts, while the grown people seemed to have more bundles than they could carry. Everywhere were to be seen tall Christmas trees, which Ralph well knew were soon to be laden with beautiful balls and flags, horns of sugar-plums, and fine fruits of every description.

It made his little heart ache, to think of all the happiness in store for hundreds of children that night; but it was not his own fate alone that he deplored, for Ralph was an unselfish child, and desired gifts more for the dear ones at home than for himself.

At last the tired boy reached the apothecary's and having carefully placed the bottle of medicine within his pocket, he sat down on a stone near a store to take a parting glance at all the treasures within. He felt sad enough before, but the sight of two boys, one with a fine new sleigh, just such as he had often wished to ride his little sister on, and the other with a splendid pair of skates, which to use one single day himself would be the greatest of treats, quite overpowered him; and, thinking himself entirely alone, the little fellow sobbed aloud.

"Heigho! What's all this noise about?" said a strange but pleasant-looking gentleman to the boy, as he patted him on the shoulder, and told him to stand up like a man and say what ailed him.

Poor Ralph felt shy enough when accosted by a real gentleman, in a fur coat and cap and carrying a gold-headed cane, which must have cost a mint of money. But poor as the child was, he had been well trained by a mother who had taught her son good manners; so he did not hang his head and look sheepish, nor did he tell a lie, which he knew would be a great sin against his heavenly Father.

When the grand gentleman bade him speak, he did so. "I was crying, sir, because everybody keeps Christmas but us. Father is dead and sister is sick, and we have no money for presents, and I was only wishing we could have some," replied the brave boy, as he manfully brushed away the tears that he could not keep from chasing each other down his cheeks.

"Is that all?" said the pleasant-looking gentleman; "and do you think you would be happy if you had as many presents as you could carry? Well now, come into this store, and tell me what you like best."

Could it be possible that Ralph might actually enter the charmed building, and look at all those splendid gifts! Yes, and handle them also; for the storekeeper was only too happy to display his treasures to the good Mr. McDonald, the richest man in all Blentley.

It took a good half-hour to lade the child, who, to his praise be it said, when left to make his own choice, selected most for the dear ones at home. At first, his choice was among the modest gifts; but his companion insisted that the boy should take just what he liked; and soon a warm cloak and hood for mother, a new dress for Annie, toys for the boys, and the prettiest of dolls for his little baby sister were placed in the collection; while his kind benefactor added a fine sleigh and a pair of skates for himself, exactly similar to those he had so envied.

As the grateful boy realized that these fine gifts were his own, he could scarcely express his thanks, and he threw his

arms around his new friend, with a heart too full for words. "Will mother welcome me, too?" said Mr. McDonald as he drove the child home over the desolate moor, in his own fine coach.

"Indeed she will," was the reply, "and here we are at the door."

It touched the good man's heart, to see the real poverty within, which he thanked God for enabling him to relieve.

"Now we shall all keep Christmas," said little Ralph, as he and his brothers danced around the table which the stranger's bounty had filled; for within the coach were stowed away hams and bacon, and every variety of fruit and candies, to be brought forth at his command.

Little Annie was raised from her couch, to join in the festivities, nor did the rich stranger hesitate to unite with them at the joyous supper, and wish them all a merry Christmas, before he took his departure.

How the inmates of the cottage thanked him in their hearts, and how happy he felt himself, my little readers can readily imagine.

At this season, when so many are unable to keep Christmas, let us all try to make at least one family happy, and then we shall delight in this joyous season, and be really happy ourselves.—Mrs. G. N. Richardson, in *Child at Home*.

THE YOUNG MERCHANTS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said:

"What a fine, large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine, open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your little stand in the future."

"Are those lobsters fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Williams.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply; and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end; for I have gained a customer and you have lost one."

"Who are the meek?" The child answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

Two country attorneys overtaking a wagoner on the road, thinking to break a joke with him, asked him why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean. The wagoner, knowing them to be limbs of the law, replied: "That the fore horse was a lawyer and the rest were his clients."

Love is such an affection as cannot so properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that.—South.



ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

'Twas the eve before Christmas, "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of, than ever before.
He told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as 'Santa Claus' ever had been;
And he hoped after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys, with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly toss'd on their soft downy beds.
Eight—nine—and the clock on the steeple toll'd ten;
Not a word had been spoken between them till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've been trying in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me sorry, because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now we know that there is—and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died.
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray;
And God would hear everything inamma would say.
And perhaps she asked Him to send 'Santa Claus' here,
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why can't we pray just as mamma did then,
And ask God to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too"—and without a word more,
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And two tiny hands were clasped to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we're asking of Thee,
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That 'Santa Claus' loves us far better than he,
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie—Amen!"

"Please, Desus, 'et 'Santa Taus' tum down to-night
And bring us some presents before it is 'ight;
I want he should dive me a nice little sled,
With bright shining runners, and all painted 'ed—
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight—nine—and the little French clock had struck ten.
Ere the father had thought of his children again.
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sigh,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eye.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And I should not have sent them so early to bed;
But, then I was troubled, my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But, of course, they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice asked-for kiss;
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door, to hear both their prayers;
His Annie's "bless papa," draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange, I'd forgotten," said he, with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turn'd to the stairs, and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire—facing the cold, driving sleet;
Nor stopped he, until he had bought everything,
To the box full of candy, the tiny gold ring;
Indeed he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score,
Then homeward he turned, with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery 'twas stowed
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree
By the side of a table, spread out for her tea!
A work-box, well filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While "Santa Claus," laughing stood up in the tor
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the fond father the picture surveyed
He tho't for his trouble he'd been amply repaid,
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a yea
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever befo'
What care I if bank stock fell ten per cent. v
Hereafter, I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have 'Santa Claus' visit us each Christ
So thinking, he gently extinguished the lif
And tripped down the stairs to retire for t'
As soon as the beams of the bright morni
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opene
And at the same moment the presents
Then out of their beds they sprang w'
And the very gifts pray'd for were al'
They laughed and they cried, in the
And shouted for "Papa" to come
What presents "Santa Claus" br
(Just the things that they wanted
"And now," added Annie, in v
"You'll believe there's a 'Sao
While dear little Willie climb
Determined no secret between
And told in soft whispers ho'
That their blessed mamma, r
Used to kneel down and pr
And that God up in Heave
"Then we dot up and pr

And God answered our prayer, now wasn't he good?" "I should say that he was, if he sent you all these. And knew just what presents my children would please, (Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf, 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.)" Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent? 'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs, And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

A LITTLE LIGHT AND WHAT IT DID.

Jean Ingelow tells, in her simple, easy way, a pretty story about a light in a window and the good work it accomplished. Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost. Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble yet he did not come home. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the Lonely Rock and gone down. In her deep sorrow this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor and weak; but she said in her heart that, while she lived, no more boats should be lost on the Lonely Rock if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, she laid down and slept through the day; but, when night fell, arose, and lighted a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from the sea and guide him safely into the harbor. She sat by the candle all night and trimmed it, and spun, but when the day dawned, she went to bed and slept. As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she had spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she has saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steadily as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fisherman had only to keep it constantly in view, and he was safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the Rock. However far they might go out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

Thus ends our beautiful story of a useful life. The readers of the ANGEL will be pleased to learn of a light, amid the darkness, that appeared in the person of John, the Apostle of Peace, in Europe, six hundred years ago. Three hundred years of almost constant war had desolated those fair lands, when John commenced his pacific mission. He raised the standard of Peace, and with masterly eloquence, moved the masses of people to rally around it. At one time he addressed many thousands from these words of Jesus: "My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you." He spoke of the miseries of war and the blessedness of peace, *Christ's Peace*. Surely a great light shone amid the darkness in John, the Apostle of Peace.

WHAT THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS.

Lewenboeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of a sand.

Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores.—Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows in a meadow.

WHAT A GLASS OF WINE DID.

The Duke of Orleans was the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, and inheritor of whatever rights his father could transmit. He was a very noble young man—physically noble. His generous qualities had made him universally popular. One morning he invited a few of his companions to breakfast, as he was about to depart from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated; he was not in any respect a dissipated man; his character was lofty and noble; but in that joyous hour he drank just one glass too much. In taking the parting glass he slightly lost the balance of his body and his mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered his carriage; but for that one glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from his carriage; but for that one glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer-shop near by, and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.

ONE MORE WORD.

We send to the dear friends of the ANGEL our Christmas number. This closes the present volume. We intend our next volume (1878) shall surpass preceding ones. We have no paid agents, and cannot offer premiums, as our paper goes out at cost. The ANGEL goes to many families, and to many Sabbath Schools, and is largely ordered for gratuitous distribution. With the earnest effort of each reader and friend, our circulation could be greatly increased, and the seeds of peace be sown widely over the land.

Friends, please examine our *terms* below, do some noble work for one of the best of causes, and respond *early* in money and words of cheer.

Your friend for Peace,

H. C. DUNHAM.

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Two numbers of the *Advocate* are combined in this issue. We trust our worthy patrons will not complain when we assure them, that we are doing the best we can, with the funds at our control, to give them in condensed form columns crowded with the most excellent and freshest peace matter. We hope the time is near when we shall be able to send out the *Advocate* more promptly. More money, more promptness. The American Peace Society has an honored history, and is entrusted with one of the greatest reforms of the age. We see the need and value of Peace principles in our own, and in other lands. A few years since, our beloved land was deluged in fraternal blood. A severe strain is upon us at this hour. The cry comes from all quarters, "Give us honest dealing and Peace." Can there be any possible doubt, that Peace Societies and Peace efforts have been advanced; and crowned with the Divine blessing? We think not. Universal Peace will come, and in that day, will it be nothing to have had a part in hastening the grand consummation? Let each friend of our holy cause, at once, contribute something as an offering on the altar of Peace and good will. Yours in the great work,

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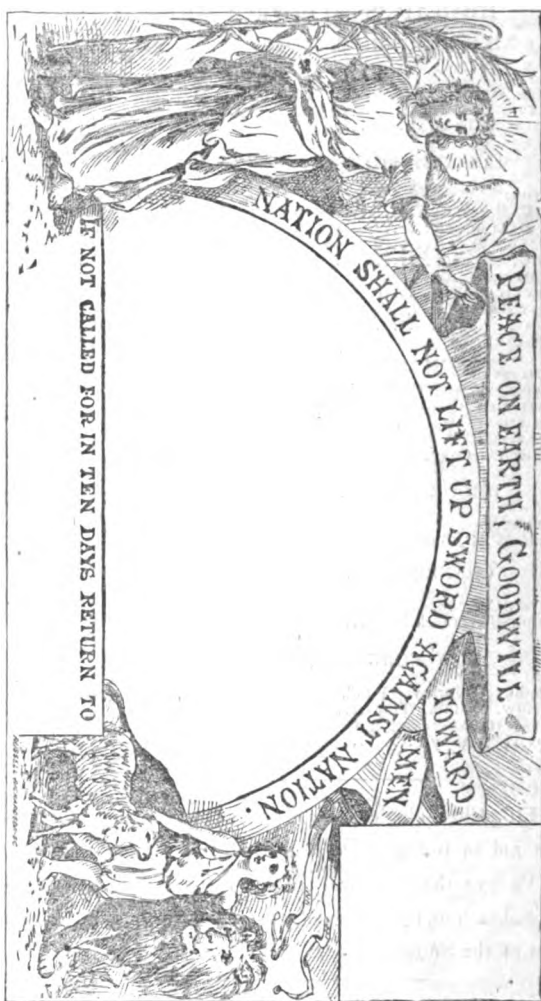
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D.

ON EARTH PEACE, . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

BOSTON, JAN. AND FEB., 1878

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

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NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, JAN. AND FEB., 1878.

VOL. IX. No. 1.

THE SEVEN-FOLD PROMISE.

BY E. P. WESTON.

To him that overcometh—*Rev. II. and III.*

O tempted soul be thou the conqueror!
Satan would sift thee; gather then thy strength
From the old armory of truth, and stand,
Tried yet triumphant in the mighty strife.
“To him that overcometh!” Mark thou well
The seven-fold promise of the great AMEN,
Down the far ages from the Apocalypse
As with a trumpet pealing to thine ear.
To him that overcometh shall be given
To eat of life’s fair tree—the immortal fruit
That ripens in the Paradise of God!
On him that conquereth no second death
Shall lay the finger of its terrible touch,
To quench the immortal vigor that shall flow
Through his rapt soul forever. Overcome!
For he that overcometh shall receive
The hidden manna that shall feast the soul
Ev’n as with “angels’ food;” and he shall wear
The white stone of his Saviour’s love engraved
With the dear name that love alone can read!
Aye, in the triumphs of his blessed Lord,
When he shall rise to tread the nations down,
The nations that have spurned him, shall the saint
That conquereth partake. Though scouted once,
Hunted on mountain cliffs or hidden in caves,
He shall come forth triumphant in his turn,—
For he hath mastered in the spirit-war
The powers of darkness, and shall wear henceforth
Brightness and beauty like the morning star!

And he that overcometh shall be clothed
In the white raiment of the glorified,
And read his name unblotted on the page
Of Life’s fair record, while his Savior’s voice
Shall sound it to the listening ear of Heaven.
Aye, more: in the grand temple of the skies
He shall be made a pillar of grace and strength,
Written in glory with the name of God,
And with the name of New Jerusalem.
And from its blessedness go no more out!

O thou that overcomest, is there more
To crown thy victory? Can thy staggered faith
Grasp the high promise of the Crucified,
That he who overcometh shall receive,
Not the mere treasures of the Universe,—
Not the vast raptures that a seraph feels,—
But the amazing glory to be throned
With his Redeemer in celestial light!

O tempted soul, if thou hast but an ear,
Let the large promise of thy Savior come
With its full blessing to thy faltering heart,
And nerve thee with the strength that overcomes!

It is in the minute circumstances of a man’s conduct that we are to inquire for his real character. In these he is under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself; while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion, and many other external motives, from that bias which his disposition would have taken.

For The Advocate of Peace.

LIVERPOOL PEACE SOCIETY.

BY A. B. HAYWARD, ESQ.,

Honorable Secretary Liverpool Peace Society.

TO EDITOR “ADVOCATE OF PEACE”,—

I am favored with your impression for this month, the reading of which I have greatly enjoyed, and have been greatly interested in. I observe you have found a corner for our list of debates, and it occurred to me that your readers would be pleased to have a short account of our campaign so far.

Well, Sir, it shall be short, but if possible racy, for we do not remember a more lively, energetic, earnest or successful time. We have, indeed, to do with some societies the large majority of whose members have beforehand made up their minds to vote against peace principles, right or wrong, and who virtually say, “We are not open to conviction;” but outside of these, a fringe of really thoughtful young men are found who ponder, weigh, and inwardly adjudicate our theme on its merits; and this thoughtful margin is from time to time adding valuable assistance to our ranks. Nor are the *non-obstante* men unmoved, for maugre their brave determination to stand still, they are put forward a stage, *volens volens*, and drift towards peace principles by imperceptible motion.

We find too, Sir, that though (in many societies) years ago, the difficulty was to keep back the men rushing to the front, the difficulty now is to get men to oppose our views. This is a good omen, and this session we observe the same thing very markedly.

We have some difficulty with those who stand on technical points and say, “Humanity is all very well, Philanthropy very commendable, and ‘Peace on earth’ very desirable; but prove to us that your principles are logical, truthful and practicable.” We lash ourselves alongside these men, Sir, nor leave them till fairly “conquered to their gain.”

Maintaining the old Latin proverb, “*Si vis pacem para bellum*,” one society stoutly asserted its application to every period of time and every nation under heaven. They bore down with their best men and their strongest arguments on the peace position, expecting it to fall a ready and easy prey to such artillery practice; but proudly and firmly stood the citadel of Peace, which in return fired volley after volley of *historic, scriptural, logical, philosophic shot and shell* proofs into the warrior ranks, which presently drove in every outpost, carried every redoubt, stormed every citadel, and at length compelled unconditional surrender.

Equally vigorous, and no less successful, our effort in a neighboring town of 30,000 inhabitants, when attacked in our redoubt No. 18, and named, “*The futility of attempting the suppression of evil by evil*.” Our opponents fired a heavy shot from a 50-ton gun called, “War in certain circumstances not an evil;” and with great blaze and much thunder attempted our ruin. Against our solid ramparts that shot was split into countless fragments, and the real difficulty was to find where we had been hit.

Invited to Waterloo (near Liverpool), not the old battle-field, Sir,—we were told to hope for the best, but prepare for the worst,—for there Russia intended to vindicate her right to declare war against Turkey. Less noise, but more sapping and mining took place here, and very ably our enemies pushed the siege. We are old soldiers, Mr. Editor, and though peace

men are not unaccustomed to war. We made no sign till the decisive moment, when springing on the foe we impaled him on our old and tried arm—the logical bayonet—and scattered the vaunting host amid a storm of rejoicings, that our weapons were made of sense and not of steel.

A busy town some fifteen miles away, burned with martial ardor to capture our citadel No. 7, called, "*The unsound principle of war to secure peace.*" Some very heavy cavalry opened the battle, and presently shot and shell began to fly. Altogether too vigorous, it was soon over; and breathless and panting, when we directed against these rash warriors a steady, sharp, relentless, logical fire, they loudly called for quarter which we at once granted, and also graced with some very valuable information, "free gratis and for nothing."

A valiant cohort stationed about four miles from Liverpool, asked us to witness the blowing up of our fortress No. 12, named, "*War's injustice and Christ's example.*" New gunnery and strange arms were employed in this engagement, and a system which even war itself condemns was adopted, namely, calling a parley and then firing on the unsuspecting flag! But though amid the fire and smoke, the bluster and blaze, some imagined that No. 12 fortress was blown away, it was afterwards found to have been entirely undamaged and solid as ever: its noble flag was flying in graceful waves of triumph over every foe, and to the joy of every friend.

We have an old tower No. 8, called, "*Honor with decline of challenge to war,*" which was fiercely assailed by a strong Welch regiment, who revived in the attack the ancient Greek fire (in the face), very hard to bear. The defenders of the old tower were half suffocated by the sulphur fumes, but taking to the open field revived so rapidly in the fresh air, that with double energy they tackled the foe hand to hand with the broadsword of reason and of truth so manfully that they not only held their own, but extorted from their opponents plaudits for meritorious courage and unconquerable valor.

I have, Sir, six or seven more Actions to give you account of, but at present time fails me, please to expect them at a future day.

87, Grove Road, Rock Ferry, }
near Liverpool, England. }

A BURMAN PRINCESS.

BY MRS. HILLS.

Dr. Judson, in one of his excursions on the river Selwyn, in Burmah, stopped at a village on its banks. A tall, fine looking woman was standing near the place of landing. Approaching her, he offered her his hand and enquired for her health.

"Well, my lord," she replied. In a few moments, being called back to the boat, he left her with his blessing. The woman was amazed. Never before had any man shown her such courtesy. Though a princess, yet, because she was a woman, she had been always treated as a slave. Soon her brothers came, and she said to them, "I have seen one of the sons of God. He is a man of Peace." "Did he speak?" "Yes, he offered me his hand." "Did you take the hand of the foreigner?" "Yes, for he looked like an angel." The brothers took her home to her husband, who was the prince or chief of the province. He was very angry with her and beat her. That night she was called to a heathen ceremony, but she said, "No, no. Ever since I was a child, I have served Satan and Gaudaina, and they have never prevented my husband from beating me. This man spoke to me kindly and gave me his hand. His God must be the God. Hereafter I worship him." That night she began to pray to the unknown God of the white foreigner. Her prayer was this, "Mighty Judge, Father God, Lord God, Uncle or Honorable God, Righteous One, in the heavens, in the earth, in the mountains, in the seas, in the north, in the south, in the east, in the west, pity me, I pray. Show me thy glory that I may know who thou art." For five long years, she offered this prayer, never once making offerings to idols or demons, when a missionary came to her beautiful village. She ran to him and sat at his feet for nine days, joyfully receiving the bread from heaven and the water of life offered her.

For The Advocate of Peace.

TWO PICTURES.

BY REV. DANIEL SAWYER.

THE WORLD AT PEACE.

No calls for costly war preparations. Great international friendship. No lack of laborers on farms and in workshops. Constant accumulations of wealth. No weeping for slaughtered friends. Few cripples for life. Very few widows and orphans. The revenue of nations plenty. The river of commerce broad and deep, full banks, and constantly flowing. All civil, educational and religious institutions highly prosperous. All branches of benevolence progressive, free from obstructions. None need fear of coming to want. No need of prisons and almshouses. The whole world in a smiling aspect.

THE WORLD IN ARMS.

Justice excluded; ill-will and strife prevail. The wealth of nations wasted upon forts, navy-yards and arsenals, standing armies and navies. "Nation lifting up sword against nation." The most healthy young men called away from the honest pursuits of life. The wealth of the world swallowed up, and nations groan under enormous debts. Weeping widows and orphans abound. Cripples numerous walk the streets. The current of national wealth dried up. All civil, educational and religious institutions exceedingly crippled. All branches of benevolence move heavily. Great increase of pauperism and crime. Prisons and almshouses full. The wide world sit in gloom and sorrow.

THE INTERESTS OF PEACE.

In unveiling the statue of Cobden, at Bradford, England, not long ago, that sagacious and practical Englishman, John Bright, made an address in which he reviewed British foreign policy for the past generation, and showed that there had not been a single difficulty between great powers in all that time when there had not been a war party in England urging the government of that country to interfere. He goes back to 1830, when the French under Charles X., captured Algiers. At that time it was said that France was making the Mediterranean a French lake, and was disturbing the balance of power. "Yet," says Mr. Bright, "ten days after the capture of Algiers, the King of France was a refugee on the shores of this island, and from that time to this Algiers has been a costly burden to the French people." Mr. Bright said he did not doubt that in the forty-seven years since that transaction, France has spent one hundred millions of pounds as the result of this possession of Algeria, and that it has cost more than a hundred thousand French lives, and yet France is not stronger to-day, and the balance of power is not in the smallest degree disturbed by the conquest of Algiers by France. The great Quaker statesman clearly demonstrated that the war party of England has been the party of wrong and folly, and the peace party the party of wisdom and of national prosperity. Mr. Bright warmly commended the grand sentiment which Lord Derby uttered the other day: "We must always remember that the greatest British interest is the interest of peace."

This sentiment is as true of all countries as of Great Britain. Even as great a power as Russia may find that peace with as weak a power as Turkey would have been more to her real interests than war. She may finally succeed in bringing Turkey to a better mind in the treatment of her Christian subjects, but it is probable enough when she comes to count the cost that she will discover that this object might have been accomplished more economically and perhaps more effectively.—*Baltimore Sun.*

If you wish to make yourself agreeable to any one, talk as much as you please about his or her affairs, and as little as possible about your own. People are such downright egotists themselves, that they cannot tolerate egotism in others.

For The Advocate of Peace.

NUTS FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY TO CRACK.

BY REV. J. D. BENGLESS, A. M.,
Chaplain in the United States Navy.

MR. EDITOR,—

I find in your excellent *ADVOCATE* the following, which is a typical paragraph:

"THE WAY THE MONEY GOES is illustrated by the 81-ton gun which cost \$50,000 to make at Woolwich, while the gunpowder used in proof experiments cost \$10,000, the barge to remove the gun to Shoeburyness cost \$11,500, and the crane to lift it cost \$40,000. Each round fired in active service will cost \$125."

In your most interesting editorial correspondence from Antwerp I find the following:

"It requires much faith, indeed, to lead a body of men to meet in this city, to labor for peace principles, at the very moment nations are straining their finances to the edge of bankruptcy to keep standing armies and navies, of such cost and size as the world has scarce ever seen before. What matter our deliberations here, when in Prussia, yonder, seventeen thousand men are employed at the Krupp foundry making implements of war, and seventy-five engines drive the lathes and the most powerful steam hammers in the world smite the forge in making these vast cannon that at one discharge may send to death half a regiment."

Now is not this first paragraph most admirably answered in the second? Simply substituting the Woolwich gun for one of the 100-ton Krupp guns, and is it not plain that the itemized expenditure of \$111,500, which this gun cost, is just so much money taken from the rich who pay the taxes and distributed among the 17,000 men employed in the Krupp foundry, and the other thousands and even tens of thousands who mine the ore and coal, and quarry the limestone, and build the railroads and cars for their transportation from the mines and quarries to the foundries and the other tens of thousands who from the raw material in the mountains to the finished productions, build the 75 engines that drive the thousands of lathes and punches and drills and planers and forges, and back of this manufacture those hammers and blowers and lathes and drills and punches and planers and bellings and shaftings and pulleys, and that prepare the material and erect the buildings in which all this work is done. So too, the \$125, which each round fired in active service will cost, is it not simply the cost of labor in producing the powder and the shot, and is not every dollar of it distributed among peaceful artisans and laborers? In a single word, is not this entire peace argument based upon the cost of war a simple imposition practised upon human credulity? And have not the advocates of "Peace on earth and good will to men" quite enough weapons in their peaceful armory without using this worn-out breech-bursting thing which shoots backwards quite as dangerously as it does forwards?

Again, as to the matter of the "nations straining their finances to the edge of bankruptcy to keep standing armies and navies at such cost and size," etc. Is not this simply the 81-ton gun multiplied a few thousand times, by reason of the increased number of men required to construct and man its duplicates, and to construct and man the ships to carry them, and to produce and transport the supplies for these men? In short, is it not the entire expenditure for war with the comparatively trifling deduction of the pay of armies and navies, a simple process by which governments take the property of the rich and distribute it among the poor, at the same time developing and encouraging the peaceful industries of the country.

Lastly, concerning the Russo-Turkish war. The Mohammedan religion is a religion of conquest. To propagate and perpetuate that religion by the sword is the mission and purpose of the Ottoman Empire, and for this it lives and moves

and has its being. Its entire code of morals, and the foundation of the system of which it is the head and front, rest upon this idea. Christianity in all the varied types of its adherents, from the iconistic ritualism of the Eastern Church to the pure orthodoxy and evangelistic simplicity of Doctors Goodell, Dight and Hamlin, have been peacefully confronting Islam and the sword of Othman, whenever the sword of civilized Europe would support and protect it in so doing, through bygone centuries down to the present time, and I venture to inquire what efficient service has been rendered in the work of establishing peace principles among the Turks. Did the assembled wisdom of the Peace Conference sitting at Antwerp succeed in proposing or devising a single measure that its most sanguine advocate would have thought worth carrying to the palace of the Seraskier at Constantinople? From the day that Mohammed received his pretended revelations at Medina to defend and propagate his faith by holy war, has there ever been a moment when any argument other than the sword has weighed a feather with the rulers of Islam?

RESOLUTIONS.

Mr. A. B. Hayward, the Honorable Secretary of the Liverpool Peace Society, has prepared the following resolutions, embodying the principles of the Peace Society, for debate with Literary Societies:—*Resolved*,—

- 1.—That, All international differences may be arranged without appealing to arms.
- 2.—That, British interests cannot require this country to intervene by force of arms in the Eastern dispute.
- 3.—That, War is the survival of barbaric action in civilized nations, and of ignorance among peoples.
- 4.—That, For special reasons, Great Britain should be foremost in taking measures for universal demobilization, and in the formation of an European Court of Arbitration.
- 5.—That, The permanent influence of a nation depends on its moral and political honesty, and not on its military power.
- 6.—That, The Christian theory can have but partial development while war is sanctioned.
- 7.—That, The doctrine of preparation for war, to secure peace, is unsound in principle, and at variance with experience.
- 8.—That, The inherent power of a thorough Christian policy has been proved adequate to the preservation of a nation's safety.
- 9.—That, War is one of the greatest of evils, and is, therefore, under no circumstances justifiable.
- 10.—That, The highest principles of statesmanship would be outraged by any participation, on the part of this country, in the war in the East.
- 11.—That, The reproductive capital of this country has been, and is, greatly crippled by the war system.
- 12.—That, Defensive war involves acts of injustice, which violate the teaching and example of Christ.
- 13.—That, loans for war purposes are inconsistent with Christianity.
- 14.—That, It is impossible to conduct war on Christian principles.
- 15.—That, The depression of trade is largely owing to the immense expenditure entailed by the war system.
- 16.—That, The plea of a greater evil than war (if one exist) is no justification for the practice of the assumed lesser evil.
- 17.—That, The functions of the soldier and the policeman essentially differ.
- 18.—That, To attempt the suppression of evil by evil (such as war), will result in an increase of evils in many forms, and will utterly fail in the original design.

Poor little children! They bring and teach us human beings more good than they get returned. How often does the mother repay this by doing her best to wipe, even before this time, the dew of fresh simplicity from childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been —
Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, JAN. & FEB., 1878.



THE ANTWERP CONFERENCE.

REPORT OF DR. MALCOM, AT A SPECIAL MEETING
OF THE PEACE SOCIETY, DEC. 10, 1877.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—

In obedience to the vote passed by you last summer, by which Hon. Edward S. Tobey and myself were appointed delegates to represent the American Peace Society at the then approaching Peace Conference at Antwerp, I left this city upon August 4th by steamship for Liverpool, and reached my destination in safety. I regret that the official engagements at home prevented Mr. Tobey from accompanying me.

I may here state that I represented at Antwerp not only the American Peace Society, but, also by election as delegate from those bodies, the American Branch of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, the Universal Peace Union, and the Liverpool Peace Society. As I happened to be the only delegate from the above four Societies present at Antwerp, it became very evident to me, and the same opinion was expressed to me by prominent members of the Conference, that my going was particularly fortunate.

The steamship upon which I embarked at London ascended the river Scheldt, and came to her wharf, at Antwerp, upon Sunday, August 26th. The city was brilliant with the display of flags, banners, devices and triumphal arches in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rubens; and, in these glad tokens, I seemed at once to perceive a sort of prophecy of the triumph of peace, when the world shall break forth into rejoicings that nations learn war no more.

The Conference had been announced to commence its sessions upon Tuesday, August 28th; but, upon reaching Antwerp, I learned that the local committee of preparation had delayed the opening of the sessions to Thursday, August 30th. Having, with my travelling companion, established myself at the Hotel St. Antoine, I soon found that delegates arrived rapidly from various European countries. I desire here to mention, by the way, that my travelling companion was Mr. William P. Sheffield, Jr., of Newport, Rhode Island, son of Hon. William P. Sheffield, a distinguished member of the Rhode Island bar and legislature. Mr. Sheffield, having just graduated, as valedictorian of his class, at Brown University, was on his way to Paris to study law; and, stopping with me at Antwerp, was elected a member of the Conference, and will no doubt be a life-long friend of the cause of peace.

Upon Thursday morning the delegates assembled in the hall of the splendid old Hotel de Ville, where they were re-

ceived by an address of welcome from the Burgomaster of Antwerp. He extended a hearty greeting to the Conference, expressed a warm appreciation of the nobleness of its undertaking, and hailed with pleasure the signs gathering in different quarters and under various forms by which we are assured that international law is more and more coming to rule the nations, to the ultimate displacement of the sword.

The Conference opened its sessions with about one hundred delegates, representing Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Egypt, and the United States of America. They represented various influential callings, as legislators, jurists, statesmen, clergymen, lawyers, professors, philanthropists, bankers, and commercial men. I might easily give a long list of illustrious names of those present, and enlarge upon the powerful aid they gave the Association by their co-operation. The Right Hon. Lord O'Hagan, late Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, was elected President of the Conference, and made the opening address. He spoke with rare eloquence of the origin and nature of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, and pronounced a merited eulogy upon my honored predecessor in this office, the late Rev. James B. Miles, D.D., who, as the Secretary of the American Peace Society, and by his extraordinary energy and skill, brought the Association into existence. In the year 1871, while the Geneva Arbitration and the Washington Treaty were under consideration, and likely to result in the satisfactory and peaceful settlement of the serious difficulties between Great Britain and the United States, Elihu Burritt, and James B. Miles, and Edward S. Tobey concluded to call for an international peace meeting, in order to devise some method by which law and courts might be substituted for the arbitrament of the sword in the settlement of international disputes. The eminent and learned philanthropist, Elihu Burritt, a Vice-President of the Society, wrote the manuscript, which was brought to this office for publication, calling the meeting just referred to, though the call itself was the joint work of Mr. Burritt and others. It is a high honor to this Society that by its officers, and by its moral and pecuniary co-operation, it should have brought into existence an Association representing one of the most important movements of this generation for the promotion of peace amongst nations, of which the Conference at Antwerp was a marked expression.

The sessions of the Conference continued from the 30th of August to the 4th of September. The subjects of the papers and reports were divided into three classes, namely, Private International Law, Public International Law, and Miscellaneous. Under the first head came such themes as these: The Mixed Tribunals of Egypt, Foreign Judgments, Bankruptcy, Patents for Inventions, Trade Marks, Copyright, General Average, Bills of Exchange. Under the second head came: The Obligations of Treaties, The Doctrine of Continuous Voyages, International Maritime Law, The Doctrine of Neutral Waters, Extradition of Criminals, Succor to Shipwrecked Mariners, Intercourse between Christian and Non-Christian Peoples, The Progress of International Law. Under the third head came: A Uniform Monetary Standard, Foreign Loans. These themes were treated by eminent men, possessed of learning and experience in their several departments, as, for instance, Dr. Hovey, of Amsterdam; Mr. Dutrieux, of Cairo; Judge Scott, of Alexandria;

Henry Richard of the English Parliament; Sir Travers Twiss; Prof. Amos, of London University; Prof. Birkbeck, of Cambridge University; M. Becker, of Paris; Mr. Cremens, of Holland; Dr. Bredius, of the Hague. The papers covered a broad field, and were all in the direction of peace. Some of the papers contained the most vigorous appeals for a discontinuance of the custom of war that genius and learning could make. The Association hopes ultimately to influence governments themselves to move for a code of International Law and a Court of Arbitration. A resolution which I had the honor of drawing up and presenting to the Association, and which was unanimously passed, gives expression to one phase of this idea, as follows:

“Resolved, That the resolution passed at the session of the Conference on Saturday, based upon the papers of Mr. Richard of London and Mr. Thompson of Berlin, be referred to a special committee, with instructions to devise the best methods for bringing to the notice of National Governments the insertion of an arbitration clause in all future international treaties.” If governments do this it may be a long step in the direction of peace by promising to endeavor to settle by arbitration any matter of dispute before resorting to war.

The international character of the Association inspires high hope of its usefulness. It belongs to no sect or party in church or state. It belongs to no one nationality. It possesses strength in its union. It essentially effects public opinion in a personal and social way; and especially through the public press. At no distant day it will make itself felt upon the councils of governments. It is not supposed that the Association can move the nations to give up their military spirit at once. The whole Christian church does not accomplish that mission. Yet, the Association, working with a thousand other agencies, civil and religious, helps to bring forward the day of peace.

Lord O'Hagan, the President of the Conference, in his address at the close of the meetings, praised the assembly for the very marked ability and practical sagacity of its deliberations.

The Association closed its Conference with a splendid social reunion, given by the Burgomaster, in the halls of the Hotel de Ville, memorable with historic paintings and carvings in oak, where flowers, and music, and a sumptuous feast crowned the meetings with gladness.

I remained in Antwerp several days after the close of the meetings, writing accounts of them, and so holding forth the doctrines of peace, to seven or eight leading journals of England and the United States.

It seems well that Antwerp was selected for the Conference; for, in some sense, at least, it may be called the city of peace, in that it contains the paintings and was the home of that Rubens whose brush celebrated the dying love for man of Christ, the Prince of Peace. Yet more, the late king of Belgium, Leopold, was regarded as almost the arbitrator between disturbed governments, and it was well that on that soil should meet a company of men for the purpose of constructing a code of International Law.

I desire to mention that the Liverpool Peace Society gave me a kind reception in the shape of a “tea-meeting,” and a public meeting in Friends' Institute, where I made an address. Also, that the Manchester Peace Society gave me a dinner at the Reform Club, and a public meeting where I

made an address. In Birmingham I conferred with peace friends, and was kindly offered an entertainment and public reception from the Arbitration Union of that city, the notices for which had been printed, but my limited time would not allow me to stay. I only mention these things to show the interest, not in me personally, but in the cause I represented.

I also desire to mention with gratitude the fact that the Cunard Steamship Company gave me my passage from Boston to Liverpool, and the White Star Steamship Company gave me my return passage from Liverpool to New York. I regard these generous acts as a tribute from these corporations to the worth of the peace cause.

From the towers of the Cathedral at Antwerp sometimes bursts forth a wondrous melody, proceeding from the chimes of sixty bells swinging there, entrancing the listener by the concord of sweet sounds. To us, these chimes are a symbol of that good time coming when all nations and tongues shall chant together that hymn of peace once sung by the angelic choir over the star-lit plains of Bethlehem, of peace on earth and good will to men.

NUTS CRACKED AND FOUND WORTHLESS.

We welcome to our columns an article from Rev. Mr. Bengless entitled, “Nuts for the Peace Society to Crack.” For many years we have counted Mr. Bengless amongst our dearest friends, and we are glad to have a contribution from his accomplished pen. A man of talent and scholarship, his views deserve a respectful hearing; but, at the same moment, we think it not difficult to crack the nuts offered us by his hospitable hand.

Yes, it is quite true that the Woolwich gun, and the Krupp foundry, and the army and navy of a nation, do distribute money amongst vast numbers of men; that hundreds of thousands work in mines, and quarries, and forests, and fields, and foundries, and shipyards, and in ten thousand other places, to produce the implements of war; and that hundreds of millions of dollars are distributed in the shape of wages amongst laborers, artisans, soldiers and sailors. We admit, also, that the pecuniary cost of war is an argument of small force in comparison with its cost in the lives and souls of men. Yet, it is an honest and strong argument, after all, and appeals to a certain class of minds with peculiar emphasis. “Is not this entire peace argument based upon the cost of war a simple imposition practised upon human credulity?” enquires Mr. Bengless. No, esteemed Chaplain, it is *not* an “imposition” practised upon anybody. It is a fair method of reasoning, used by many men of great eminence, who are too wise and good to impose upon human credulity.

We may take it as an axiom, that in spending money it should be spent for wise and good ends, and that otherwise it is wasted. For instance, the distilleries and grog-shops of our country put vast sums of money into circulation. The farmer is paid for his grain, the mechanic for building edifices and constructing machinery, and the salesman for disposing of the intoxicating drink: yet, this is no valid argument in favor of the rum traffic, if it can be shown that the traffic as a whole produces poverty, ruin, crime, misery and death. So, concerning war. We are to consider to what ends the costs of war are directed. Doing this, we see beyond all question that the ultimate results of war are destructive of property, to say

nothing of the anguish and crime it inflicts upon the human race.

Thousands of millions of dollars are "distributed among peaceful artisans and laborers" to carry on war. Yes, that is true; but, at the same moment, it is only one side of the question. What shall we say of the millions and millions of dollars *destroyed* from amongst "peaceful artisans and laborers" by war? War is the great impoverisher of the world. In estimating its havoc of property we must enquire not only how much it costs, and how much it destroys, but also how far it prevents the acquisition of wealth. The custom of war withdraws vast numbers of men from pursuits of industry. Armies are collected from the working population. The field, the factory, the mine, the shop is stimulated to produce implements of war, and to sustain armies; but, these very implements and armies *destroy* ten thousand times more wealth than they create. War is a charge on the industries of peace. The wages of an army and navy are a tax upon every citizen. Public debts are created. The war debt of Europe to-day is \$12,000,000,000. The treaty of Paris in 1763 ended a war which cost \$560,000,000. The war against Napoleon the First cost \$5,800,000,000. Our own country to-day is groaning under the debt created by our civil war, and under the destruction of property which then took place. Indeed, the property positively destroyed by war is greater than the mere cost of war. If history teaches any lesson clearly it is that war blots out of existence untold treasures of wealth and art, and lays whole provinces in ruin. If the great fire of Chicago, or of Boston, annihilates hundreds of millions of dollars, much more does war destroy by its ravages, its plunderings and its burnings many cities and territories. Instead of spending money for war, therefore, is it not better to spend it in the establishment of colleges, hospitals and public improvements?

The Sultan of Turkey, in a proclamation recently issued, says the present Turkish war is hindering the development of the country, and is destroying its trade and industries. Rev. George Washburn, President of Robert College, Constantinople, in a discourse recently delivered in Boston, said, "The war has spread desolation over the best parts of Turkey. It is a curse to the country. Not one-half the men who left their homes will return; the fields remain uncultivated; taxation is terrible; in some places the annual tax has been collected five times; the whole commerce of the country is stopped; homes have been broken up, and many driven into slavery." Russia has lost in this war 120,000 men in killed and wounded, which is a frightful sacrifice of the very men who would otherwise develop the resources of Russia by various industries. The fact is, wars are but the barbaric way to national impoverishment. Speculators, army contractors and manufacturers of arms and uniforms, now and then profit by war, and build up fortunes; but, ultimately, the nation engaged in war is harmed. Russia and Turkey cultivating the arts of peace, would create markets for exchange of products, and have prosperous populations; but Russia and Turkey engaged in the work of mutual destruction, and borrowing money at fearful rates of interest, are on the road to impoverishment, and are imposing upon themselves the crushing taxation of war debts. Indeed, we confidently affirm that the cost of war, to say nothing of its wickedness, makes it an enemy not merely of human happiness but of material development in every form.

The Right Honorable John Bright, in a speech delivered at Llandudno about a year ago, said, "If one may presume to ask one's self what, in the eye of the Supreme Ruler, is the

greatest crime that His creatures commit, I think we may almost with certainty conclude that it is the crime of war." General Grant, in his speech delivered in Birmingham about the time of our visit to that city last summer, said, "Though I have followed a military life for the better part of my years, there never was a day of my life when I was not in favor of peace upon any terms that were honorable. It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other general on the other side of the Atlantic; but there was never a time during my command when I would not gladly have chosen some settlement by reason rather than by the sword." When the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common was dedicated a few months ago, the orator of the day, Attorney-General Devens, said, "While great changes for good have been wrought by the convulsive energies of wars, yet of all the causes which have degraded nations, opposed human progress and oppressed industry, war has been the worst." C. H. M.

THE COSMOPOLITAN LEAGUE.

The first number of a new Italian serial has been issued, with the above title, as the organ of the Cosmopolitan Humanitarian Association, at Florence, under the leadership of Miss Pieromaldi. It contains in a very brief compass several thoughtful papers and letters on Peace, including one from Professor Carrara, another from the Princess Dora D'Istria, and an appreciative review of the recent writings of M. Doyen, of France. English friends of the cause will accord their hearty good wishes to this fresh indication of a growing interest in Italy in the same good principles.

BULGARIAN BUGBEARS.

It is, I know, rank heresy to speak in defence of the Mussulmans, and the "Bulgarian atrocities," writes the Constantinople correspondent of the *New York Times*, can be pointed to in answer to any plea in their behalf. Not a word can be said in palliation of that series of horrors, but is it fair to condemn to destruction a whole people for the deeds of individual ruffians? Are the Bulgarians worthy of all the sympathy demanded for them? They are, at least, supposed to have enjoyed the "softening influences of Christianity," and yet their conduct has exceeded in brutality anything perpetrated by either Bashi-Bazouks or Tcherkisses. They have not even the excuse, more or less founded, of a necessity to suppress an alleged insurrection. They have not the law of talion to give a reason for their outrages. In not one of the localities sullied by last year's massacres have they exercised their vengeance, but have simply wreaked their blind, brutal rage on the defenceless women and children and decrepit old men, who had been left without defence, with whom they had always before lived on terms of amity, and who had never, in either word or deed, raised a finger to harm them. Russia took up a crusade for the sake of outraged humanity, and declared that she came "not to destroy, but to build up," and yet wherever her legions march it is as with the hosts of the heathen Danes, when "before them was battle, behind them wrack." The fairest provinces of the empire are being devastated as though the hordes of Attila had passed. An industrious, peaceful, law-abiding population is driven from its homes, to whose roofs the torch is applied, simply for the pleasure of destruction, and the world is bidden to applaud at the horrid spectacle of an innocent people exterminated in the name of that religion whose precepts are peace and good will to all men.

A witty gentleman, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that "he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone." "If his constitution was all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all." "Oh," responded the wag, "he lives on the by laws."

A VISION OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

From the report of Rev. J. Cook's Lectures in the *Daily Advertiser*.

In the possible, I do not say in the probable, future, there lies at a distance of not more than three centuries, an alliance, not a union, of Great Britain, the United States, Australia, India, belting the globe and possessed of power to strike a universal peace through half the continents and all the seas. The disbanding of large standing armies among English-speaking peoples would be one majestic end attainable by this majestic means. Great Britain alone now virtually rules the waves. The fleets of such an alliance might easily govern the oceans. A league of all English-speaking peoples throughout the world could be attacked only from the sea. Such an alliance was deliberately proposed not long ago in a speech before the Union League club of New York by Mr. Forster, a member of Parliament, and Mr. Gladstone's prospective successor as leader of the liberal party in English politics. (See report in *Tribune* of Dec. 15, 1874.) The haughty and cautious British press emphatically praised the scheme as practicable, and to England desirable. Dream though it may be, this possible future naturally comes before our thoughts in this jubilant Christmas season, the first occurrence of which was described by Milton in these words:

"No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained by hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord
was by."

—[Hymn to the Nativity.]

Even so conservative a power as the London *Spectator* says that such an alliance "would, for geographical reasons, be utterly beyond attack from any first-class power, unless China should ever become one, and that, except in India, it could be attacked only by fleets which eighty millions of men, always foremost in naval warfare or maritime enterprise, could with no great or exhausting effort brush away from the seas. It would be open to such a league, without dangerous interventions, to secure permanent peace among nearly half mankind."

What would be some of the rules of such an alliance, Anglo-American and Australian, if the nations should ever be wise enough to upon its organization? Perhaps they would first agree not to enter into war with each other without trying arbitration as a remedy. Already a precedent has been set at Geneva in a famous arbitration trial, such that it would be very difficult now for English-speaking nations to accept war with each other without trying arbitration first as a method of settlement. At Geneva was spun by Clotho a thread which Lachesis twists and Atropos seems unlikely soon to sever.

"Spin, spin, Clotho spin,
Lachesis twist and Atropos sever;
Strong is Death and strong is Sin,
But only God endures forever."

—[Lowell.]

Would free trade be the rule as to commercial intercourse? That is a difficult question, and one not to be brought up earliest in the formation of any Anglo-American alliance. But, perhaps, after deciding that arbitration is to be tried before we make war with each other, we should agree that arbitration is to be offered to every nation that purposes to make war on us. Our example in favor of arbitration might strike peace through many a minor kingdom. The make-weight of the political influence of an Anglo-Saxon alliance thrown into the scale of bloody war, might often be enough to bring contending peoples of no great size to peace. Perhaps uniform standards of weight and measure and money would be adopted throughout such a league. Possibly patent laws would cover the whole territory of the alliance; perhaps copyright would. Of course international law, which already begins to be codified, would advance to new details and en-

larged honor. After these earlier and smaller strands should have been tied, there might come a day when the question would be raised whether all ports of this alliance should not be open to free trade. Having once adopted arbitration as an international law; shall Great Britain and the United States treat each other as enemies in trade, although friends in politics? There is much to be said against free trade; but probably an English-speaking alliance would at last drift into it. What inspiritment would come to commerce with free trade among all English-speaking peoples in the whole world! What encouragement would come to all friends of peace if commerce were to be made a missionary for peace, not only in England, but in Australia, and in America as well! If the Anglo-American alliance of the possible future were to become, in the interests of commerce, a missionary of peace in all seas, it surely would be the same in all continents. Our ocean lines of transit are now so connected with the railways and telegraphs that an alliance, able to manage the seas would also need to assert its power over many large lines of railway transit; and so little by little commerce, after managing the water, would manage the land in the interests of peace.

How much power would there be behind such an alliance? What would be the strength of its numbers? We have in Great Britain 40,000,000 of people, and in the United States more than 40,000,000. Here in Canada and British America are 4,000,000, and in the West Indies and Guiana another million and more. Then we have in Australasia 2,500,000 belonging to the British empire. We have in the scattered eastern possessions of Great Britain more than 3,000,000 people. We have in Africa 1,500,000, who are ruled by Queen Victoria, and in India 240,000,000, of which she is the Empress. What, now, if all these scattered millions should be united, we should have about 325,000,000, in an Anglo-American alliance, or very nearly a quarter of the population of the world. At another centennial of our country and of the British empire, more than a quarter would be inside this possible league. The Sandwich Islands would probably join such an alliance. Would progressive Japan do so? Would Egypt? Would Greece?

The Pacific would be to an alliance of all English-speaking peoples only what the Mediterranean was to the Roman empire.

Such a league might finally adopt the supreme measure of defending itself as a unit in case of attack. That would be, perhaps, the last thing arrived at, after free trade had cemented us. But give me these four regulations—no war without arbitration between English-speaking peoples; arbitration to be offered to every nation that attacks such a league; common laws as to patents, copyrights and money; and, lastly, free trade—and I, in spite of Washington's remarks about the danger of entangling alliances, will predict that the time will ultimately come when the English-speaking alliance, will defend any one part of itself by the force of all its parts. What good would that do? It would make the nearly complete disbanding of standing armies safe in all English-speaking nations. It would reduce the size of armies on the continent of Europe, although Germany and France might not belong to such an alliance. One part of the force of Germany is kept up because of the power of Great Britain. Not only is France her neighbor, but England is also; and Germany, although not given to making war, is given to such preparations for war as to make peace advisable to all her neighbors.

The portion of the alliance openest to attack from the land would be in India, of course. We could be attacked from Russia better than from any other quarter. But join 325,000,000 of people, let them say that they will have peace with each other, and, all history for it, they will ultimately have peace with the world.

Your Charles Sumner stood here years ago and made a speech for peace; but it was his stern fortune to pass through like a sentinel on the edge of the most terrific civil conflict the world ever saw, except one.—the Thirty Years' war. We have listened, we may think, to his words very earnestly. He had far forecast, and regarded our battles as only a police movement for the execution of the laws. He did not admit that his peace principles were fundamentally compromised by

all he did in support of the Union during our civil conflict. It was the dream of many cultivated men in Boston and Cambridge twenty-five years ago that we had come to an era in which wars were to be unpopular with culture throughout the world. It is the dream of many men of culture yet, that such an era is ahead of us. Our great commissions for the discussion of international law, and for the arrangement of common rules in commerce, are full of hope to-day, although most of their members are lawyers and dry men of the world, that self-interest will ultimately prevent war between people of the English-speaking class. Is it altogether too early for us to look upon our Peace Society as a timely organization? Is it not a promise to which at this season we may well listen as a bugle calling us from afar? and having in it more hope than was in the bugles heard at Lucknow. "England and America," wrote Carlyle to Dickens in 1845, "are properly not two nations, but one; inseparable by any human power or diplomacy; being already united by Heaven's Act of Parliament and nature and practical intercourse; indivisible brother elements of the same great Saxondom, to which in all honorable ways belong life." When Charles Sumner's oration for peace was made, not a few circles of culture were inclined to think that Tennyson sang something authoritative when he said:

I dipt into the future as far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the World and all the wonder that
would be,

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer and the battle-
flags were furled,

In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the
World." —[Locksley Hall.

You say that these words are outgrown, but a late poetess, whom England loves to call Shakespeare's daughter, was to the very last hour of her life inclined to the same opinions; and it ill becomes us dull people, when a Mrs. Browning sings ahead of us, not to see her spirit from the Unseen beckoning us and the ages to the final realization of her own ideal:

"Rise: prefigure the grand solution

Of earth's municipal insular schisms—

Statesmen, draping self-love's conclusions

In cheap vernacular patriotisms.

Bring us the higher example: release us
Into the larger coming time.

No more Jew or Greek then—taunting

Nor taunted: no more England nor France,

But one confederate brotherhood, planting

One flag only to mark the advance,

Upward and onward, of all humanity.

"National voices, distinct yet dependent,

Enspiring each other as swallow does swallow,

With circles still widening and ever ascendent

In multiform life to united progression.

These shall remain.

"Each Christian nation shall take upon her

The law of the Christian man in vast:

The crown of the getter shall fall to the donor,

And last shall be first and first shall be last,

And to love best shall still be to reign unsurpassed."

—[Italy and the World.

END OF FOUR GREAT CONQUERORS.

ALEXANDER, after causing the death of millions, wept because there were not more nations for him to conquer, and died in a drunken debauch.

HANNIBAL died by poison administered by his own hand, and everywhere hated

CÆSAR, after conquering eight hundred cities, at a vast waste of human blood, was miserably murdered.

NAPOLEON, who ruled kings, popes and deluged Europe with blood, closed his days on a lonesome island, exiled from the world.

These are but specimens of men who climbed to the pinnacle of earthly greatness, as men call it. Every one of them lived in anxiety and ambition, and died mourned by none.

PRIZE ESSAY.

The Alumni Association of Haverford College, Pennsylvania, offers a prize of \$250, or £50, for the best Essay on "The most Practicable Plan for Promoting the Speedy Substitution of Judicial, for Violent Methods of Settling International Disputes."

The Essays are to be submitted in sealed envelopes, containing the name and address of the authors before the end of the year 1878, to the undersigned, who will report the result of their adjudication at the Annual Meeting of the Alumni, occurring in the ensuing summer.

The Association reserves the privilege of retaining all of the Essays that compete for the prize.

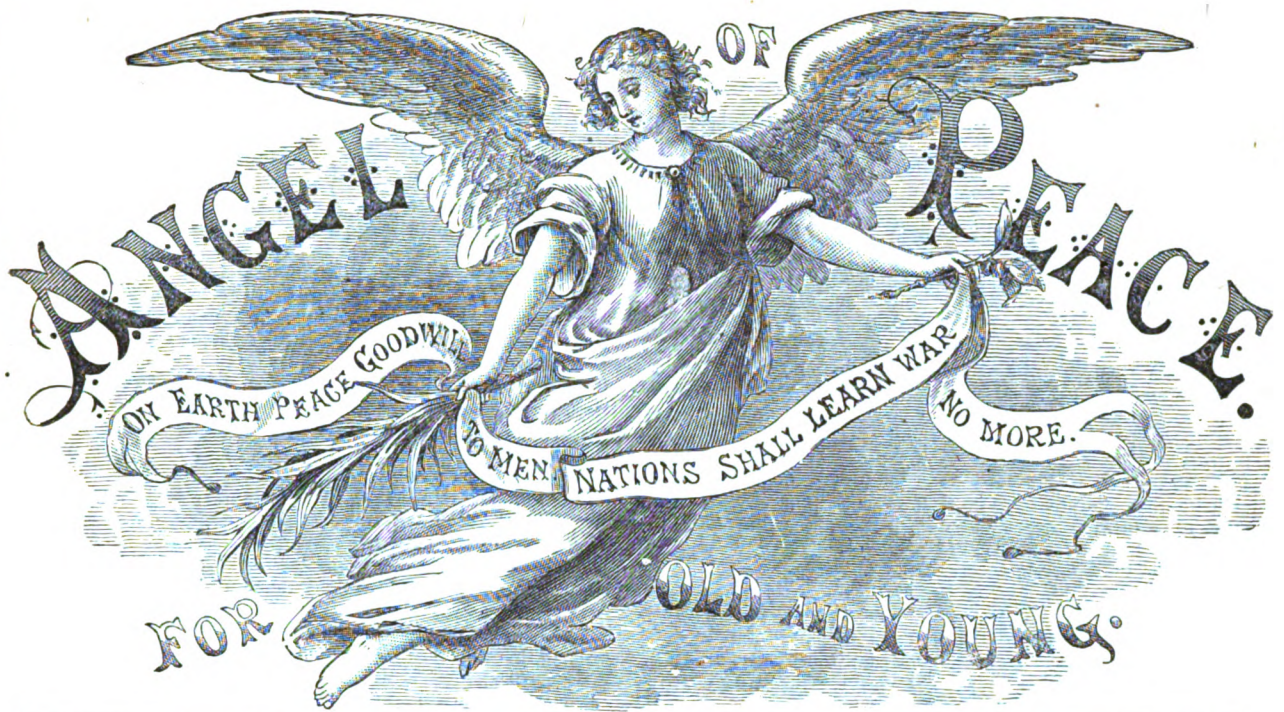
Adjudicators: { FRANCIS T. KING, Baltimore, Md.
JAS. WHITALL, Philadelphia, Pa.
JNO. B. GARRETT, " "

THE EASTERN WAR.

In his speech from the throne on December 13th, on the opening of the Turkish Parliament, the Sultan declared that Russia began the war and Turkey was compelled to defend herself against aggression. She had offered the utmost resistance, the Ottomans had displayed the most patriotic spirit, as evinced by the self denial of all classes, and the courage of the Turkish soldiers excited the admiration of the world. He specially approved the formation of a civic guard. His non-Mussulman subjects had shown a conscientious desire to share in the defence of the country. The constitution granted to non-Mussulman subjects perfect equality in the eye of the law. Therefore, as they had acquired corresponding duties at home, it was only natural they should share the military service, and the Government had decided to enlist non-Mussulman subjects in the army. The only safeguard for the empire was completely to carry out the constitution. The Sultan's dearest wishes were to see all classes of his subjects enjoy the blessings of complete equality, and the country profit by the acceptance of modern ideas, financial reforms, fulfilment of national engagements, adjustment of taxation in accordance with the rule of sound political economy, collection of revenue on an equitable system, revision of the judicial system, reform in facilitating the tenure and sale of landed property, the bestowal of municipal privileges as a basis of the administrative system, and, finally, by the reorganization of the gendarmerie. Unfortunately the calamities of war had retarded the accomplishment of these reforms. Nevertheless the Sultan hopes for the future progress of reform. Various measures have been prepared by the Council of State, and would be submitted to Parliament, concerning civil procedure, general election, ministerial functions, high court justice, public press, taxation and state of siege. He concluded as follows: "Gentlemen and Deputies: Truth can be elicited on the questions of political and civil rights only by perfect liberty of discussion. That liberty having been conferred by the Constitution, you require from me no further instructions. Our relations with friendly powers are of the most cordial kind. May the Most High bless our common efforts."

MRS. HAYES AND HER CHILDREN.

Mrs. Hayes, though so charmingly fresh and fair, has been the mother of eight children—Birchard, age 23, who is in the Cambridge Law School, of Harvard University; Webb, 21, and Rutherford, 17, who are undergraduates of Cornell; Joseph, between these two, who died in infancy; Georgie Crook, a babe born about the close of the war, and named for gallant Gen. Crook, who, with his charming wife is an intimate friend of the President and Mrs. Hayes; Fannie, a dear little lassie of 9 years, with her father's blue eyes and her mother's native diplomacy of manner; Scott, pet-named "Tuss," 6 years old, a beautiful boy, who bids fair to succeed to "Tod" Lincoln's place in the popular heart; and hule Manning, last and one of the loveliest of all, who was born in Fremont, and died at twenty months old — *Home Guardian*.



AN ANGEL'S TEARS.

Entranc'd in sleep, in visions of the night,
In solemn stillness, and in radiance bright,
Stood all apparent to my raptur'd sight,
An angel clad in robes of shining white.

In this pure being, who, by heav'nly grace,
Had never sinn'd, we easily might trace
God's only image beaming in his face :
A beauteous pattern to man's fallen race.

Down to this lower world in mission sent,,
He on the wing, as lightning, quickly went,
With all his spirit's might, entirely bent
God's will t' accomplish to the full extent.

It pain'd him at the very heart to see
The deadly fruits of infidelity,
In various forms of vile idolatry,
Intemperance, and gross impurity.

But when he saw man set in dread array,
For glory — falsely called — his brother slay ;
From wars ensanguin'd plain he turned away,
And shed such tears as holy angels may.

THE ARAB'S PROOF.

A Frenchman who had won a high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the author of all science, was crossing the Great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer that at times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed ; till at last one evening the philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him, with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his beaming eyes on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly, "How do I know there is a God? How do I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so!"—and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert—"that foot-print is not of a man."

IS YOUR NOTE GOOD?

A Boston lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who inquired "if he had any waste paper to sell." The lawyer has a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So, pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me two shillings for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtingly for a moment, and offered fifteen pence.

"Done!" said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy; whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the weighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you say your note's good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen pence, which the boy signed, and lifting the bag of paper, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow returned, and producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy that will do that, is entitled to note and money too;" and giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and a happy heart.

The boy's note represented his honor. A boy who thus keeps his honor bright, however poor he may be in worldly goods, is an heir to an inheritance which no riches can buy—the choice promises of God.

By what strange law of mind is it that an idea long overlooked and trodden under foot as a useless stone, suddenly sparkles out in a new light, as a discovered diamond.

It is only after the tooth is pulled that man sees what a great missed-ache he has made.

GERTIE.

Boys ten or twelve, seen on the street, appear heartless and without sympathy, and yet you wrong them. Among the houses on Clinton street is one which has missed many panes of glass in its windows. Rags and papers are used to keep the cold air out, or it may blow in and whistle through the desolate rooms without let or hindrance. A girl of ten, whose life had been one long period of hunger, pain and misery, was taken sick one day in March, and people passing by could see her lying on a miserable bed near one of the windows. It was curious that any of the boys coming or going should have stopped to think or care about it, but they did. One of them, feeling sad at sight of the sufferer's pale face, handed an orange through a broken pane, saw it clasped by slender white fingers, and then ran away. He told other boys, and by and by there wasn't a day that some lad didn't halt at the window to pass in fruit or flowers. None of them knew the family or ever spoke to the girl, and so they gave her the name of Gertie and called her their orphan. The boys went without marbles and other things which belong to boyhood sports that their pennies might buy an orange, lemon, or some simple flower for Gertie, and their anxiety for her to get well was fully as great as the doctor's or the mother's. Whatever present they had they handed it through the broken pane, waited for her to reach up, and never lingered longer than to hear a soft "thank you" from her lips. Days went by, but the boys did not grow weary nor did they miss a day. It was romance and charity so well combined that it gladdened their hearts and made them fond of each other. Yesterday morning a lad's hand, holding a sweet flower and a big orange, went to the window. No white fingers touched him as they grasped the offering. He waited a moment, and then with a beating heart looked through into the room. The bed had been taken away. On a table rested a plain coffin, and on the coffin was a bunch of faded flowers which had been handed through the window the day before. Death had been there, and the boys no longer had a mission.

You might not have seen the boy hiding in a door-way and wiping tears from his eyes. He was seen, however, and when asked the cause of his sorrow, he sobbed out the whole sad romance in four words, "Our Gertie is dead."—*Detroit Free Press.*

JENNY LIND'S CHILDREN.

Jenny Lind writes almost as well as she used to sing. At fifty-six she has become the mother of a daughter, of whom and herself she thus writes from Dresden to a friend in Paris: "I want to speak to you of my baby. Well, I must tell you that God has given my dear husband and myself an adorable little girl, born on the 31st of March last. She is the perfect image of health and happiness. She laughs and crows in a way to delight all sympathetic hearts. We have given her a little Katherine among her other names, but we call her Jenny—I need not say in honor of whom. Our boy Walter will be four years old the 9th of August next. He is an intelligent child—very intelligent, very religious; and when he has been naughty, it is touching to see the way he prays to God to make him good again, poor little chicken! He adores, obeys me, and I understand the child completely, for he is exactly like myself in nature—very impressionable, active, gay, high-tempered, affectionate, shy, good-natured, quick to learn, remembering all that he learns, preferring to the finest toys a horrible old doll, because it is one with which he has longest played, caring nothing about dress, but preferring to be loved rather than admired. Is he musical? Not the least in the world. That is my great despair. But he is religious, and I think he will be a Christian. As to the baby, I cannot say as much. The little creature eats, drinks, laughs, mumbles over her shoes, and I have nothing to say against her character. My husband is now in England looking out for a residence, for we intend, on account of the children, to settle in that country."

Science is a good piece of furniture for a man to have in an upper chamber, provided he has common-sense on the ground-floor.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

It is astonishing how much useful knowledge may be gained by the right use of the eyes. There are children who mope along, dull and listless, while going through the streets of the city, or on the road, or through the woods in the country, and scarcely notice anything about them. Others look around as they go, and learn many things which please, and some which are profitable. There is no walk in either city or country where you cannot learn something if you will but keep your eyes open. You will be surprised to find sometimes how interesting even common things are, and how much you can learn if you will only, as you sometimes hear people say, "Put that and that together."

This "putting that and that together" is what is called comparison, and great care is to be taken lest mistakes be made. It is a good exercise for the mind, and will often give you much entertaining employment.

Here is an Indian story which will illustrate what we mean:

"An Indian, on returning to his cabin one day, found that some meat he had hung up to dry was stolen. He carefully took notice of the marks and arrangements of the things near where the meat was placed, and then started in pursuit of the thief. After going some little distance he met some travellers, and inquired if they had seen a little old white man with a short gun, accompanied by a small dog with a bob-tail. They answered that they had just passed such a person, and the Indian at once said, 'He is the man that stole my venison.'

"But how is it you are able to describe the thief so particularly?" asked one of the travellers.

"The Indian answered: 'The thief, I know, is a *short* man, by his heaping up a pile of stones to stand on in order to reach my venison; he is an *old* man, because he takes short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the wood; and he is a *white* man, because he turns out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short, because the muzzle scratched the bark of a tree against which he placed it; and that the dog is small, with a bob-tail, I am sure, because of the mark he made in the dust where he sat, while his master was no doubt busied with my venison.'

You see here how the Indian by watching very closely all he saw was able to find the thief who stole his venison.

There are some children who take great pleasure in watching the habits of insects. Look at the busy ants, for instance. Watch them as they come and go, bearing their burdens; or see the bees as they gather honey from the flowers; or, notice the squirrels in the woods, or the fishes in the pond.

Keep your eyes open, then; see all you can, learn all you can, and remember all you can.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D. D.

The time will come at last—long foretold by prophet and sibyl, long retarded by unbelief and formalism—when wars shall cease, and the reign of universal law shall take the place of force in the great federation of mankind. As soon as the church is at peace with itself and becomes one, it will be able to make the world also one. Christ will at last become in reality the Prince of Peace, putting an end to war between nations, war between classes in society, war between criminals and the law. In trade, instead of competition we shall have co-operation, and all industry will receive its just recompense. Capital will be reconciled to labor; science to religion; reason to faith; liberty to order; the conservatism which loves the stable past to the spirit of progress which forgets what is behind and reaches out to that which is before. This will be the coming of Jesus in the clouds of Heaven with the angels of God and the spirits of the just made perfect. This will be the new Jerusalem, coming down from Heaven. This will be the tabernacle of God with men, where He will dwell with them and be their God. Then shall the Lamb of God be the light of the world, and the nations shall walk in the light of it; and there shall be no more cares, and no more night, and no more tears, but all shall drink of the water of life freely. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!



THE LITTLE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL; OR, WHAT TRYING DID.

BY SCOTCH GRANITE.

She was only a little colored child, and she sat on the doorstep of a miserable shanty, paring potatoes. She was small of her age, and twisted and deformed so that she did not look much like a human being until you saw her face—then you found that her large eyes were soft and mild as a fawn's, and full of intelligence, and her little dusky, prematurely old face had a look in it that somehow reminded one of saints and sufferers who have won white garments and bright crowns through much tribulation. Lame as she was and young—not yet eleven years old—this poor child was even now the right hand, if not the mainstay of the household where she was the oldest of five children.

All there was of ambition and thriftiness was centred in her small weak self. The father had been hurt one day in the woods where he was chopping, and lay on his bed a helpless and not always a patient sufferer. The mother had a young baby, but she went out washing when she had a chance, and brought home money or food or old clothes as people happened to pay her. In the best of times there had not been much comfort in the poor, brown shanty. Harry was shiftless and tipped a little, and Debby was good-natured, and as ignorant of economy as her baby. It looked as if the whole family would soon have to go to the poor-house.

With what little she could earn and the charity of the neighbors, Debby "calculated she could weather it through the winter, and one could live anyhow in summer. Now if Phillis was only fit to be bound out, there'd be one less mouth to feed; but poor chile, she wan't no good for the kind o' work farmer folks wanted."

Little Phillis had heard it, and now as time and again before

she had come out by herself to think it over, and wonder what she could do to better things. It sometimes happens that children have character far above the plane of their parentage, and sense beyond their years. It was so with Phillis, and that day as she sat paring her potatoes she wished with all her heart that she was straight like other children, and strong to work, so that she could help take care of the family.

"I don't like things this way," she said to herself, "'tisen't right to have things all in a muss and clutter so, and no comfort. 'Tisen't good for daddy and mammy, and 'tisen't good for me and the children. I wish I *could* do something. I mean to try anyhow more and more."

The door opened and Debby said, "Come in, Phillis; you'll get your death o' cold, there's trouble 'nuff on us now 'thout your gettin' sick. What you paring 'taters for anyhow?"

"Because, mammy, they look better, and I thought mebby daddy could eat 'em if they was pared and boiled mealy."

"O, sho! what a chile it is to be suah! Well, have your own way."

"They has things mighty nice over to the parson's, mammy, and Miss Maggie tole me t' other day that if one allers did the very best they could, things would likely grow better, 'n I thought I'd try to better urn a little, so I pared the 'taters to-day, an' yesterday I mended the quilt on daddy's bed as well's I could, and patched the baby's frock too, while you was out to work."

While she was talking, Phillis put the kettle on the fire and brushed up the hearth. Then she drew the table to the bedside and going up to a basket in the corner she took from it a newspaper.

"Now what's that for?" asked her mother.

Phillis laughed a little and said, "It's for a tablecloth. I kind o' thought it would look nice to daddy to see the table covered, and so I axed Miss Maggie for some papers, and she give 'em to me."

"Well, well, what next?" said Debby; but Phillis set the table. There was not much plenishing; one earthen plate, a broken-bladed knife and a one-tined fork at her father's place. For the rest of the table, a couple of tin cups—but Phillis had scoured them bright—one tin plate, a pewter spoon and five clean hickory chips. That was all. When the potatoes were cooked Phillis turned the water off, sprinkled them with salt, and set the pot—they had no dish—on a chip in the middle of the table. She had her reward when her father said, "It tastes better than anything I've had since I've been on the bed." Somehow, too, when the dinner was over, the dishes washed, the paper tablecloth folded, and the chips thrown on the fire to brighten it, and Phillis was hushing Abram Lincoln (the baby) to sleep, Debby, instead of lounging around as usual, got out her brass thimble and pulled from under the bed a bundle of old clothing, and commenced to cut and fit and patch; and before dark Rosy, her two-year-old, had a warm gown to put on in place of the tatters that had flapped about her bare little black legs.

"Gimme that paper ye hed; 'pears like I could spell out a bit if ye'd like to hear me," said Harry, cheered and softened by the unusual homelikeness of the scene; and he did manage to entertain his little audience with some scraps of news two months old, but it was as good to them as if it had occurred only yesterday.

The winter was long and sometimes the cold was cruel, but wood was plenty, and somehow Phillis kept such a spirit in the house that Debby did her best, and the neighbors seeing how hard she tried came cheerfully to her help, and by degrees comforts gathered in her home. Farmer Jones came over himself and shingled it when he found the roof leaked, and Mr. Cook, the carpenter, battened the boards when he saw the snow blowing through the cracks. One day Mr. Smith who owned the woods saw Phillis and George Washington, her brother, two years younger than herself, and little Lida, a child of six, gathering sticks on the edge of the piece of timber, and the next morning when Phillis went out to get her fuel there was a good pile of wood cut just right for the fire-place heaped up close by the door. And so the winter wore away, and when the spring came there was better thrift in the little household than there ever had been. Harry got up and about, and under the influence of the little household angel he was a different man. The whiskey

bottle did not go any more to the woods with him to cheat his sight and bring him to grief. A little garden grew around the shanty, and afforded comforts heretofore unknown, and a vine full of blossoms shadowed the sunny widow and hung over the top of the door in a mass of living green and purple. A rude hen-house of saplings and bark was built, and Phillis' heart was full of content taking care of her pretty broods of chicks and storing up the eggs of half a dozen nice layers Miss Maggie had given her, and which every Saturday she sold at the parsonage. Comfort and happiness grew; and the family which was fast going the road to the poor-house, grew into self-respect and self-support because of the good thought to try that the dear Lord put into a feeble child's heart.

MAN ALONE THE DESTROYER OF HIS SPECIES.

The hunting tribes of air and earth,
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of king,
Less cruel chase to each assigned.
The falcon poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild duck by the spring;
The foxhound wakes the fox's lair,
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb,
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;
E'en tiger fell and sullen bear
Their likeness and their lineage spare;
Man only mads kind nature's plan,
And turns the fierce dispute on man.

— Walter Scott.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

England owes much of her security, and, therefore, her progress, to her insular position. Shakespeare notes this fact by making John of Gaunt speak of the island as

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands."

Ages ago China determined to secure herself an isolated position, which should be secure against the envy and incursions of the Tartars. She built the great wall, which is thus described by the *London News*:

The great wall of China was measured in many places by Mr. Unthank, an American engineer, lately engaged on a survey for a Chinese railway. His measurements give the height at eighteen feet, and a width on top of fifteen feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower twenty-four feet square, and from twenty to twenty-five feet high. The foundation of the wall is of solid granite. Mr. Unthank brought with him a brick from the wall, which is supposed to have been made two hundred years before the time of Christ.

In building this immense stone fence to keep out the Tartars, the builders never attempted to avoid mountains or chasms to save expense. For one thousand three hundred miles the wall goes over plain and mountain, and every foot of the foundation is in solid granite, and the rest of the structure solid masonry. In some places the wall is built smooth up against the bank, or canyons, or precipices, where there is a sheer descent of one thousand feet. Small streams are arched over, but in the larger streams the wall runs to the water's edge, and a tower is built on each side.

(On the top of the wall there are breastworks, or defences, facing in and out, so the defending forces can pass from one tower to another without being exposed to any enemy from either side. To calculate the time of building or cost of this wall is beyond human skill. So far as the magnitude of the work is concerned, it surpasses everything in ancient or modern times of which there is any trace. The pyramids of Egypt are nothing compared to it.

THE CANAL DRIVER.

The great Erie canal reaches from Albany to Buffalo. The canal is a great ditch dug in the ground, full of water, through which boats are drawn by horses. They have two and three horses to a boat, and a boy to drive them. These boys are called "drivers." Deacon Eaton tells the following story about one of these boys.

I called at a horse station one day, in the first year of my labor, and after I had been talking to the boys, and was going away, I saw a little lad sitting on a barrel beside the barn, who looked very sad. I went along and put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Are you a driver, my son?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "I have been, but I quit this morning."

"Have they discharged you?"

"No, sir, but I can't be whipped to lie and drink rum, and because I won't do that, they have whipped me until I am black and blue, from my hips to my feet."

I asked him old he was. He said he was in his thirteenth year. "Where are your parents?" I inquired. He burst into tears and replied:

"I have no parents; I am an orphan, sir, and that is the reason of my being here; my father was a poor man, and left nothing for me. I have lived with my uncle since my father died, but he could only give me five dollars per month, and they gave me ten dollars to drive."

"But," said the boy, "the money is no object; I had rather have five dollars, and live in peace, than to live here and have ten."

THE PANSY.

There is a fable told about a king's garden, in which, all at once, the trees and flowers began to pine and make complaint.

The oak was sad, because it could not bear flowers; the rosebush was sad, because it could bear no fruit; the vine was sad, because it had to cling to the wall, and could cast no cool shadow.

"I am not of the least use in the world," said the oak.

"I might as well die, since I yield no fruit," said the rosebush.

"What good can I do in the world?" said the vine.

Then the king saw a little pansy, which all this time held up its glad, fresh face, while all the rest were sad.

And the king said, "What makes you so fresh and glad, while all the rest pine and are sad?"

"I thought," said the pansy, "that you wanted me here, because here you planted me; and so I made up my mind that I would try to be the best little pansy that could be."

Reader, are you like the oak, the rosebush, and the vine, — doing nothing, because you cannot do all the others do? Then rather be like the pansy, and do your best in that little spot where God's hand has placed you.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

RECEIPTS IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

OUR NEED OF MONEY.

The American Peace Society is very much in need of immediate and generous financial aid.

Our friends should help the Society with redoubled zeal. They should remember that we need money. To issue our periodicals, pay our bills, and carry on our work, absolutely requires immediate help.

We want not only to pay our bills, but to increase our efficiency. One department of our work is to send our publications to reading-rooms of colleges and Christian associations, and give them to clergymen who will preach upon peace to their congregations.

We also publish essays and tracts, by eminent writers, which are sent to many thousands of persons who thereby may be instructed in peace principles. We hold peace meetings, and preach in pulpits, and address the students of literary institutions, and help on the International Peace Conferences. All this requires large sums of money to carry on thoroughly. Yet, our Society has never encountered such serious difficulties in obtaining donations. The hard times cause a fearful depression. Never in the history of our country have religious and philanthropic institutions found it so difficult to live. A great shrinkage has occurred in values. Failures have taken place on all sides. The *New York Tribune* recently stated that 8,872 failures occurred in the United States in the year 1877, with liabilities of \$190,669,000. This certainly shows an awful state of affairs in the business world. Our expenses are reduced with a view to the utmost economy. The officers of our Society have made extraordinary sacrifices. Hence, we may justly plead with all friends of peace to come to our help, and to send us their contributions.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

“Voted: That, in view of the exigencies of the Society, and of the importance of obtaining at the present time increased means for greater usefulness, it is desirable to raise the sum of \$10,000 by obtaining one hundred new honorary members, who shall each pay \$100 during the present year, or in annual instalments, all payable within four years.”

In accordance with this vote, the Corresponding Secretary has opened a subscription, and appeals to the friends of peace throughout the country, for a prompt and generous response to our cry for help. Let not our call be in vain. We have lifted our heart many times in faith and prayer unto the Lord. We trust He will put it into the hearts of His servants to aid us in our mission of peace. In spite of the hard times we plead that our Society may even increase its efficiency; and that now, as it is completing the first half-century of its history, all friends of peace will come with generous hands to our help, and start us gloriously with new power and enthusiasm on the next half-century of our life.

C. H. M.

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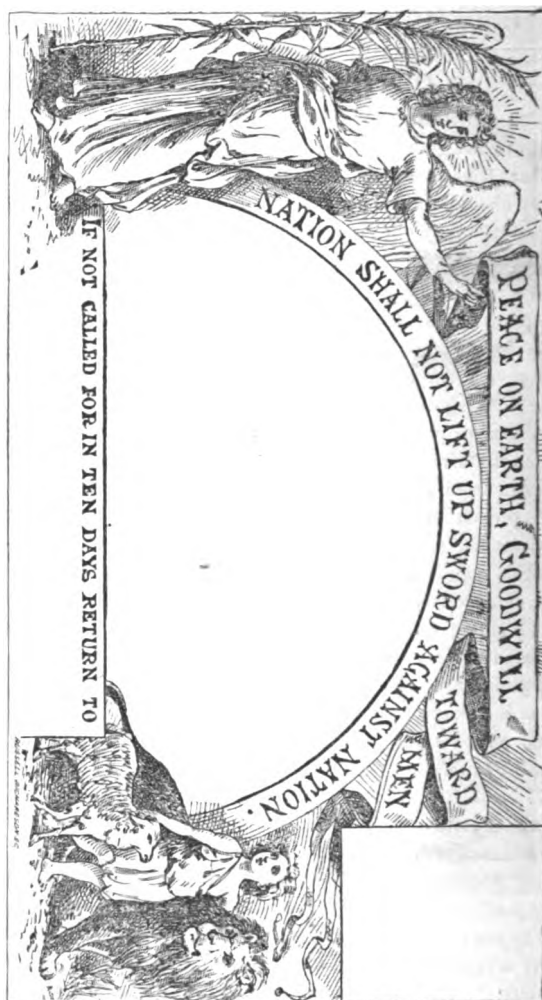
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Address: American Peace Society, Boston, sent by mail 25 for 15 cents, 100 for 50 cents, 250 for \$1.00, 1000 for \$3.00. Use them.

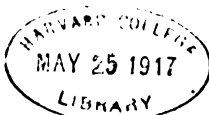


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Lucy Woodford

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE, . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

ESTABLISHED }
JUNE, 1837.

BOSTON, MARCH AND APRIL, 1878.

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VOL. IX. No. 2

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We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE who are earnestly invited to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

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NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, MARCH AND APRIL, 1878.

VOL. IX. No. 2.

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[Supplemental to "A man's a man, for a' that."]

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

There is no king by right divine
To rule and reign, and a' that;
No princely rank, nor lordly line—
EQUALITY, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Dynastic power, and a' that;
A common birthright crowns us all
With liberty, for a' that.

Let fools and upstarts boast they find
In ancestry, and a' that,
A higher place to them assigned—
Mankind are one, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
A pompous air, and a' that;
It matters not how born or bred,
We're of one blood, for a' that!

Though woman never can be man,
By change of sex, and a' that,
To equal rights, 'gainst class or clan,
Her claim is just, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Her Eden slip, and a' that;
In all that makes a living soul
She matches man, for a' that!

Oh, woe for man, proud arbiter!
And judgments sore, and a' that;
For Heaven's displeasure they incur
Who crush the weak, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Injustice vile, and a' that:—
All noble souls will woman aid
To gain her cause, for a' that!

Down with all barriers that prevent
Her culture, growth, and a' that—
Her rightful share in government,
In Church and State, and a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
"Her proper sphere," and a' that;
Whatever right a man may claim,
Belongs to her, for a' that!

Then hail the day, come when it may,
As come it will for a' that,
When woman's worth, o'er all the earth,
Shall honored be, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Co equal, free and a' that;
Through her enfranchisement our race
Shall nobly rise, for a' that!

ADDRESS OF MR. ARTHUR O'NEILL.

The following admirable address was read, on behalf of the Midland Arbitration Union of Birmingham, by Mr. Arthur O'Neill to Ex-President Grant, upon the occasion of Mr. Grant's visit to that city:

"To General U. S. Grant, ex-President of the United States,—Sir, In common with the rest of our fellow-countrymen, we come to express our admiration of your heroic and successful efforts to maintain the great federal union of free States, and to give freedom to four millions of slaves; and also for the wisdom of your administration as President, by which harmony and prosperity have been restored to your country so soon after the distractions and calamities of a great war. But it is as friends of International Arbitration that we now thank you for your eminent services on behalf of that principle. We remember the satisfaction with which we heard that, when you were called as a victorious general to the high office of President of the United States, you frankly declared that your motto was, "Let us have peace." Nobly have you pursued that policy, both at home and in foreign relations. We honor you as the friend of peace, and we are proud to see this Divine principle attracting generous natures from among all professions, and claiming, as its most ardent lovers, two such brave men as General Garibaldi, of Europe, and General Grant, of America. History will point to the part you took in disbanding the army at the close of the war, as a rare instance of patriotism rising superior to military pride and personal ambition. After having quelled the slave owners' rebellion, and surrounded as you were with myriads of soldiers proud of their general, you generously dismissed them to their homes, and to the pursuits of peaceful industry. Would that the same chivalrous spirit had prevailed with those military Presidents of France who have from time to time employed armies for personal aggrandizement, and for the suppression of constitutional liberty! No event in the history of your Government can surpass in importance the great experiment of adjusting disputes by arbitration, to the success of which you so greatly contributed. Serious difficulties had arisen between Great Britain and America; our beloved Sovereign invited your concurrence in the application of that principle of amicable reference which was proclaimed by the Treaty of Paris, and which the Queen said she 'rejoiced to be able to recommend by her example.' Your response was prompt and hearty. On both sides the animating spirit was that of the ancient noble who said, 'Let there be no strife between me and thee, for we are brethren.' A joint High Commission was convened, and by the Treaty of Washington all the questions in dispute were submitted to the decision of certain Emperors, Kings, and Presidents, who consented to act as umpires, and to appoint ambassadors who should form a Court of Arbitration at Geneva. We rejoice that, in the words of your Minister at Vienna, 'difficulties pronounced insoluble have been solved; controverted rights have been determined; mutual claims adjudicated; clashing interests harmonized; and this has been done without the aid of armies and navies, without disturbance of industry or stoppage of trade; without increase of taxes or military conscription; without the taking of one man's life or the breaking of one woman's heart.' These are indeed good words; but we recall with pleasure the still nobler words of your Presidential message:—'This year has been eventful in

witnessing two great nations, speaking one language and having one lineage, settling by peaceful arbitration disputes of long standing, and liable at any time to bring those nations into hostile conflict. An example has thus been set which may be followed by other civilized nations, and be finally the means of returning to productive industry millions of men now maintained to settle disputes by the sword. We must also express our high appreciation of the peace policy you have pursued in regard to the poor remnant of the original inhabitants of your land, the Western Indians. Our hearts have been also deeply touched by your just and beneficent treatment of the colored freedmen. You guided them in their faltering steps as they marched out of bondage; you defended them from their enemies; you cared for them in their distress; you aided them in obtaining education; and you claimed for them their rights as citizens; and now 'the blessing of him that was ready to perish shall come upon you, for you delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.' Accept these expressions of our admiration for your high character and career, and of our friendship for the American people. We are proud of both sections of the great Anglo-Saxon family. We equally wish for the peace and progress of your United States and of our United Kingdom. We are one in race and religion, one in language, laws and letters. May we ever be one in confidence and esteem; and marching side by side may we fulfil the glorious destiny given to us by Providence, to extend religion, civilization and commerce through the wide world, and lead the nations to the bright future of universal freedom, peace and happiness."

MILITARY CORRUPTION.

In one of those memorable debates in the French Legislature of 1870, when Thiers who is now dead, and Jules Simon, who is said to be dying, strenuously deprecated the anticipated declaration of war against Prussia, and Emile Ollivier as light-heartedly defended it, one of the leaders of the opposition asked the Premier whether all necessary military stores and supplies had been collected in quantities sufficient for a campaign against an enemy certainly formidable. The reply was that every preparation was so complete that even if the war should last for two years there would be no necessity for the purchase of an additional button for the uniform of the soldiers. The war began. The regiments marched to the Rhine, but when fresh supplies of boots and shoes were required for the men, it was found that the soles were of paper and would not bear the wear and tear of the mud and the stones of the line of march for more than a day or two. Similar failures were discovered in the supplies furnished by contract in almost every other branch of the service, and at the conclusion of the peace investigation proved that during all the later days of the empire, corruption had blocked every avenue to every department of the public service. It has been the same in Russia throughout her whole modern history, but especially since the death of Alexander and the ascension of Nicholas, in 1825. The existence of corruption and its baneful effects materially aided the allies in the Crimean war, and has been of much service to the Turks in Bulgaria. But a few years ago there was a notable instance. The present Czar had ordered the construction of a military hospital at some great distance from St. Petersburg. He had supplied, or caused to be sent, all the necessary funds. From time to time the engineers and architects forwarded glowing descriptions of the progress of the building and its wonderful adaptabilities to the purpose for which it was designed. At length Alexander suddenly resolved to visit the spot, and see with his own eyes the glory of the refuge for the sick and infirm soldier he had caused to be erected. He arrived unexpectedly. The spade had scarcely turned the sod, and not a stone had been laid upon another. The contractors were, of course, arrested, but their banishment to Siberia, could scarcely console the Czar for the corruption which thus with his own eyes he perceived had honeycombed the empire. There are lessons for all time, and we ourselves should not be exempt from their teachings.

Be thankful to any man who reproves you, with whatever spirit he may do it; as hereby you may avoid the same reproof.

ARBITRATION-BUSINESS.

The Commercial Exchange, of Philadelphia was organized twenty-three years ago, and embraces a membership of some seven hundred active, prominent business men, engaged in a variety of mercantile pursuits. In their lists of committees, they have a standing one on Arbitration, composed of twenty-four members, to a sub committee of which is referred all existing disputes that arise between them in their business transactions with one another. Each party selects his man, and they two the third. This committee of three listen to the parties and their witnesses, and very seldom is an appeal made from their verdict. When an appeal is made the case is adjudicated by the full committee, and their decision is final. No member can take a case before a law court and continue afterwards in the Association. This feature in their organization they cherish as one of great importance, as they know their chances for justice are much surer than in a court of law. Three experienced, intelligent, business men could scarcely fail in a just award, while it would seem almost a matter of accident for a jury of twelve—composed generally of widely different classes of persons and capacity, inexperienced in business transactions, sometimes with narrow views and strong prejudices—to make a judicious decision. Besides, they find in settling their own disputes they save expense and the ill-feeling and resentments that so often follow litigation. This Committee of Arbitration commands such respect and confidence that parties outside the Association appeal to it from the decisions of courts, and abide by its awards cheerfully, even when those decisions are reversed.

This method of settling disputes by friendly arbitration is receiving attention by other associations. It is also incorporated in the organization of the Patrons of Husbandry, an order embracing a vast portion of the farming population of the whole country. Our best lawyers recommend their clients to keep away from courts, and to settle their difficulties by friendly arbitration. This sentiment must grow everywhere with the growth of intelligence. Men naturally love justice; all that is needed is to know how and where to find it; and if they sometimes feel disappointed, that feeling will be mitigated by a consciousness it was done for the best and by a competent tribunal.

PRACTISING IN PRIVATE.

There is a story of a Scotch soldier who was arrested for treasonable practices; the charge being brought by his comrades, that every evening he went out beyond the camp, as they supposed to hold communication with the enemy. His answer that he went to pray, seemed to them so improbable that they only ridiculed it.

Brought before his superior officer he gave the same explanation of his absence.

"You say you go to pray; you can pray then!" said the officer.

"Yes sir."

"Well, you never needed to pray in your life more than you do now," was the reply; "so get down on your knees and let us hear you pray."

The soldier knelt down and poured out his heart to God in such earnest supplications that the officer was convinced that he was no traitor, and allowed him to go in peace. His Father who had seen in secret rewarded him openly.

It is related that in a certain community, a youth who had been reared a Roman Catholic had been converted in a revival.

As was the custom he was quickly called upon to take part in public prayer, in which he proved to be very proficient. His old companions were amazed, and went to the meeting for the purpose of hearing him. At last an idea struck one of them. "I know," he said, "how it is that ——— prays so well; he practises in private!"

NEIGHBORLY LOVE. — Genuine neighborly love knows no distinction of persons. It is like the sun, which does not ask on what it shall shine, or what it shall warm; but shines and warms by the very laws of its own being. So there is nothing hidden from light and heat.

PERISHING BY THE SWORD.

A London Baptist preacher, in delivering a lecture the other day in praise of war, alluded specially to "the grand successes of the Puritan heroes, Cromwell and his Ironsides," whom he declared to be worthy of canonization amongst the elder heroes of Old Testament times, who "waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens!" Here is an utter delusion, though a very popular one, for it can be conclusively shown from abundant historic testimony, that the liberties and morality of the Puritans were far greater *before* they took up the sword in the civil wars, than at the conclusion of those wars. They had *already* gained, by patient parliamentary action and by constitutional struggles, the abolition of the Star Chamber, and Ship Money, and of the Court of High Commission. They were already eminent for piety, for dignity, for morality; but at the conclusion of the struggle, they were far *worse* off. Instead of gaining additional liberties, they lost much of what they had previously enjoyed. In the first place, Cromwell divided all England into twelve military districts, under the dominion of despotic Major-Generals; he also set parliament at defiance, turned it ignominiously adrift, suppressed constitutional freedom, imprisoned the Friends and other conscientious persons by wholesale, and inflicted the most revolting cruelties and massacres upon the Irish. But worse was to follow. After his death, came the restoration of the Stuarts, and then where was the remnant of Puritan liberty? Their ministers were ejected from their livings, literally in thousands, and with the utmost contempt. Their leaders were no longer able to maintain the dignified position of remonstrance with which they had withstood James I., Charles I., Strafford and Laud. But instead of this, they were now obliged to submit to unprecedented humiliations, humbled in the dust before the successors both of Charles and of Laud. Sixty thousand of them were imprisoned by the second Charles, and upwards of five thousand perished in his pestilential gaols; and the national party of Puritanism was swept away by a flood of the most degrading profligacy and infidelity. So much for the results of taking the sword by the Puritan heroes!

THE QUEEN AND THE WAR.

King William IV. expired in a beautiful bed-chamber of Windsor Palace, about midnight. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and high functionaries of the kingdom were in attendance. As soon as the "sceptre had departed," and the beating pulse stood still, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle, and with all possible speed made his way to Kingston Palace, the residence of Princess Victoria. He arrived long before daylight—announced himself to the palace-guard, and requested an immediate interview. Victoria was awakened from her slumbers, hastily arose from her bed and attiring herself, soon met the venerable prelate in the ante-room. He informed her of the death of William, and announced to her that in law and equity she was the rightful successor of the deceased monarch. Thus, as the historian says, "The sovereignty of the most powerful nation on earth, was laid at the feet of a girl of eighteen." She was *de jure* queen of the great Anglo-Saxon realm "on which the sun never sets."

Victoria was deeply moved at the ponderous burden which she felt was being rolled upon her. She staggered under it. Fraught with blessing or calamity, weal or woe to the generation present and born, she spoke at length with great emotion, saying, "I ask your prayers in my behalf and the behalf of the people."

They kneeled together, and the spiritual and literal, though not formal inauguration of the good Queen's reign was at that time really entered upon, as was the reign of the young king of Israel in the olden time, asking as he did from the Highest, who rules among the kingdoms of men, "an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered for multitude."

The sequel of the long and urbane reign of Victoria must be worthy of such a beginning. She has never seemed for a moment to forget that God hath said, "By me princes rule and kings are set up." And now at this hour, when every eye in the

civilized world is turned upon the throne in the midst of the sea-girt isles, to see what will be its course in the great European war; we cannot believe that the noble and Christian Queen, encouraged by that great leader of the British Parliament, Mr. William Gladstone, will turn the power of the government to encourage, aid and abet "the false prophet."

Under the wise and benign reign of the devoted Queen, England has advanced in wisdom, influence and power. Since her enthronement all the other kingdoms in Europe have been made to rock with insecurity, or have been overthrown altogether; but the throne of England was never more permanent since it was erected. This permanence, and the personal love and loyalty of her people, who in grateful homage surround her, is the result of a conscientious and unflinching effort on the behalf of the Queen to extol the "Lamb of God," and to acknowledge in every thing the great facts of the Christian religion. We cannot believe that now she will cast off "the fear of the Lord" which "is the beginning of wisdom," and aid the haughty Turk in the rapine, sensualism and murder which the religion of the Moslem allows. Advanced in age and surrounded by those who are ambitious of change at any expense, her perils are many, but the hearts of a Christian civilization which belts the globe like a zone of light, cries out in the language of England's national air, "*God save the Queen!*"

RUSSIAN AND TURKISH SUFFERINGS
IN WAR.

Amid the stir and interest of military movements all of us are apt to forget what war actually means, and it is well that the grim realities of it should be laid bare, as they have been in the letter which we published from our correspondent with the Turkish army in Armenia. He has lived with the soldiers, he has been in the midst of the fighting, and he says that, in comparison with the number of troops engaged, the loss has been terrible. When even the Commander-in-chief admits that 400 were killed in an engagement which may seem a mere fray amid the crowd of battles yet to come, we get some idea of the havoc on each side; and still more instructive is the statement of our correspondent that, nearly 50 miles from the battle-field, he had seen from 800 to 1000 wounded men on their way to the hospitals. But the most vivid idea of misery is given by the description of the extent to which those stricken soldiers are neglected. Many of them are half-starved and half-naked. Hundreds lie by the wayside cooling their fevered limbs and moistening their bandages in the pools of water. A group of 400 wounded men had only two doctors among them. Nor do the Turkish preparations in Europe for the care of the wounded seem to be much better. Hence the first great battle will be followed by an amount of suffering without a parallel in modern warfare. A time may possibly come when States which make war will see the crime of neglecting to do all in their power to lessen its inevitable miseries, and when they will be ashamed of the plea that they can afford to buy Krupp guns, but cannot afford to pay for the care of their wounded. But, meanwhile, neutrals will find abundant room for showing their charity on every battle-field.—*London Times*.

INCREASING THE ARMY.

PLANNING TO ADD FIFTEEN THOUSAND MEN TO THE ALREADY TOO LARGE LIST.

For some time it has been understood that the strikes last summer were to be made a pretext by the Administration for an increase of the army. Secretary McCrary has about perfected his plan, though it awaits the approval of the President, and has yet to be passed upon by the Cabinet. The Secretary of War proposes to fill up the existing regiments without adding to the commissioned officers in either the staff or line. This would add about 15,000 men, and increase the estimates by about \$9,000,000, the War Department putting the yearly cost of an enlisted man at \$600. By this recommendation McCrary hopes to avoid the criticism which must follow an attempt to increase that costliest part of a costly establishment, the commissioned officers, and he would obtain a force of much more value for aggressive operations, a force, in fact, as large as that with which Scott once conquered Mexico.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, MARCH & APRIL, 1878.



POWER OF THE PEOPLE FOR PEACE.

Every day seems to reveal to us more fully the fact that Peace principles are spreading amongst the people. We think there is a marked illustration of this in England. During our visit to England last summer, on our way to the Conference at Antwerp, it was our good fortune to meet a large number of the friends of Peace, connected with the Peace Societies of London, Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester; and from them we learned of the progress of Peace principles amongst the English people. But the political course of the English government during the present Eastern war, shows the same fact in a very conspicuous way. Lord Beaconsfield made some very warlike speeches, and it is generally supposed that he would have led England into war in behalf of the Turks a year ago if he had possessed sufficient influence; but public opinion, which after all seems omnipotent in England, held the government back from repeating the folly exhibited in the Crimean war, of taking up arms in favor of the Turkish powers. National sentiment has held England back from plunging into the Eastern war. Is it too much to say that much of this popular Peace sentiment has been created by the Peace Societies of England, by their constant announcement of Peace doctrines, both by the press and public addresses?

That a war-party existed in England there is no doubt. Many of the aristocracy, the Turkish bondholders, and the men of the army and navy desired an Anglo-Turkish alliance. This party had immense influence. Lord Beaconsfield was at the head of it. Upon the other side, however, stood Mr. Gladstone, and our esteemed friend, Henry Richard of the English Parliament, and many other eminent Peace men, and the great body of the people. These did not want war. They did not believe that Russia intended to threaten India. They did not believe in spending millions of British gold, and destroying tens of thousands of British lives, for the sake of showing their interest in Turkey. The masses of the English people regarded with horror the war policy. It was in the highest degree creditable to the strong common sense of the people that they should protest against being involved in a war which would only have tended to bring ruin upon themselves.

Even if England had helped Turkey, as she did in the Crimea, she would have had to pay a heavy cost for such an alliance, and would have given life only a little longer to the expiring Ottoman Empire. The theory that Russia is moving upon India, has become to be regarded as a mere bugbear, as our friend, Mr. Elihu Burritt, showed in his article recently in the columns of the *Advocate*. The Suez Canal route is to-day not less under British control than before. British influence in Egypt has not decreased. If the way, to ships of all nations, to the Black Sea is made free, England has no right to complain, seeing that to restrict commerce in this age of the world is a

crime against civilization. This day England is the richest country in Europe, and need not bewail some loss of that unsubstantial thing called prestige. She may rejoice that her people have kept her out of the Eastern war; and so have saved her from additional war debts, which ultimately tend to ruin, and crush any people. May the policy of the masses of Englishmen ever be for Peace!

C. H. M.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, in his annual report on the state of the finances, recommends, in order to secure a fixed relative value of silver and gold, that the United States invite an international convention of commercial nations. If this question is of sufficient importance for the consideration of an international convention, may not the question of international law and peace much more deserve the consideration of such a convention?

PERE HYACINTHE, in a sermon recently delivered in Geneva, spoke of the present war in the East as a continuation of the Crusades, and said that De Maistre's prophecy would be realized, that before the close of the 19th century Mass would be sung in the Mosque of St. Sophia, but it would be by Slaves and not by Latins. The Greek Church, that branch of Christ's family, unjustly condemned alike by Catholics and Protestants, would have the triumph of carrying his faith back into the East.

THE CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN, like the Society of Friends, hold to peace principles. Mr. W. J. Shorey, agent of the publishing house of that denomination, writing to us from Ohio, says,—“We have a law in our church discipline forbidding war, so that, as a Church, we are non-combatants. Many of our people, nevertheless, fought in the war of the Rebellion and were left untouched by discipline.”

FIVE PROBLEMS OF STATE AND RELIGION, by Will C. Wood, A. M., late pastor at Wenham, Mass. Boston, Henry Hoyt, publisher, No. 9 Cornhill, 1877.

This is an admirable book. The discussions, on the basis of natural religion, are timely, able, and well adapted to the present needs of our Republic. We advise our readers to purchase the book if they desire a most valuable depository of information on a very practical subject.

EX-PRESIDENT GRANT ON ARBITRATION.

General Grant in responding to an address (which our readers will find in another column) from the Midland Arbitration Union presented by its Secretary, Rev. Arthur O'Neill, during the ceremonies of General Grant's reception at Birmingham, England, last October, gave expression to the following remarkable testimony in behalf of arbitration:

“Members of the Midland International Arbitration Union, I thank you for your address. It is one that gives me very little to reply to, more than to express my thanks. Though I have followed a military life for the better part of my years, there was never a day of my life when I was not in favor of peace on any terms that were honorable. It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other general on the other side of the Atlantic; but there was never a time during my command when I would not have gladly chosen some settlement by reason rather than by the sword. (Hear, hear.) I am conscientiously, and have been from the beginning, an advocate of what the society represented by you, gentlemen, is seeking to carry out; and nothing would

afford me greater happiness than to know, as I believe will be the case, that at some future day, the nations of the earth will agree upon some sort of congress, which shall take cognizance of international questions of difficulty, and whose decisions will be as binding as the decision of our Supreme Court is held binding on us. It is a dream of mine that some such solution may be found for all questions of difficulty that may arise between different nations. In one of the addresses, I have forgotten which, reference was made to the dismissal of the army to the pursuits of peaceful industry. I would gladly see the millions of men who are now supported by the industry of the nations return to industrial pursuits, and thus become self-sustaining, and take off the tax upon labor which is now levied for their support."

PRESIDENT HAYES ON ARBITRATION.

We have referred in a previous number of the *Advocate* to the admirable expression of President Hayes concerning international arbitration, as made in his inaugural, delivered March 5, 1877; but, we now again quote this expression, and call the attention of our readers to it as an extraordinary testimony in behalf of peace doctrines. When President Hayes and Ex-President Grant and Governor Hartranft, all of them men of military training and distinction, utter such arguments for peace as are quoted in this number of the *Advocate*, we may well be inspired with new courage in our work. The following is Mr. Hayes' language:

"Passing from these remarks upon the condition of our own country to consider our relations with other lands, we are reminded by the international complications abroad, threatening the peace of Europe, that our traditional rule of non-interference in the affairs of foreign nations has proved of great value in past times, and ought to be strictly observed.

"The policy inaugurated by my honored predecessor, President Grant, of submitting to arbitration grave questions in dispute between ourselves and foreign powers, points to a new and incomparably the best instrumentality for the preservation of peace, and will, as I believe, become a beneficent example of the course to be pursued in similar emergencies by other nations.

"If, unhappily, questions of difference should at any time during the period of my administration arise between the United States and any foreign government, it will certainly be my disposition and my hope to aid in their settlement in the same peaceful and honorable way, thus securing to our country the great blessings of peace and mutual good offices with all the nations of the world."

GOVERNOR HARTRANFT ON ARBITRATION.

Governor Hartranft of Pennsylvania in his annual message, delivered Jan. 2, 1878, uttered the following striking language:

"As it is becoming the public opinion of the civilized world that the nations cannot afford to submit their differences to the costly arbitrament of the sword, so it is becoming the settled conviction that nothing can be gained by a war of classes to compensate for a loss caused by the disturbance of all industrial relations, and the dangers threatened to individual independence and free institutions."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL DEVENS ON WAR.

There are many symptoms showing that the tide of opinion is becoming more adverse to war. This opinion found expression at the recent dedication of the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common, when the Chaplain prayed that God would bless the efforts which wise philanthropists are making everywhere to obviate the necessity and stay the ravages of warfare; and when, also, Attorney-general Devens, the orator of the day, uttered the following remarkable plea for peace:

"This is no monument to the glories of war. While great

changes for good have been wrought by the convulsive energies of wars, yet of all the causes which have degraded nations, opposed human progress, and oppressed industry, war has been the worst. If this were its object, it were better far that its stones which compose it had slept in their native quarries. No pomp and circumstance, no waving of banners, no dancing of plumes, can lend to war true dignity."

THE QUARRELSOME TEMPER.

Is this a quarrelsome world? There certainly is, always has been and, until the millennium comes, always will be a great deal of quarrelling in the world. One looking exclusively at a certain phase of human nature, might easily come to the conclusion that the chief end of man is to fight. Some animals are carnivorous by instinct and physical organization. They are equipped by Nature for this purpose. Other animals must die that they may live. Not many men are actual cannibals, killing and eating each other; yet the belligerent passion makes one the enemy of another, turns society into a quasi military camp, and fills communities and nations with multitudinous forms of hostilities, is as real and conspicuous among men as the instinct of the tiger for his prey. Men certainly do bite and devour each other on a frightful scale. The most dangerous animal in this world is the human animal. Mad dogs are bad enough; yet mad men are far worse.

Nations have been either actually quarrelling with each other or holding themselves in constant readiness to do so ever since nations had a being; and one of the most difficult problems of the philanthropist and the Christian statesman is to keep them at peace. The nations of Europe to-day have a standing army of more than three millions of trained fighters, supported at an annual cost of more than five hundred millions of dollars. Cabinets and diplomats back up their counsels with iron-clads. Kings, out of humor with each other, launch huge armies into deadly conflict and waste the treasure of the people in the royal luxury. The Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey, in order to agree, must first test the fighting power of their respective armies. England for a time watched the struggle with seeming indifference; but at length her blood began to boil, and she must have a hand in settling the pending hostility or she would fight for it. A congress of nations is soon to be convened at Baden-Baden, to see if they can agree not to fight over the so-called Eastern question. We talk, by a figure of speech, about "the family of nations." It certainly is a very quarrelsome family, and has been through all time. Civilization, even among the most favored and cultivated parts of the world, must take very long strides before, as it respects nations, "the lion and the lamb" will lie down together. The day has not yet come when the "lion" has lost his tendency to eat up the "lamb."

Nor is the spectacle at all improved if, turning to *individuals*, we think simply of their aggressions upon and resistance to each other, excluding from the contemplation those social affections, amenities, charities, and services that sweeten life, abate its ills, and make men happy. What a vast amount of ill-feeling, evil-speaking, and evil-doing to each other human beings manage to crowd into their history, in making the journey from the cradle to the grave! There is a family at loggerheads, and home becomes a pandemonium. Here is a church, in which Christ is said to rule; yet alas! the members behave as if Christianity itself were a treatise on the art of quarreling. Two neighbors differ in opinion as to some matter mutually affecting them; and before they get through with it they come to hard words and perhaps hard blows, and possibly the law may be compelled to give its attention to both of them. One man insults another, and the latter knocks him down to pay for it. One wants what another has, but he has not; and he cheats him to get it. The prosperity of one excites the envy of another, and the latter turns liar to sink him to his own level. The politician and the party man proscribes and makes war upon all but his own supporters. Two men, being competitors in the same business, become enemies; and, if we credit the testimony of each in regard to the other, both are rascals whom no one can safely trust. Some are inveterate fault-finders and complainers. Every-

body is wrong, and they only are right. The whole world, with the exception of themselves, is made up of fools, and they only are wise.

Such specifications, we are quite aware, present the dark side of human history. We are glad that it is not the *whole* story. The world would be better and happier if it were a much smaller part of it. It would be a very good thing to get rid of the whole of it, and leave only the gentle, the amiable, the lovely and loving qualities and actions to make up the entire warp and woof of our personal and social existence. What is the use in speaking angrily or discourteously to another, when we can just as well speak pleasantly and courteously? Why snub another, and wound his sensibility, and perhaps make him your enemy, when a kind word will afford him pleasure and secure a friend? Why contend about trifles that never pay the cost of the contest? Why mingle bad and malignant passions with honest differences? The quarrelsome temper is profitable to nobody and is a general curse to everybody.

Reader, think of the most genial, affectionate, peaceful and best tempered man or woman that you know of, and try to mould your own character into the same type. If you would study and imitate the best model that anybody knows of take the man Christ Jesus and make him your pattern. The benediction of God is upon the peacemaker, and the first condition of being such is to be a lover of peace. Those who have the quarrelsome temper are not likely to study the things that make for peace.

FEDERIGO SCHLOPIS.

Count Schlopis who died recently, was born at Turin in 1798, and took his legal degree in the university of his native city in 1818. He gave his first historical lecture in 1827. This was followed by other highly successful efforts of a like character. In 1845 he was elected corresponding member of the Institute of France, and in 1869 became foreign member of the same. In 1847 the Count was made president of the superior commission of censorship at Piedmont. In March, 1848, he accepted the portfolio of grace and justice, and in 1849 was named Senator. From 1861 to 1864 he held the high and responsible position of President of the Italian Senate. He was also elected President of the Turin Academy of Sciences. The highest order of the Kingdom was bestowed upon him by his sovereign in 1868, that of Annunziata, which honor was supplemented in 1871 by his selection as representative of Italy to the Congress of Arbitration for the settlement of the Alabama claims, over which body he was chosen to preside, and performed his duties with signal ability and impartiality. He was a prominent member of the Association for the Reform and Codification of International Law, and has rendered great service to the cause of peace.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

John Bunyan says very truly that the valley of Humiliation is a difficult valley for a pilgrim to get into. It has a bad name, which it does not deserve, and there are many who avoid it if they can. But when one contentedly goes down into it and tarries there, he finds with every advancing day increasing peace. It is a pleasant valley, and very fruitful, too, for flowers and fruits abound. There men have found pearls, and have heard the voices of angels. Lilies are thick, and the shepherd boy, who "wears more of that herb called heart-ease in his bosom than he that is clad in silk and velvet," is heard singing sweetly:

"He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

We wish that all our readers would fall in love with this valley. Pitch your tents within it, for it is a bright, sunny spot, and the winds do blow roughly. You will live a happy life, and a useful one; and the smile of God, which is better than the applause of men, will forever rest upon you.

Do you not often get weary, dear friend, in the long and constant struggle to become somebody in the world? Perhaps you are trying to get a certain position in society, or trying to keep a certain position which you have already gained. The struggle is a hard, and it may be, a vain one. Oh, this frantic effort to "keep up appearances!" Why do you spend your strength for naught? Do not hate obscurity as though it were a sin; but retire from the social gaze, if need be, without a murmur. If the little world of which you formed a part ceases to chatter about you, what does it matter? The smile of God and the approbation of a good conscience outweigh the babble of mankind.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

The recent convention of the "Nationals" in Toledo, Ohio, has brought forth speedy and legitimate fruits. The ruling spirit of that convention was to array labor against capital and embitter one class against another. In brief, it was a meeting of wicked demagogues and fanatical communists. A few days after the Communistic Convention, a meeting of the City Council was invaded by a crowd of fifty or sixty men, who styled themselves laboring men, and demanded "work or bread," and gave the Board to understand in very plain language that the city would be responsible for the consequences if their demands were not speedily complied with.

This spirit of lawlessness, this declaration of that practical communism which ruled Paris with terror and blood in the summer of 1871, by the men who invaded the City Council, was the result of the speeches made by those men who appealed to hate and prejudice in that convention. Such proceedings are the natural results of the incendiary appeals of the reckless men who are directing the so-called labor party. They mean no good. Their purposes are bad. They live off the scanty earnings of laboring men. Like the arbitrators of the Crispins, they can and will only render more distressing the situation of the laboring men.

The present depression is not due to any shortcomings of capitalists. They would gladly see different times. In common with labor, the capital suffers. The agency which brings relief to one will to the other, and the one cannot be legitimately benefited without conferring favor upon the other. For one to make war upon the other, can only defer the prosperity of both. The only true policy is for labor and capital to maintain friendly relations and work together for the restoration of prosperity.

The men, therefore, who attempt to array labor against capital, to inculcate those fatal heresies which have involved cities in anarchy, to appeal to the passions of ignorant men and talk of force, should be denounced by every good citizen, laborer or capitalist, as enemies of mankind.

TWO PAIRS OF FETTERS.

Eighty years ago a fierce war raged in India between the English and Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray-haired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?" "There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn." "Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me! I will wear his as well as my own." This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take that city; but his noble friend died in prison. Up to his death he wore two pairs of fetters!

Archbishop Whately once bothered a horse-dealer, who was trying to sell him a wonderful horse. "Your Grace," said the dealer, "there's nothing he can't draw." "Can he draw an inference?" inquired the archbishop, meekly. There was no response, save the blankest of blank looks.

MODERN WARFARE.

It needs a very superficial glance backward at recent battle-fields, or around at the military preparations assiduously at work in all the leading countries of Europe, to note the decisive changes which are in course of accomplishment in the modes of warfare. Chemical, mechanical, electrical, aeronautical and mathematical, and every new invention and discovery, are pressed into the service of war. Civil education is forced to contribute, and whole nations are drilled in the school-room, if not in the nursery. The railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, each new industrial appliance and convenience, are eagerly laid hold of so as to render war more widely and infallibly disastrous. It were a gain, indeed, if war could be fought out with machinery, and not by living men. But, unfortunately, it is not so. The elaborate mechanism only serves to prepare and clear the field for an exorbitantly enlarged number of living combatants—these, too, no longer unimpassioned, professional soldiers, but peaceful citizens, carrying back to their homes—if they reach them—the coarse and bitter memories and hostile passions of the battle-field....

There can be no doubt that by the time a sufficient amount of intellectual energy, guided by adequate experimentation, has been devoted in different countries to the problem of how the new improvements can be turned to the best account, war will reproduce all the last achievements of civilization. But it will do this at an almost inconceivable cost for each country both in peace and in war, and there is no reason, except one grounded on economy or poverty, which need cause any one country to lag behind the rest. Thus the question of success in war must become increasingly one as to whether a nation can pay for it, or will prefer to pay for it in the place of paying for other things. When each nation is firmly assured of this, the speculative hilarity which now belongs to war will have vanished, and it cannot be long before the nations under liberal and constitutional governments combine to adopt some scheme of mutual assurance less extravagant, calamitous and inhuman than that of self-protection.—Professor Sheldon Amos in the *International Review*.

A BATTLE PICTURE.

There is a painting by Detaille, the great French artist, that is full of terrible realism. It represents a charge of a troop of cavalry through a quaint old Alsatian village that has been converted into an ambushade. The cavalry have evidently come dashing through the village expecting nothing more than to run the gauntlet of a sharp fusillade, when suddenly they have come to a barricade. A number of wagons and other obstacles have been placed in the street, and are so interlaced and tangled together that the work of removing the barrier would evidently take time. The troop of cavalry are, therefore, in a trap, from which there is no escape. For the troops behind are pressing gayly on, unconscious of the danger, and in another moment the narrow street will be packed and choked with horsemen. It is impossible either to advance or return, and every face and attitude of those in advance fully expresses the hopelessness of the situation. Just at this moment the ambushade opens fire. Through the windows, and from loopholes improvised, pour the thin sheets of smoke that all soldiers know so well. The entire horror of this scene is expressed in the faces and motions of the few figures in the foreground. There is no vulgar sensationalism of ghastly and horrible wounds. The slaughter has not yet really commenced; but we feel what it must be in a moment or two later. The trumpeter is sounding a retreat; the leader has his hand raised, and is calling and gesticulating back to his men. One young man in sheer desperation, preferring to die in motion, rather than like a rat in a cage, is urging his horse to clear the barricade. The horse rises to the leap; but it is clearly a hopeless effort. The sense of utter hopelessness is written in every face; death alone awaits them. There is, as we said, no evidence of human suffering, no wounds nor blood; but there is one touch of intense imagination. A horse, whose saddle is empty, and who is himself wounded, has fallen propped up against a fence. He is shrieking with agony, and the expression of the eye and nostril is terrible.

With such simple material the great French artist has wrought a vivid and powerful picture.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

Among mighty works of man the pyramids of Egypt are nothing in comparison to the immense stone fence built to keep out the Tartars from China, and both are quite enough to bring low our exultation, and silence all boasting concerning the progress of modern science. Mr. Unthank, an American engineer engaged in surveying for a Chinese railway, lately took measurements of the Great Wall in many places, and gives the height as 18 feet, width on top, 15 feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower 25 feet high. The foundation is of solid granite. Mr. Unthank brought home a brick from the Wall, supposed to have been made 200 years before the time of Christ. The builders never attempted to avoid mountains or chasms; for the distance of 1,300 miles the structure goes over hill and plain, every foot of it being solid masonry, upon solid granite. In some places the Wall is built smooth up against the bank, or canons, or precipices, where there is a sheer descent of 1,000 feet. Small streams are arched over, but in the larger streams the Wall runs to the water's edge, and a tower is built on each side. On the top of the Wall there are breastworks, or denses, facing in and out, so the defending forces can pass from one tower to another without being exposed to any enemy from either side. To calculate the time of building or cost of this Wall is beyond human skill. So far as the magnitude of the work is concerned, it surpasses everything in ancient or modern times of which there is any trace.

THE POOR INDIANS.

Colonel A. B. Meacham, of Oregon, in a lecture delivered at the Cooper Institute, considered the Indian question one of the most important of national problems. For 250 years, it has confronted our statesmen and our philanthropists. He who shall strike the keynote to the solution will ever be regarded as the benefactor, not of the white race alone, but also of humanity. We live in an age when honor may be won without bloody carnage. The situation of the Indians as the wards of the nation was described. We have never yet, he said, fairly understood the character of the red man—his inner life, his domestic, religious life. We have not looked behind him for the motives which have impelled him to the commission of atrocities. He claimed the Indian to be a religious man. He contrasted the wild life of the Indian with civilized life in New York, drawing the inference that while the Indian could not be expected to establish laws for the whites, they were entitled to mercy and justice when the whites made laws for them. We judge of the Indian by his vices and not his virtues. The tragedy of the lava beds, the killing of General Canby and Colonel Thomas and the planting of four bullets in his own body at the same time by the Modocs, were described in a thrilling manner. The Indian peace policy of General Grant was indorsed. For more than thirty years he had dealt with Indians, either as neighbor or officer, and his conclusion was that the Indian was a man, and that when fairly treated he will be a man. He is proud and haughty but he is honorable, charitable and hospitable. When trusted he is true; when betrayed he seeks revenge; when smitten he will strike back. The lecturer described the Indian's fair dealing and honesty in making contracts with government officers. They were more honest than white contractors. They universally embody in their religion the recognition of a great spirit. Colonel Meacham declared that he had a policy which, if adopted, would settle all the troubles with the Indians. It was the policy of peace and good understanding and fair dealing with the red man.

THE SACRIFICE OF WAR.

A semi-official statement of the number of the Russian killed and wounded up to October 11th has been published, which makes it 59,434. Do these figures include the losses in both Europe and Asia? It is probable that they relate only to

the European loss; and it is notorious that there are more sick men than wounded men in war, and that more men in armies die from sickness than in battle, or from wounds received in battle. Therefore the Russian losses must exceed 120,000, which is a frightful sacrifice, first, of life, and then of health and limb, as most of the wounded men never will so far recover as to be good for anything, either as soldiers or as laborers,—and not a few of them will be without arms, or legs, or both, or blind, or otherwise reduced to a fragmentary and useless condition. The misery that so terrible a massacre must have caused throughout Russia is appalling. Death has rushed at once into thousands of families, and cut down their most promising members, for war demands imperatively to be fed, mostly on the young. Many children are in mourning for lost parents, but a thousand times as many parents are weeping for lost children,—and theirs is by far the greater grief; and it is one of the worst of war's evils that in this matter it reverses the order of nature, it being as true now as it was when Solon long ago uttered the pathetic words,—“In peace, children bury their parents; in war, parents bury their children.”

BISHOP WHIPPLE ON THE INDIANS.

Bishop Whipple, distinguished for his missionary works among the Indians, preached recently on the wrongs of the Red Man. Eighteen years ago, when he went to labor among the Chippewas, he said, he found them drunken, ragged, painted, and debased. On a recent visit which the pastor of Trinity, Dr. Chas. Hall, paid to his mission he showed him a congregation of 300 Indians engaged in devout worship, and two Indian ministers, one the son of a chief, who were assisting in the services. Over sixty millions of dollars have been spent by the Government in its efforts to deal with the Indian question, and with what poor success the world knows. We read daily the telegraphic despatches recounting the efforts made to exterminate a handful of Indians. They are the only heathen race on the globe that is not idolatrous. They believe as firmly in a Great Spirit as we do. They have lasting family ties, and are passionately attached to their homes. When they are forced to go from the land they believe to be their own, is it strange that their feelings of sorrow should be followed by a thirst for revenge? They have seen their wives and children slaughtered in cold blood. Is it strange that they should swear by the blood of their lost ones to avenge their deaths? Bishop Whipple defied any one to show where an Indian was the first to break a treaty. He thought that the only way to bring into a loyal state the three hundred thousand lawless Indians was to spread freely among them the Gospel of Christ, and to send the servants of the Lord thither to teach natives how to teach others of their own race.

OUR NEED OF MONEY.

The American Peace Society is very much in need of immediate and generous financial aid.

Our friends should help the Society with redoubled zeal. They should remember that we need money. To issue our periodicals, pay our bills, and carry on our work, absolutely requires immediate help.

We want not only to pay our bills, but to increase our efficiency. One department of our work is to send our publications to reading-rooms of colleges and Christian associations, and give them to clergymen who will preach upon peace to their congregations.

We also publish essays and tracts, by eminent writers, which are sent to many thousands of persons who thereby may be instructed in peace principles. We hold peace meetings, and preach in pulpits, and address the students of literary institutions, and help on the International Peace Conferences. All this requires large sums of money to carry on thoroughly. Yet, our Society has never encountered such serious difficulties

in obtaining donations. The hard times cause a fearful depression. Never in the history of our country have religious and philanthropic institutions found it so difficult to live. A great shrinkage has occurred in values. Failures have taken place on all sides. The *New York Tribune* recently stated that 8,872 failures occurred in the United States in the year 1877, with liabilities of \$190,669,000. This certainly shows an awful state of affairs in the business world. Our expenses are reduced with a view to the utmost economy. The officers of our Society have made extraordinary sacrifices. Hence, we may justly plead with all friends of peace to come to our help, and to send us their contributions.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

“Voted: That, in view of the exigencies of the Society, and of the importance of obtaining at the present time increased means for greater usefulness, it is desirable to raise the sum of \$10,000 by obtaining one hundred new honorary members, who shall each pay \$100 during the present year, or in annual instalments, all payable within four years.”

In accordance with this vote, the Corresponding Secretary has opened a subscription, and appeals to the friends of peace throughout the country, for a prompt and generous response to our cry for help. Let not our call be in vain. We have lifted our heart many times in faith and prayer unto the Lord. We trust He will put it into the hearts of His servants to aid us in our mission of peace. In spite of the hard times we plead that our Society may even increase its efficiency; and that now, as it is completing the first half-century of its history, all friends of peace will come with generous hands to our help, and start us gloriously with new power and enthusiasm on the next half-century of our life.

C. H. M.

ITEMS CONCERNING WAR.

.... Official returns received at St. Petersburg show that the total Russian loss to January 30 was 89,304 in killed and wounded.

.... The President recently sent to the Senate in answer to the resolution of that body of December 7, 1877, reports of the General of the Army, Quartermaster and Commissary-Generals, relative to the cost of the late war with the Sioux Indians and the number of soldiers killed in that war. The reports show that the estimated cost of the war is \$2,312,581; the value of ordnance stores expended in action, lost on the field, abandoned and destroyed for want of transportation in the campaign is \$70,466.23; the whole number of persons killed were 16 officers and 267 enlisted men. There were two officers and 123 enlisted men wounded.

.... Ohio's 280 battle-flags are to be grouped in five cases in the flag-room at the Capitol at Columbus.

.... The independence of Cuba, after a ten years' struggle with Spain, it is now said, will be postponed indefinitely, the republican cause having suffered a collapse. It has been a bloody and barbarous strife, and has cost the government of Spain no small sum. If only Spain would modify the iron character of its government over Cuba, allow the natives some rights, and conserve instead of seeking to destroy their manhood, the people of the island would have less to complain of. But the old rule of appointing a Spaniard for governor, and sending with him only Spanish troops to enforce a most tyrannical administration, has been the curse of Cuba and has prolonged this war.

.... Constantinople has been besieged twenty-eight times since its foundation. The first siege was in the year 477 B. C., and the last in 1453 A. D., when Mohammed II. captured the city.

.... A St. Petersburg correspondent says the official statement of the Minister of Finance estimates the extraordinary expenses occasioned by the war at 432,000,000 roubles.



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TWILIGHT.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Child, go and pray—for see! the night is here!
Through cloudy rifts the golden lights appear;
The hills' faint outline trembles in the mist;
Scarcely is heard a distant chariot—list!
The world's at rest; the tree beside the way
Gives to the evening wind the dust of day.

Twilight unlocks the hiding-place of stars;
They gleam and glow behind night's shadowy bars.
The fringe of carmine narrows in the west,
The moon-lit water lies in shining rest;
Furrow and foot-path melt and disappear;
The anxious traveller doubts the far and near.

It is the hour when angels stoop to earth
To bless our babes amid our careless mirth.
The little ones with eyes upraised in prayer,
With tiny, folded hands, and white feet bare,
Ask at this twilight hour a blessing dear
Of Him who loves his little ones to hear.

Then, while they sleep, a cloud of golden dreams,
Born in the calm of day's declining beams,
Waiting in shadow till the hour of night;
Fly to each couch and scatter visions bright;
As joyous bees seek honey-laden flowers,
Dreams hover near in slumber's peaceful hours.

O cradled sleep! O prayers of childhood blest!
O baby-voice, speaking a loving breast!
Thy happy prayer the darkness maketh light,
Turneth to song the solemn sounds of night,
As 'neath his wing the birdie hides his head,
Thou shelterest by thy prayer thy cradle-bed.

"In the sentence, 'John strikes William,'" remarked a school-teacher, "what is the object of strikes?" "Higher wages and less work," promptly replied the intelligent youth.

STROKE BY STROKE.

BY CHRISTINE EARLE.

"Father," said James Barker. He spoke as one who is about to ask a favor which he fears will not be granted.

Mr. Barker was washing his face at the pump. He raised his dripping head long enough to ask, in his gruff way, "What do you want?"

"I want to go to the academy this winter."

"Well, you will have to want, I expect."

"Now, father," interceded Mrs. Barker, "it does seem too bad. You know he has gone as far as he can at the school-house, and Miss French says that he is a right smart scholar."

"Can't help it," replied Mr. Barker. "There'll be schooling to pay, books and clothes to buy, and I haven't got the money."

With a sad heart James sat down to the supper-table. His father, kind though rough, saw his disappointment, and tried to think of some way to help. At length he said: "I've got the job of cleaning Mr. Martin's wood-lot. You may come in and work with the men; and if you can earn enough before school begins to pay for your schooling and clothes, I will give you your time and board while you are at school. You are not really strong enough to chop, and you'll find it pretty hard. Most likely you will give out, but you can try."

Very hard work James found it. One day he was tempted to give up. He was at work at a large tree upon whose firm grain his inexperienced blows made little impression. Tired and discouraged, he sat now upon a log to rest. It is no use," he said dolefully.

"What's no use?" asked an old wood-chopper just behind him.

"For me to try to cut down that tree."

"Pooh, my boy! you can do it. Just keep at it. Stroke by stroke will cut down the biggest tree that ever grew. Don't expect to cut down with one blow. Remember, 'stroke by stroke.'"

James did remember; and whenever the wished-for schooling seemed a good that he could never gain, he would think, "Stroke by stroke," and struggle on. The watchword which had helped the chopper was not thrown aside by the student.

Did a problem baffle, a lesson seem unconquerable, James thought, "Stroke by stroke," and took courage. "Stroke by stroke," carried James through school, and made of him an active, successful man.

I WISHED THAT I HAD LOVED HER MORE.

BY MRS. H. N. G. BUTTS.

"Mother, why does sister lay there so still? She will not speak to me; she does not move; she will not open her eyes, and her face is so cold—her lips so pale—oh, mother! tell me what it all means?"

"It means, my child, that your little sister has passed from earth to Heaven. She has left us, Minnie, and we shall soon lay her form to rest among the spring flowers."

"What, mother, do you say that Carrie will awake no more? Shall we never play again under the maple trees, nor go out into the fields and woods, and pick the sweet wild flowers? Oh mother, mother, is Carrie dead? Oh, I wish that when we played together that I had loved her more!"

Little Minnie White fell sobbing upon her mother's shoulder. Mrs. White gently folded the suffering child to her own bereaved heart, and talked to her of the bright, heavenly home where their beloved Carrie had gone. She repeated to her the beautiful words of Jesus: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

Dear children,—you who are reading these lines—have you ever looked with tearful eyes upon the white faces of a loved brother, sister or playmate, as they lay sleeping in their caskets, and wished that you had loved them more. If so, resolve now that you will love your little playmates that still live, better than you have done before. Be gentle and kind; speak no hasty, unkind words. Let your little hands never be raised to strike a brother or sister. Love everything that is pure and good. Reverence the kind Father who has created this wonderful world, teeming with life and beauty. The bright spring days are coming. The green grass will soon spring up on the hillsides, and the woodlands will be musical with the song of birds. In the language of the psalmist we will say: "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

THE CRADLE AND THE AX.

BY PAMELA H. GOODWIN.

In the majestic cathedral of Westminster, London, famed as the burial-place of kings, princes, nobles, and the great in literature and war, there is a little cradle, chiselled from marble, that has grown gray with time. Peer around beneath the canopy, and smile lovingly at the little chubby face, with cap and frill, that presses the pillow so quietly in sleep. Why is the babe so honored as to sleep beside the dust of greatness? The marble bears no name, but the record reads, "Princess Sophia, daughter of James I., died 1607, aged three days."

In the narrow chamber of the Tower of London, where Sir Walter Raleigh spent the best years of his life, there is a blunted ax that has passed through quivering human flesh, and nicked the block near which it lies. Look at it. It is only an uncouth lump, without a shade of comeliness; cold and harmless now, but the blood of the noble and the ignoble of England's soil has warmed it into a life that will not be extinct until the nation's history is lost. "There lies but a step between the cradle and the grave," it is said, and there is a tie between the rock cradle of Westminster and the ax of the gloomy Tower.

A queen-mother sat in her royal chamber, with her baby boy upon her knee. Nearly all its little life had been a moan of pain, and now the mother's face grows pale and anxious, for all say the child will die. The silent supplication of her heart has no record in our histories, but any mother who has watched the painful breathings of her helpless child will know the prayer. Prince Charles, the sickly infant, grew to manhood and left to the world the eventful life and tragic death of Charles I., King of England.

The same mother, in another royal chamber, clasped a little girl to her bosom in the same agony of grief. Those soft eyes had but just unclosed to the light of day when the lids drooped wearily, and the attendant said, "The baby will not live." Doubtless the same prayer was in the mother's heart; but the baby died, and, to comfort the royal mourner, there was placed above the baby's form its sleeping miniature. Could the queen of James I., as her tears fell upon the lace-work of the

marble coverlet, have had a vision of the dying pillow of the son whose life was spared—could she have seen the time-worn block with its hollowed head-rest, and the grimy ax sharpened for the fall that would sever the neck from the body and still the beatings of the heart—she would have called back the prayer of his childhood, and prayed, instead, that another cradle had been shaped in rock to mark his resting-place. Some poet, in looking at the brief epitaph of the baby princess, has added these lines:

"When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine."

SUNBEAM.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do;
I would seek white lilies,
Rainy woodlands through;
I would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

"If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine."

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
O, as God hath blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine;
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

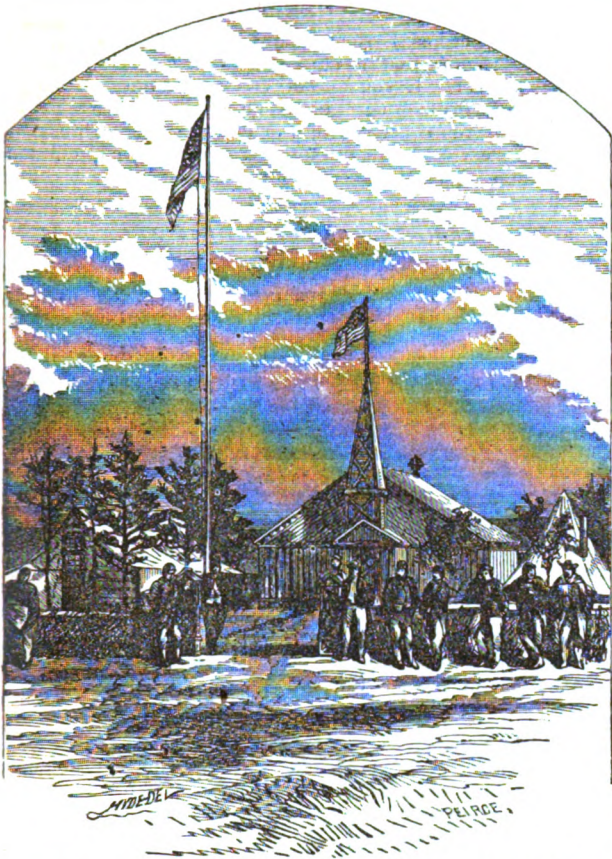
A WORD TO BOYS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Young friend, what do you think of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them! No! Of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail, and I think it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That's the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and probably will come in this way: You will find yourself, sometime, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely, they will look upon you as a milkop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh! What will you do? Will you say, "Boys, none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that?" or will you take the glass, with your own common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head, and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself and will keep doing during all its life.



WILLIAM SULLIVAN AND THE INDIAN.

BY JOHN GILL.

When quite a lad, William Sullivan, the subject of this story, left his native England, and emigrated to North America. Years passed, when in the West he built a small but pretty homestead, on a gently-rising ground, which sloped towards a sparkling river that turned a large saw-mill. A well stocked garden and orchard lay around it, filled with vegetables and richly-laden fruit-trees, with his well-cultivated farm. Behind it were the solemn pine forests, inhabited by the Red Indians, whom he especially despised, though calling himself a Christian.

The season of hay-making had arrived; and one soft and lovely evening in June, William Sullivan sat upon his doorstep preparing his scythes for the occasion. So intent was he upon his work, that he heeded not the approach of a tall Indian, until he was asked to be kind enough to give the unfortunate hunter some supper and a lodging for the night; but with a look of contempt he bade him begone for a heathen dog. The Indian, in a musical voice, pleaded that he was very hungry—that it was long since he had eaten anything; and he only asked for a crust of bread and a cup of cold water. The farmer cruelly abused him, bade him go and drink of the river; when, with slow steps and mournful mien, the poor hungry native departed.

Mary Sullivan, his wife, had heard and seen the whole, and as she sat hushing her infant to rest; and from the open window she watched the famished Indian retiring, until he sank exhausted on the ground. The tear of pity dimmed her eye; and taking a pitcher of milk in her hand, and some bread and

roasted kid in a napkin, she was soon at the fallen red man's side, asking if her brother would take some food? When he had finished, the dusky native knelt at her feet, and with eyes beaming with gratitude promised to protect her, whom he called the white dove, from the pounces of the eagle, and that her unfledged young should be left safe in the nest. Drawing a tuft of heron's feathers from his bosom, he gave it to Mary, saying that when her husband visited the great hunting grounds he would be safe if he wore it on his head. And he swiftly passed into the leafy woods.

The autumn came with all its rich and varied tints; and William Sullivan was to be one of a hunting-party in the still pine-forest. But somehow his heart misgave him. Perhaps he thought of the poor starving Indian whom he had treated so cruelly? He told his fears to his wife; and she produced the feather from the press, telling him all she had done for the red man, and what he had said to her. Mary was the only daughter of a pious English sailor, and knew that we are to help ourselves if we ever hope to succeed. William reluctantly consented, stuck the feather in his cap, shouldered his rifle, and was soon with the hunters in search of game. On the second day he separated himself from his companions, and became bewildered in the forest. Hour after hour he wandered on, even until the sunset gilded the outskirts of an immense prairie. He was weary, nor had he tasted food since the morning. At this juncture a huge buffalo, with lowering head, rushed towards him. He fired; but the enraged beast still dashed on, and gored him to the ground. At that instant the sharp click of a rifle smote his ear, and the enormous brute fell dead by the prostrate man. An Indian glided from the thicket, and stood before Sullivan, who requested him to direct him to the nearest white settlement. As night was approaching, the native kindly invited him to his hut, gave him a plentiful supper of bruised corn and venison, spread skins for his bed, on which he slept till morning. Then the hospitable red man walked before him through the forest; and ere the sun had sunk behind the distant Rocky Mountains, Sullivan saw his dear woodland home once more, and his wife and children watching by the porch. But when he turned to thank his generous guide, how was he surprised to find that it was the very same Indian whom five months before he had repulsed so cruelly! Gazing upon the abashed settler with a dignified yet mild expression, the wild warrior of the woods thus addressed him:

"Five moons ago, when I was faint and weary, you called me 'Indian dog,' and drove me from your door. I might last night have been revenged; but the white dove fed me, and for her sake I spared her mate. Go to your home; and when hereafter you see a red man in need of kindness, do to him as you have been done by. Farewell!"

And they call this man a savage! But we ask whether it is not more savage to reject arbitration, and train up men in civilized countries to batter and bruise each other with weapons of war!

The foregoing true story of the red man of the wood is a practical illustration of the law of kindness, teaching the fighting advocates of Christendom to imitate his worthy example, and to do unto others as they would be done by!

NOTE.—Will our friends examine this number of the *Angel*, and help extend its circulation? We intend to improve upon each monthly issue, and make a first-rate paper for Sabbath Schools. See terms.

THE HOLY DOVE.

There used to come a little dove
Before his window small,
And sing to him with her sweet voice,
Out of the fir-tree tall.

There is a holy dove that sings
To every Christian child,
That whispers to his little heart
A song more sweet and mild.

It is the Spirit of our God
That speaks to him within,
That leads him on to all things good,
And holds him back from sin.

And he must hear that still small voice,
Nor tempt it to depart,
The Spirit great and wonderful,
That whispers to his heart.

A DESOLATE VALLEY.

War has made the once beautiful Vale of Roses, and neighboring valleys south of the Schipka Pass, a desert filled with horrors. A correspondent of the *London Times* writes: "All the way from Schipka to Yeni Saghra, at which place we took the rail, the air is polluted with the remains of the killed. The bodies of men, women and children are to be met with in all stages of decomposition at the roadsides, in the cornfields and gardens, on the banks of streams and in the beds of rivulets. Some hundreds were choking the shallow river within a quarter of a mile from where we camped at Yeni Saghra. Desolation and ruin appeared along the whole way. The remains of formerly prosperous villages, which it was impossible to pitch tent even near, rippling mountain streams in which our horses refused to drink, the howling of wolves around us at night, brought down from the mountains earlier than usual by the horrid feasts prepared for them (the largest I have ever seen lay dead, evidently recently shot, by the side of the road) not far from Yeni Saghra, and, worse, the occasional shrieks from human beings, followed by solitary rifle reports, which made one shudder more than the damp night air—all these sights and sounds went to form one great horrible phantasmagoria, which none of us are likely to live long enough to remember without pain."

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER.

Little Mary was on her way to the Sunday-school, when she saw two ragged boys fighting. She at once went to them and said, "You must not fight." Strange to say, she succeeded in putting an end to the quarrel. Having done so she said to the two boys, "I am going to Sunday-school; will you come with me?" After some gentle entreaty on her part, they were induced to go with her to the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after this occurrence, a minister was addressing a large gathering of children. Among other things he told them what Mary had done twenty years before.

He then said, "Would you like to see Thomas, who was one of those two ragged boys twenty years ago?"

"Oh, yes," cried the children.

Pointing to a gentleman on the platform, he said, "That is Thomas, and he is a minister."

"Now," he said, "would you like to see James, who fought with Thomas?"

"Yes, yes," was the response.

"Well," he replied, "I am James, and I am a minister, too."

"Now would you like to see Mary who took the two ragged boys to the Sunday-school?"

The children, now quite interested, at once cried out; "Yes, yes; let us see Mary."

Pointing to a lady sitting in front of the platform, he said, "That is Mary with a blue ribbon on her bonnet, and she is my wife."

LORD CHATHAM'S ADVICE.

The distinguished Earl of Chatham said to his son, "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed, and the wall of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can never make progress in anything. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself, or any one else, to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and really unenjoyed by yourself.'"

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

I heard two little girls talking under my window. One of them said, in a voice full of indignation: "If I were in your place, I'd never speak to her again. I'd be angry with her as long as I lived." I listened, feeling anxious about the reply. My heart beat more lightly when it came. "No, Lou," answered the other in a sweet and gentle voice; "I wouldn't do that for all the world. I'm going to forgive and forget just as soon as I can."

GOOD HUMOR.

Our advice to all is, indulge in good hearty soulful laughter when the opportunity offers, and you will derive benefit therefrom. A merry heart, a cheerful spirit, from which laughter wells up as naturally as bubbles the springs of Saratoga, are worth all the money-bags, stocks and mortgages of Wall street. The man who laughs is a doctor, with a diploma endorsed by the school of Nature; his face does more good in a sick room, than a pound of powders or a gallon of pitters.

Sir Isaac Newton, a very wise and godly man, was once examining a new and very fine globe, when a gentleman came in to his study who did not believe in God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked:

"Who made it?"

"Nobody," said Sir Isaac: "it happened here."

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

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D.

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We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE who are earnestly invite to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

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"The cause of Peace we regard as an eminently philanthropic and Christian enterprise of great importance, and worthy of sympathy and support. It has already accomplished much good, and would doubtless accomplish vastly more, if it possessed adequate means. We think it deserves, as it certainly needs, a large increase of funds. The American Peace Society, charged with the care of this cause in our own country, and whose management has deservedly secured very general approbation, we cordially commend to the liberal patronage of the benevolent."

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Joseph A. Dugdale, Iowa.
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Hon. John Q. Smith, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, MAY, JUNE AND JULY, 1878.

VOL. IX. No. 3.

WHERE CHANGES NEVER COME.

BY W. H. BELLAMY.

The home where changes never come,
Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care,
Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home;
Who would not fain be resting there?
Yet, when bowed down beneath the load
By heaven ordained thine earthly lot,
Thou yearn'st to reach that blest abode,
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

If in thy path, some thorns are found,
O think who bore them on His brow;
If griefs thy sorrowing heart has found,
They reached a holier than thou.
Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee;
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

Among the changes in general opinion, during one or two generations, none is more remarkable than that regarding the life and character of Napoleon. What was once considered as peculiar to the intense national hatred of the English, is now common among intelligent Frenchmen in their treatment of the great Emperor. Observe the close of the following paragraph from the *British Quarterly Review*, referring to Lanfrey's third volume of the History of Napoleon I:

"If Napoleon does not deserve severer reprobation than almost any man with whom history makes us acquainted, moral distinctions lose their validity, and crime is graduated by station and success. Beyond all reasonable doubt, Napoleon was the greatest liar, the most treacherous diplomatist, the most unscrupulous politician, the most ruthless tyrant, and the most reckless of bloodshed and murder of any ruler in modern history. We have read this volume with this criticism of the author constantly present to us, and we deliberately say that—making more than due allowance for those necessities which are the tyrant's plea, and which are sometimes held, if on no other grounds, yet on that of exceptional temptations, to justify exceptional morality—he makes no statement and passes no judgment for which he does not patiently adduce detailed and abundant evidence; nor have we once felt that the depth and strength of his moral detestation is in any degree in excess; more frequently it has seemed inadequate to this man's enormous crimes against human society. History would be worthless if it did not gibbet the author of the Russian expedition, the treacherous appropriator of Portugal and Spain, and the unscrupulous tyrant of Holland. After the venial homage which too many have paid to Napoleon's successful acquisition of unequalled power, it is an unspeakable satisfaction to find a Frenchman sternly bringing his falsehood, treachery and tyranny to the test of ordinary moral principles, and estimating at its true worth the meretricious and treacherous glory which these purchased. 'Let us,' he says, 'abandon the discreditable sophisms which have too long served as an excuse for crimes of which we can only prevent a repetition by representing them in all their frightful reality.' It will be many generations before the evils which Napoleon wrought for France will be remedied."

WILLIAM PENN.

THE FOUNDER OF PHILADELPHIA, AND HIS GOVERNMENT.

BY PHILIP C. GARRETT.

In this hundredth anniversary of our national existence, no more fitting spot could have been selected for the brotherly concurrence of nations, vying with each other in the arts of Peace, than the city of William Penn. Not only as the birth-place of American independence is it memorable and appropriate, but as the cradle of civil and religious liberty and of Peace. In the state of "Penn's Forests" and the city called "Fraternal Love," their founder wisely planned and successfully carried out his "holy experiment" of a state conducted strictly upon principles of justice. Moreover, it was tried under circumstances that would usually be regarded as those most doubtful of success; for it was not Christian nations with whom he had to contend, but savage tribes.

William Penn was a man very remarkably in advance of his day upon many questions relating to civil and religious liberty, government and economy. But the most remarkable of all, because he was the only case in which it was ever fully put to the test by a state on a conclusive scale, and because many sincere people who hope the death-warrant of war will be early sealed, need an evidence of its possibility, is this experiment in peaceful government.

The son of a professional warrior, for his father was an eminent admiral in the British navy, he himself was, for a short time, a soldier in his youth, and a familiar portrait represents him, with an almost boyish face, clad in the iron armor he then wore. But his clear, moral sense was early convinced of the folly and impiety of war, and being deeply interested, also, after his conversion, to release the thousands who were then suffering in loathsome dungeons from religious intolerance in England, and offer them a freer air to breathe, he besought the king to settle a debt due his father by a grant of land in the New World. The result is familiar to mankind. His request was granted, and on the shores of the Delaware and Schuylkill he laid out a city, planned for greatness in advance. It was far more difficult to preserve the peace with the savage tribes, upon whose hitherto unmolested ownership of the soil the white man was now intruding, than it would be with the average European nation, as the experience of most of the colonies, whose early history was written in letters of blood, conclusively proved. But here was a notable exception. And why? Simply because Penn proceeded solely upon broad principles of justice, and cast aside the bauble of wounded honor. The warrant which Penn received from King James was not in his eyes sufficient to give him a clear title to the soil. Here were the red men in full possession. In their estimation, and we may say in undoubted equity, the land was theirs. Why, because a nation was Christian, should it claim the unchristian right, which power gives, to expel all nations, upon whom the light of the glorious gospel had not risen, from their native soil, and in the greed of selfish lust demand possession instead! William Penn did not so read the gospel, and did not so accept Christianity. But one of the first steps he took upon landing in the New World was to invite a council with the true owners of the soil; and, in solemn words of amity and justice, extend his hand to these children of the forest.

"The Great Spirit," said he, "who made me and you, who rules the heavens and the earth, and who knows the innermost

thoughts of men, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to serve you to the utmost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good."

It is this recognition of the broad equality of rights of the whole human race, this adherence to the golden rule, this preference of others' good, even that of savages, to his own, which has so distinguished William Penn's government from that of the great bulk of mankind, in their international dealings. So solemn and sincere a recognition of amenability to the King of kings has not often characterized the treaties of nations. Often, it is true, is the sacred name appealed to in words of solemnity, but the appeal lacks that seal of the "unequivocal, authentic deed," wherein "we find sound argument" because "we read the heart."

William Penn always held his lands by fair purchase from the Indians, giving them the benefit of any doubts in his transactions, and preferring to buy the same land several times rather than a tribe or an Indian should believe himself aggrieved.

His negotiations with Lord Baltimore upon the boundary question, although conducted with firmness, and ultimately with success, were marked with the same forbearance and love of justice. The Maryland proprietor, at one stage of the discussion, made forcible entry upon the lower counties of Delaware with a regiment of troops, who seized a number of plantations, ejected the owners, and threw up a fort for defence. But it takes two to make a contest, and finding no troops to engage and no attack, they finally withdrew. And truly it is seldom the case that violent men will persist in high-handed measures if confronted by justice unarmed.

Being far in advance of his generation, Penn was fully convinced not only of the utter folly of war, its loss and impolicy, and its direct violation of Christianity, but also of the feasibility of doing without it. Not satisfied with the practical demonstration of this truth by his remarkable government in the Western Hemisphere, he, in 1695, issued an "essay toward the present and future peace of Europe by the establishment of an European Diet, Parliament or Estates." At that day, the experiment of the great republic, now tested by a strain of a hundred years, had not been tried. Nationality was still represented by sovereigns, who were then regarded not merely, like the national ensign, as the type, symbol and representative of nationality, but as the power itself, by Divine right, from which any rights possessed by the people emanated. His own constitution, embodying, as it did, the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty and self-government, formed the germ, to an extent, doubtless, of which he little dreamed, of the more comprehensive constitution of the United States.

It was in his city that the Continental Congress sat. It was in his city, surrounded, and no doubt affected by these benign and inspiring influences, that the Declaration of the Independence of the Colonies was written and announced. But that was eighty years later; and at the time he prepared this remarkable essay, both Europe and America were still under the more or less arbitrary sway of monarchs. Therefore, after recounting the general principles of peace and justice, he proceeds to propose that the sovereign princes of Europe should unite to avert wars by judicial means. He says:

"If the sovereign princes of Europe, who represent that society, or independent state of men that was previous to the obligations of society, would, for the same reason that engaged men first in society, viz: love of peace and order, agree to meet, by their stated deputies, in a General Diet, Estates or Parliament, and there establish rules of justice for sovereign princes to observe one to another; and thus to meet yearly, or once in two or three years at farthest, or as they shall see cause, and to be styled, The Sovereign, or Imperial Diet, Parliament, or State of Europe; before which sovereign assembly should be brought all differences depending between one sovereign and another that cannot be made up by private embassies before the session begins, and that if any of the sovereignties that constitute these imperial states shall refuse to submit their claim or pretension to them, or to abide and perform the judgment

thereof, and seek their remedy by arms, or delay their compliance beyond the time fixed in their resolutions, all the other sovereignties, united as one strength, shall compel the submission and performance of the sentence, with damages to the suffering party, and charges to the sovereignties that obliged their submission, Europe would quietly obtain the so-much-desired and needed Peace to her harassed inhabitants; no sovereignty in Europe, having the power, and therefore cannot show the will to dispute the conclusion; and consequently, Peace would be procured and continued in Europe."

If we substitute the word "nations" for "princes" and "sovereigns," and the words "of the civilized world" for "of Europe," this concise sketch can hardly be improved upon two centuries later. Experience, no doubt, would suggest modifications, and a code of laws for the pacific government of nations could scarcely be regarded as final, until trial had developed its defects and needs. But in general, and for the purposes of a start, the laws which regulate society and individual obligations, would suggest enough to guide the framers of laws for the international court.

The common observation with which men turn aside appeals for universal peace, is that the idea is utopian—very excellent in theory, but impracticable in the present state of mankind. This, we believe, is an utter fallacy. The only reason which could be assigned for the truth of the assertion, viz: the evil of men's hearts, and their want of self-control, applies with even greater force to the successful establishment of social regulations for the government of individuals. It would take a bold man, in the present state of society, nay, either an utterly reckless man, or an idiot, to assert that it is utopian to attempt the establishment of laws to prevent murder, robbery and arson—very good in theory, but impossible to enforce. Yet it is literally just as true as the other postulate. Nay, it is far easier so to govern nations than persons if mankind will only give the consent of their reason and their will—for, while individuals are counted by thousands of millions, nations are reckoned by scores only.

Now, what we need is, that, with candor and common sense, men everywhere should look at the utter folly and imbecility of this destructive mode of settling national differences, as this truly great and wise ruler did, and the remedies are at their doors. The stake is immense, the means easy. A simple and sincere reliance upon principles of equity, a single dependence upon that truth, *whose* are "the eternal years of God," is the fulcrum of Archimedes upon which the world may be moved to this great step.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ECONOMY OF PEACE.

The world has, within the last few years, received repeated lessons, on a large scale, of the terribly destructive effects upon every interest resulting from that hideous relic of barbarism—war. Under these lessons, the most enlightened minds of the age are turning their attention to the practical means of rendering these murderous collisions distasteful to the mass of mankind, as they have been already proved totally unnecessary. We, nevertheless, contend that both the necessity and the fashion may be cleared away by practically instructing the multitude.

Boldly meeting the question face to face, do we not know that in our own country, our gigantic debt; our crowded hospitals and almshouses; our States at the South, depressed and almost despairing; our diminished commerce, and to a great extent our stagnant trade, as well as our immense debt, are the direct result of our internecine warfare, and that the latter might have been avoided had the people at large of both sections comprehended the economy of peace? Who will deny it? Why, to reason otherwise is to consider this most practical of all nations devoid of common sense.

What is war in its abstract business sense? Nothing else than a mass of force, greater or less, withdrawn from production and applied with unnatural energy to the purpose of destruction. What is an army? A ponderous array of consumers who not only are absolute non-producers, but worse, for they are destroyers. One million of these require the sweat and toil of many other millions in the land to support

them while they are annihilating the habitations, food, clothing and future resources of a large portion of the very multitude upon whose substance they exist. What is the immediate next condition of this process? Plainly that the means of supporting these destructive non-producers continually decreases, and that the toiling suffering producers must, consequently, grow poorer every day. But, to grow poorer and poorer beneath a burden, is eventually to lose all independent action; and what a reduction to absurdity is "freedom" without independence.

Absolute monarchs, looking to a consolidation of their power, for the time being, and caring nothing for what is to come by and by—"après moi le deluge"—"after me the deluge," said Metternich—may like this process that sinks the people farther and farther into helplessness, but can Constitutional Governments entertain such views? Those that do accept them must, in that very fact, become ephemeral creations: here to-day and gone to-morrow. Like Saturn, they prey upon their own children, until sire and progeny perish together in one dreadful cataclysm.

It is time civilized and Christian people comprehended, in their full extent, the facts in this case. To say nothing of the immense suffering and sacrifice of life within the last few years, the sacrifice of property has been such that the people cannot long endure it. The loss is not merely that of actual war, but the far greater waste of preparation, the maintaining in every nation in Europe of vast armaments and myriads of men, through the years of peace, in constant readiness for war. The national debts which are thus piled up are appalling, and meantime, the people, struggling under the accumulating load, are fast losing hope. Shall there never be an end of this carnage and want—some better and truer arbiter than the sword!—*N. Y. Mercantile Journal*.

ARBITRATION.

ITS ADVANTAGES OVER WAR BETWEEN NATIONS.

Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, in an address delivered in Berlin, Germany, recently, concerning the advantages of settling international disputes by peaceful means, said:

We have this year given our homage to Rubens on the three hundredth anniversary of his birth. As I witnessed at Antwerp the magnificent pageant to his honor, and gazed again upon his wondrous creations in the cathedral and the academy—that heavenly blue, that matchless purple, as fresh and bright as if but yesterday laid on the canvas—my eye swept round the galleries of Europe, from London to Madrid, to Venice, to St. Petersburg, and all within and across the circle, but nowhere did I see that blue in the smoke of belching cannon, that purple in garments dyed with human gore. Only in the Pitti palace has Rubens painted the horrors of war to repel us, and in the National Gallery at London, the contrast of those horrors with the beauties and blessings of peace. The "Battle of the Amazons," at Munich, is mythological.

I grant that the old masters painted much that ministered to superstition. But, if I must choose between superstition and war, give me a whole gallery of superstition rather than one picture of war. For in superstition I see at least the soul struggling through ignorance and darkness to rise to the true and the good; but in war the mastery of material force over the finer instincts and aspirations of the soul. And shall I be called upon to honor that as Christian civilization or national culture which abuses science, degrades art and destroys man! I repeat that the military attitude of Europe oppresses one with sadness—that there is no statesman who has the sagacity, the humanity, the courage to say to the statesmen of other nations: "Come, let us have done with this; our industry is languishing, our taxes are growing, our debts increasing, and the cost of armaments lies back of all."

"Let us seek our strength and safety in peace. Send home your colossal armies, keeping a tithe for your own police and we will disband ours." Am I a fanatic? Then was Bismarck a fanatic when he said the Eastern Question is not worth the blood of one Pomeranian soldier. Then was Moltke a fanatic when he said in the last Parliament, "Happy will be the time when States shall no longer be in a position which requires

them to expend the greater part of their income in protecting their existence, but when parties and people shall have convinced themselves that even a successful campaign costs more than it brings, since it can be no gain to purchase material good with the lives of men.

"But the people are convinced of this. Let them teach their parliaments to substitute the law of morality for the rule of force, and the thing is done. For why are States to-day under the miserable necessity of imbruiting themselves to terrify their neighbors! Because they cherish presumptive suspicion instead of mutual confidence! I do not forget that the United States owe to war first their independence and next their Union. But I remember also that they owe to war their enormous debt, their official corruption and the scandals of political society. I do not forget that Germany owes to war first the security of her re-formation, and next the accomplishment of her union. I do not forget that France owes to revolution the secularization of society; and Italy, to war her emancipation from Austria and the Papacy. And I would not forget that, as Europe now is, occasions of war may suddenly arise, and it may save life and substance in the end to be prepared in time for such an emergency. But it should be the study of statesmen to provide against such an emergency rather than for it; to change that state of things which exposes Europe to the eruption of war."

For The Advocate of Peace.

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

BY L. H.

[The following poem bears such marks of a high and delicate poetic talent that we welcome it to our columns, though its theme might more appropriately grace a purely literary journal.—*EDITOR*.]

I dream beside the fading fire,
An old man failing fast,
My heart is full of strange desire,—
The present seems the past.

The snowflakes touch the window-pane,
With fingers soft and fair;
But in my saddened heart's domain
There storms a wild despair.

Amid the fitful dying light,
Stands now a vision rare,
Pure is her face, as lilies white
Wreathed in her raven hair.

Her face is sad, and pale with grief,
But love is in her eyes;
Ah! now my heart seeks swift relief,
In vain,—the vision dies!

Oh, maid! thy vision calls me now
To penitence and tears;
But crown of thorns upon my brow
Will rest through coming years.

Thy love I spurned when it was mine,
Too late my tears and pain;
But my new soul shall all be thine,
In holy heaven again.

Our translation of the Bible, made more than two hundred years ago, in the reign of James the First, is worthy of all praise as clear, strong, harmonious English. And it has been, and still is, a grand conservator of pure English. Coleridge well said that "intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style." Owing to the inevitable change in language, however, some words that are used in our version of the Scriptures have, now, in general employ, a different meaning from the old and Biblical one.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, MAY, JUNE & JULY, 1878.



FIFTIETH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

MADE AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, IN PILGRIM HALL,
BOSTON, MONDAY, MAY 27, 1878.

The Directors of the American Peace Society submit their fiftieth annual report with sentiments of peculiar thanksgiving to God, from whom all benefits proceed, that He has permitted the Society to reach not only another annual meeting, but, also, to come to the close of the first half century of its history. Considering the instability of human affairs, and the brief existence of many institutions founded even under favorable auspices, the Directors consider it the more remarkable that this Society should not only reach the age of fifty years, but that it should also have steadily grown in strength and usefulness. Indeed, with one exception, namely, the Rhode Island Peace Society, the American Peace Society has outlived all the peace societies founded about the time this Society was established; and that, also, though two of those societies, of the States of Maine and of New York, were established by that apostle of peace, William Ladd, himself. It seems proper, therefore, that as a service of gratitude to God, and as a matter of history eminently appropriate to this time, we should give a rapid glance of the way along which Divine Providence has thus far led our Society.

ORGANIZATION OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

The rise and progress of peace principles, as illustrated in the history of this Society, has been of so quiet a nature as to gain but little notoriety, even as compared with some very short-lived movements of public opinion. The cause of peace does not boast the clamor and pomp of war; does not enlist in its ranks the pride and luxury of the world; and obtrudes upon the attention of society no brilliant processions, and no gorgeous spectacles. Like the Prince of Peace himself, so the cause of peace, appeals to the benevolent instincts of the human heart; calls to men in the still small voice of conscience; and goes forth into the world seeking, by the gentle methods of reason and religion, to propagate its doctrine of good will amongst men, and peace upon earth.

The first tract, especially for the cause of peace, ever put forth in this country, so far as we know, was written by Mr. David L. Dodge, a merchant of the city of New York, and the father of the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge of New York, a Vice-President of this Society. This tract was entitled ("The Mediator's Kingdom not of this World." In the year 1812 Mr. Dodge proposed to form a Peace Society; and this proposition was carried into effect by the organization, in the parlor of Mr. Dodge's house, of a society of about forty members.

So far as we know, this was the first specific Peace Society formed in the world; though, as a matter of course, various branches of the Christian Church, and particularly in modern times that branch of it known as the Society of Friends, had earnestly taught peace principles.

About this time a similar movement was taking place in Massachusetts. Some earnest and benevolent men, alarmed by the bloody wars of Europe, rose up in solemn protest against the custom of war; a powerful essay entitled "A Solemn Review of the Custom of War," written by the venerable Rev. Noah Worcester, was published in Boston; and in 1815, twenty-two persons signed the constitution of the Massachusetts Peace Society.

A number of gentlemen, who had read the "Solemn Review," residing in Ohio, formed in the year 1815, the Ohio Peace Society.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Holcome, then pastor of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, who had himself borne arms in the war of the American revolution, preached a sermon to his congregation, in the year 1823, in which he said, "I, like many others, once held the sentiments of the lawfulness of war; but, at the instance of a learned friend, I examined my sentiments in the light of the gospel, and then made a renunciation of war, as by no means congenial with the religion of our Lord." After this Dr. Holcome printed several peace tracts, having become the founder of the Pennsylvania Peace Society in December of the year 1823. In one year's time from its organization this society numbered 170 members.

The Georgia Peace Society held its first annual meeting on July 4, 1823.

Peace societies sprang up, also, in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut and North Carolina.

It next became apparent that these societies, scattered over a vast territory, could greatly increase their influence upon public opinion, by forming some bond of union amongst themselves. Hence originated the idea of a National Society, which should collect the energies of the State Societies. It was plain, particularly in those days when railways and the postal service and the telegraph did not, as now, bind communities together, that isolated societies, each working in its own territory alone, could not revolutionize in the world the custom of war; and, therefore, upon the maxim that in union there is strength, a motion towards comprehension was first made in the Peace Society of Maine, in 1826. It was then voted, "That it is expedient to adopt measures for the formation of a National Peace Society." Other societies afterwards passed similar votes. A constitution, written by the Corresponding Secretary of the Massachusetts Society, became, with a few alterations, the constitution of the National Society, having received the approbation of all the other Peace Societies in this country.

It was the early and successful effort of William Ladd, who has well been called "The Apostle of Peace," to form this national organization. This he accomplished in New York city, in May, 1828. The venerable and saintly biographer of William Ladd, John Hemmenway, breaks forth into strains of unfeigned and glowing eloquence, as he describes this great work. "How beautifully modest," says Mr. Hemmenway, "was William Ladd in regard to his own labors! Although he thought he accomplished but little for peace, yet he actually performed a great and good work for humanity, which will be more and more evident, as the blessed age of peace and

love draws nearer and nearer, and the sound of war grows cheerily fainter, till it shall expire, to the sublime joy of a regenerated world."

We must pass with extreme rapidity over the years intervening between May, 1828 and May, 1878,—the half century of our Society's life,—a period that deserves the record of a volume, rather than the paragraph of a report.

BRIEF REVIEW OF OUR HISTORY.

We have already seen how the American Peace Society was called into existence. We may now for a moment glance at the fifty years of its life. In doing this we may speak of our history as comprehended under certain periods, marked by the successive administrations of the Corresponding Secretaries.

William Ladd stands forth as the founder and the first Secretary of our Society. His is a conspicuous and noble figure. The son of eminent and pious parentage, he was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1778; was graduated at Harvard College at the age of 19; was captain of one of the largest ships that had ever sailed out of Portsmouth at the age of 20; from his many voyages grew in wealth and knowledge till the war of 1812 compelled him to furl his canvass, as it proved forever; settled upon the large patrimonial estate at Minot, Maine; received from the dying lips of the Rev. Jesse Appleton, President of Bowdoin College, his first impressions concerning the cause of peace; and, step by step, gave himself with extraordinary energy and self-sacrifice to the promotion of peace upon earth. We cannot now follow his illustrious career. It is sufficient here to say that he has taken his place amongst the consecrated few who become the world's great reformers; that, selecting as his mission of philanthropy the work of abolishing the war system, he gave himself with wonderful heroism to what, in the eyes of the great world, seemed a hopeless cause; and that, by his industry and talent, by his writings and his speeches, by his journeys and meetings, by his toil and expenditures, he accomplished a work which the historians of philanthropy will delight to honor more and more as the ages pass on. The day will yet come when the members of the American Peace Society, and the friends of peace everywhere, will contribute to carve his statue in marble, and will pronounce fresh eulogies to his honor, when the heroes of Waterloo will have retired into the shade of comparative forgetfulness.

George Cone Beckwith was the second Secretary of the Society. For thirty-three years he reared a superstructure upon the broad and grand foundation laid by his predecessor. His was an administration of singular ability. He possessed great financial talent, and gathered with marvellous toil and patience the pecuniary means for carrying on the work of the Society; bequeathing also to the Society, under certain conditions, his own property, as a further evidence both of his benevolence and ardent interest in the cause of peace. In his long and arduous duties Dr. Beckwith was largely assisted by the noble co-operation of his wife. Dr. Beckwith not only gathered funds for the Society and husbanded the finances with exactness and economy, but he also edited the *ADVOCATE OF PEACE*, attended to the publication of books and tracts, conducted a large official correspondence and presented the cause in many meetings. No other man in the United States served the cause so long, or accomplished for it so much. He never grew weary in his work.

Dr. Beckwith was born in 1801; was a graduate of Middlebury College, and of Andover Theological Seminary; was

pastor of a Congregational Church in Lowell, and also in Portland; was professor in Lane Theological Seminary and also in Andover Theological Seminary; and became Secretary of this Society in 1837. He became interested in the cause of peace by reading upon the subject. The mantle of Ladd fell worthily upon him. He gave to the cause of peace the best period of his life. He probably wrote more on the subject of peace than any other man in the world. But for him, the Society could hardly have survived some of the storms that swept over it,—storms that did actually destroy several of the State Societies. His whole administration marked an era of growth in the work of the Society.

James B. Miles succeeded Dr. Beckwith as permanent Secretary, Rev. Amasa Lord having been Secretary *pro tempore* for a year or more after Dr. Beckwith's death. His Secretaryship was so recent, and his history is so fresh in our memory, that we need not speak particularly of his personal history, except to say that he was a man of thorough scholarship, of rare talent, had filled eminent positions, and that he brought to his work great gifts, and accomplished an admirable mission.

Under Dr. Miles the Society entered upon a new and most important enterprise, in the promotion of international law and a congress of nations. This, indeed, had been a doctrine of the Society from the very first. William Ladd discoursed upon it with great fervor. The Society had published prize essays upon it. Yet, in the ripeness of time, and just at the propitious moment following the Geneva Arbitration, it was left for Dr. Miles, assisted by the valuable co-operation of Elihu Burritt, to reduce to practice the theories of previous years. He visited Europe four times, and established "The Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations," an organization which has already accomplished a marked work, and which we think is destined to do a very extraordinary work for peace in the future. This work was extremely expensive to the Society; but it was necessarily and unavoidably, from its very character, expensive; and having been performed, justly entitles the Society all the more to the esteem and the pecuniary help of all intelligent friends of advancing civilization and Christianity.

PRESIDENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

We have spoken of the Secretaries of our Society, but our brief historic review would be incomplete without some mention of the Presidents, who, by their official positions, and by their worth and eminence of character, have greatly contributed to the success of our work. Captain William Ladd, Samuel E. Comer, Esq., Anson G. Phillips, Esq., Hon. William Jay, Rev. Francis Wayland, D. D., LL. D., Rev. Howard Malcom, D. D., LL. D. have occupied the office of President, while the Hon. Edward S. Tobey now holds the office. These are illustrious men, by their sympathy, their co-operation, and their benevolence, have greatly aided the holy cause of peace.

A GLANCE AT THE PROGRESS OF PEACE PRINCIPLES.

Having given, as it is especially appropriate to do upon this semi-centennial anniversary, a brief history of our origin and progress to the present time, we cannot avoid speaking of the progress of peace principles during the last half century. Our Society is founded upon the principle that the custom of war is contrary to the principles of the Christian religion; that it is accompanied by untold suffering and horrors; and that every disciple of Christ, and every noble citizen, is called to aid in abolishing this custom. Yet, the Society has a

broad and catholic platform. It receives to co-operation all who seek to remove war, whether they are non-residents or believers in defensive war, whether they seek only religious methods or endeavor to work by methods of international law. Our periodicals, also, are open to honest and generous discussion. The Society is not limited as to its officers or membership to any denomination of Christians, or to any party of politicians; but it seeks the co-operation and support of all. So, too, it is not limited to one race, or to one sex; but all, of whatever nationality or complexion, and whether men or women, are free to join with us in work, and share with us any official duty.

With these principles, the Society collects and disseminates information concerning peace and war; prints books, pamphlets and tracts on the subject; offers prizes for essays on peace; publishes two journals, one for adults and one for children; conducts an extensive official correspondence; writes for the general and secular religious press; addresses the public from the pulpit and the platform; and, in short, seeks to tear from war its trappings of gay uniform and waving plume and reveal it as a monster, a grim death, an incarnate fiend, preying upon the happiness and lives of men, and to reveal peace as the true promoter of man's usefulness and joy.

These principles, thus set forth, have made progress during the past half century. True, many peace societies have perished, and our civil war aroused a martial spirit which at one time seemed to threaten to exterminate peace sentiments in our country; but now the discussion of peace themes is again frequent, the friends of peace again come forward, and especially the subject of international law and of a congress of nations is engaging the attention of leading statesmen and philanthropists both in Europe and America. Therefore, we may confidently affirm that peace principles never had a firmer hold upon public opinion than now.

OUR WORK DURING THE PAST YEAR.

The Society has continued its work during the past year according to its best opportunities. The *ADVOCATE OF PEACE* and the *ANGEL OF PEACE* have continued to go forth upon their mission. The Corresponding Secretary has conducted an exceedingly extensive correspondence, both with individuals and societies, in this country, in Europe and in other foreign parts. One purpose he has fondly cherished from the first, namely, by correspondence, to effect the establishment of peace societies, upon the basis of the constitution of the American Peace Society, in other countries; and, so far as we can judge, this purpose seems now nearly ready of accomplishment, particularly in Sweden, Scotland and Liberia. One tract, "The Power and Peril of a National Delusion," by Elihu Burritt; and one pamphlet, "Report of the Antwerp Conference," by the Corresponding Secretary, have been published, and one thousand copies circulated. Interesting peace meetings have been held, and addresses made in Portland, Providence, Worcester, Philadelphia, Burlington and some smaller places. Resolutions in behalf of peace have been sent by the Secretary to some leading ecclesiastical conventions of various denominations, and adopted by the vote of such bodies. The Secretary has written much on peace for leading journals, thus reaching a vast multitude of readers; and, particularly, he has written long and studious peace articles for the *Morning Star*, *Zion's Herald*, *Boston Journal*, *Church Union*, *Providence Journal*, *Evening Bulletin*, *Public Ledger*, *Independent*, *London*

Times, *Birmingham Post*, *New York Herald*, *New York Tribune*, and some of the publications of the American Tract Society. The latter society, indeed, upon inquiry, has informed our Secretary that short occasional articles on peace from his pen will be admitted to their journals, which have an aggregate circulation of over five millions of copies. This method of propagating peace ideas has been earnestly urged upon our Secretary by that noble veteran "warrior against war," Elihu Burritt. This is a noiseless method of work, but it reaches many millions of minds, while speeches in town halls and churches reach only a few thousands. Many hundreds of persons, mostly of culture and comparative wealth, have been called upon personally, and the claims of the peace cause placed before their attention and benevolence.

THE ANTWERP INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE.

One of the most important works accomplished during the past year was the attendance by the Corresponding Secretary of the fifth annual Conference of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, held at Antwerp, from the thirtieth of August to the third of September. The Secretary was particularly urged to attend that Conference by the eminent and world-wide known friend of peace, Elihu Burritt, who regards that Association as the most important work ever accomplished by the American Peace Society. It was particularly fortunate that the Secretary attended that Conference, as he was the only delegate from any peace organization in America; and as he officially represented three American organizations, and the Liverpool Peace Society, it gave him especial emphasis in advocating in that body attention to questions of peace. As the Secretary in his letter from Antwerp, published in the *ADVOCATE*, and in his report to the Society, published in pamphlet form, has spoken fully of that Conference, it is not necessary now to enlarge upon this interesting theme.

A FRATERNITY OF PEACE ORGANIZATIONS.

The Secretary, during his visit to Belgium and to England advocated amongst the peace friends he met the idea of a World's Peace Society. That is, a fraternity which should bring into some union and relationship all peace societies. He proposed this to the societies in Liverpool and Manchester, where he received the most hospitable public receptions, and to the Birmingham and London societies through their Secretaries; and, in each case, the proposition met with favorable response. Such a central organization would give cohesion and unity to the work of the peace societies of both hemispheres, and would be to the moral forces of peace what the International Association is to the legal aspect of peace. Since then, the Secretary has entered into correspondence with various bodies and individuals concerning the matter; and has received permission to have the use of the State House at Newport in which to hold the conferences, and has obtained the consent of the Mayor of Newport to make an official address of welcome, and the Governor of Rhode Island to act as honorary president of the assembly, and also to make an address of welcome, in case the meetings are held. Then would be formed the International League of Peace Societies.

IN MEMORIAM.

During the past year death has taken from amongst the officers of our Society one of its Vice-Presidents, the Rev. Amasa Lord, of Elgin, Ill. The reading of a tract was blessed of God to his conversion at the age of 17, and from

that time he felt a deep interest in the distribution of tracts and religious reading. For twenty-nine years he was prominently and most usefully engaged in the service of the American Bible Society. He resigned this work to become Western Secretary of the American Peace Society; when Dr. Beckwith's health failed, he was called to Boston to be his assistant; and upon the death of Dr. Beckwith, he became Secretary *pro tempore*. He labored in his office with extraordinary zeal, self-denial and success. Returning to the West he published for two years *The Informer*, devoted to questions of peace and other reforms. The influence of his devoted and religious life was always and greatly for the blessing of mankind, and the advancement of the kingdom of righteousness.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK FOR PEACE.

The war between Russia and Turkey is over. We praise God for its termination. This terrible tragedy ended sooner than we dared hoped for, and without involving in it other nations of Europe. At several periods it seemed as if England would take part in the war, and we deem it a cause of profound gratitude that the peace sentiment of her government has held her back from such participation. The late Eastern war certainly shows to the civilized world the unutterable horrors and sufferings inseparable from every attempt to settle national disputes by the sword. Its history is one more confirmation of the reasons and facts so long urged by the friends of peace. But for the increasing prevalence of peace sentiments amongst statesmen this war would probably have continued much longer than it did. How much the associated friends of peace have contributed to this result, it is impossible to say; but it is plain that in various ways they have done something to hasten the consummation in which we now rejoice.

The manner of closing the late war has in it some omens of hope. The restraint of Russia in refraining from entering with exultation into Constantinople, her readiness to listen to negotiation from her fallen foe, and to advice from friendly powers, seems to be at last some improvement upon the exacting practised by Germany upon France.

The doctrine of International Law and Arbitration for the settling of international disputes is certainly gaining place more and more in the minds of statesmen and philanthropists of every country. During the past year it has received endorsement from Ex-President Grant who said, "It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other general in America; but there never was a time during my command when I would not have gladly chosen some settlement by reason rather than by the sword. Nothing would afford me greater happiness than to know, as I believe will be the case, that at some future day the nations of the earth will agree upon some sort of congress which shall take recognition of international questions of difficulty, and whose decisions will be as binding as the decision of our Supreme Court." A little more than a year ago President Hayes in his inaugural said, "The policy of submitting to arbitration grave questions in dispute between ourselves and foreign powers points to a new and incomparably the best instrumentality for the preservation of peace, to be pursued in similar emergencies by other nations": a sentiment which, being quoted by our Secretary in a speech before the Antwerp Conference, received the enthusiastic applause of that honorable body. Governor Hart-raft, of Pennsylvania, in his annual message delivered at the

opening of this year said, "It is becoming the public opinion of the civilized world that the nations cannot afford to submit their differences to the costly arbitrament of the sword." Attorney-general Devens, writing from Washington to our Secretary within a few days, says, "No one knows better than those who have borne their part in them how dreadful all wars must of necessity be, and how deeply they are to be deplored. It is to be hoped that as a nation we shall advance no claims against other nations which we shall not be ready to submit to the calm judgment of the world, and to the impartial arbitration of any international tribunal which can be fairly constituted." Such testimonies, which could be greatly multiplied, evidently show a progress of peace ideas.

OUR REQUIREMENTS AND EXPECTATIONS.

That which we said in the conclusion of our report last year is equally applicable to-day. We need the loving sympathy, the prayers and the generous contributions of all the members of our Society and of all friends of peace; we need to replace the stereotype plates destroyed by the Boston fire; to increase our publications; to pay off the debt accumulated in past years; and to increase our permanent fund to the sum permitted by the Legislature. True, we have discouragements; but the Lord of Peace is our help. By faith in Him we may accomplish much. The past half century calls us to increased ardor for the next half century. At present, our country is under a fearful pecuniary depression. Shrinkage in real estate; failures in banks, mills and other corporations; bankruptcies upon every side; the cutting off of incomes; the stagnation of business,—all this bears hard upon every benevolent society, and especially upon a society such as ours. Even persons of seeming wealth, appealed to personally and by correspondence, in large numbers, are unable to help us now. Yet, some have helped us, and many have promised so to do as soon as they are able. The Secretary of War, writing to our Secretary recently, in answer to inquiry, says that our civil war cost the United States \$12,000,000,000. If we had even the crumbs that fall from that table our Society would be thankful indeed. This much we know, that our cause is of God, and is for humanity, and we can labor in prayer, and faith, and tears if need be, for the large bestowments upon us of His favor.

CONCLUSION.

Returning last summer across the Atlantic, the Secretary, standing upon the deck of the steamship, after a black and furious storm had passed by, saw a most clear and beautiful rainbow, built up from the sea, and reaching its arch into the sky, the glorious symbol of peace and hope. So, to-day, the promises of God's word are sure to us. We see His bow in the sky. The smoke of battle shall pass by. The carnage of war shall end. Nations shall dwell together in concord. Peace and righteousness shall dwell together in the earth. And blessed are those who have even humble part in bringing forth that glad day!

BREAD AND BEER.

One-half all the bread corn in England is consumed for ardent spirits and beer. In the year 1870 the quantity of grain brewed or distilled would have produced four thousand million of loaves of bread of one pound each. What is the use of strikes and combinations, so long as the working classes thus pervert their wages from food to waste and injury?

H. MALCOM.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, in his speech delivered in Washington upon Decoration Day, said that he looked with profound regret at the wars of the other hemisphere, and that the civilization of the age did not seem to justify them. He also said, "Men who have felt the sting of the bullet; have felt the crash of the cannon's shot and exploding shell, or have witnessed its usual scenes of havoc and desolation, rarely appeal to war as a resort for ordinary grievances." We find in this sentence a strong confirmation of our doctrine of having a Code of International Law and a Congress of Nations, for settling international disputes.

THE RUSSIAN LOSSES in the recent war with Turkey are put at over 90,000, though the deaths of Russian soldiers by sickness since the close of the fighting brings the aggregate up to 120,000.

THE FISHERY TREATY is one more illustration of settling international disputes by arbitration. True, American fishermen consider the bargain a one-sided one, made in the interests of the Dominion fishermen, in that the United States had to pay \$5,600,000 for this privilege; but so the English thought, in the adjustment of the Alabama troubles. The losing side is apt to consider itself in the right after all. We better submit to the award of the Halifax Commission with a good grace, and go on settling all disputes by arbitration.

THE DEAD OF THE UNION ARMIES, according to the last official reports, during and in consequence of the war, is put at 316,233. It is evident that these figures cannot cover by many thousands the actual number of the Union dead, for many bodies were kept on the field of battle, in skirmishes, and woods and scouting parties, that could not be recovered. Of the grand total, 36,868 are known to have been prisoners of war, who died in captivity. Of rebel prisoners of war, the remains of 21,336 have been interred.

MR. PHILIP C. GARRETT, of Philadelphia, has written a pamphlet entitled "William Penn, the Founder of Philadelphia, and his Government," which we reproduce in this number of the *Advocate*. It is an admirable essay, illustrating the excellency of peace principles. It has been translated into German and French, and is having an influence in Germany and Belgium as well as this country. We ask our readers to give it a studious perusal.

EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS OF PENSIONS, that is since the year 1791, paid out by the United States government, foot up to the sum of \$399,000,000, according to the statement of Mr. Rafael A. Bayley, prepared under the direction of the Senate. This statement comes down to June 30, 1876. Since then no doubt a million dollars more has been paid out, making a total of \$400,000,000.

EX-SPEAKER GALUSHA A. GROVE, in a letter to the *Tribune* on the "Army of Tramps," says that thousands of men are now ready to work but are left to beg, from the paralysis in all branches of business, and that "the wastes of war must be re-earned in order to restore the country to its old prosperity and renewed growth in wealth and power."

THE AMERICAN BRANCH of the Universal Peace Society held its annual meeting at the Friends' Meeting-House, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., upon June 9th last. About one hundred members were present. Edward Merrit was appointed President *pro tem*.

The twelfth annual report of the Executive Committee says that during last summer's riots the Society, especially in Pennsylvania, was active in its efforts to maintain peace, and denounces the act transferring the care of the Indians to the War Department.

THE EFFECTS OF WAR are curiously illustrated in M. F. Sweetzer's book entitled "Europe for \$2.00 a day" by a remark as to the increased cost of travel in Europe occasioned by war. He says, "It is important to remember that the prices of the necessities of life—food, clothing, etc.—have risen very much in Europe since the costly wars of 1866 and 1870. Nearly all Western Europe was engaged in either or both of these wars, and the resultant taxation meets you in hotel bills, railroad fares and everything else."

PEACE AND WAR.

....A Quebec Judge has just decided a case, begun three years ago, between two farmers who quarrelled about a barrel of apples valued at \$3.50, and have thus far spent \$1800 in lawyers' fees and costs.

....Russia's appearance and energy at the Paris international exhibition, and Turkey's non-appearance tell the story of the difference in the results of war in countries of different civilization. In Oriental countries war destroys all industry, spirit, hope, and the Moslem, overwhelmed in his wild struggle, has no courage left to put in a holiday appearance in Paris.

....Seven years ago the French people were overwhelmed in a disastrous war that threatened at one moment to blot them from the roll of nations. They paid an indemnity that was imposed in the spirit in which a great weight is tied to the neck of a slaughtered victim to send him irretrievably to the bottom. Against the results of that war and that indemnity and the barbarous revolt of the Paris mob it has risen with the irrepressible spirit we see exhibited to-day; and the nation which shows this elasticity and recuperative power presents the most remarkable exhibition of all that have been or can be made at Paris or elsewhere.

....General Sheridan has received a report from General Miles, dated headquarters of the district of the Yellowstone, Fort Keogh, M. T., informing him that Sitting Bull and 144 men, all head warriors and chiefs, had sent a half-breed to General Miles, inquiring what kind of peace the United States would make with them, and saying that the Great Father was, of course, too rich to expect the Indians to give up their poor little ponies and their old guns. General Miles in reply informed Sitting Bull that, if he desired to stop hostilities, peace could be made which would end all trouble between the whites and the Indians; that when the Indians give up their ponies and guns they will receive cattle and other property of greater value in peace; and that when peace is made the government will provide for them as it does for all friendly Indians.

....Quite an enthusiastic citizens' meeting was held recently in Cincinnati, which endorsed Mayor Moore's project for a grand jubilee next September, comprising a vast encampment of soldiers from both the armies in the late war. Efforts will be made to gather 100,000 or more men in camp for a grand peace demonstration. The executive committee will not be appointed until an arrangement is perfected.

....It is a marvel how the American people raised enough money to prosecute the war. That war grew out of a solid South, and the two thousand millions of public debt to-day are among its fruits. The loyal people were responsible for neither the war nor the debt; but the eleven thousand millions the Government spent during and since the war were caused by the rebellion.

In August, 1865, our public debt amounted to two thousand eight hundred millions, and that same year we had to raise by taxation five hundred and fifty millions to meet the liabilities of the war. In 1866 the governmental expenses were over one thousand million dollars, and in 1875 they were but \$284,000,000.

....A demand was recently made to the delegations in Austria, for a grant of 3,720,700 florins, on account of the extraordinary army and navy requirements. Count Andrassy, in a statement accompanying the bill for credit, says that its object is to safely guard the interests of the empire against any surprise.



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CHILDHOOD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God hath his small interpreters;
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him!

And haply, pleading long with Him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom! Teach thus us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine!

The haughty feet of power shall fail
Where meekness surely goes;
No cunning find the key of heaven,
No strength its gates uncloses.

Alone to guilelessness and love
Those gates shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The child-like heart is all.

I am a Christian, I cannot fight. I cannot fight if I die. I cannot fight for any earthly consideration. I am now a Christian.—*Maximilian.*

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.

A poor tired worm was one day crawling slowly along the ground, seeking for food; while above her happy insects darted through the air, their bright wings flashing in the sunlight.

"Alas!" sighed the worm, "what a toilsome life is ours! We move only by great labor, and even with that, can never travel far. Kept near the damp ground, we are liable to be crushed at any moment, toiling up and down rough stalks, eating tough leaves—for it is only now and then we find a flower—oh, it is truly a wearisome life.

"Yet none seem to pity our sorrows. Those proud insects flitting overhead—the miller, the butterfly, the dragon fly, the golden bumble bee—they never notice us. Oh! but life goes well with them! Flying is so easy! Wherever they wish to be, they have only to spread their wings and the summer's wind bears them on. Dressed gaily and at home with all the flowers, living on sweets, seeing fine sights, hearing all that is to be heard, what care they for us poor plodders!

"Selfish creatures, they think only of themselves. Now for my part, if I had wings, and could move about so easily, I would think sometimes of the poor worms down below who cannot fly.

"I would bring them now and then a sip of honey, or a taste of something nice from the garden far away. I would come down and speak a kind word; tell them something good to hear; in short, be friendly. Oh, if one only had wings, how much good one might do! But these selfish creatures never think of that."

Not long after, this complaining worm was changed into a butterfly. Spreading her light wings, she passed the happy hours in flitting from field to field, rocking in flower-cups, idling about where the sunshine was the brightest, sipping where the honey was the sweetest. Oh! a right gay butterfly was she, and no summer day ever seemed too long.

One morning, while resting on an opening rosebud, she saw below her a couple of worms making their slow way over the ground.

"Poor creatures!" said she, "life goes hard with them. Dull things, how little they know. It must be stupid enough down there. No doubt their lives could be brightened if proper means were taken. Some few pleasures or comforts might be given them, and I hope this will be done. If I were not so busy—but really I haven't a moment to spare.

"To-day there is a rose party, and all the butterflies are going. To-morrow the sweet pea party comes off, and all the butterflies are going there. Next day the grasshoppers give a grand hop, and at sundown there will be a serenade by the crickets. Every hour is occupied. The bumbles and hornets are getting up a concert. And there is a new flower blossoming in a far-away garden, and all are flying to see it. Lady Golden Soot and Madame Royal Purple have arrived in great state, and will expect great attention.

"The bees have had a lucky summer, and, in honor of their arrival, have promised to give a grand honey-festival, at which the queen herself will preside.

"The wasps are on the police, and they will, I trust, keep out the vulgar. The gnats and mosquitoes have formed a military company, called the flying militia, and will serve if needed.

"It is hoped that no low creatures, like the two creeping below, will intrude themselves. Poor things! If I had the time I would try to do something for them; but every sunny day is taken up, and stirring out of a wet day is not to be thought of.

"Besides one meets with so much that is not pleasant in mixing with low people. Their homes are not always clean. I might soil my wings, and if once taken notice of they will always expect it. Perhaps after all, it is not my duty to meddle with them. In fact, I have no doubt of it.

"Here comes Miss Gossamer, all ready for the party. Wait one moment till I have washed my face in this dew-drop; the sun has nearly dried it up, while I have been pitying those mean worms below."—*Diaz*.

THE DYING CHILD.

Mrs. B—sat near a scanty pallet, on which extended the suffering little Freddy, her bright and beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large, mysterious eyes were turned upward, watching the flitting of leaves and the filaments of sunshine that peered through the foliage of the multicaulis. An infant about a month old, meagre, weary of its existence, lay on her bosom, and she in vain trying to charm it to repose.

"Mamma," said Freddy, reaching out his waxen hand, "take me to your bosom."

"Yes, love! soon as Maria is still."

"Mamma, if God had not sent us that little cross baby, you could love me, and nurse me as you did when I was sick in Cincinnati. My throat is hot, mamma. I wish I had a drink in a tumbler—glass tumbler, mamma, and I could look through it."

"Dear, you shall have a tumbler," cried Mrs. B—, her lip quivering with emotion and a wild fire in her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, one cold drink in a tumbler, and your poor little Freddy would fly up, up there where that little bird sits. Will papa come to night and get us bread? You said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of water? No, mamma, he will be drunk. Nobody ever gets drunk in heaven, mamma!"

"No, no, my son, my angel!"

"No one says cross words, mamma!"

"No, bless your sweet tongue."

"And there is nice cold water there, and silver cups?"

"Oh, yes, my child, a fountain of living waters."

"And it never gets dark there?"

"Never, never!" and the tears fell in streams down the mother's pale cheek.

"And nobody gets sick and dies?"

"No, my love."

"If they were to, God would let the angels bring them water, I know he would from the big fountain. O, mamma, don't cry. Do people cry in heaven?"

"Oh, no, sweet one; God wipes away all tears," replied the weeping mother.

"And the angels kiss them off, s'pose. But tell me, mamma, will he come there?"

"Who, my son?"

"You know, mamma—papa."

"Hush Freddy, dear, lie still; you worry yourself."

"Oh, my throat! Dear me, if I only had a little water in a tumbler, mamma; just one little mouthful."

"You shall have it;" and, as the mother said this, the poor child passed away into the arms of Him who shall evermore give it of the bright waters of everlasting life.—*National Temperance Tract*.

HUGH MILLER'S EARLY DAYS.

The father of this celebrated man was a master of a sloop belonging to Scotland, which was lost in a fearful tempest. In consequence of this bereavement, the widow had to work late into the night, as a seamstress, to provide for the family.

He learned the letters of the alphabet by studying the sign-posts; he afterwards attended a dame school, and persevered in his lessons till he rose to the highest form, and became a member of the Bible class. The story of Joseph aroused his interest, and he became a diligent reader of all the Scripture stories. Hugh then began to collect a library in a birch bark box about nine inches square, which was found large enough to contain all his books.

He has described in his "Old Red Sandstone," the feelings with which he began work, and the happiness he found in it. "To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen."

"My advice," says Hugh Miller, "to young workingmen, desirous of bettering their circumstances and adding to the amount of their enjoyment, is very simple. Do not seek happiness in what is misnamed pleasure; seek it rather in what is termed study. Keep your curiosity fresh, and embrace every opportunity of cultivating your minds. Learn to make a right use of your eyes; the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and weeds, and the most familiar animals. Read good books, not forgetting the best of all: there is more true philosophy in the Bible than in every work of every skeptic that ever wrote; and we should all be miserable creatures without it."

OBEYING MOTHER PLEASANTLY.

Harry had seen some older boys fly their kites from the tops of the houses; and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so too. So he came to his aunt, and said, "Aunt Mary, may I go up to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do everything to please him; but she thought it very unsafe; so she said, "No, Harry, my boy. I think that is very dangerous sort of play. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

"All right. Then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry.

His aunt smiled and said she hoped he would always be as obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother one day.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage and I'll bring him down."

"All right," shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to your shop this morning?" said Harry one day at breakfast. "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

"Oh yes, Harry," said his uncle; "I shall be very glad to have you."

"But I cannot spare you to-day, Harry," said his mother. "I want you to go out with me. You shall go to the shop another day."

"All right," said Harry, and he went on with his breakfast.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with when asking for anything, his constant answer was, "All right." He never stopped to worry or tease. He never asked, "Why can't I?" or "Why mustn't I?" Harry had learned not only to obey, but he had learned to obey in good humor.—*Carrier Dove*.

The promises of Scripture are like a fragrant flower; meditation, like the bee, sucks honey out of them.

APPEAL TO SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY makes a special appeal to the *Sunday-schools* of our country for contributions to assist in carrying on the work of the Society.

We have now entered upon the second half-century of our history. We have accomplished by divine blessing a good work during the past fifty years. We cannot, within these brief limits, attempt a history of that work. But, in a sentence, we may refer to the vast work accomplished by means of our periodicals, tracts and books; our presentation of the Peace cause in the pulpit, lecture-halls and conventions; and our establishment of the International Code Association. In a quiet but earnest way, working through many channels, we have influenced public opinion in behalf of the blessed doctrine of peace, and have aided in promoting good will amongst men.

Yet, we now need largely increased means to carry forward our mission. We desire greatly to multiply our publications. The extreme financial depression everywhere has affected us, in common with other benevolent societies. Indeed, our Executive Committee have been constrained, for lack of means, to decrease the number of our publications. The very continuance of the ANGEL OF PEACE may depend upon the response to this call for aid. Greater societies than ours have had to suspend publications for lack of money, and we are no exception to the rule that without money we cannot carry on work.

Therefore, as it is impossible for us to personally visit the many thousands of Sunday-schools in our country, we send forth this appeal, earnestly desiring every superintendent, teacher and scholar to help us. Will you *immediately* form subscription clubs and send us large orders for the ANGEL OF PEACE! Will every Sunday-school *at once* take up a collection and send it to us for our general work? Will not every school, at least, make its Superintendent a Life Member of our Society by the payment of twenty dollars? That will entitle said Life Member to a large and very beautiful certificate, an ornament to any parlor, and to receive THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE without cost.

Remember, our Society is not sectarian. To promote peace upon earth is the duty of all religious denominations. Hence, we confidently and lovingly appeal to *all* Sunday-schools. Do not neglect our call for help. In the name of the Prince of Peace we look to you to aid us in our mission. Please help us *promptly and generously*.

Address, CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM,
Cor. Sec. American Peace Society,
No. 1 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

ANNUAL MEETING.

We had not space after other matter was in type, to give in the present ADVOCATE an account of the very interesting semi-centennial meeting of our Society held both in Pilgrim Hall, and in the Park-street Church. We will give such an account, together with the addresses made, in the next ADVOCATE.

HOWARD'S OPINION OF SWEARERS.

As he was one day standing near the door of a printing-office, he heard some dreadful volleys of oaths and curses from a public house opposite, and buttoning his pocket up before he went into the street, he said to the workmen near him, "I always do this whenever I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain, can also steal, or do anything else that is bad."

SOME SIGNS.

Solomon said, many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary, an observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a little boy slow to go to school and glad of every excuse to neglect his book; I think it a *sign* that he will be a *dunce*.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it; I think it a *sign* that he will be a *spendthrift*.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose; I think it a *sign* that he will be a *miser*.

When I see a boy or girl looking out for themselves and dislike to share good things with others; I think it a *sign* that the child will grow up a very *selfish person*.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling; I think it a *sign* that they will be *violent and hateful* men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to take strong drink; I think it a *sign* that he will be a *drunkard*.

When I see a boy smoking or chewing tobacco; I think it a *sign* that he will soon be guilty of other *filthy* habits.

When I see a boy who never prays; I think it a *sign* that he will be a *profane and profligate* man.

When I see a child obedient to its parents; I think it a *sign* of *great future blessings* from Almighty God.

When I see a boy fond of the Bible, and well acquainted with it; I think it a *sign* that he will be a *pious and happy* man.

And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.

A LITTLE SISTER'S PRAYER.

In far away Turkey in Asia, in a city upon the shore of the Black Sea, lived a missionary father and mother and their boys and girls.

A little baby boy came into the family some time ago, and his sister, five years old, was heard praying thus to God for her new brother:

"O Lord, bless the boy you have sent on to us. We are very thankful for him. O Lord, make him big and strong, and a nice good man."

If all the little brothers and sisters pray for each other every day, there will not often be any need of reminding them of the Bible text: "Little children, love one another," for they will love each other too well to be unkind either in word or play. —*Congregationalist*.

WHAT THE STATUE TOLD.

People who have travelled through the cities and towns of Europe see a great many things that are curious, at least to American eyes. Statues and monuments are frequent in these places, often with very strange stories attached to them. The market-place is that part of a foreign town where people assemble most, and most of the business is carried on; and this is where a statue or monument that is intended to commemorate any remarkable event is usually placed.

In the market-place of a town in Germany, there is a statue that no one can see without being affected by it. High up over the busy mart, where people are buying and selling, and thinking only of earthly things, there is the figure of an angel pointing heavenward, with a scroll in his hand, on which are the solemn words—

"Things that are seen are temporal; but things that are not seen are eternal."

Is not that a beautiful reminder to the crowds in the busy market place?

They who disbelieve in virtue because man has never been found perfect, might as reasonably deny the sun, because it is not always noon. —*Augustus Hare*.

THE LITTLE TRAVELLER.

Straight down the city's crowded street
A little traveller went;
The eager throng, with hurrying feet,
On gain or pleasure bent,
Made free for him a narrow way,
But none among them bid him stay.

Only a child, yet for his sake
Wealth, thoughtful, stepped aside.
Power waived awhile its right of place
And rank forgot its pride.
While many a head a moment bent
As on the little traveller went.

A stranger from some far-off land
Spoke then in doubtful tone:
" 'Tis said your race bow not to kings,
But unto worth alone,
Who, then, is this to whom all pay
Such homage in the crowded way? "

" A traveller, more noble far
Than kings of noblest age;
Purer than any praying priest,
Wiser than any sage
He rests in yonder holy place;
Come, then, and look upon his face. "

The tender lights fell soft and dim;
The air was thrilled with psalms;
He lay in coffin white and small,
With lilies in his palms—
Serenely peaceful, as those sleep
Who have no longer watch to keep.

O, happy traveller! thus to win,
While yet unsoiled by tears,
The home that we shall hardly find
Through weeping, weary years,
Whose small, unsandalled feet may stray
On heights for which we vainly pray!

THE HUNGRY CHILDREN FED.

A poor widow spake one morning to her five children:
" My dear children, I can give you nothing to eat this morning.
I have no bread, no meal, not even an egg in the house. Ask
the dear God to help us. He is rich and mighty, and has said
himself, ' call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver
thee. ' "

The little Hans, who was scarcely six years old, went very
hungry and sad on his way to school. As he passed by the
open door of the church, he went in and kneeled down. * As
he saw no one in the church, he prayed with a loud voice:
" Dear Father in heaven, we children have nothing to eat.
Our mother has no bread, no meal, not even an egg. Oh
help us! Give us and our dear mother something to eat.
Thou art rich and mighty, and canst easily help us. "

So prayed little Hans in his childish simplicity, and after-
ward went to school. When he came home he saw upon the
table a large loaf of bread, a dish of meal and a basket of eggs.

" Now, thanks to God! " cried he joyfully; " He has
heard my prayer. Mother, has an angel brought all these
things through the window? "

" No, " said the mother; " but God has heard your prayer.
As you kneeled at the altar a good lady was kneeling also in
her place in church. You could not see her, but she saw you
and heard your prayer. She has sent us these things. She is
the angel through whom God has helped us. Now, then,
thank God, and never forget through your whole life to ' call
upon God in the day of trouble. ' "—*From the German.*

Let no day pass without gaining some useful fact from the
world of books or experience.

TRUST.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D. D.

A good woman was visiting among the poor in London one
cold winter's day. She was trying to open the door of a third
story in a wretched-looking house, when she heard a little voice
inside say, " pull the string up high—pull the string up high. " She
looked up and saw a string. She pulled it, when it lifted
the latch, and the door opened into a room where she found two
little half-naked children all alone. They looked cold and
hungry.

" Do you take care of yourselves, little ones! " said the
good woman.

" No, ma'am; God takes care of us, " replied the elder of
the children.

" You have no fire on this cold day. Are you not very cold? "

" Oh, when we are very cold, we creep under the quilt, and I
put my arms round Tommy and Tommy puts his arms round
me, and then we say, ' Now I lay me '—and then we get warm, " said
the little girl.

" And what do you have to eat, pray? " asked the visitor.

" When Granny comes home she brings us something. Gran-
ny says we are God's sparrows, and He has enough for us;
and so we say, ' Our Father ' and ' daily bread ' every day.
God is our father. "

Tears came into the eyes of this good woman. She had
sometimes felt afraid that she might be left to starve; but these
little " sparrows " perched alone in that cold upper room,
taught her a sweet lesson of trust in the power of God which
she felt that she could not forget.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

To be beautiful we must cherish every kind impulse and
generous disposition; making love the ruling affection of the
heart, and the ordering principle and inspiring motive of life.
The more kindness, the more beauty; the more love, the more
loveliness. And this is the beauty that lasts. Mere physical
good looks fade with the years, bleach out with sickness, yield
to the slow decay and wasting breath of mortality. But the
beauty that has its seat and source in kind dispositions and no-
ble purposes, and great thoughts, outlasts youth and maturity,
increases with age, and like the luscious peach, covered with the
delicate plush of purple and gold which comes with autumn
ripeness, is never so beautiful as when waiting to be plucked
by the gatherer's hand.

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TO OUR PATRONS.

THREE numbers of the *ADVOCATE* are combined in this issue. We trust our worthy patrons will not complain when we assure them, that we are doing the best we can, with the funds at our control, to give them in condensed form columns crowded with the most excellent and freshest peace matter. We hope the time is near when we shall be able to send out the *ADVOCATE* more promptly. More money, more promptness. The American Peace Society has an honored history, and is entrusted with one of the greatest reforms of the age. We see the need and value of Peace principles in our own, and in other lands. A few years since, our beloved land was deluged in fraternal blood. A severe strain is upon us at this hour. The cry comes from all quarters, "Give us honest dealing and Peace." Can there be any possible doubt, that Peace Societies and Peace efforts have been advanced; and crowned with the Divine blessing! We think not. Universal Peace will come, and in that day, will it be nothing to have had a part in hastening the grand consummation! Let each friend of our holy cause, at once, contribute something as an offering on the altar of Peace and good will. Yours in the great work,

H. C. DUNHAM.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE I. This Society shall be designated the "AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY."

ART. II. This Society, being founded on the principle that all war is contrary to the spirit of the gospel, shall have for its object to illustrate the inconsistency of war with Christianity, to show its baleful influence on all the great interests of mankind, and to devise means for insuring universal and permanent peace.

ART. III. Persons of every Christian denomination desirous of promoting peace on earth, and good-will towards men, may become members of this Society.

ART. IV. Every annual subscriber of two dollars, and every donor of five dollars, shall be a member of this Society.

ART. V. The payment of twenty dollars at one time, shall constitute any person a Life-member, and fifty dollars, a Life-director.

ART. VI. The chairman of each corresponding committee, the officers and delegates of every auxiliary contributing to the funds of this Society, and every minister of the gospel who preaches once a year on the subject of peace, and takes up a collection in behalf of the cause, shall be entitled to the privileges of regular members.

ART. VII. All contributors shall be entitled within the year to one-half the amount of their contributions in the publications of the Society.

ART. VIII. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-Presidents, Directors, Secretaries, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of not less than five, with power to fill their own vacancies, and transact the general business of the Society. The Board of Directors shall consist of not less than twenty, who shall have power to supply vacancies in any office of the Society, and direct all its operations till successors are chosen. The Vice-Presidents shall be ex-officio Directors, and the President, Secretaries and Treasurer ex-officio members of the Executive Committee.

ART. IX. The Society shall hold an annual meeting at such time and place as the Board of Directors may appoint, to receive their own and the Treasurer's report, to choose officers, and transact such other business as may come before them.

ART. X. The object of this Society shall never be changed; but the constitution may in other respects be altered, on recommendation of the Executive Committee, or of any ten members of the Society, by a vote of three-fourths of the members present, at any regular meeting.

RESOLVES EXPLANATORY OF THE SECOND ARTICLE:

First. That we do not think it necessary or expedient to make any verbal alteration in said article.

Second. That we consider it as designed to assert that all national wars are inconsistent with Christianity, including those supposed or alleged to be defensive.

Third. That the article has no reference to the right of private or individual self-defence, to a denial of which the Society is not committed.

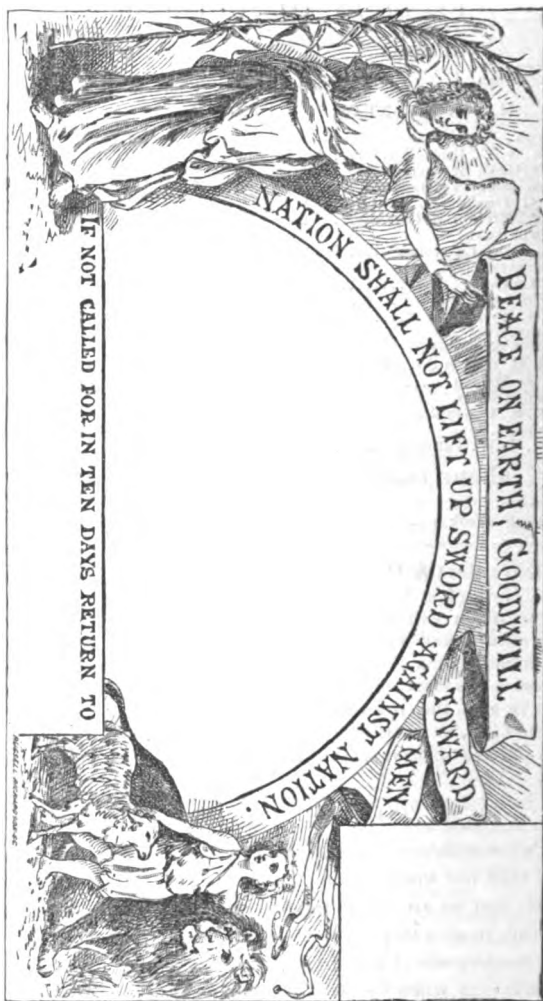
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We feel moved to appeal to you, at this time, for funds. It is in the ordering of Divine Providence that no good cause can live and prosper without money, and to what better use can money be put, than to forward good causes? Peace is a much-needed reform, with a most promising future. We, therefore, most earnestly urge upon the friends of our cause prompt attention to this call. Please send to the office of the American Peace Society such sums as you well can, and may the blessing of the God of peace attend all efforts to banish war from the nations and give peace to mankind. D.

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If one is *not able* to give the full amount of a membership, or directorship at once, he can apply whatever he does give on it, with the understanding that the remainder is to be paid at one or more times in the future.

THE ADVOCATE is sent gratuitously to the reading rooms of Colleges and Theological Seminaries—to Young Men's Christian Associations—to every pastor who preaches on the Cause of Peace and takes a collection for it. Also, to prominent individuals, both ministers and laymen, with the hope that they will become subscribers or donors, and induce others to become such. To subscribers it is sent until a request to discontinue is received with the payment of all arrearages.

We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over ; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE who are earnestly invited to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

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"The cause of Peace we regard as an eminently philanthropic and Christian enterprise of great importance, and worthy of sympathy and support. It has already accomplished much good, and would doubtless accomplish vastly more, if it possessed adequate means. We think it deserves, as it certainly needs, a large increase of funds. The American Peace Society, charged with the care of this cause in our own country, and whose management has deservedly secured very general approbation, we cordially commend to the liberal patronage of the benevolent."

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, AUG., SEPT. AND OCT., 1878.

VOL. IX. No. 4.

"I AM FOR PEACE."

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

ROBERT BURNS.

What's in the war-like waving plume,
And in the gorgeous standard's fold,
That beckon on to envied doom,
Or glorious victory the bold!—
What's in the brazen trumpet's bray,
And in the spirit-stirring life
And thundering drum, that call away
The generous into deadly strife?

What magic's in old Cæsar's name
Or his who died at Babylon,
Or his, the chief of modern fame,
Who thrones, like counters, lost and won;
Yea, what's in all the high renown
That e'er contending legions gain'd,
The greenest wreath, the proudest crown,
That ever poet knew or feign'd?

Compared with all the fearful guilt
On murder stamp'd by righteous law,
The countless tears, the rivers spilt
Of blood, the crimes and woes of war!
Compared with that impetuous tide
Of sin which flows in meted wrath—
The hatred, scorn and poisonous pride
That surely follow battle's path?

O, why should nations lifted up
By Christian privilege, prepare
For sister realms the bitter cup
Whose dregs are sorrow and despair?
At empty Honor's 'larum, wake
Force that for Right, could never fail—
For fancied insult, vengeance take
And *duel* on a larger scale?

Just God! this is not in thy plan,
The monstrous dogma's not from Thee,
That what is wrong from man to man
In governments, may venial be.
Thou ever dost transgression hate
In highest, as in humblest place—
Nor will its penalty abate
From parliament or populace.

ONE MORE APPEAL.

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY makes one more appeal to all friends of peace throughout our country for contributions to assist in carrying on the work of the Society.

We have now entered upon the second half-century of our history. We have accomplished by divine blessing a good work during the past fifty years. We cannot, within these brief limits, attempt a history of that work. But, in a sentence, we may refer to the vast work accomplished by means of our periodicals, tracts and books; our presentation of the Peace cause in the pulpit, lecture-halls and conventions; and our establishment of the International Code Association. In a quiet but earnest way, working through many channels, we have influenced public opinion in behalf of the blessed doctrine of peace, and have aided in promoting good will amongst men.

Yet, we now need largely increased means to carry forward our mission. We desire greatly to multiply our publications. The extreme financial depression everywhere has affected us, in common with other benevolent societies. Indeed, our Executive Committee have been constrained, for lack of means, to decrease the number of our publications. The very continuance of the *ANGEL OF PEACE* may depend upon the response to this call for aid. Greater societies than ours have had to suspend publications for lack of money, and we are no exception to the rule that without money we cannot carry on work.

Therefore, we send forth one more appeal, earnestly desiring every pastor, superintendent, teacher, scholar and friend to help us. Will not every church and school, at least, make its pastor and superintendent Life Members of our Society by the payment of twenty dollars? That will entitle said Life-Member to a large and very beautiful certificate, an ornament to any parlor, and to receive *THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE* without cost.

Remember, our Society is not sectarian. To promote peace upon earth is the duty of all religious denominations. Hence, we confidently and lovingly appeal to *all* Christians. Do not neglect our call for help. In the name of the Prince of Peace we look to you to aid us in our mission. Please help us *promptly and generously*.

Address, CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM,

Cor. Sec. American Peace Society,

No. 1 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

The best name by which we can think of God is father. It is a loving, deep, sweet, heart-touching name; for the name of father is in its nature full of inborn sweetness and comfort. Therefore, also, we must confess ourselves children of God; for by this name we deeply touch our God, since there is not a sweeter sound to the father than the voice of the child.—*Martin Luther*.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, AUG., SEPT. AND OCT., 1878.



WAR A CONDITION OF PEACE.

When we were attending the International Peace Conference at Antwerp, in the summer of 1877, as a delegate to that body from the American Peace Society, we were much surprised at a sentiment put forth by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Berlin, in a paper upon International Peace, in which he argued that all civilized nations should enter into a compact to keep the peace, but if one nation violated this compact the other nations should compel it to obedience by the force of arms. This was making war a condition of peace. We opposed such an idea at that time, and in a speech before the Conference declared we would never favor a doctrine that made war an ultimate appeal. We preferred that the disobedient nation should be brought to submission by non-intercourse from other nations.

The theory of War a Condition of Peace has, however, some eminent advocates. Dr. Thompson is not alone in his idea. All warriors tell us they fight in order to have peace. Now Garibaldi is a soldier; yet he thinks himself an eminent disciple of peace. The fact is he wants peace, but it must be preceded by war. He attended a few years ago a Peace Congress in Switzerland for the especial purpose of advocating war; and, afterwards, in a letter written to the citizens of Genoa, he said, "Peace will only be possible when the peoples have no master. War, therefore!"

A Peace Congress, to which we received official invitation, was held last September at Paris; and there, again, this singular idea found expression, for it seems that Louis Blanc declared that war might be a condition of peace. So Garibaldi thinks now in wishing Italy to make attack upon Austria. So, too, has Garibaldi upon every occasion proclaimed war against Turkey. Garibaldi has performed brave deeds as a soldier. In two wars he did much for Italy. Let him be content. It is foolish to stir up Italians against Austrians. But he wants a war more bloody than any he has yet engaged in. "Our war," he says, "must not be made with white gloves but with the knife."

It is a comfort to know, however, that the Italian government has no idea of listening to the advice of Garibaldi concerning war as a condition of peace. Italy does not intend to fight Austria.

C. H. M.

WEAPONS AND WAR.

When we visited the International Exhibition at Philadelphia we were astonished at the display, upon the part of many nations, of military weapons. That sight was a sad commentary upon the civilization of our generation. We were filled with astonishment and admiration in looking upon sculpture and painting, upon products of the factory and the mine, upon the wondrous and exhaustless varieties of machinery. These

indicated the vast steps forward taken in the march of industry. But, when we turned to the military departments, and saw how wealth and skill were exhausted to frame weapons of destruction, the day of peace seemed yet a long ways off. There is one great comfort, however, in considering the improvements made in the implements of war, and that is that the more destructive the weapons of war become the less life is lost in battle. This may seem a paradox. But history proves it. Battles fought by the sword and spear, the sling and bow, killed more men than battles now fought by the rifle and cannon. Then vast masses of men moved against other masses till by the very destruction of numbers one army was defeated. Now, the advantage of position, the swift course of a few hours in battle, is very apt to determine the result. Hence, the friends of peace may really rejoice at every new invention that makes the weapons of war more deadly, for the time of battle, and the numbers slain, are thereby decreased.

A certain philosopher has said that "War is the history of the world." We confess that this is true. Yet, the world grows wiser as it grows older. Once Europe and America were inhabited by tens of thousands of clans who were always at war with each other. Now nationalities exist. One war does not take place now where ten wars took place a thousand years ago. The art of war, studied with intense earnestness for six thousand years, actually and in spite of itself tends to diminish war. Men have built temples, have cultivated fields, have conducted commerce; but, with greater zeal man has sought to destroy his fellow-man. He commenced with the club of Cain, he continues with the cannon of Krupp.

The deadly effect of a weapon is to be estimated by the proportion it kills and wounds out of a certain number engaged. The breech-loading rifle is a more deadly weapon than the broadsword. When men fought hand to hand, however, the number slain was more terrible than now when they shoot at each other with rifled cannon. Ancient history tells us that at the battle of Cannæ 40,000 Romans were slain out of 80,000. The whole Carthaginian army was destroyed at Nectaurus. At Hastings the Normans lost 10,000 out of 60,000, while the Saxons lost twice that number. The French had 30,000 killed out of 100,000 at Cressy. War was then carried on in a merciless style. About one-third of the soldiers fell in battle. The wounded were butchered without remorse.

Upon the invention of firearms the proportion slain in battle vastly decreased. It dropped at once from about one-third to about one-fifth. The armies of Napoleon were armed with the smooth-bore muzzle-loading musket. That was the best weapon at that day. At the battle of Prague 138,000 men were engaged, including both sides, out of which number 24,000 were killed and wounded, being a proportion of about one-sixth. At Austerlitz out of 170,000 men 23,000, or about one-seventh, were killed and wounded; at Jéna 34,000 were killed and wounded out of 200,000, or one-sixth; at Waterloo out of 136,000 about one-fifth were killed and wounded. When rifles came to take the place of the smooth-bore musket the ratio of loss again became less. At the battle of Magenta 109,000 men were engaged, with a loss of about 10,000; at Solferino 27,000 were lost out of 298,000; at Königgratz 28,000 men were lost out of 415,000, though here the Prussians had for the first time breech-loading rifles. We see, therefore, that with the muzzle-loading rifle the proportion of loss to the total was one-eleventh, and that with the deadlier breech-loading rifle, the proportion of loss was one-fifteenth.

Now, the breech-loading rifle marked an era in the history of war. The fire is eight times more rapid, seven times longer in range, and three times more accurate than the fire of the muzzle-loading smooth-bore. Now, with this terrific weapon, more deadly than any before used in the history of war, we find that at the battle of Sedan, where 343,000 men were engaged, the loss was 27,000, or one-twelfth.

We see, therefore, that under the hand-to-hand system of war the proportion of killed and wounded was one-third; that after the use of gunpowder the proportion was about one-fifth; and that the use of the deadly breech-loader has reduced the proportion to about one-ninth.

Our amiable friends of the American Peace Society, therefore, and of all other peace societies also, may take fresh courage. The era of universal peace is surely coming. Peace tracts, and peace evangelists, and international peace congresses all help on that day; but breech-loading rifles, revolving pistols, and Krupp cannon are co-laborers in the peace cause. Civilization grows with every generation. Its invention brings forth new weapons of deadly power. There is no limit to invention. But there is a limit to folly. When increasing skill shall make it a tolerably sure matter that a battle will be decided in half an hour by the skill of tactics, and by deadly implements, with a very small loss on one side, and a total destruction on the other,—then war will overreach itself. So far, every new and awful weapon of destruction has diminished the proportion of loss in battle. Very well, then let us give up the enormous cost of weapons and war; let sensible men decline to fight at all; let the soldier stay at home with his wife and children; and let governments settle their quarrels as individuals do, by the administration of laws and the decision of courts. C. H. M.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

GLADSTONE'S VIEWS OF AMERICA are expressed in a recent article contributed to the *North American Review*. He expresses the conviction that this country will outstrip Great Britain. He pays great respect to the energy, intelligence, and progress of the American people. But he predicts that their chief glory will come from the industries of peace, and not from the exercise of war.

TOY PISTOLS are not always the harmless things they at first seem. Not only do they help to educate children to the use of deadly weapons, but they often give rise to injuries. The Prefect of the Paris Police is about to prohibit the sale of toy pistols with explosive compounds, as they have caused many serious accidents.

THE REVOLVER is a favorite modern weapon. It would be well to have some legislation which would restrict their numbers. It often happens that those who keep such a weapon as a protection against robbers end by accidentally shooting themselves or their friends. It is a terrible engine of destruction. It figures in the annals of battle and murder. How would it do to have a revolver-tax?

THE ABERCARNIE COLLIERY EXPLOSION, in England, was a recent and terrible accident. The explosion took place when 377 men and boys were in the mine. Of this number only 82 were saved. Men, women, and children ran from every house in the village to the pit's mouth, shrieking, weeping and wringing their hands. The Queen sent a message of sympathy to the sufferers, with a donation of one hundred guineas. Yet, what was this calamity, compared with the horrors of a single battle?

THE RUSSIANS' LAST LOOK AT CONSTANTINOPLE was taken under very peculiar circumstances. During the period which intervened between the signature of the Treaty of Stefano and the assembling of the Congress which remodelled the provisions of that document, there was risk that at any moment war might be renewed. The Russians had assembled a vast force outside Constantinople. The Turks had gathered an almost equally large army for the defence of the city. But in the adjacent sea there rode the fleet of England, and owing to that the Russians did not occupy Constantinople.

THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION OF BOSNIA should rather be called an invasion. It has culminated in downright war. Austria has to employ nearly 200,000 soldiers, and has pitched battles with the natives, in carrying on its occupation. One of the events of this contest was the storming of Serajevo by the Austrian columns, when fighting of the most horrible kind ensued. The Bosnians had three hundred killed and seven hundred wounded. Even women, and the sick in the hospitals, suffered the horrors of war.

THE LOSS OF THE PRINCESS ALICE upon the river Thames was a late and fearful calamity. More than one hundred and ten thousand dollars have been contributed for the relief of the sufferers. Applications for relief have been received from 28 widows, 163 orphans, 26 aged parents, 35 widows left with children, and 45 survivors of the wreck. The calamities of a single battle are far greater. Can we make governments and people see it?

THE WELCH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD was recently held under the presidency of Mr. Osborne Morgan, M. P., who in his address said that Eisteddfodan helped to break down the barriers between class and class, and creed and creed. Men of every station united upon the ground of a common Christianity, and mutually helped to hasten on the period of peace and good-will upon earth. Shall we not, therefore, welcome the Eisteddfod into the fraternity of Peace Societies?

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, brought from the Egyptian desert, has been erected upon the banks of the Thames. Amongst a very miscellaneous collection of articles placed in the cavity in the base of the Obelisk there were photographic likenesses of a dozen beautiful English women, but no memorials of war. Good!

THE NORTHERN ARMY, according to a letter from a government official, from the beginning to the end of the war of the rebellion, numbered 2,762,401 men. Of these 104,943 served in the navy, and 178,895 were colored soldiers.

THE FRENCH ARMY is second to none in Europe. France has rapidly improved her military strength since the disasters of 1870. On a recent Sunday the Marshal-President of the French Republic passed in review fifty thousand soldiers. They represent only a sixteenth part of the French army immediately available. What will France do with her restored military power?

REV. WILLIAM MASON CORNELL, D. D., LL. D., in his book entitled "Recollections of ye Olden Time," recently published by Lee & Shepard, gives an admirable collection of incidents concerning eminent clergymen, statesmen, merchants, &c. The volume makes a valuable contribution to the history of New England. It is full of interest for family reading, and should find a place in every library.

MARMADUKE COPE KIMBER was a young man of eminent worth, a friend of peace, and his death is a great sorrow to us. We loved him the more our acquaintance with him ripened.

AN EFFECT OF WAR was recently spoken of by Wm. G. Sumner, Professor of Political and Social Science in Yale College, who has made the subject of the present depression of business in the United States a part of his study, who said, "A large number of French and Prussians were taken from production to go into the work of destruction."

THE TREATY OF BERLIN expressed the opinion that the Sultan should give some satisfaction to the wishes of Greece. A hearing for the Greeks was secured at the Congress by England. Though peace was nominally restored the Eastern problem has by no means been solved. Should England desert Greece now she would make her a permanent enemy.

THE ARMIES OF THE NATIVE INDIAN PRINCES are large and well equipped. Some of these princedom are in extent and population equal to fairly-sized European kingdoms. There are some very rich men in India, but the country as a whole is extremely poor. Yet it has to bear a threefold military burden. There is a native army paid by the government, an army of Europeans to keep guard over the native army, and a series of armies maintained by native princes. The cost of keeping up these armies is enormous.

THE WESTERN CHINESE ARMY, under Gen. Tso, has overrun Kashgaria, and annihilated all the inhabitants, including women and children. Multitudes of fugitives, more than can be provided for, are flying for protection to the Russian outposts.

MY CRY FOR HELP.

When, at the earnest solicitation of the American Peace Society, I gave up my beloved church at Newport, and at the same time declined a most flattering call to San Francisco, it was with the belief that the Society had a *constituency*,—a noble body of men and women throughout the country who upheld the Society by their co-operation and contributions. There are, indeed, many precious friends, who give me their sympathy; but, for the most part, my calls for help remain unheeded. I beg every person to whose eye this cry comes to *at once* send me a *generous* gift to the Society. Let me have your help. I cannot do without it. If you believe in the cause of peace, as you profess to do, then, for the sake of God's kingdom of peace on earth, help me in my work. Having called me to this place, at a great sacrifice to me which only God knows, I beseech you not to allow me to perish because of your neglect to give me that pecuniary aid without which no work can be carried on. Let every one send according to his best ability, and that at once.

C. H. MALCOM.

MILITARY TRAINING FOR ORPHANS.

The New York *Observer* recently contained an article upon "Girard College," in which some details were given of the recent enlargement of that institution; of the non-admittance, within its precincts, of ministers of any religious denomination, together with a few other items of general interest. One usage, however, introduced since the war, should have been mentioned,—namely, that the orphan boys with muskets in hand, and with the accompaniment of martial music, are regularly drilled by an experienced military instructor.

The object of the founder of the college, in providing poor boys, gratuitously, with homes and a practical education was

undoubtedly to qualify them for the industrial pursuits of a useful life. A century and a half ago a countryman of Girard's, the Abbé Saint Pierre, was summarily expelled from the Sorbonne, because it was not in his heart to call King Louis XIV., of bloody and adulterous memory, the "Grand Monarch." The Abbé was a man of benevolence, much interested in the careful training of poor children and in providing them with useful trades, but in his enumeration of the latter, nowhere does the name of the art of war occur. On the contrary, he everywhere speaks of it in terms of abhorrence, as a system at variance both with utility and with the precepts of the Prince of Peace. Now, desirous as was Girard, of founding and of continuing his prospective charity, unsubjected to sectarian influences, yet it is not probable, on the other hand, in his perhaps underrating the value of a religious as distinguished from a moral training, that the military art formed any part of his design with respect to his intended beneficiaries. "My desire is"—is the language of his carefully-prepared will—"that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into active life they may, from inclination and habit evince benevolence towards their fellow-creatures and a love of truth, sobriety and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer." But these musket-shouldering cadets have already, on divers festive occasions, paraded our streets and been praised for their manœuvres and "military bearing," thus violating, it appears to me, the expressed wish of Girard, that they should be instructed in the "purest principles of morality;" for, to quote the words of Robert Hall, "war reverses all the rules of morality." And again, are these orphans, in thus being taught to exalt the military art, properly prepared "from inclination and habit [to] evince benevolence towards their fellow-creatures"? when even the war-loving Napoleon himself averred that "War is the business of barbarians;" a terse and truthful expression fully corroborated by his opponent, the "Iron Duke," when he declared "Men who have nice notions of religion have no business to be soldiers."

Hence, while the recently revived system, in the interest of the British war establishment, of drilling the pauper children of their union and district schools has been severely condemned by many of the foremost writers and statesmen of that country, seeing that the State, in undertaking the guardianship of parentless children, can hardly be esteemed true to its trust, when it turns them into "food for powder," let us inquire whether we also may not be countenancing a similar indefensible course with orphans committed to our trust, in now undertaking to graft a scion of militarism upon a stock of "useful trades."

J. W. L.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

An account of the very interesting exercises of the semi-centennial anniversary of the American Peace Society was crowded out of the last number of the *Advocate*. We may now refer to them briefly.

The annual meeting was held in Pilgrim Hall, for the choice of officers, the reading of reports, and transaction of the usual business. Several peace resolutions were also passed. The meeting was well attended, and manifested much spirit.

The public meeting was held in the Park Street Church, Sunday evening, in the presence of a very large congregation. Hon. E. S. Tobey presided. Addresses were made by Mr. Tobey, Dr. Malcom, Dr. Withrow, Dr. Miner and Hon. Amos Perry of Providence. Our space will not allow us to print the addresses, but they were full of warmth and earnestness. The music, by the choir of the church, was particularly fine.

The whole tone of the meeting was hopeful, notwithstanding the severe pecuniary pressure of the times, and the too prevalent war spirit that yet affects the nations of the earth. The word of God has declared it. Blessed are those who have part in the good mission.

C. H. M.



WHERE CHANGES NEVER COME.

BY W. H. BELLAMY.

The home where changes never come,
Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care,
Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home;
Who would not fain be resting there?
Yet, when bowed down beneath the load
By heaven ordained thine earthly lot,
Thou yearn'st to reach that blest abode,
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

If in thy path, some thorns are found,
O think who bore them on His brow;
If griefs thy sorrowing heart has found,
They reached a holier than thou.
Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee;
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

THE ECONOMY OF PEACE.

The world has, within the last few years, received repeated lessons, on a large scale, of the terribly destructive effects upon every interest resulting from that hideous relic of barbarism—war. Under these lessons, the most enlightened minds of the age are turning their attention to the practical means of rendering these murderous collisions distasteful to the mass of mankind, as they have been already proved totally unnecessary. We, nevertheless, contend that both the necessity and the fashion may be cleared away by practically instructing the multitude.

Boldly meeting the question face to face, do we not know that in our own country, our gigantic debt; our crowded hospitals and almshouses; our States at the South, depressed and almost despairing; our diminished commerce, and to a great extent our stagnant trade, as well as our immense debt, are the direct result of our internecine warfare, and that the latter might have been avoided had the people at large of both sections comprehended the economy of peace? Who will deny it? Why, to reason otherwise is to consider this most practical of all nations devoid of common sense.

What is war in its abstract business sense? Nothing else

than mass of force, greater or less, withdrawn from production and applied with unnatural energy to the purpose of destruction. What is an army? A ponderous array of consumers who not only are absolute non-producers, but worse, for they are destroyers. One million of these require the sweat and toil of many other millions in the land to support them to expend the greater part of their income in protecting their existence, but when parties and people shall have convinced themselves that even a successful campaign costs more than it brings, since it can be no gain to purchase material good with the lives of men.

"But the people are convinced of this. Let them teach their parliaments to substitute the law of morality for the rule of force, and the thing is done. For why are States to-day under the miserable necessity of imbruiting themselves to terrify their neighbors? Because they cherish presumptive suspicion instead of mutual confidence! I do not forget that the United States owe to war first their independence and next their Union. But I remember also that they owe to war their enormous debt, their official corruption and the scandals of political society. I do not forget that Germany owes to war first the security of her re-formation, and next the accomplishment of her union. I do not forget that France owes to revolution the secularization of society; and Italy, to war her emancipation from Austria and the Papacy. And I would not forget that, as Europe now is, occasions of war may suddenly arise, and it may save life and substance in the end to be prepared in time for such an emergency. But it should be the study of statesmen to provide against such an emergency rather than for it; to change that state of things which exposes Europe to the eruption of war."

Our translation of the Bible, made more than two hundred years ago, in the reign of James the First, is worthy of all praise as clear, strong, harmonious English. And it has been, and still is, a grand conservator of pure English. Coleridge well said that "intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style." Owing to the inevitable change in language, however, some words that are used in our version of the Scriptures have, now, in general employ, a different meaning from the old and Biblical one.

"Who are the meek?" The child answered: "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

NAPOLÉON THE FIRST.

Among the changes in general opinion, during one or two generations, none is more remarkable than that regarding the life and character of Napoleon. What was once considered as peculiar to the intense national hatred of the English, is now common among intelligent Frenchmen in their treatment of the great Emperor. Observe the close of the following paragraph from the *British Quarterly Review*, referring to Lanfrey's third volume of the History of Napoleon I:

"If Napoleon does not deserve severer reprobation than almost any man with whom history makes us acquainted, moral distinctions lose their validity, and crime is graduated by station and success. Beyond all reasonable doubt, Napoleon was the greatest liar, the most treacherous diplomatist, the most unscrupulous politician, the most ruthless tyrant, and the most reckless of bloodshed and murder of any ruler in modern history. We have read this volume with this criticism of the author constantly present to us, and we deliberately say that—making more than due allowance for those necessities which are the tyrant's plea, and which are sometimes held, if on no other grounds, yet on that of exceptional temptations, to justify exceptional morality—he makes no statement and passes no judgment for which he does not patiently adduce detailed and abundant evidence; nor have we once felt that the depth and strength of his moral detestation is in any degree in excess; more frequently it has seemed inadequate to this man's enormous crimes against human society. History would be worthless if it did not gibbet the author of the Russian expedition, the treacherous appropriator of Portugal and Spain, and the unscrupulous tyrant of Holland. After the venial homage which too many have paid to Napoleon's successful acquisition of unequalled power, it is an unspeakable satisfaction to find a Frenchman sternly bringing his falsehood, treachery and tyranny to the test of ordinary moral principles, and estimating at its true worth the meretricious and treacherous glory which these purchased. 'Let us,' he says, 'abandon the discreditable sophisms which have too long served as an excuse for crimes of which we can only prevent a repetition by representing them in all their frightful reality.' It will be many generations before the evils which Napoleon wrought for France will be remedied."

ARB TRATION.

ITS ADVANTAGES OVER WAR BETWEEN NATIONS.

Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, in an address delivered in Berlin, Germany, recently, concerning the advantages of settling international disputes by peaceful means, said:

We have this year given our homage to Rubens on the three hundredth anniversary of his birth. As I witnessed at Antwerp the magnificent pageant to his honor, and gazed again upon his wondrous creations in the cathedral and the academy—that heavenly blue, that matchless purple, as fresh and bright as if but yesterday laid on the canvas—my eye swept round the galleries of Europe, from London to Madrid, to Venice, to St. Petersburg, and all within and across the circle, but nowhere did I see that blue in the smoke of belching cannon, that purple in garments dyed with human gore. Only in the Pitti palace has Rubens painted the horrors of war to repel us, and in the National Gallery at London, the contrast of those horrors with the beauties and blessings of peace. The "Battle of the Amazons," at Munich, is mythological.

I grant that the old masters painted much that ministered to superstition. But, if I must choose between superstition and war, give me a whole gallery of superstition rather than one picture of war. For in superstition I see at least the soul struggling through ignorance and darkness to rise to the true and the good; but in war the mastery of material force over the finer instincts and aspirations of the soul. And shall I be called upon to honor that as Christian civilization or national culture which abuses science, degrades art and destroys man? I repeat that the military attitude of Europe oppresses one with sadness—that there is no statesman who has the sagacity, the humanity, the courage to say to the statesmen of other nations: "Come, let us have done with this;

our industry is languishing, our taxes are growing, our debts increasing, and the cost of armaments lies back of all.

"Let us seek our strength and safety in peace. Send home your colossal armies, keeping a tithe for your own police and we will disband ours." Am I a fanatic? Then was Bismarck a fanatic when he said the Eastern Question is not worth the blood of one Pomeranian soldier. Then was Moltke a fanatic when he said in the last Parliament, "Happy will be the time when States shall no longer be in a position which requires them while they are annihilating the habitations, food, clothing and future resources of a large portion of the very multitude upon whose substance they exist. What is the immediate next condition of this process? Plainly that the means of supporting these destructive non-producers continually decrease, and that the toiling suffering producers must, consequently, grow poorer every day. But, to grow poorer and poorer beneath a burden, is eventually to lose all independent action; and what a reduction to absurdity is 'freedom' without independence.

Absolute monarchs, looking to a consolidation of their power, for the time being, and caring nothing for what is to come by and by—"après moi le déluge"—"after me the deluge," said Metternich—may like this process that sinks the people farther and farther into helplessness, but can Constitutional Governments entertain such views? Those that do accept them must, in that very fact, become ephemeral creations; here to-day and gone to-morrow. Like Saturn, they prey upon their own children, until sire and progeny perish together in one dreadful cataclysm.

It is time civilized and Christian people comprehended, in their full extent, the facts in this case. To say nothing of the immense suffering and sacrifice of life within the last few years, the sacrifice of property has been such that the people cannot long endure it. The loss is not merely that of actual war, but the far greater waste of preparation, the maintaining in every nation in Europe of vast armaments and myriads of men, through the years of peace, in constant readiness for war. The national debts which are thus piled up are appalling, and meantime, the people, struggling under the accumulating load, are fast losing hope. Shall there never be an end of this carnage and want—some better and truer arbiter than the sword!—*N. Y. Mercantile Journal*.

THE ROSE AND THE CATERPILLAR.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a fluttering. Now, that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an old elder tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "why," when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said, "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

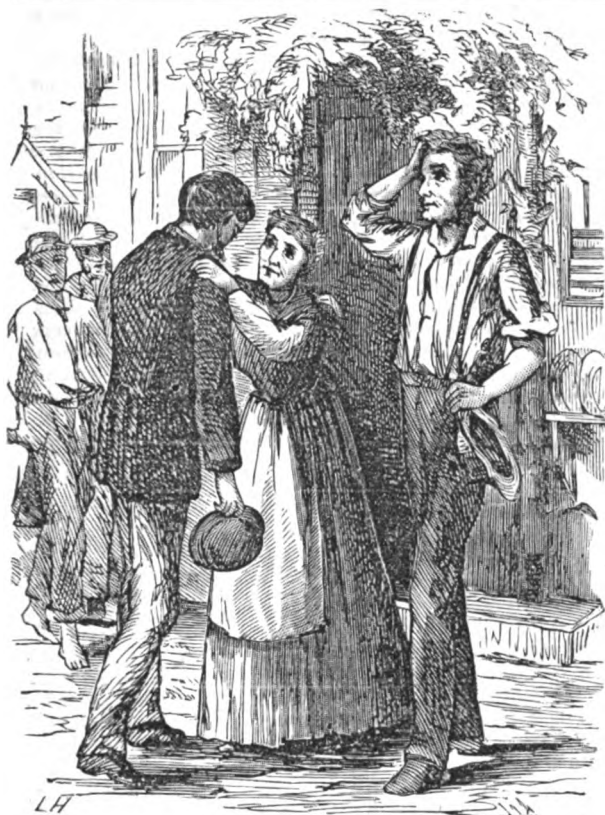
In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "Oh, that's a beauty, I'll keep that one." The elder overheard her, and called out, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves. "Alas, I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many happy hours.

Words are the forms which our thoughts and affections take, as we send them forth to others. Sharp and unkind words are like arrows. They wound the mind, as arrows do the body.



LOUIS CASONI, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM.

Louis Casoni was a resident of a small village not far from the splendid city of Paris. He had attained the age of sixteen years when the French Revolution began to make its appearance. One day he informed his aged parents that he had received a summons to serve in the army, and made preparations to leave his humble home. His mother seemed heart-broken at this intelligence. When the day of his departure came, she followed him out of the cottage door, placed her hand upon his shoulder, and gave him her parting blessing. His father also filled with great sorrow, parted with Louis as though he should never see him again. Such, indeed, was the case. Louis, worn out by fatigue, exposure, and hardship, was at last slain upon the field of battle, never having seen his home again.

When I commenced this article I did not intend to give my little readers a narrative, but rather to make the incident mentioned a text for telling them something of the evils of war as connected with the system of conscription.

Conscription means a compulsory levy, at the pleasure of a government, when the inhabitants of a country capable of bearing arms are enlisted.

The term is taken from the military usage of old Rome. Every Roman citizen was obliged to serve as a soldier from his seventeenth to his forty-fifth year. According to Roman law about twenty-five thousand men were annually levied. Under the Consuls all citizens of Rome capable of bearing arms were obliged to assemble at a certain time of year on the Campes Martini, and as many conscripts were chosen as were wanted. At the time of the Emperors, when large armies were required, the men were generally taken from the Provinces.

France, at the time of the revolution, required every citizen

to serve in the army from sixteen to forty years of age. Every year the young men of the military age were assembled, and distributed in the different military divisions. In the kingdom of Westphalia the soldiers raised by conscription served so reluctantly that the government made parents answerable for their conduct. Conscription exists to this day, in some form throughout the continent of Europe. In Prussia young men are made to serve in the army from the age of seventeen to twenty-one. In Austria a person must serve as long as the government pleases. In Denmark the sons of noblemen are exempted from service.

In England and the United States no person is obliged to serve in the standing army. In these countries recruiting or voluntary enlistment, obtains soldiers for the army. Still during our late civil war men were conscripted. Some day I will tell my little readers how I was drafted during the war, but was not compelled to bear arms, for that I would not do.

Conscription is a hateful and wicked custom. It takes young men from home and peaceful industry. It teaches them the vices of camp. It trains them to the dreadfulness of war. It should be done away with, under the influence of advancing Christianity.

OUR APPEAL.

Our earnest appeal, made in the June ANGEL, has received a very feeble response. We cannot carry on our publications without money. We are doing the best we can. Will every reader of the ANGEL at once send us a gift? If every one who reads this will give us something, the aggregate sum will be large.

C. H. M.

JIM'S LIGHT.

"I say, Jim, didn't you feel mad this noon when mother kept us waiting half an hour for our dinner?"

"Well, Harry, I was a little restive at first, for I was as hungry as an alligator; but I held my light to my feet and kept quiet."

"Your light. Pray what's that?" inquired Harry eagerly.

"God's word, to be sure," replied Jim. "Haven't you read that the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light? Now, when I felt restive, I thought of these words. 'The patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit:' so I prayed for help to cool my temper, and I think I enjoyed my dinner when it came better than you did, Harry, eh?"

Harry was a frank fellow, and replied that he guessed it was so. I hope he took his friend's light; but if he did not, I trust you will.

EASE IN SOCIETY.

"I'd rather thrash in the barn all day," said Reuben Riley to his sister, as he adjusted an uncomfortable collar about his sunburnt neck, "than go to this party. I never know what to do with myself, stuck up in the parlor all the evening. If the fellows would pull their coats off, and go out and chop wood, on a match, there'd be some sense in it."

"Well, I hate it as bad as you do, Rube," said sister Lucy. "The fact is, we never go nowhere, nor see nobody, and no wonder we feel so awkward when we do happen to stir out."

The remarks of this brother and sister were but the echoes of the sentiment of many other farmers' boys and girls, when invited out to spend a social evening. But poor Lucy had not hit the true cause of the difficulty. It was not because they seldom went to any place, but because there was such a wide difference between their home and company manners. The true way to feel at ease in any garb is to wear it often. If the pleasing garb of good manners is only put on on rare occasions, it will never fit well and seem comfortable.—*Country Gentleman*.

PEACE AND WAR.

....A Quebec Judge has just decided a case, begun three years ago, between two farmers who quarrelled about a barrel of apples valued at \$3.50, and have thus far spent \$1800 in lawyers' fees and costs.

....Russia's appearance and energy at the Paris international exhibition, and Turkey's non-appearance tell the story of the difference in the results of war in countries of different civilization. In Oriental countries war destroys all industry, spirit, hope, and the Moslem, overwhelmed in his wild struggle, has no courage left to put in a holiday appearance in Paris.

....Seven years ago the French people were overwhelmed in a disastrous war that threatened at one moment to blot them from the roll of nations. They paid an indemnity that was imposed in the spirit in which a great weight is tied to the neck of a slaughtered victim to send him irretrievably to the bottom. Against the results of that war and that indemnity and the barbarous revolt of the Paris mob it has risen with the irrepressible spirit we see exhibited to-day; and the nation which shows this elasticity and recuperative power presents the most remarkable exhibition of all that have been or can be made at Paris or elsewhere.

....It is a marvel how the American people raised enough money to prosecute the war. That war grew out of a solid South, and the two thousand millions of public debt to-day are among its fruits. The loyal people were responsible for neither the war nor the debt; but the eleven thousand millions the Government spent during and since the war were caused by the rebellion.

In August, 1865, our public debt amounted to two thousand eight hundred millions, and that same year we had to raise by taxation five hundred and fifty millions to meet the liabilities of the war. In 1865 the governmental expenses were over one thousand million dollars, and in 1875 they were but \$284,000,000.

DISEAGLEMENT.

BY HON. FRANCIS GILLETTE.

It must have occurred to every wide-awake and thoughtful peacemaker that the selection of the eagle, as our national emblem, was more than a mistake—it was a blunder. He has no trait or virtue in keeping with the true character of a Christian nation. He was just suited to emblazon the ensign of the old Roman legions, in their world-wide career of blood and slaughter, but is utterly unfit to perch or roost upon the flag of the United States.

After delineating the unclean and odious character of the repulsive bird, Audubon regrets his adoption as our national emblem, and quotes Dr. Franklin, in the following passages: "For my part, I wish the bald [whiteheaded] eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly."

More than three hundred years ago Erasmus closed a satirical essay upon his contemporary princes, entitled "The Eagle and the Beetle," in these words—"Truly, it is hard to perceive why men of sense have chosen the eagle to serve as the image of sovereignty—the eagle which is not handsome nor songful nor good to eat; the eagle, carnivorous, rapacious, a plunderer, devastator, warrior, a solitaire, odious to all, the scourge of all, very powerful for evil, while willing to inflict more of it than his power will permit."

Michelet says of this bird:—"The eagle passionately loves blood, lives upon murder, and may justly be entitled the minister of death. Owing to his strength and beauty, the eagle has been adopted by more than one warlike race which lived, like himself, by rapine."

While emblematic of our national character in some points, as must be admitted to our shame, we would fain hope that he is inappropriate in the main, and discard him as unworthy of the nation. Away with this blood-thirsty, rapacious, unclean and carrion-eating bird, and give us the gentle and peaceful dove, with the olive leaf in her mouth, heralding anew the glad tidings of peace on earth and good-will to men!—the divine symbol of innocence, gentleness, affection, peacefulness, fidelity, purity—the only bird that was appointed to grace the old Jewish altars in sacrifice—the beautiful emblem of whatever is pure in virtue and noble in philanthropy. No

longer let us hear the harsh scream of the ferocious eagle in our land: but, instead, the soft cooing of the gentle dove. Let the nations behold and wonder at the moral elevation and grandeur of the Great Republic, leading the world in the sublime march of peace and good-will to men.

It may be objected that the moral sentiment of the nation is not ready for such a change: but it may be replied that it is ready for anything which is right. It will never be ready for improvement unless summoned to rise and advance. Peacemakers must steadily hold up the ensign of peace for the nations to see and flow unto it from the storms of blood, like doves to their windows, and ere long they will hear the world's anvils ringing with the music of swords becoming plowshares. As of old time, though unseen, but not unfelt, there will walk with them the form of one like the Son of God, the very Prince of Peace. Then the dove will build her nest securely in the mouth of the rusting cannon, and the swallow hatch her young in the rigging of the rotting warships, unless then used to carry the reciprocal tokens of peace and good-will to the transmarine members of the great brotherhood of nations.

WOMEN AGAINST WAR.

Convinced as we are that woman's voice is against war and all preparations therefor, and anxious as we are that women should have full political rights, we gladly give place to the following earnest appeal by the Society for the Defence of the Rights of Woman, 30 Rue de Cointance, Geneva, represented by Madame V. Griess-Traut:

We, the women of all countries, we, who form the half of the contingent of nations, we, whom the laws of men have excluded from those councils in which of old the voice of our mothers made the cause of Peace to triumph, we, to whom barbarous war spares neither death nor the most cruel outrages, we, whom it deprives of all which can attach a being to life—father, husband, son, fireside—we, whose consciences have not learned to distinguish between solitary instances of homicide, condemned and punished, and the homicide *en masse*, which is rewarded by a vain glory when it is executed upon innocent beings, we, who have not forgotten the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," we, whom society judges capable of fulfilling the heaviest duties without compensation of corresponding rights, we, whose mission on earth is conciliation, peace and devotion, we, whom a longer silence would render accomplices of this detestable waste of human lives and of riches, the devastation of entire countries—we protest with all our energy against war, that odious abuse, that offence; against the voluntary abandonment of the effectual and peaceful method of "International Arbitration."

We protest in the name of humanity, whose most holy laws war violates; in the name of the Fatherland, which war deprives of its sons; in the name of the family, which war mutilates and destroys; in the name of progress, which war banishes; in the name of morality, which war perverts.

We women, we mothers, we guardians of the family, we demand of all men of heart a brotherly, humane concurrence in this holy crusade.

We address a supreme appeal to legislators—to educators of youth—to put forth laws to second our efforts, to teach our sons to feel a horror of war, a horror of carnage, a horror of fratricide. (Signed,)

MESDAMES V. GRIESS-TRAUT, CHRISTINA LAZZATI-ROSSI,
MATHILDE HUZIKER, LOUISE DE VIRTE, MARIE GORGG.

THE TURKISH CRESCENT; ITS ORIGIN.—When Philip of Macedon approached by night to scale the walls of Byzantium, the moon shone out and discovered his design to the besieged, who repulsed him. The crescent was afterwards adopted as the favorite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium, they found the crescent in every public place, and believing it possessed some magical power, adopted it themselves.

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY,

No. 1 SOMERSET ST., BOSTON.

WESLEY'S VIEWS ON WAR.

But there is a still greater and more undeniable proof that the very foundations of all things, civil and religious, are utterly out of course in the Christian as well as the heathen world. There is still more horrid reproach to the Christian name, yea, to the name of man, to all reason and humanity. There is war in the world! war between men! war between Christians! I mean between those that bear the name of Christ and profess to "walk as he also walked." Now, who can reconcile war, I will not say to religion, but to any degree of reason or common sense? Let us calmly and impartially consider the thing itself. Here are forty thousand men gathered together on this plain. What are they going to do? See, there are thirty or forty thousand more at a little distance. And these are going to shoot them through the head or body, to stab them, or split their skulls, and send most of their souls into everlasting fire as fast as possibly they can. Why so? What harm have they done to them? O none at all! They do not so much as know them. But a man, who is King of France, has a quarrel with another man, who is King of England. So these Frenchmen are to kill as many of these Englishmen as they can to prove that the King of France is in the right. Now, what an argument is this! What a method of proof! What an amazing way of deciding controversies! What must mankind be, before such a thing as war could ever be known or thought of upon earth!

How shocking, how inconceivable a want there must have been of common understanding, as well common humanity, before any two governments, or any two nations in the universe, could once think of such a method of decision! Surely all our declamations on the strength of human reason, and the eminence of our virtues, are no more than the cant and jargon of pride and ignorance, so long as there is such a thing as war in the world. Men in general can never be allowed to be reasonable creatures till they know not war any more. So long as this monster stalks uncontrolled, where is reason, virtue, humanity! They are utterly excluded; they have no place; they are a name, and nothing more. If even a heathen were to give an account of an age wherein reason and virtue reigned, he would allow no war to have place therein.

Are our countrymen more effectually reclaimed when danger and distress are joined? If so, the army, especially in time of war, must be the most religious part of the nation. But is it so indeed? Do the soldiery walk as those who see themselves on the brink of eternity? So far from it, that a soldier's religion is a by-word, even with those who have no religion at all; that vice and profaneness in every shape reign among them without control, and that the whole tenor of their behavior speaks, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

And what shall we say of the navy, more particularly of the ships of war? Is religion there, either the power or the form? Is not almost every single man-of-war a mere floating hell? Where is there to be found more consummate wickedness, a more full, daring contempt of God and all his laws—except in the bottomless pit! [Wesley's appeal to men of reason and religion]

In returning to London, I read the life of the late Czar, Peter the Great. Undoubtedly he was a soldier, a general, and a statesman scarce inferior to any. But why was he called a Christian! What has Christianity to do either with deep dissimulation or savage cruelty? * * *

In all the other judgments of God, the inhabitants of the earth learn righteousness. When a land is visited with famine, or plague, or earthquake, the people commonly see and acknowledge the hand of God. But whenever war breaks out, God is forgotten, if he be not set at open defiance. * * *

You may well say, but not in the ancient sense, "See how these Christians love one another!" these Christian kingdoms, that are tearing out each other's bowels, desolating one another with fire and sword! These Christian armies that are sending each other by thousands, by tens of thousands, quick into hell! Who follow after only "the things that make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another"? * * * Shall Christians assist the prince of hell, who was a murderer from the beginning, by telling the world the benefit of war!

JOHN WESLEY.

— Wesley's Works, London Edition, Vol. 9.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE I. This Society shall be designated the "AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY."

ART. II. This Society, being founded on the principle that all war is contrary to the spirit of the gospel, shall have for its object to illustrate the inconsistency of war with Christianity, to show its baleful influence on all the great interests of mankind, and to devise means for insuring universal and permanent peace.

ART. III. Persons of every Christian denomination desirous of promoting peace on earth, and good-will towards men, may become members of this Society.

ART. IV. Every annual subscriber of two dollars, and every donor of five dollars, shall be a member of this Society.

ART. V. The payment of twenty dollars at one time, shall constitute any person a Life-member, and fifty dollars, a Life-director.

ART. VI. The chairman of each corresponding committee, the officers and delegates of every auxiliary contributing to the funds of this Society, and every minister of the gospel who preaches once a year on the subject of peace, and takes up a collection in behalf of the cause, shall be entitled to the privileges of regular members.

ART. VII. All contributors shall be entitled within the year to one-half the amount of their contributions in the publications of the Society.

ART. VIII. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-Presidents, Directors, Secretaries, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of not less than five, with power to fill their own vacancies, and transact the general business of the Society. The Board of Directors shall consist of not less than twenty, who shall have power to supply vacancies in any office of the Society, and direct all its operations till successors are chosen. The Vice-Presidents shall be ex-officio Directors, and the President, Secretaries and Treasurer ex-officio members of the Executive Committee.

ART. IX. The Society shall hold an annual meeting at such time and place as the Board of Directors may appoint, to receive their own and the Treasurer's report, to choose officers, and transact such other business as may come before them.

ART. X. The object of this Society shall never be changed; but the constitution may in other respects be altered, on recommendation of the Executive Committee, or of any ten members of the Society, by a vote of three-fourths of the members present, at any regular meeting.

RESOLVES EXPLANATORY OF THE SECOND ARTICLE:

First. That we do not think it necessary or expedient to make any verbal alteration in said article.

Second. That we consider it as designed to assert that all national wars are inconsistent with Christianity, including those supposed or alleged to be defensive.

Third. That the article has no reference to the right of private or individual self-defence, to a denial of which the Society is not committed.

Fourth. That the article does not require a pledge, expressed or implied, on any of the points in dispute among the friends of peace, but is merely declarative of its general object and course.

Fifth. That we invite the co-operation of all persons who seriously desire the extinction of war, whether they agree with the principle of the article as thus explained, or not.

FRIENDS OF PEACE.

We feel moved to appeal to you, at this time, for funds. It is in the ordering of Divine Providence that no good cause can live and prosper without money, and to what better use can money be put, than to forward good causes? Peace is a much-needed reform, with a most promising future. We, therefore, most earnestly urge upon the friends of our cause prompt attention to this call. Please send to the office of the American Peace Society such sums as you well can, and may the blessing of the God of peace attend all efforts to banish war from the nations and give peace to mankind. D.

Address American Peace Society, Boston, sent by mail 25 for 15 cents, 100 for 50 cents, 250 for \$1.00, 1000 for \$3.00. Use them.



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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE, . . . NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

ESTABLISHED {
JUNE, 1837.

BOSTON, NOV. AND DEC., 1878.

{ NEW SERIES,
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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

Published by the American Peace Society.

EDITOR. CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM.

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If one is *not able* to give the full amount of a membership, or directorship at once, he can apply whatever he does give on it, with the understanding that the remainder is to be paid at one or more times in the future.

THE ADVOCATE is sent gratuitously to the reading rooms of Colleges and Theological Seminaries—to Young Men's Christian Associations—to every pastor who preaches on the Cause of Peace and takes a collection for it. Also, to prominent individuals, both ministers and laymen, with the hope that they will become subscribers or donors, and induce others to become such. To subscribers it is sent until a request to discontinue is received with the payment of all arrearages.

We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE who are earnestly invited to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

ON EARTH PEACE NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, NOV. AND DEC., 1878.

VOL. IX. No. 5.

For The Advocate of Peace.

APPEAL TO WOMAN TO AID IN THE PEACE CAUSE.

BY OLIVE F. CHANDLER.

Shall woman dream in this great work,
Hug fashion, show with ignorance blind;
Shall she on gossip's breeze be borne,
Her noble soul in fetters bind?
Or shall she break from error's tomb,
And roll the stone of strife away;
Renounce *self love*, its flatteries vain,
Awake, and hail the glorious day!

May she be earnest, strive to win,
The hearts of men, to toil for peace;
Send forth her yearnings through *all space*,
That peace may reign, and war may cease.
Let none refuse to proffer aid,
And give their mite, true peace augment;
O bring your offerings great or small,
In concert work, without dissent.

OIL OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

Kindliness is a quality much to be desired in the intercourse between employer and employed in this community. The master and the men must often meet: the business of life cannot proceed without frequent contact. If these meetings be destitute of kindliness, they are unpleasant and hurtful. The intercourse of human beings in the complicated relations of life is like the acting of wheel upon wheel in going machinery; and human sympathy is like the oil that lubricates the points of contact. When the oil is wanting the wheels strike hard one upon another. They waste each other's substance, and shake the whole fabric in which the engine moves. The driver wheel harshly strikes the driven wheel; the driven wheel harshly receives and reciprocally wears the driver. If the motion become quick and the strokes frequent, tooth upon tooth striking hard and dry, a consuming fire will be generated by the conflict.

Is not this a true picture of the intercourse that may often be observed going on between the classes in a mercantile, a manufacturing, or an agricultural community? The master applies his capital so as to drive the man, precisely as he applies his steam-power to drive machinery. The man, compelled by the necessity of obtaining bread for himself and his children, submits to be so driven. In many cases, alas! no oil of human kindness is permitted to drop on the wheels at the point of contact. The master has no interest in the man; the man no interest in the master. Ah, if there were brotherly love between man and man, a brother's sympathy offered on the one hand and accepted on the other, the machine of society would go more softly round, and its movements would be more productive both to the capitalist and to the laborer. We suffer much from harsh, supercilious pride on the one side, and dogged discontented pride on the other.

TESTIMONY AGAINST WAR.

All wars are follies. There never was a good war or a bad peace.—*Benjamin Franklin*.

War is entirely inefficient towards redressing wrongs.—*Thos Jefferson*.

We are followers of Christ, and therefore cannot fight.—*The Early Christian*.

Shall Christians assist the Prince of Hell by telling the world of the benefit of war.—*John Wesley*.

I abominate war as unchristian; I hold it as the greatest of human crimes.—*Lord Brougham*.

This (arbitration) removed all immediate danger of war, and the petitioners of the Peace Society have deserved the thanks of the whole nation.—*John Quincy Adams*.

Peace is the grand Christian charity. Where peace is not Christianity can not be.—*Charles Sumner*.

War is among the chief destroyers of human happiness. Peace societies have poured the light of reason and revelation upon it, until multitudes have concluded that it cannot be necessary.—*Legislature of Massachusetts*.

I hail the establishment of Peace societies as one of the most auspicious signs of the present eventful era.—*Judson, the Apostle of Burmah*.

War is the barbarous custom of duelling extended to nations.

One murder makes a villain; millions a hero!—*Bishop Porteus*.

We praise men for fighting, and punish children for doing the same thing.

The slavery of a soldier is worse than that of a negro.—*Franklin*.

No two things are more opposed than the Christian and warlike spirit.—*Paley*.

JOHN WELCH THE PEACEMAKER.

Famous among the godly Scotchmen of olden time for fervent piety and earnest zeal and strange prophetic foresight, may be named John Welch, who was born in Nithsdale about the year 1570.

When Welch first came to reside in Ayr, the place was so divided in factions and filled with bloody conflicts, that a man could hardly walk the streets in safety. Welch undertook to quell these fierce disturbances, and in his earnestness he used often to rush between two parties of men fighting, frequently in the midst of blood and wounds. He was accustomed to cover his head with a helmet, but never to take a sword or weapon, that they might see that he came for peace and not for war. After having separated the contending parties, and reconciled them by peaceable words, he would cause a table to be spread in the open street, and there bring the enemies together, and offering up a prayer to God, would persuade them to forgive each other and eat and drink together, when he would end the work by singing a psalm of praise. By such zeal and fervor he gained the blessing that belongs to the peacemakers, and was truly called a son of God. Rude as the people were they were won by his example and his doctrine, and he became their friend and counsellor in whom they most implicitly confided. Nor was their confidence in him misplaced, for his words seemed specially marked by divine wisdom.

When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent,
What time will then remain for murmur or lament?

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

BOSTON, NOV. AND DEC., 1878.



THE LAWS OF WAR.

It may at first thought seem singular to speak of law as relating to war. The two things seem contrary to each other. Law denotes order, stability, safety. War indicates violence and disorder. Yet, the student of history observes with pleasure that through the centuries there has been a steady growth towards the establishment of law as even directing the given custom of war. When we think of the shock of armies, leaving the ground covered with the slain; of the horrors of bombardments and sieges; of the march of armies leaving whole districts in ruin, and destroying the proudest cities,—then, we wonder if *law* can ever restrain at all these exhibitions of the furious passions of men.

For centuries the current of thought in the world has set in the direction of improvement. The violence of former ages has given place to a better civilization. The antipathies of race have weakened. The love of the clan, or even of the nation, has grown somewhat into the love of mankind. The sentiment of human brotherhood overleaps rivers, mountain-ranges, and even oceans, and begins to embrace the world. All this tends to build barriers in the way of war; while law seeks to guide war, or to hold it somewhat in check, when it does arise.

The laws of war seem very extraordinary to a man of peace. Wellington directed a French garrison to be decimated if it should violate the "laws of war" by destroying works which it cannot maintain. The laws of war permit a ship to hoist false colors at sea, though not to fire under them. These laws, indeed, are a body of usages, which have grown up amongst the customs of different nations. Despair says that nothing can be done to mitigate the dreadfulness of war; that its curse falls on every country, and that the cry of rage and anguish goes up to Heaven from amongst all peoples. Yet, though her voice is lost amid the roar of battle, there are moments when Mercy lifts her gentle voice, and pleads for the principles of humanity and law. For two hundred years have come more and more into shape usages that secure, to some extent at least, courtesy between enemies, protection to non-combatants, the rights of neutrals, sacredness to the persons of women and children.

Let us have hope. A solid body of laws and usages will in time arise to curb the license of armies, and to check the tendency to war. Christian nations, boasting refinement and benevolence, cannot always permit scenes of rapine and blood. The Saxon race should lead in this example to the world. Christ has taught us that even our enemies are not exempt from the universal law of love; and, surely, the law of love requires that men should abstain altogether from war.

C. H. M.

WAR PREVENTED FOR SIX HUNDRED YEARS BY PERMANENT ARBITRATION.

Iceland was peopled by a Norwegian colony in the latter part of the ninth century. These colonists were some of the most independent and intelligent inhabitants of Norway, who, rather than submit to the tyrannical exactions of Harold, the reigning monarch, chose to leave their native land. Shortly after their settlement in the new country, an admirable form of republican government was established, which continued undisturbed for several centuries. At length some of the most ambitious members of the national assembly attempted to encroach on what others considered to be the rights of the people. Harsh debate and contention ensued. A hostile spirit, thus awakened, led to the arming of the followers of the two parties; and then, about the middle of the thirteenth century, for the first time since the introduction of Christianity, which occurred in the year 1000, the annals of Iceland are disgraced by the record of sedition and bloodshed. Such an exhibition alarmed the peaceful inhabitants, and ultimately produced on the assembly a resolution to vest a certain amount of power in the king of Norway, by which, in case of any such contention in future, he was constituted legal arbitrator. Certain stipulations were entered into on both sides; one of which was, that on no occasion should the king of Norway attempt to introduce an armed force into Iceland. This condition has never been violated, either by the Norwegian or Danish monarchs; so that, during the six centuries that have since elapsed, we are told that no military band has been raised in, or set foot in the island.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We give our readers some selections from our very extensive correspondence. We could present hundreds, if our limits allowed.—[EDITOR.]

LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Your favor of the 12th instant relative to the cost of the Mexican war and the war of the Rebellion, has been received. I can only give you an approximate estimate of the cost of these wars, which perhaps may answer your purpose.

Cost of Mexican war, exclusive of pensions, \$100,000,000. Cost of the Rebellion to the United States about \$10,000,000,000. Cost of the Rebellion to the Confederates about \$2,000,000,000.

Yours truly,

GEO. W. McCRARY,
Secretary of War.

REV. C. H. MALCOM, Boston.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Mr. Philip C. Garrett, of Philadelphia, a delegate from our Society to the International Peace Conference at Frankfurt-on-the-Main sent us the following interesting items from London.

I wish to tell you of my kind reception, on the strength of your introduction, by Mr. Richard. I had a fortunate opportunity to present your letter, on the occasion of his delivery of an address on Peace at the Friends' Meeting-house during their annual gathering. He had a crowded audience, and a very appreciative one, and his touching appeal, at the close of his address, to the young men to come forward and fill up the vacant ranks of the champions of the cause, seemed to awaken a responsive feeling, and I trust will bear fruit.

It seems to me there are more persons interested in the subject here than in the States; and yet Mr. Richard informs me that their Association is an offshoot from the American Peace

Society. He has kindly caused papers to be sent to me since by the Hon. Secretary of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, giving fuller information than I had possessed as to their scope and history.

The annual meeting of the London Peace Society, which occurred a few days before my arrival here, was well attended, and I regretted missing the opportunity to be present. Mr. Richard was very courteous in volunteering the offer of admittance to the floor or benches of the House of Commons, an opportunity of which I availed myself, and found it deeply interesting.

John G. Whittier, writing from Oak Hill, Danvers, sends a noble word. Who will follow his generous example? The editor will be one. Will not forty friends of peace send us each \$25 as proposed?

Mr. Whittier says: "I will be one of forty to raise \$1000 by \$25 subscriptions. Are there not twenty friends of the cause who will raise another thousand by \$50 pledges? I send check for \$25 and hope others will follow. The cause of peace is the cause of Christianity."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HON. WM. E. DODGE, of New York, states that the cause of Peace, in whatever shape it appeared, has always interested him deeply. In his sainted father's house, in 1806, the first Peace Society was formed. The present is an auspicious time for the friends of Peace. The intimate connection into which nations are brought by various facilities is favorable to our cause. The great changes of the past fifteen or twenty years ought to give us faith that God is favoring our cause, and will continue to do so. But something ought to be done to more fully rouse the Christian Church to a full sense of its responsibility.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE is made in *The Indian Mirror*, a "heathen" paper, which puts to shame the "Christian" tendency to rush into war: "Dark clouds are gathering over our frontier. Appalling preparations for war have commenced. God Almighty, turn the hearts of our rulers that they may seek peace and not war. Teach captains and soldiers that there is greater glory in promoting peace than in causing bloodshed and death."

ARBITRATION IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Intelligence from Buenos Ayres says that the question between the Argentine Republic and Chili, concerning the Patagonian frontier, has been arranged by an agreement to submit it to arbitration, in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of 1856.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY in the new Asiatic provinces of Russia, has again been placed on a war footing.

THE INDIAN WAR drags its slow length along, and is accompanied with all the evidences of barbarity that have attended such wars from the beginning. While there is no probability that the war will be general among the tribes, the contest inflicts great distress upon border communities. Murders, robberies and arson are everyday affairs.

THE CONQUEST OF LOVE was shown by the money sent from the North to the yellow fever sufferers in the south. A writer in the *Index* (of Atlanta, Ga.) says: "They have conquered us again. We are overwhelmed; we are brought to tears. Were we ever enemies? Let this river of love be a river of oblivion to all our animosities, and, seeing Christ in each other, let us love each other for his sake." Amen and amen!

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR has added 70,000,000 roubles (upwards of \$50,000,000) to the annual interest on the Russian debt, and inflated the currency by 500,000,000 roubles.

GEN. GRANT, in a speech recently delivered in Dublin, said, "We have been suffering from a very great business depression. The world has felt it. We had a war which drew into it almost every man who could bear arms." That is, we suppose, the war led to the business depression.

THE ENGLISH BISHOPS exhibited conduct in regard to the Afghan war that deserves reprobation. Out of 20 prelates only 8 were present in the House of Lords when the division took place, while only two paired, and the Bishop of Oxford was alone in voting against the war.

THE AFGHAN WAR is one more illustration of a strong power exercising oppression. England, boasting its Christianity, prosecutes a wicked war. Captain Bedford Pim, devoted to his profession, espoused the cause in the House of Commons. But that six bishops should vote for the war was surely contrary to their ministry of peace.

MONEY WASTED.

FAR WORSE than wasted. An army of "regulars" without any work to do but protect our post traders in their business of making fortunes by cheating the Indians. Once in a while the Indians used to protest with the tomahawk, but that now is an antiquated weapon. The breech-loading rifle is the instrument now, and when it comes to the tug the news also comes that the Indians are armed as well or better than the troops. There is no account published of the numbers slain or mutilated in those unnecessary Indian wars. What William Penn accomplished two hundred years ago could be as well accomplished to-day, if the Government of the Republic were not in the hands of un-Christian politicians. As it is, we expend thirty seven millions of dollars a year on an army to "keep the Indians in check." To destroy their villages and their families and expose our army itself to death in battle with them—bringing at the same time vengeance and desolation and murder upon hundreds of our frontier settlers, and uncertainty, disquiet and danger upon all. It is indeed a sorrowful sight to see. It is also an unprofitable sight when we have to pay for it thirty-seven million dollars in the year.

In the last year the navy cost seventeen millions and nearly a half, to which add the stolen six millions which this 46th Congress had to make good, and you have rising \$24,000,000 for the year. This added to the army, \$37,000,000, makes a lump sum of \$60,000,000 and odds for the single year, or about \$1,200,000 a week, being \$200,000 for every working day, or \$20,000 an hour for ten hours' work. A work that is not done is better left undone. Thus it would take one hundred thousand men to work eternally at \$2 a day to support those two abominations, whose trade is the killing of men—a trade that a wise and just Government would not have the least occasion to cultivate. Let us be just in our dealings with all men, and there would never be occasion or excuse for drawing the sword. If there was, the volunteers of the State militia would do the work, as they did in our late civil war and all our wars. As for the navy, its business is sailing about in all seas, even where our profit-mongers have no business. It protects our "carrying trade," does it? What is our carrying trade worth? Two or three millions net, perhaps, and we pay \$20,000,000 for protecting it. And the enterprise and capital engaged in this same carrying trade could be far more profitably employed at home.

So it is not worth two or three millions, nor one million, nor one dollar. It is a loss, and a heavy loss, to us—the heaviest of all losses. It is the destruction of the moral and manhood of our youth, and their death by thousands from drowning and premature disease. And it was this navy and "carrying trade" which, beginning in the "alien and sedition" Presidency of John Adams, crowded us into a war with the Barbary pirates,

in which hundreds of our young men perished, and later into the war with England, in which 40,000 of our people were slain. Not one life of which would have been endangered, even, if we had stood at home ploughing the land instead of the ocean, and cultivating in the field and workshop the arts of peace.

JOHN KNOX AS A GALLEY-SLAVE.

In his inaugural address as rector of the University of St. Andrew's, Mr. Froude related the following incident:

Many years ago, when I first studied the history of the Reformation in Scotland, I read a story of a slave, in a French galley, who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking; and rising out of the gray waters a line of cliffs was visible, and the white houses of a town, and a church-tower. The rower was a man unused to such services, worn with toil and watching and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it. "Yes," he answered, "I know it well. I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory; and I know that how weak so ever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify His name in the same place." Gentlemen, that town was St. Andrews; that galley-slave was John Knox; and we know that he did come back, and did glorify God in this place, and in others, to some purpose.

It is perhaps, not known to all our readers that John Knox was for two years a French prisoner and was confined to the galleys.

LOVE AND WAR.

Russian newspapers relate some romantic attachments which have sprung up between Turkish prisoners of war and Russian ladies of various ages in the towns where the former have been detained, leading in some cases to somewhat sensational and rather inconvenient scenes upon the departure of the Turks. At Charkoff, a Russian girl, dressed up as a Turk, took her place among the returning Moslems. She was detected on numbering the persons conveyed in the car. At Poltava a young lady of position and education insisted upon accompanying a Turkish officer, to whom she earnestly desired to be married. At the same place the departure of one railway train carrying liberated prisoners led to a regular scene, necessitating the interference of the police and calling for orders which have since been given to prevent similar occurrences in the future. A crowd of ladies, young and old, some only schoolgirls, assembled on the platform and took leave of the departing Turks in the most pathetic and demonstrative of ways. All embraced, all kissed, some burst into tears, others fainted away. All this was done in public. The schoolgirls taking part in the display have since been expelled from their schools.

EARTHLY LOVE AN EDUCATION FOR HEAVEN.

God educates us for Himself; teaches us how to love Him by teaching us first how to love our brother. All true love educates us for heaven. The delight in God's sky and land, his ocean and mountains, his stars and flowers, his sunrises and sunsets, educates us to love Him, the Giver of it all. He sends us little children to teach our hearts tenderness; he takes them to Himself, and our tenderness goes up to heaven. The love for heaven, for books, for children, for friends, leads us toward God. Every patient watching by the bedside of those we love teaches the heart something. Every tear dropped on a friend's grave is another step toward heaven. Every generous effort to do right; every noble struggle against evil; every warm throb of love for what is good, true, fair; every patriotic and courageous act of devotion to our country, are clothing us with a house from heaven. These may, indeed, be only tents to live in till we reach the promised land; but we know that when these are struck and folded we have a building of God, a higher love waiting us beyond the veil of time.

God, who provides the tent for us here, will provide the house there. He who gives us in this life all the wonders and beauties of nature, all the lessons of truth, all the opportunities of action and endeavor, all the helps of friendship, all the charm of love, the nobleness of life and the pathos of death, will provide for us better things beyond, "which eye hath not seen nor ear heard."

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Not only from the unseen band
Do guardian angels come;
They linger in our pathway here;
They gladden many a home.

We each have some one loved and dear,
That God to us hath given;
Some one to guide our erring feet
And lure us on toward Heaven.

Sometimes it is a mother's voice
That bids us stop and think,
Ere we, with hasty step but sure,
Tread on destruction's brink.

Sometimes a sister's sweet caress
And gentle smile will lead
Our wandering feet to pastures fair,
Where God's own children feed.

A father's kindly look or word,
In true affection spoken,
Will oft the stubborn will subdue,
Or heal a heart that's broken.

Ah! how could we affliction bear
If God refused to send
Those holy messengers of love
We each may call a friend?

For these sweet angels of the earth,
That hover ever near
To guide, to warn, to strengthen us,
Those that our hearts hold dear,

As well as for the countless host
Our eyes may not behold,
Be praise to God the Comforter,
Whose love doth all enfold.

—N. Y. Observer.

A blind Swiss girl, who is an adept at fine needlework, recently sent to the Emperor of Germany a table-cover exquisitely worked with her own hands; and to avoid the appearance of having sent the present in expectation of getting something in return, she omitted her address and simply signed herself "A Blind Girl in Switzerland." The old monarch was so pleased with the gift and the manner of sending it, that he caused the German minister in Switzerland to ascertain the girl's name and address, whereupon he sent her a valuable brooch and an autograph letter of thanks.

The line of conduct chosen during the five years from fifteen to twenty will, in almost every instance, determine a youth's character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or improvident, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after years; and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope or calculate his chances in life.

God chooses that men should be tried, but let a man beware of tempting his neighbor. God knows how and how much, and where and when. Man is his brother's keeper, and must keep him according to his knowledge.



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For The Angel of Peace.
PEACE.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Come Peace! with snowy, silver wing,
And brood in mercy, o'er the world,
While nations to thee, tributes bring,
And wave thy banners wide unfurled.
Loud, let all men thy praises sing,
While from their ranks Death's arms are hurled.
No more, death dealing darts, to fling,
In triumph o'er a prostrate world!

Come Peace! thou goddess white as snow—
In hands of friendship, and of love,
Unite all men, both friend and foe,
In harmony, like that above,
And forecast Heaven, here below.
Spread wide thy wings, like brooding dove,
Guard us fore'er, from war and woe,
That 'neath thy shelter, none need rove.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

A little girl had been to church, and went home full of what she had heard. Sitting down, she asked her father, who led a prayerless, sinful life, whether he ever prayed. He did not like the question, and very angrily replied:

"Is it your mother or aunt Sally who told you that, my little girl?"

"No, papa," said the little thing; "preacher said, 'All good people pray, and those who don't pray are not going to the kingdom of heaven.' Pa, do you pray?"

This was more than her father could bear, and, in a rough way he said: "Well, you and your mother and your aunt Sally may go your own way, and I will go mine."

"Pa," said the little creature, with sweet simplicity, "which way are you going?"

This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way of death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and left the room. He sought forgiveness of God for his many sins, and became a happy Christian.

THE DIAMONDS AND THE MAGPIE.

A noble lady had ordered a jeweller to make her a beautiful gold ornament, and had given him several valuable diamonds to put in it.

Robert, his apprentice, was delighted with the lovely stones, and often admired them.

Suddenly the jeweller missed two of his best diamonds.

He suspected his apprentice of the theft, and searched his room, where he found the precious stones hidden in a hole in the wall.

Robert assured him that he had not taken the diamonds, but his master flogged him, said that he deserved putting in prison, and turned him away.

The next day another diamond was missing, and the jeweller found it in the same hole.

Now he watched very carefully to try and discover who hid the precious stones there.

A magpie, which the apprentice had tamed, alighted on the work-table, and took a diamond in its beak, and carried it to the hole in the wall.

The jeweller was then very sorry that he had unjustly suspected the poor boy.

He took him back again, and treated him afterwards very kindly, and was careful in future how he judged others.

"Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry."

SWEET LIBERTY.

The bright-hued canary and the rich-throated mocking-bird sing in their captivity, not because they enjoy their prison-life, but in spite of it. It is difficult to so crush all the sweetness out of these brilliant lumps of animation as to silence entirely their thrilling voices. But prisons are cruel, and liberty is sweet. Never can note of bird be so rich or thrilling as when poured forth in the glad freedom of the air. On wing or spray, in wood or field, on hill or mountain, everywhere the music of freedom rolls forth with such joyous swell as the poor little prisoner in wire bars can never know. The Lord made all his creatures for freedom. And for us sitting helpless in the prison-house of sin, He has sent His dear Son that He might open for us the prison-doors and break for us every fetter, lead us out into His glorious liberty and tune our hearts and tongues to His praise.

OFFER UNTO GOD THANKSGIVING.

Fountain of mercy! whose pervading eye
Can look within and read what passes there,
Accept my thoughts for thanks! I have no words,
My soul o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
The aid of language—Lord, behold my heart

HANNAH MORE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF HARD KNOCKS.

A great deal of useless sympathy is this day expended upon those who start in life without social or monetary help. Those are most to be congratulated who have at the beginning a rough tussle with circumstances. John Ruskin sets it down as one of his calamities that in early life he "had nothing to endure." A petted and handled childhood makes a weak and insipid man. You say that the Ruskin just quoted disproves the theory. No; he is showing in a dejected, splenetic, and irritated old age the need of the early cudgelling of adversity. He seems fretting himself to death. A little experience of the hardship of life would have helped to make him gratefully happy now. No brawn of character without compulsory exertion. The men who sit strong in their social, financial and political elevations are those who did their own climbing. Misfortune is a rough nurse, but she raises giants. Let your young people, instead of succumbing to the influence that would keep them back and down, take them as the parallel bars and dumb-bells and weights of a gymnasium, by which they are to get muscle for the strife.

BACK MONEY.

Far away in a heathen country, there exists a beautiful custom, from which the children of our favored land might learn a lesson. The mothers do not stay in-doors and sew, and work, and care for the children, but do heavy out-door labor, such as belongs to the men of this country. Their babes are strapped to their mothers' backs in a sort of little seat or bag, where they grow and thrive without interfering with her work. As they grow older, and begin to care for themselves, it is customary for them to give a certain portion of their gifts and earnings to their mother, as a reward for her care of their infancy. This offering is aptly termed *Back Money*, as if to thank her for the many hours of weariness, and twinges of pain experienced by her when carrying her babe on her back, as she toiled in the field.

The children who give their pennies to send the Bible to that far-off nation could not do better than to imitate this beautiful custom. Many who read this paper could not have lived through their feeble infancy except for weary hours of pain in *back*, and head, and heart, borne by a fond mother.

Your mother, dear children, may not need "*back money*," but have you no way by which you can show your gratitude to your earliest, best friend? Do not let the untaught, unclothed heathen excel you in this respect. Little girls can bestow what is worth far more than *money* they could give, by saving steps for mother, amusing the baby brother, picking up the play-toys, and putting the room to rights, in which they have been allowed to frolic away the hours of a rainy day, and in a thousand ways best known to a loving, grateful child. The country boy who goes for the cows promptly, and punctually brings in his night's wood and kindlings, cheerfully shovels paths in winter snow without a murmur, gives his mother the most valuable kind of *back money*. City boys are not exempt. They can pay their share in errands up and down the long flights of stairs, and through the streets, and in many ways give a substitute for the *back money* that their mother does not need. There is many a widowed mother to whom the pennies wasted in cheap cigars, and treats, and trashy papers, would be an acceptable offering.

Boys and girls! Do not forget the dear one who carried you through your helpless years. You can lengthen her life by kindness, and give yourselves comfort and peace in after years, as you reflect on the smiles you brought to that careworn face by thoughtful attention. What would the poor savage, who gives from his paltry earnings his offering of *back money* say to the thoughtless, ungrateful, impertinent ways of some of the children of this favored Christian land?—M. E. Willard, in *American Messenger*.

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

"I would be ashamed to tell mother," was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never as long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve, and one which will make almost any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mother.

SMALL THINGS.

A modern writer has well said that "the neglect of small things is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have come to grief." Nearly everything in this world is made up of lesser particles, and there are numerous sayings in every language to prove the truth that "mony a mickle makes a muckle." A minute is a small thing by itself; but many of them together are the things our lives are made of, as surely as drops of water make the sea. To the man of business in large cities, where fortunes are sometimes made and lost, and as it were, whole lives lived, in a day, each minute of time is of the greatest importance. A little too late to keep an appointment ruins a negotiation on which a large amount of profit has depended; and not infrequently a single minute too late to take advantage of a turn in the market has wiped out the accumulated profits of many years and brought with it bankruptcy and poverty. Nowhere is the importance of small things emphasized with greater force than in the lives of our successful merchants and business men. The small gains of the beginning of a business career have led to the larger ones later on, and finally to the accumulation of vast possessions. The moments that have proved themselves to be "just in the nick of time" have turned the tide in a favorable direction, and at the last fairly flooded the recipient with wealth and riches. The pennies at the first have made the thousands at the last, while the minutes here and there have ticked themselves into golden hours at the end.

SAVAGES CIVILIZED.

How strangely contrasted are the tidings we now receive from the Fiji Islands, from those that a generation ago chilled the blood and shocked every sentiment of humanity. Then Fiji was a synonym for the most degraded and brutal savagery and heathenism. Now the light of Christianity is seen and felt and civilized institutions are taking form and shape.

The San Francisco *Alta* calls attention to a file, which it has received, of the *Fiji Government Gazette*, the official organ of King Cakobau, printed in English, containing royal proclamations, acts of Parliament, and other important documents. It is still somewhat singular to read that the government offices were closed on Easter Day, and that the king has adopted the idea of a national Thanksgiving, having fixed on a day in April, the month corresponding in the southern hemisphere to our November, and has issued an orthodox proclamation recounting as a reason for thankfulness, that, "It has pleased Almighty God to deliver Fiji from the perils and disasters attendant upon the visitations of hurricanes and tempestuous weather."

Fiji has now a constitutional government, a cabinet, a parliament, a supreme court, and both native and American and European officers and magistrates. Thirty-seven years ago there was not a book, not a chapel, a church, or a Christian man in it. They now have 104,000 converts, and 22,799 members in full church communion; they had 47,240 in their Sunday-schools, and 590 chapels, and this work had been accomplished in thirty-seven years.

Surely Christian missions are potent for vast good when they can so thoroughly transform the social condition of a nation of cannibals as were the Fijians when the gospel first reached them.



LILLIE'S RULE OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM.

Lillie was a charming little girl. She was gentle and lovely in character. She was the joy of her father's and mother's heart, and the light of their cottage. She all the day long played in the house, or about the cottage door, her voice more musical than the song of birds. She had a large dog, named Prince, and Prince followed his little mistress all about, and seemed to have great pleasure in her company.

One day, as Lillie and Prince were in the yard, near the pump, Prince came up to drink, and Lillie raised a switch as if to strike him. Prince growled, and seemed ready to bite even his loved mistress. He was by nature of a fierce temper, though Lillie had made him gentle by her kind treatment. Lillie threw down the stick, and put her arms about the neck of Prince, and kissed him; and they were good friends again at once.

My little readers have in this incident an illustration of the power of the rule of love. Love conquers even brutes. Love between friend and friend gives good will, and between nation and nation gives peace. Let the rule of love govern every heart.

"THAT'S HOW."

After a great snow-storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along. "By keeping at it," answered the boy cheerfully. "That's how."

That is the secret of mastering every difficulty under the sun.

GOD'S PROMISES.

A correspondent writes, "Are God's promises conditional, and if so to what extent?" To this we answer: God's promises are generally conditional. He will do so and so if you will. He will save you from drowning if you will learn to swim. He will give you good health if you will fulfil the conditions:—will eat plain food, keep free from worry, say no evil of anybody, and sleep eight hours in twenty-four. His threatenings are also conditional: He won't punish you for your past evil if you are truly sorry for it, and will behave better in the future. He won't let you starve if you will work for a dollar a day when you can't get two. He won't refuse to answer your prayers if you don't make too many, nor those you do make too long, nor ask too much. All of which we submit as thoroughly orthodox.

A GOOD REPUTATION TO HAVE.

The little story I am going to tell you happened just before the war, when every one was very, very busy. Soldiers were enlisting and going away from almost every home in the land.

One young man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night she said, "Did you pay that bill?" "Yes," he answered. In a few days the bill was sent in a second time. "I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this."

"I really don't remember, mother; you know I've had so very many things on my mind."

"But you said you did."

"Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did."

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

"I am quite sure," she said, "that my son paid this some days ago; he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it; but he told me that day he had, and says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure he did."

"Well," said the man, "I forget about it; but if he ever said he did, he did."

Wasn't that a grand character to have? Having once said a thing, that was enough to make others believe it, whether he remembered it or not.

I wish all the boys in our land were as sure of a good reputation.—*Christian Weekly*.

LOOK ALOFT.

Willy was learning to be a sailor boy, and the time soon came for him to climb the mast. He started up bravely, but soon his head began to grow dizzy: away beneath him were the surging waves, and it seemed to him that he must fall.

"Look upward, Willy," called the captain. Willy raised his eyes; the stars were just coming out in the clear evening sky. He looked at the mast, which still rose above him: a little more effort, and he was near the top, the dizzy feeling all gone.

When trouble comes, and all seems unsteady around us, let us look upward to God, who giveth us every good and perfect gift.

WAR.

The father of Louis Napoleon thus writes in one of his letters: "I have been as enthusiastic and joyful as any one after a victory, but I confess even the sight of a field of battle has not only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick; but now that I am advanced in life I cannot understand, any more than I could at fifteen years, how beings who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding each other, and in passing through it as gently as possible, but, on the contrary, in endeavoring to destroy each other, as if time did not do this with sufficient rapidity. What I thought at fifteen years I still think—war, which society draws upon itself, is but an organized barbarism, and an inheritance of the savage state, however disguised or ornamented."

A TRAP FOR A HUMMING BIRD.

You have heard of rat traps and mouse traps, but did you ever hear of a humming bird trap? Perhaps you will think it cruel to try to catch such pretty little things, but wait till I tell you how we do it. There is a hanging basket in our window, and in that we put trumpet-creeper flowers, and Chinese larkspurs, and tiger lilies every morning. Then we sit down quietly near the window, and it is not long before a loud humming attracts our attention. There, our first humming bird has come. Round he flies to one flower, and then another, with his white-edged tail outspread, and his long bill finding its way into the deep trumpet flowers.

This is the pleasantest way to catch birds.

There are generally two ways to do anything—one a pleasant and kindly way, the other a cross and cruel way. When you wish your little brother or sister to do anything, try with the flowers of kind words and smiles, not with the steel traps of scolding and striking. I will tell you a true story about a girl who knew how to make flower traps for her little brother.

One day he was a little sick, and she wanted him to put on a shawl.

"Charlie," said she, "do you want to play school?"

"Yes," he answered gladly.

"Well, let me put on your shawl, and we will go to school together in the other room."

Which of you will try to help your brothers as little Carrie did, and so make flower traps to catch smiles and thanks, as we catch humming birds?—*Children's Hour*.

THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"O Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it. When I draw it through the board awhile it's most hot enough to set fire to it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with all the superior wisdom of two years more than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing; "it's the friction; but do you know of what it makes me think of?"

"No, what?" asked both the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked, the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary went on, "There is an old proverb which says, 'The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows.'"

"I tell you what, Frank," said Eddie, "when we find ourselves getting angry, let's run out and use the saw Kriiskringle brought me, and then we won't find time for the saw of contention."—*Young Reaper*.

WHAT A LITTLE KINDNESS DID.

Mr. Humphrey Stevens, of Greenfield, the well-known Registrar of Deeds of Franklin County, used to keep a country store at Montague, and had a rule never to refuse to trust a man for a dollar's worth of goods, as the act would get him a good customer, or show him that the man trusted was not worth trusting, either of which facts it was worth a dollar to know. One winter evening, a Canadian called at his store, and asked to be trusted for fifty cents' worth of pork and fifty cents' worth of flour, for which he would pay in a few days. Mr. Stevens let him have twice the amount asked, and the rejoiced Canuck lugged the provisions to his starving family, carrying also the news that he had got a job of chopping wood at fifty cents a cord—a fair price in those days. He worked faithfully, but for a little time only at this job, as the proprietors, who also owned a store, refused to trust him. But he kept at work at something, and proved one of the best paying customers at Mr. Stevens' store. Years afterward the Canadian called on Mr. Stevens, at Greenfield, referred to the latter's generosity, and said: "I had lost, by drinking, all the little property that I had brought from Canada, but had come to Montague resolved to do better. Finally, I got the job of chopping, but the pro-

prietors wouldn't trust me for provisions for my family; another merchant also refused me, and I had about determined to desert my family and go to Canada, where I know not what would have become of me. But I thought of you, and called as a last chance; your kindness gave me hope; to-day, I have a good farm in Montague. all paid for, and I want to thank you."—*Springfield Republican*.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

In the "green-room," in Dresden, where for centuries the Saxon princes have gathered their gems and treasures until they have become worth millions of dollars, may be seen a silver egg, a present to one of the Saxon queens, which, when you touch a spring, opens and reveals a golden yolk. Within this is hid a chicken, whose wings being pressed, also flies open, disclosing a splendid golden crown studded with jewels. Nor is this all; another secret spring being touched, hidden in the centre is found a magnificent diamond ring. So it is with every truth and promise of God's word—a treasure within a treasure. The more we examine it, the richer it becomes. But how many neglect to touch the springs!

TEXTS FOR PEACE.

.... "The first man I ever shot," said an artilleryman, "I saw but twenty seconds. I shot him through the breast. He tossed up his arms, and fell dead. He had a handsome face. I thought I should have loved that man, if I had known him. I tell you what, this war is a terrible business!"

.... On the bloody field of Shiloh, in the angle of a Virginia snake fence, sat a soldier, stone dead and rigid. His eyes were fixed in a stony stare on a daguerrotype, which was clinched in both hands. On this picture of wife and daughter the eyes of the husband and father gazed even in death.

.... After the battle of Gettysburg a Union soldier was found in a secluded spot on the field, where, wounded, he had laid himself down to die. In his hands, tightly clasped, was an ambrotype containing the portraits of three small children, and upon this picture his eyes, set in death, rested. The last object upon which the dying father looked was the image of his children.

.... In a ward of the hospital at St Louis, I saw a Tennessean, whose cheek presented the pallor of death. His hand was trying to grasp some object, that, in his delirium, was pictured on his imagination. His lips feebly uttered the word "Catherine." He motioned to me to put my ear down. "O my wife—Catherine—my children!" His dying thoughts were of his family.

.... It was a military execution. His crime was desertion. The love of home led this boy, twenty years old, to leave his camp. Now, the moment of execution had arrived. He sat upon his coffin. His eyes were bandaged. The word of command was given. He fell over dead. So, away from home, and mother, and sister, the boy was left there. The rain poured upon his solitary grave.

.... From the whole experience and observation of mankind it is seen and known that those who are conscious of being right are the first to make a movement towards reconciliation, let the cause of the quarrel or alienation be what it may.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

You may read the Bible continually, and yet never learn anything by it, unless it is illuminated by the Spirit; and then the words shine forth like stars. The book seems made of gold leaf; every single letter glitters like a diamond. Blind men may read the Bible with their fingers, but blind souls can not. We want a light to read the Bible by; there is no reading it in the dark.

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY,

No. 1 SOMERSET ST., BOSTON.

WESLEY'S VIEWS ON WAR.

But there is a still greater and more undeniable proof that the very foundations of all things, civil and religious, are utterly out of course in the Christian as well as the heathen world. There is still more horrid reproach to the Christian name, yea, to the name of man, to all reason and humanity. There is war in the world! war between men! war between Christians! I mean between those that bear the name of Christ and profess to "walk as he also walked." Now, who can reconcile war, I will not say to religion, but to any degree of reason or common sense? Let us calmly and impartially consider the thing itself. Here are forty thousand men gathered together on this plain. What are they going to do? See, there are thirty or forty thousand more at a little distance. And these are going to shoot them through the head or body, to stab them, or split their skulls, and send most of their souls into everlasting fire as fast as possibly they can. Why so? What harm have they done to them? O none at all! They do not so much as know them. But a man, who is King of France, has a quarrel with another man, who is King of England. So these Frenchmen are to kill as many of these Englishmen as they can to prove that the King of France is in the right. Now, what an argument is this! What a method of proof! What an amazing way of deciding controversies! What must mankind be, before such a thing as war could ever be known or thought of upon earth!

How shocking, how inconceivable a want there must have been of common understanding, as well common humanity, before any two governments, or any two nations in the universe, could once think of such a method of decision! Surely all our declamations on the strength of human reason, and the eminence of our virtues, are no more than the cant and jargon of pride and ignorance, so long as there is such a thing as war in the world. Men in general can never be allowed to be reasonable creatures till they know not war any more. So long as this monster stalks uncontrolled, where is reason, virtue, humanity? They are utterly excluded; they have no place; they are a name, and nothing more. If even a heathen were to give an account of an age wherein reason and virtue reigned, he would allow no war to have place therein.

Are our countrymen more effectually reclaimed when danger and distress are joined? If so, the army, especially in time of war, must be the most religious part of the nation. But is it so indeed? Do the soldiery walk as those who see themselves on the brink of eternity? So far from it, that a soldier's religion is a by-word, even with those who have no religion at all; that vice and profaneness in every shape reign among them without control, and that the whole tenor of their behavior speaks, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

And what shall we say of the navy, more particularly of the ships of war? Is religion there, either the power or the form? Is not almost every single man-of-war a mere floating hell? Where is there to be found more consummate wickedness, a more full, daring contempt of God and all his laws—except in the bottomless pit! [Wesley's appeal to men of reason and religion]

In returning to London, I read the life of the late Czar, Peter the Great. Undoubtedly he was a soldier, a general, and a statesman scarce inferior to any. But why was he called a Christian? What has Christianity to do either with deep dissimulation or savage cruelty?

In all the other judgments of God, the inhabitants of the earth learn righteousness. When a land is visited with famine, or plague, or earthquake, the people commonly see and acknowledge the hand of God. But whenever war breaks out, God is forgotten, if he be not set at open defiance.

You may well say, but not in the ancient sense, "See how these Christians love one another!" these Christian kingdoms, that are tearing out each other's bowels, desolating one another with fire and sword! These Christian armies that are sending each other by thousands, by tens of thousands, quick into hell! Who follow after only "the things that make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another"? Shall Christians assist the prince of hell, who was a murderer from the beginning, by telling the world the benefit of war?

JOHN WESLEY.

—Wesley's Works, London Edition, Vol. 9.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE I. This Society shall be designated the "AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY."

ART. II. This Society, being founded on the principle that all war is contrary to the spirit of the gospel, shall have for its object to illustrate the inconsistency of war with Christianity, to show its baleful influence on all the great interests of mankind, and to devise means for insuring universal and permanent peace.

ART. III. Persons of every Christian denomination desirous of promoting peace on earth, and good-will towards men, may become members of this Society.

ART. IV. Every annual subscriber of two dollars, and every donor of five dollars, shall be a member of this Society.

ART. V. The payment of twenty dollars at one time, shall constitute any person a Life-member, and fifty dollars, a Life-director.

ART. VI. The chairman of each corresponding committee, the officers and delegates of every auxiliary contributing to the funds of this Society, and every minister of the gospel who preaches once a year on the subject of peace, and takes up a collection in behalf of the cause, shall be entitled to the privileges of regular members.

ART. VII. All contributors shall be entitled within the year to one-half the amount of their contributions in the publications of the Society.

ART. VIII. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-Presidents, Directors, Secretaries, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of not less than five, with power to fill their own vacancies, and transact the general business of the Society. The Board of Directors shall consist of not less than twenty, who shall have power to supply vacancies in any office of the Society, and direct all its operations till successors are chosen. The Vice-Presidents shall be ex-officio Directors, and the President, Secretaries and Treasurer ex-officio members of the Executive Committee.

ART. IX. The Society shall hold an annual meeting at such time and place as the Board of Directors may appoint, to receive their own and the Treasurer's report, to choose officers, and transact such other business as may come before them.

ART. X. The object of this Society shall never be changed; but the constitution may in other respects be altered, on recommendation of the Executive Committee, or of any ten members of the Society, by a vote of three-fourths of the members present, at any regular meeting.

RESOLVES EXPLANATORY OF THE SECOND ARTICLE:

First. That we do not think it necessary or expedient to make any verbal alteration in said article.

Second. That we consider it as designed to assert that all national wars are inconsistent with Christianity, including those supposed or alleged to be defensive.

Third. That the article has no reference to the right of private or individual self-defence, to a denial of which the Society is not committed.

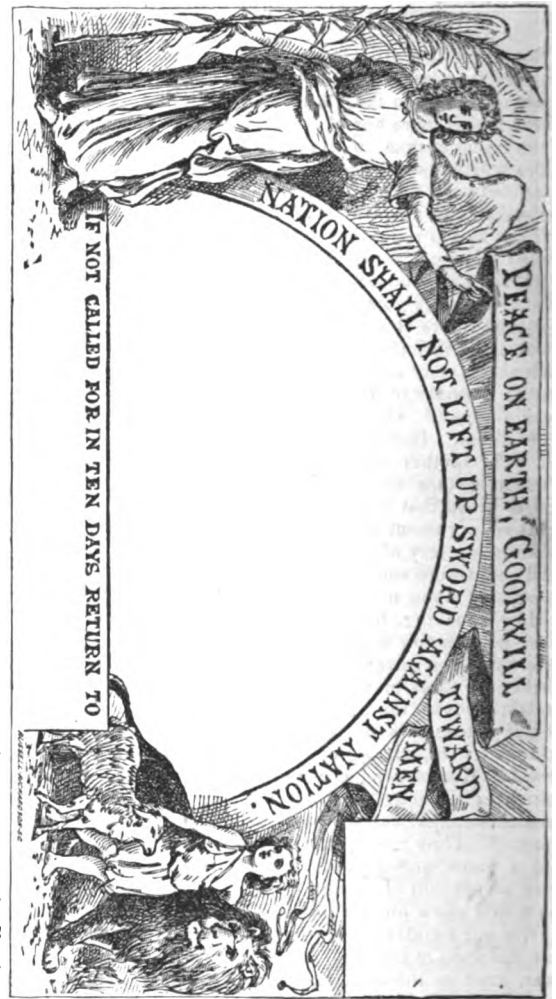
Fourth. That the article does not require a pledge, expressed or implied, on any of the points in dispute among the friends of peace, but is merely declarative of its general object and course.

Fifth. That we invite the co-operation of all persons who seriously desire the extinction of war, whether they agree with the principle of the article as thus explained, or not.

FRIENDS OF PEACE.

We feel moved to appeal to you, at this time, for funds. It is in the ordering of Divine Providence that no good cause can live and prosper without money, and to what better use can money be put, than to forward good causes? Peace is a much-needed reform, with a most promising future. We, therefore, most earnestly urge upon the friends of our cause prompt attention to this call. Please send to the office of the American Peace Society such sums as you well can, and may the blessing of the God of peace attend all efforts to banish war from the nations and give peace to mankind. D.

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We have on our books a large list of names, as members or directors, in our old and honored Society, who have paid in full, and some, for their love of the holy cause, have paid many times over; while many others—some two hundred scattered over the land, have, by instalments, paid only in part, purposing to complete their payments. Some are doing this with commendable promptness, while others are delaying to pay. Let all such remit in part or in full, as soon as possible, to our office in Boston. There are also many in arrears for THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE who are earnestly invited to make prompt payment, and to inform us if they wish its discontinuance. We invite correspondence from all friends of peace and shall be most happy to aid you and to have your co-operation in this great cause of God and humanity.

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BOSTON, MAY, 1879.

VOL. IX. No. 6.

"CONQUERED AT LAST."

THE FLAME THAT MELTED THE SOUTHERN HEART—KINDNESS
MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.—A PRIZE POEM.

BY MISS MARIA L. EVE OF AUGUSTA, GA.

You came to us once, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.

You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.

So the mad wind blows in his might and main,
And the forests bend to his breath like grain.

Their heads in the dust and their branches broke,
But how shall he soften their hearts of oak?

You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's wing,
But the human heart is a stubborn thing.

We laid down our arms, we yielded our will;
But our heart of hearts was unconquered still.

"We are vanquished," we said, but our wounds must heal;
We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel.

"We are conquered," we said, but our hearts were sore,
And "wee to the conquered" on every door.

But the spoiler came and he would not spare,
The angel that walketh in darkness was there.

He walked thro' the valley, walked thro' the street,
And he left the print of his fiery feet

In the dead, dead, dead, that were everywhere,
And buried away with never a prayer.

From the desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part:

You heard it, O brothers!—With never a measure
You opened your hearts and poured out your treasure.

O! Sisters of Mercy, you gave above these!
For you helped, we know, on your bended knees.

Your pity was human, but oh! it was more,
When you shared our cross and our burden bore.

Your lives in your hands you stood by our side;
Your lives for our lives you laid down and died.

And no greater love hath a man to give
Than lay down his life that his friends may live.

You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine
That you brought to us from a Hand Divine.

You conquered us, brothers; our swords we gave;
We yield now our hearts—they are all we have.

Our last ditch was there, and it held out long;
It is yours, O friends, and you'll find it strong.

Your love had a magic, diviner than art,
And "Conquered by kindness" we'll write on our heart.



FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Directors of the American Peace Society.

MADE AT THE ANNUAL MEETING IN PILGRIM HALL,
BOSTON, MAY 26, 1879.

SALUTATION.

It was Samuel Johnson, the bright particular star of English literature of the eighteenth century, distinguished in the realm of morals not less than in that of letters, who, picturing the miseries of war, said that "the greater part of mankind see a war commenced with wonderful indifference; but, at the conclusion of a war, they mark with horror the death of multitudes, the expense of millions, while only the contractors have equipages which shine like meteors, and the paymasters have palaces which have arisen like exhalations."

The Directors of the American Peace Society, in submitting this, their fifty-first annual report, may well open it by quoting the sentiment of Johnson; for, year by year, in some quarter of the earth, we see new wars commenced, the nations looking on with indifference; while, also, old wars end, leaving their inheritance of woe,—the expense of millions, and the death of multitudes. Surely, therefore, we have a mission to perform. Though more than half a century has passed since our Society came into life, the work before us seems undiminished, and we are led to consecrate ourselves anew to the task of endeavoring, in obedience to our Lord, to promote peace upon earth, and good will amongst men.

It is very evident that there is room for our work amongst the moral forces of society. Prophecy has said that the nations shall learn war no more, but we have not yet reached that happy period. We have before us a distinct errand, to teach the doctrines of peace. It is the glory of our age that almost every form of evil, or of suffering, has some specific organization of good set over against it; and so Christian philanthropy has brought into existence forms of help for widows, orphans, the sick, captives, slaves, oppressed children, and even dumb animals. Yes, organized moral forces are at work, seeking to relieve every possible human misery; and, amongst them all, this Society has its conspicuous place, endeavoring to disarm the nations, and to bring in the era of international peace. Therefore, the Directors of the Ameri-

can Peace Society give salutation to all friends and co-laborers in peace, bidding them be of good cheer, and to consecrate themselves with redoubled fervor to the mission of peace.

OUR NEW HALF-CENTURY.

One year ago we stood at the dividing line between the first and the second half-century of the life of our Society. We glanced along the way we had walked, and saw many memorials of Divine goodness in conducting our steps. We marked how Mr. David L. Dodge, a merchant of the city of New York, and father of the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge of New York, a Vice-President of our Society, wrote and published a tract entitled "The Mediator's Kingdom not of this World," the first tract in the interests of peace put forth in this country, and how in the parlor of his house he organized the first distinct Peace Society in the world; we saw how similar societies sprang up in Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut and North Carolina; we saw how, under the wonderful enthusiasm of William Ladd, the "Apostle of Peace," the American Peace Society came into life; we saw how William Ladd, and George Cone Beckwith, and James B. Miles, one after the other, gave new movements, and increased scope and efficiency to our Society; all through that half-century, we saw the progress of peace principles; and that, notwithstanding a number of the State Peace Societies have died, the cause itself has gone into new forms, and has accomplished great results.

Now, we have fairly entered upon our new half-century. True, extraordinary gloom and depression has been ours, a shadow cast upon us by the hardness of the times, and the lack of means to carry on our work as we desire. Yet, we have faith in God; we know that the promises of His Word are upon our side: and that in due time we shall reap large harvests if we faint not. The world never needed us more than to-day. The hearts of men were never more ripe for our principles than at this time. We prophesy that this half-century will bring into the world's sky the golden sunrise of peace.

The Corresponding Secretary, in his official visit to Belgium, summer before last, to attend the International Peace Conference, saw in a gallery of paintings at Brussels a remarkable picture entitled "Civilization of the Nineteenth Century." It represented a soldier pursuing with bayonet a woman, who had a child in her arms, and who sought refuge in the cellar of a house, while through the open door was seen in the background a burning city, and men slain in the streets. Terrible satire! Such, indeed, is too much the "civilization" of this century; but, at the end of our present half-century, we believe that peace shall lift her ensigns of good will, where war had previously stained the earth with blood.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is proper that we should consider with serious hearts the sad havoc death has made in the ranks of the officers of our own Society during the past year. Our loss in this respect has been peculiarly heavy.

Hon. Elihu Burritt, of New Britain, Conn., one of our Vice-Presidents, has passed from earth since our last annual meeting. He was indeed a "Warrior against War." Prob-

ably no man of his generation did so much for the cause of peace. By his speeches, and by his writings, he reached millions of men, and influenced them for peace. His labors for peace in Europe, and in this country, were truly wonderful. He was an extraordinary help to this Society. He wrote for our publications; he guided our plans; he spoke at our meetings; and, especially, he devised the whole idea of the Association for the Reform and Codification of International Law, and taught and helped Dr. Miles to carry it into execution. It is not too much to say that but for Mr. Burritt that Association would not be in existence to-day.

As he had been an ardent friend to Dr. Miles, so he was a devoted friend to the present Corresponding Secretary of the Society. A kind and strong letter from him to the present Secretary, urging him to accept the position to which the Society had called him, had great influence in leading to that result; and, from that day, the Secretary found in him a frequent correspondent, and an affectionate and wise counsellor. It was much by his earnest desire that the Secretary went to Antwerp, and took part in the important peace deliberations there. It was by his wise and experienced advice, also, that the present Secretary was led to put less emphasis upon tracts and publications from the press of the Society, and to avail himself of the vast circulation and influence of leading journals for the publication of peace articles.

Mr. Burritt gave an additional proof of his love for the Society by bequeathing to it a portion of his estate. He leaves to mankind a name brilliant and blessed, and the history of his life is a magnificent example to the young men of America to seek usefulness in the way of learning and philanthropy.

Rev. David Patten, D. D., for a number of years Treasurer of our Society, recently passed from amongst us to the unseen world. He was a man of eminent learning and piety, of great sweetness and gentleness of manner, and a true friend of peace. He was very helpful in guiding the deliberations of the Society, and especially gave much time and care in serving as Treasurer. His kind and dignified bearing, his wise counsel, his generous sympathy will be greatly missed in our meetings. He occupied positions of marked influence, and finished a good mission. He rests in peace, and his name is blessed.

Rev. Howard Malcom, D. D., LL. D., has fallen from the very head of our list of officers, struck down by the hand of death. He has been, through a long succession of years, a devoted and eminent friend of peace, and has greatly assisted this Society by his deliberations, by his pecuniary offerings, and by his published writings upon the subject of peace.

In looking over the papers of Dr. Malcom, in Philadelphia, a few weeks ago, the Corresponding Secretary discovered a very interesting fact never before stated, showing how his interest was first enlisted in the Peace Society; and, also, showing how the day of small things is not to be despised, in the progress of any good work.

When Mr. Malcom was Pastor of the Federal Street Baptist Church, in Boston, it so happened that Captain Ladd called upon him, and engaged to speak in his pulpit upon the cause of peace. As the result, a lady of the church collected amongst the members the sum of twenty dollars, to make Mr. Malcom a life-member of the Society. That subscription-book was always kept amongst Mr. Malcom's papers.

Most of the subscriptions were of twenty-five cents. One was one dollar, by a lady who has given the present Secretary one hundred dollars for the Society. From that day Mr. Malcom became interested in the Society and its work; he published, through the press of the Society, two elaborate and important essays on peace; he became the President, and then the Honorary President for life, of the Society. The Secretary remembers, in his boyhood, how Dr. Malcom entertained the Rev. Dr. Beckwith, then the Secretary, as a guest at his house; and how, one day at the dinner table, turning to Dr. Beckwith, he said, with much emphasis, "Brother Beckwith, but for yourself, there would not be any American Peace Society!" The Secretary remembers how, when he visited Philadelphia in the interests of the Society, Dr. Malcom, bent and enfeebled by the burden of old age, went with him arm in arm to plead the cause with many prominent citizens; and, even, in the stormy wintry evenings, went forth with him to attend meetings for peace.

Dr. Malcom died at his home in Philadelphia, in his eighty-first year, and was borne forth for burial by his five sons, and has entered into the rest of the Prince of Peace.

Isaac P. Hazard, Esq., of Newport, R. I., has also died during the year. He was a Director of the Society, and a generous friend. The Secretary called several times upon him, but his mind was gone, and death found in him only the wreck of a once vigorous and gifted man.

Myron Phelps, Esq., of Lewistown, Ill., another honored name, we must add to the list of the departed. Mr. Phelps was a Vice-President of our Society, and for many years its warm friend and patron. Amid the strifes of earth, he had faith in the principles of peace, and their ultimate triumph. His life was a constant benediction, and death found him the friend of God, the friend of man, and the friend of peace.

Surely, death has reaped a rich harvest from our ranks during the year. How shall we supply the places of Burritt, Patten, Malcom, Hazard and Phelps? Our faith in God alone supports us under such bereavements. He, to whom the cause of peace belongs, will raise up new standard bearers to take the places of these veterans.

REVIEW OF THE YEAR.

Our work during the year has not differed in kind from our usual methods. A new tract entitled "William Penn: The Founder of Philadelphia, and his Government," by Mr. Philip C. Garrett, a Vice-President of the Society, has been published. It would have been easy to multiply tracts; but the cost of so doing, and the fact that a far larger circle of readers has been reached by articles in the general press, have prevented. The Corresponding Secretary has written articles upon peace for many secular and religious journals, in this way reaching, without cost of printing, millions of readers during the year. In two instances these articles have been paid for by the journals to which they were sent. The large correspondence has been continued. Peace meetings have been held. Individuals of influence have been called upon, and the cause of peace laid before them. A very large and enthusiastic meeting was held in Park Street Church, in celebration of our semi-centennial. The Society held a meeting in Tremont Temple, engaging Rev. Arthur

Mursell of England to give an address; and that gentleman, with the life of David Livingston for his theme, made a very eloquent plea in behalf of the conquests of peace. A Peace Society has been established in Sweden, by the Corresponding Secretary, who sent to a personal friend in that country, a clergyman of great influence, the Rev. Andreas Wibey of Stockholm, a copy of the Constitution of the American Peace Society, with the request that he would translate and publish it in the Swedish language, and organize a society upon its basis. After much correspondence, this was accomplished, and that Society was represented in the sisterhood of societies at Frankfort-on-the-Main last summer. The Secretary, by correspondence, has pushed the same idea towards completion in Canada, Mexico, Liberia and Scotland. This is one of the unseen, but important works of our Society. Who can tell what influence for good the Swedish Peace Society, the seed of which was transported from this office to that far-away land, may have in coming generations upon that nation devoted to military glory,—upon the nation too long dazzled by the fame of the warrior, Gustavus Adolphus?

Our work during the year has been hindered by the lack of funds. Earnest appeals have been made, but with small success. Two thousand appeals to Sunday-schools were published, in extra copies, making about seven thousand in all. Five hundred circulars for one hundred dollar honorary memberships were issued. One hundred and fifty *fac-simile* copies of a letter from John G. Whittier were sent forth, in which Mr. Whittier offered to be one of forty persons to give \$25 each to raise \$1000 for the Society. Letters have been numerous written, and personal solicitations made, and collections sought; but amid the hard times, our treasury has suffered.

Yet we feel sure that brighter days will come. Several friends of our cause have given us a hundred dollars each, and one friend four hundred and fifty dollars, during the year. Others, who have not yet contributed, have promised to do so generously. As the times become more prosperous, we will undoubtedly receive larger bestowments.

The Secretary, at the time of his visit to Belgium, went to the battle-field of Waterloo, and, standing upon the great mound of the Belgian lion, looked around upon the wide-spread landscape, once clouded by the smoke of battle, and the fields once wet with blood. Yet, the marks of war had all been effaced. Upon those fields the reapers were gathering grain, and lifting up their voices in gladness. So, we feel assured that after our present trials have passed, there will come to us new seasons of cheer and prosperity.

THE CONFERENCE AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

Last summer the Association for the Reform and Codification of International Law held its session at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany. The Secretary, though appointed a delegate from this Society, and also from the American branch of the Association, was not able, for lack of money, to attend. Our Society was very ably represented, however, in that important conference, by one of its Vice-Presidents, Mr. Philip C. Garrett, of Philadelphia. In some respects, that Association marks the most important work done by this Society, and it is proper that the mother should always feel a tender interest in the welfare of the daughter: that this

Society should always feel a just pride and affection for the work of that Association.

Mr. Garrett wrote to us concerning the sessions of the Association. They were largely attended. Eminent men entered into their deliberations. The work of the codification of international law was carried a step further towards completion.

THE OUTLOOK.

One year ago we expressed thanks for the termination of the war between Russia and Turkey. Yet, during the year new wars have sprung up. The nations have not yet learned to settle their disputes by law; and that, too, notwithstanding the oft-repeated lesson of the disasters produced by war. Germany, though receiving vast sums of money from conquered France, has suffered from her war; and at present there are in Germany 340,000 workmen out of employment, and more than 300,000 tax-payers were prosecuted the last year for non-payment of taxes. In the conclusion of the Russo-Turkish war, Turkey became debtor to Russia more than one hundred million dollars. The war of England with the Africans, and the war in South America, teach us further lessons of the folly and wickedness of human slaughter.

Lord Lytton, in a recent address to General Grant at Calcutta, said: "It was said by the great poet of our commonwealth that 'peace hath her victories no less renowned than war,' and with the victories of peace, as well as those of war, I am persuaded that the name of General Grant will long be honorably associated by a double renown." Yes, Lord Lytton may well pay such tribute to General Grant; for it was Grant who said, "There never was a time during my command when I would not have gladly chosen some settlement by reason rather than by the sword." We believe that such peace sentiments are gaining their way in the world, and that every year adds to the number of illustrious men who give them expression.

One fact, clearly taught by history, affords us great hope, and that is that through the progress of centuries there has been a steady movement forward in morals, doing away with abuses, and giving to mankind a better impulse. Eight centuries ago Private War was the practice of Continental Europe. Gentlemen settled their disputes by private war, which had its rules as much as public war has now. Two towns, differing over some transaction, determined it by wasting fields, burning houses, and killing citizens, by the practice of war. These struggles of persons, towns and provinces reduced half of Europe to anarchy. Now, however, all this has been swept away.

Thus, also, one by one have passed away the Judicial Duel, Piracy, the Legal Torture of Witnesses, Serfdom, Slavery. Christianity has softened the exclusive spirit of race and country. There remains one great victory for Christianity to win, and that is to destroy the spirit of War. A study of the past shows us how evil after evil has been swept away. The prophecy of the Bible assures us that wars shall cease. Already we behold local war abolished, and personal differences decided by law. We are taught a closer brotherhood of nations than the past knew. There is surely springing up in all nations an increasing influence for peace.

ARBITRATION.

Two centuries ago, Grotius, the eminent Dutch publicist, speaking of international relations, said that God had dis-

tributed His blessings through all nations, that men, needing each other's help, might be led to society; and that arbitrators should be chosen by us to prevent spoil, rapine, murder and cruel war. "Indeed," said Grotius, the founder of modern international law, "it is very unfit for princes who profess themselves to be followers of Christ, to rush into arms one against another with so much bitterness, seeing that there are other means found out to compromise their quarrels."

One of the mighty monuments of this century, marking a stage of human progress, is the Geneva Arbitration, giving much promise of future peace to nations. It was well that our Society seized upon that occasion to put forward a doctrine, announced by William Ladd himself, that the world's civilization demands a court of nations, and a code of law for arbitration. The American Peace Society must continue to lead in this idea, as it has done for half a century. From the theory of Ladd to the partial realization of Miles was a long step; and now we need to summon the Peace Societies of Europe and America to concerted action in urging upon nations the matter of arbitration, so that war may be made almost impossible, till arbitration has been offered.

Our own Society might well send a memorial to Congress, asking that body to appoint commissioners, and inviting other nations to appoint like commissioners, that they may meet and deliberate together, and report some adopted plan to their several governments for promoting and bringing into practical use the whole matter of international arbitration.

OUR NEEDS.

We can only repeat the statement of our requirements made last year. We have the same needs to-day. We need the sympathy and pecuniary help of all our officers and members. We cannot carry on our Society without money. To whom can we look for money if not to our own members? We have made the most desperate endeavors to avoid creating further debt. We have borne much privation rather than do what we wished to do at the expense of debt. The Corresponding Secretary commenced his work in the face of many discouragements. The Boston fire had destroyed all the stereotype plates, and even the plate for the certificate, belonging to the Society. His predecessors in office left him an inheritance of a debt of six or seven thousand dollars. A fearful pecuniary depression rested upon the country. Stagnation, failure, shrinkage, bankruptcy have occurred upon every side. Those who had helped us generously could help us no more. Ardent appeals brought small response. How to conduct a large work with a depleted treasury was a problem most difficult to solve. Yet, we never for one moment lost faith in God, or in the sublimity of our mission, or in the assurance that better days would come.

CONCLUSION.

The most important and magnificent results are those produced by moral causes. The revolution of a kingdom, the discovery of a continent, are nothing compared to the influence of moral forces. Therefore, as we are engaged in a moral work, we may well take heart. God can give us help in His own time and way. He who brings summer out of winter, and day out of night, and to whom all the treasures of earth belong, will not leave us without tokens of His favor. He has promised that nations shall learn war no more. That is enough. We will work with patience and courage towards that blessed result.



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No. 3.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

(Read at the funeral of Cinda Payne.)

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The earth is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with rapture wild
In our embrace we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

From *Zion's Herald*.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE is sent from the office of the American Peace Society, Boston, and is a charming little paper for the family and Sunday-school. It is a marvel of cheapness, as well as a messenger of pleasant tidings. Christian workers will do themselves a favor by sending for specimen numbers. It is a good tract to sow widely; preaching the Gospel of the Great Prince of Peace.

From *Friends' Review*.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE is published monthly under the auspices of the American Peace Society. The paper is intended for children, and the copy sent us contains some pleasant stories, illustrating kindness, truthfulness, honesty and temperance.

From *Maine*.

I was glad to see the dear little ANGEL OF PEACE once more, and to learn it was again to fly over the land on its mission of love. God speed it on its way.

From *New Hampshire*.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE is very good. I wish it could be put into every Sunday-school in the land.

From *New York*.

I am glad it is to be again published, for we miss it much.

From *Pennsylvania*.

I think the new ANGELS are beautiful, and hope they may do much good.

From *Indiana*.

It is a paper well worth the small price at which it is published, and should be well supported by Christians of all denominations.

We thank our many friends for their kind words and good wishes, and especially for the liberal patronage the ANGEL is receiving; and must beg that each reader will constantly push the circulation of their favorite paper, for the good it will do in advancing the noble cause of Peace, and other reforms.

H. C. DUNHAM.

Peace Department.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

BY UNCLE HENRY.

A visitor once went into a school in the city of Boston, where he saw a boy and girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed the rage that was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said he, "you had better kiss your brother than strike him!"

The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected the sister, and with her little handkerchief she wiped away his tears! But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster; he was completely subdued.

Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more blows. If men, women, families, and communities and nations, would act upon this same principle, this world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. "Nations would not lift up the sword against nations; neither would they learn war any more."

AN ANECDOTE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Queen was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost. On a bright, beautiful morning the young Queen was waited upon at her palace at Windsor, by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to make them operative. One of them was a sentence of court-martial pronounced against a soldier of the line—that sentence was that he should be shot dead. The Queen looked upon the paper, and then looked upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view. "What has this man done?" she asked. The Duke looked at the paper and replied, "Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible. He has deserted three times." "And can not you say anything in his behalf, my Lord?" Wellington shook his head.

"Oh! think again, I pray you!" Seeing that her Majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave and gallant, and really a good soldier. "But," he added, "think of the influence." "Influence!" the Queen cried, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with strong emotion. "Let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case, and I charge you, your Grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh, I thank you for that! And you may tell him that your good word saved him." Then she took the paper and wrote, with a bold, firm hand, across the dark page, the bright, saving word, "pardoned." The Duke was fond of telling the story, and he was willing, also, to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier, gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.—*London Journal*.

It is said that there is a Bible in every home in Iceland, not for ornament, but for use. These Bible-reading people have no use for theatres, prisons, sheriffs, artillery, or soldiery.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

Rev. E. A. Dunning gives the following story as told by a well-known reformer:—

"When I was a little boy in my fourth year, one fine day in spring, my father led me to a distant part of the farm, and soon sent me home alone. On my way I had to pass a little pond. A rhodora in full bloom attracted my attention and drew me to the spot. I saw a little tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water at the roots of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile, for though I had never killed any creature, I had seen other boys do so, and I felt a disposition to follow their example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said clear and loud: "It is wrong." I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home, told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong.

"She took me in her arms and said: 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, it will fade out little by little and leave you in the dark, and without a guide. Your life depends on heeding that little voice.' She went her way, and I went off to wonder and think it over in my childish fashion. But I am sure no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me."

It is said that Napoleon during the eleven years of his reign, sacrificed 5,490,000 of men to his ambition. Such is the cost of one military hero.

Our Motto. The ANGEL OF PEACE in every Sunday-school and family in the land.

Illustrated Department.



AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER.

The three children in the picture were named Gustie, Herman, and Annie. Their father owned a large estate, and they went forth one day, to gather flowers in his fields. They were very happy in their sports, because they loved each other, and each sought to minister to the enjoyment of the others.

After playing awhile, they agreed to separate, and to collect each one a bunch of favorite flowers. When this was done, they met again beneath the branches of a noble tree.

"I have chosen the violet," said Gustie, "because it is fragrant and modest." And he gave his violets to Herman and Annie.

"I have chosen the lily, because it is the emblem of innocence, I love it, because it reminds me of a pure heart, and of the love of my Father in Heaven," said Herman, and he gave his beautiful lilies to Gustie and Annie.

Annie produced a bunch of forget-me-nots, and said, "I have chosen the blue forget-me-not, because it is the flower of love and tenderness." Then Annie gave her forget-me-nots to Gustie and Herman.

After this, these lovely children agreed to weave their flowers into two crowns, which they carried home and placed on the brows of their father and mother. This affectionate conduct delighted their parents; and thus

by innocence and love was this family made happy and joyful.

How strangely some children's conduct would contrast with this picture of love. I have seen brothers and sisters who lived only to tease and to fret each other. They never studied each other's pleasure, but each looked after himself alone. Consequently they were all miserable, and their parents were made unhappy. Boys and girls, which class of children do you love best? If the former, prove your sincerity by trying to resemble them.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

Two travellers once rested at an inn, when suddenly a cry arose that there was a fire in the village. One of them got up and ran to offer his assistance; the other strove to detain him, saying, "Why should you waste your time? Are there not hands enough to assist? Why concern ourselves about strangers?" His friend, however, listened not to his remonstrances, but hastened to the fire, the other following and looking on at a distance. A woman rushed out of the burning dwelling, crying, "My children! my children!" When the stranger heard this, he darted into the house among the timbers, while the flames raged fiercely around him. "He will surely perish," cried the spectators. But after a short time, behold, he came forth with scorched hair, carrying two young children in his arms, and delivered them to their mother. The house soon fell in with a terrible crash. As the stranger and his companion returned to the inn, the latter said, "Who bade thee risk thy life in such a dangerous attempt?" "HE," answered the first, "who bids me put the seed into the ground, that it may decay and bring forth the new fruit." "But if thou hadst been buried among the ruins?" His companion smiled and said, "Then should I myself have been the seed."

OUTDONE BY A BOY.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chafing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much, you never can do much business, you are too small."

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something that none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

Charles Lamb, when a little boy, walking with his sister in a church-yard, and reading the epitaphs, said to her, "Mary, where are all the naughty people buried?"

THE LITTLE ORATOR.

A PARODY.

You'd scarce expect a boy like me,
To get up here where all can see
And make a speech as well as those
Who wear the largest kind of clothes.

I think it was in olden time,
That some one said in funny rhyme,
Tall aches from little toe-corns grow,
Large screams from little children flow.

And if that rhymist told the truth,
Though I am now a little youth,
Perhaps I'll make as great a noise
As some who are much older boys.

I will not speak of Greece or Rome,
But tell you what I've learned at home,
And what was taught me when at school,
While sitting on a bench or stool.

I've learned to talk, and read, and spell,
And don't you think that's pretty well
For such a little boy as I?
But I must leave you—so, good by!

Temperance Department.**LOST.**

There hangs on the wall a picture of a pure and beautiful young face. Almost directly under it sits a coarse, brutal man.

The lamplight falls on the picture, and the firelight shines on the face of the man. The picture is the portrait of the latter in his innocent boyhood; yet I can hardly recognize the features of the portrait in the face of the man, so much has he lost since his youth.

The man dreams on in a drunken reverie, while the wind of a rainy night in July complains without. My mind goes back twenty years to the time when that picture was painted, and I count one by one the losses of the unhappy sleeper, while the clock ticks away the hour.

He had beauty then—a pure blue eye, a loving cheek, a lip that gave expression to hope-inspiring words. The beauty is gone—lost.

He had health. That, too, has departed. He is a tremulous, grey-haired, shattered man.

Beauty and health lost.

He had confidence in every one of them. He curses now even father, mother, wife, and son.

Beauty, health and confidence lost.

He had honor. He was trusted.

The confidence of home, friends and employers all were his. To-day, with a lying lip, he has pawned the most sacred gifts for rum.

Beauty, health, confidence, honor—all gone!

He had warm affections. His wife has left him and taken away his child. His poor father has just left his side with a groan, and his sister is weeping in her chamber.

Beauty, health, confidence, honor, and affection—lost!

He had self-respect. The rags that now cover him scantily tell the story of its loss.

He had reverence for sacred things. He loved the

place of Divine worship, the prayer circle, and the hymns of home. He shuns them now. The church bell smites his heart; the hymn seems like a reproach. His love of associations is lost.

The July wind sighs as I sit with the two pictures before me—one of hopeful innocence, the other of a lost man. The clock ticks on. I ask, what must be the condition of a lost soul?—*Youth's Companion*.

EXPERIMENTS ON RATS.

An amusing experiment on rats was recently perpetrated in a mercantile house in Petersburg, Vt. Two of these animals had been trapped, and it was decided to try the effect of whiskey upon them. Forty drops were administered to each of them by force, and the result awaited. They were placed in a wide, deep box, into which some trash and gravel had been thrown. A saucer of whiskey was also placed therein. For a while all was silent, each rat having seated himself in a corner, where he remained as morose as a rat could be. By and by, however, the liquor began to work. The rats began to smile, and play with their tails; then to jump up, and squeak; then to fall down and roll over. Finally one of them found the saucer, and with the peculiar curiosity attaching to the race, dipped his nose into it. He drank, and the noise of his drinking brought his companion to his side. They drank as though they were really fond of the stuff, and it is estimated took more than twice forty drops. And now they got glorious. They kissed each other,—an act two rats were never guilty of before. They wrestled, and kicked up shins generally. They revisited the saucer, and got mad over it; and a rough-and-tumble fight ensued, which lasted until both were exhausted. Then they remained for a while, each with a paw to his nose, grinning at the other. Finally both fell asleep, and, while both were gloriously unconscious, a terrier was dropped beside them, and the curtain falls.

The Angel of Peace,**Four Pages Monthly,**

Published under the auspices of the

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No. 1 Somerset Street, Boston.

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

ABSTRACT OF CASH RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS BY
THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR ENDING
MAY 1, 1879.

Dr.

Cash balance from preceding year.....	\$ 296 79
Received through Rev. C. H. Malcom from donations	
- and other sources.....	1139 35
Permanent Peace Fund.....	364 41
Legacy of Amanda M. Burt.....	50 00
H. C. Dunham.....	12 00
	<hr/>
	\$1862 55

Cr.

Cash paid Rev. C. H. Malcom, account salary....	\$800 00
Cash paid Rev. C. H. Malcom, for travelling and	
other expenses.....	200 00
Rent of Office to July 1, 1878.....	56 25
Mailing ADVOCATE and ANGEL.....	10 00
Postage on same.....	4 80
U. S. Stamps and Postal Cards.....	4 65
J. E. Farwell & Co., for printing.....	281 50
Brown & Co., for printing tickets.....	6 00
J. H. Dickerman, for printing circulars.....	1 00
Stationery.....	3 75
J. F. Madden, for labor.....	4 00
Re-seating chair in office.....	75
Sweeping office.....	50
Balance cash on hand.....	489 35
	<hr/>
	\$1862 55

F. M. PATTEN, *Acting Treasurer.*

WESLEY'S VIEWS ON WAR.

But there is a still greater and more undeniable proof that the very foundations of all things, civil and religious, are utterly out of course in the Christian as well as the heathen world. There is still more horrid reproach to the Christian name, yea, to the name of man, to all reason and humanity. There is war in the world! war between men! war between Christians! I mean between those that bear the name of Christ and profess to "walk as he also walked." Now, who can reconcile war, I will not say to religion, but to any degree of reason or common sense! Let us calmly and impartially consider the thing itself. Here are forty thousand men gathered together on this plain. What are they going to do! See, there are thirty or forty thousand more at a little distance. And these are going to shoot them through the head or body, to stab them, or split their skulls, and send most of their souls into everlasting fire as fast as possibly they can. Why so! What harm have they done to them! O none at all! They do not so much as know them. But a man, who is King of France, has a quarrel with another man, who is King of England. So these Frenchmen are to kill as many of these Englishmen as they can to prove that the King of France is in the right. Now, what an argument is this! What a method of proof! What an amazing way of deciding controversies! What must mankind be, before such a thing as war could ever be known or thought of upon earth!

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CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE I. This Society shall be designated the "AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY."

ART. II. This Society, being founded on the principle that all war is contrary to the spirit of the gospel, shall have for its object to illustrate the inconsistency of war with Christianity, to show its baleful influence on all the great interests of mankind, and to devise means for insuring universal and permanent peace.

ART. III. Persons of every Christian denomination desirous of promoting peace on earth, and good-will towards men, may become members of this Society.

ART. IV. Every annual subscriber of two dollars, and every donor of five dollars, shall be a member of this Society.

ART. V. The payment of twenty dollars at one time, shall constitute any person a Life-member, and fifty dollars, a Life-director.

ART. VI. The chairman of each corresponding committee, the officers and delegates of every auxiliary contributing to the funds of this Society, and every minister of the gospel who preaches once a year on the subject of peace, and takes up a collection in behalf of the cause, shall be entitled to the privileges of regular members.

ART. VII. All contributors shall be entitled within the year to one-half the amount of their contributions in the publications of the Society.

ART. VIII. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-Presidents, Directors, Secretaries, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of not less than five, with power to fill their own vacancies, and transact the general business of the Society. The Board of Directors shall consist of not less than twenty, who shall have power to supply vacancies in any office of the Society, and direct all its operations till successors are chosen. The Vice-Presidents shall be ex-officio Directors, and the President, Secretaries and Treasurer ex-officio members of the Executive Committee.

ART. IX. The Society shall hold an annual meeting at such time and place as the Board of Directors may appoint, to receive their own and the Treasurer's report, to choose officers, and transact such other business as may come before them.

ART. X. The object of this Society shall never be changed; but the constitution may in other respects be altered, on recommendation of the Executive Committee, or of any ten members of the Society, by a vote of three-fourths of the members present, at any regular meeting.

RESOLVES EXPLANATORY OF THE SECOND ARTICLE:

First. That we do not think it necessary or expedient to make any verbal alteration in said article.

Second. That we consider it as designed to assert that all national wars are inconsistent with Christianity, including those supposed or alleged to be defensive.

Third. That the article has no reference to the right of private or individual self-defence, to a denial of which the Society is not committed.

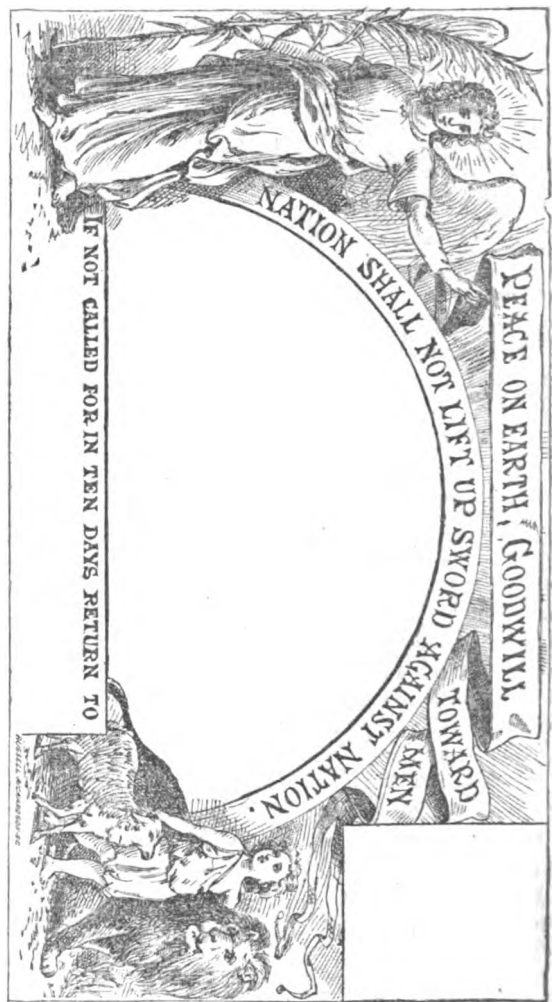
Fourth. That the article does not require a pledge, expressed or implied, on any of the points in dispute among the friends of peace, but is merely declarative of its general object and course.

Fifth. That we invite the co-operation of all persons who seriously desire the extinction of war, whether they agree with the principle of the article as thus explained, or not.

FRIENDS OF PEACE.

We feel moved to appeal to you, at this time, for funds. It is in the ordering of Divine Providence that no good cause can live and prosper without money, and to what better use can money be put, than to forward good causes? Peace is a much-needed reform, with a most promising future. We, therefore, most earnestly urge upon the friends of our cause prompt attention to this call. Please send to the office of the American Peace Society such sums as you well can, and may the blessing of the God of peace attend all efforts to banish war from the nations and give peace to mankind. D.

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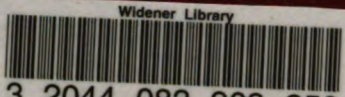
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